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Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

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RODERICK HUDSON.

I.

ROWLAND.

MALLET had made his arrangements to sail for Europe on the first of September, and having in the interval a fortnight to spare, he determined to spend it with his cousin Cecilia, the widow of a nephew of his father. He was urged by the reflection that an affectionate farewell might help to exonerate him from the charge of neglect frequently preferred by this lady. It was not that the young man disliked her; on the contrary, he regarded her with a tender admiration, and he had not forgotten how, when his cousin had brought her home on their marriage, he had seemed to feel the upward sweep of the empty bough from which the golden fruit had been plucked, and had then and there accepted the prospect of bachelorhood. The truth was, that, as it will be part of the entertainment of this narrative to exhibit, Rowland Mallet had an uncomfortably sensitive conscience, and that, in spite of the seeming paradox, his visits to Cecilia were rare because she and her misfortunes were often uppermost in it. Her misfortunes were three in number: first, she had lost her husband; second, she had lost her money (or the greater part of it); and third, she lived at Northampton, Massachusetts. Mallet's compassion was really wasted, because Cecilia was a very clever woman, and a most skillful counter-plotter to adversity. She had made herself a charming home, her economies were not obtrusive, and there was always a cheerful flutter in the folds of her crape. It was the consciousness of all this that puzzled Mallet whenever he felt tempted to put in his oar. He had money and he had time, but he never could decide just how to place these gifts gracefully at Cecilia's service. He no longer felt like marrying her: in these eight years that fancy had died a natural death. And yet her extreme cleverness seemed somehow to make charity difficult and patronage impossible. He would rather chop off his hand than offer her a check, a piece of useful furniture, or a black silk dress; and yet there was some sadness in seeing such a bright, proud woman living in such a small, dull way. Cecilia had, moreover, a turn for sarcasm, and her smile, which was her pretty feature, was never so pretty as when her sprightly phrase had a lurking scratch in it. Rowland remembered that, for him, she was all smiles, and suspected, awkwardly, that he ministered not a little to her sense of the irony of things.

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And in truth, with his means, his leisure, and his opportunities, what had he done? He had an unaffected suspicion of his uselessness. Cecilia, meanwhile, cut out her own dresses, and was personally giving her little girl the education of a princess.

This time, however, he presented himself bravely enough; for in the way of activity it was something definite, at least, to be going to Europe and to be meaning to spend the winter in Rome. Cecilia met him in the early dusk at the gate of her little garden, amid a studied combination of floral perfumes. A rosy widow of twenty-eight, half cousin, half hostess, doing the honors of an odorous cottage on a midsummer evening, was a phenomenon to which the young man's imagination was able to do ample justice. Cecilia was always gracious, but this evening she was almost joyous. She was in a happy mood, and Mallet imagined there was a private reason for it — a reason quite distinct from her pleasure in receiving her honored kinsman. The next day he flattered himself he was on the trace of it.

For the present, after tea, as they sat on the rose-framed porch, while Rowland held his younger cousin between his knees, and she, enjoying her situation, listened timorously for the stroke of bedtime, Cecilia insisted on talking more about her visitor than about herself.

"What is it you mean to do in Europe?" she asked, lightly, giving a turn to the frill of her sleeve — just such a turn as seemed to Mallet to bring out all the latent difficulties of the question.

"Why, very much what I do here," he answered. "No great harm."

"Is it true," Cecilia asked, "that here you do no great harm? Is not a man like you doing harm when he is not doing positive good?"

"Your compliment is ambiguous," said Rowland.

"No," answered the widow, "you know what I think of you. You have a particular aptitude for beneficence. You have it in the first place in your character. You are a kindly person. Ask Bessie if you don't hold her more gently and comfortably than any of her other admirers."

"He holds me more comfortably than Mr. Hudson," Bessie declared, roundly.

Rowland, not knowing Mr. Hudson, could but half appreciate the eulogy, and Cecilia went on to develop her idea. "Your circumstances, in the second place, suggest the idea of social usefulness. You are intelligent, you are well-informed, and your charity, if one may call it charity, would be discriminating. You are rich and unoccupied, so that it might be abundant. Therefore, I say, you are a person to do something on a large scale. Bestir yourself, dear Rowland, or we may be taught to think that virtue herself is setting a bad example."

"Heaven forbid," cried Rowland, "that I should set the examples of virtue! I am quite willing to follow them, however, and if I don't do something on the grand scale, it is that my genius is altogether imitative, and that I have not recently encountered any very striking models of grandeur. Pray what shall I do? Found an orphan asylum, or build a dormitory for Harvard College? I am not rich enough to do either in an ideally handsome way, and I confess that, yet awhile, I feel too young to strike my *grand coup*. I'm holding myself ready for inspiration. I'm waiting till something takes my fancy irresistibly. If inspiration comes at forty it will be a hundred pities to have tied up my money-bag at thirty."

"Well, I give you till forty," said Cecilia. "It's only a word to the wise, a notification that you are expected not to run your course without having done something handsome for your fellow-men."

Nine o'clock sounded, and Bessie, with each stroke, courted a closer embrace. But a single winged word from her mother overleaped her successive intrenchments. She turned and kissed her cousin, and deposited an irrepressible tear on his mustache. Then she

went and said her prayers to her mother: it was evident she was being admirably brought up. Rowland, with the permission of his hostess, lighted a cigar and puffed it awhile in silence. Cecilia's interest in his career seemed very agreeable. That Mallet was without vanity I by no means intend to affirm; but there had been times when, seeing him accept, hardly less deferentially, advice even more peremptory than the widow's, you might have asked yourself what had become of his vanity. Now, in the sweet-smelling starlight, he felt gently wooed to egotism. There was a project connected with his going abroad which it was on his tongue's end to communicate. It had no relation to hospitals or dormitories, and yet it would have sounded very generous. But it was not because it would have sounded generous that poor Mallet at last puffed it away in the fumes of his cigar. Useful though it might be, it expressed most imperfectly the young man's own personal conception of usefulness. He was extremely fond of all the arts, and he had an almost passionate enjoyment of pictures. He had seen many, and he judged them sagaciously. It had occurred to him some time before that it would be the work of a good citizen to go abroad and with all expedition and secrecy purchase certain valuable specimens of the Dutch and Italian schools as to which he had received private proposals, and then present his treasures out of hand to an American city, not unknown to æsthetic fame, in which at that time there prevailed a good deal of fruitless aspiration toward an art-museum. He had seen himself in imagination, more than once, in some moldy old saloon of a Florentine palace, turning toward the deep embrasure of the window some scarcely-faded Ghirlandaio or Botticelli, while a host in reduced circumstances pointed out the lovely drawing of a hand. But he imparted none of these visions to Cecilia, and he suddenly swept them away with the declaration that he was of course an idle, useless creature, and that he would probably be even more so in Europe than at home. "The only thing is," he said, "that there I shall *seem* to be doing something. I shall be better entertained, and shall be therefore, I suppose, in a better humor with life. You may say that that is just the humor a useless man should keep out of. He should cultivate discontentment. I did a good many things when I was in Europe before, but I did not spend a winter in Rome. Every one assures me that this is a peculiar refinement of bliss; most people talk about Rome in the same way. It is evidently only a sort of idealized form of loafing: a passive life in Rome, thanks to the number and the quality of one's impressions, takes on a very respectable likeness to activity. It is still lotus-eating, only you sit down at table, and the lotuses are served up on rococo china. It 's all very well, but I have a distinct prevision of this — that if Roman life does n't do something substantial to make you happier, it increases tenfold your liability to moral misery. It seems to me a rash thing for a sensitive soul to deliberately cultivate its sensibilities by rambling too often among the ruins of the Palatine, or riding too often in the shadow of the aqueducts. In such recreations the chords of feeling grow tense, and after-life, to spare your intellectual nerves, must play upon them with a touch as dainty as the tread of Mignon when she danced her egg dance."

"I should have said, my dear Rowland," said Cecilia, with a laugh, "that your nerves were tough, that your eggs were hard!"

"That being stupid, you mean, I might be happy? Upon my word I 'm not. I 'm clever enough to want more than I 've got. I 'm tired of myself, my own thoughts, my own affairs, my own eternal company. True happiness, we are told, consists in getting out of one's self; but the point is not only to get out — you must stay out; and to stay out you must have some absorbing errand. Unfortunately, I 've got no errand, and nobody will trust me with one. I want to care for something, or for

some one. And I want to care with a certain ardor; even, if you can believe it, with a certain passion. I can't just now feel ardent and passionate about a hospital or a dormitory. Do you know I sometimes think that I 'm a man of genius, half finished? The genius has been left out, the faculty of expression is wanting; but the need for expression remains, and I spend my days groping for the latch of a closed door."

"What an immense number of words," said Cecilia after a pause, "to say you want to fall in love! I 've no doubt you 've as good a genius for that as any one, if you 'd only trust it."

"Of course I 've thought of that, and I assure you I hold myself ready. But, evidently, I 'm not inflammable. Is there in Northampton some perfect epitome of the graces?"

"Of the graces?" said Cecilia, raising her eyebrows and suppressing too distinct a consciousness of being herself a rosy embodiment of several. "The household virtues are better represented. There are some excellent girls, and there are two or three very pretty ones. I 'll have them here, one by one, to tea, if you like."

"I should particularly like it; especially as I should give you a chance to see, by the profundity of my attention, that if I 'm not happy, it 's not for want of taking pains."

Cecilia was silent a moment; and then, "On the whole," she resumed, "I don't think there are any worth asking. There are none so very pretty, none so very pleasing."

"Are you very sure?" asked the young man, rising and throwing away his cigar-end.

"Upon my word," cried Cecilia, "one would suppose I wished to keep you for myself. Of course I 'm sure! But as the penalty of your insinuations, I shall invite the plainest and prosiest damsel that can be found, and leave you alone with her."

Rowland bowed. "Even against her," he said, "I should be sorry to conclude until I had given her my respectful attention."

This little profession of ideal chivalry (which closed the conversation) was not quite so fanciful on Mallet's lips as it would have been on those of many another man; as a rapid glance at his antecedents may help to make the reader perceive. His life had been a singular mixture of the rough and the smooth. He had sprung from a rigid Puritan stock, and had been brought up to think much more intently of the duties of this life than of its privileges and pleasures. His progenitors had submitted in the matter of dogmatic theology to the relaxing influences of recent years; but if Rowland's youthful consciousness was not chilled by the menace of long punishment for brief transgression, he had at least been made to feel that there ran through all things a strain of right and of wrong, as different, after all, in their complexions, as the texture, to the spiritual sense, of Sundays and weekdays. His father was a chip of the primal Puritan block, a man with an icy smile and a stony frown. He had always bestowed on his son, on principle, more frowns than smiles, and if the lad had not been turned to stone himself, it was because nature had blessed him, inwardly, with a well of vivifying waters. Mrs. Mallet had been a Miss Rowland, the daughter of a retired sea-captain, once famous on the ships that sailed from Salem and Newburyport. He had brought to port many a cargo which crowned the edifice of fortunes already almost colossal, but he had also done a little sagacious trading on his own account, and he was able to retire, prematurely for so sea-worthy a maritime organism, upon a pension of his own providing. He was to be seen for a year on the Salem wharves, smoking the best tobacco and eying the seaward horizon with an inveteracy which superficial minds interpreted as a sign of repentance. At last, one evening, he disappeared beneath it, as he had often done before; this time, however, not as a commissioned navigator, but simply as an amateur of an observing turn likely to prove oppressive to the officer in command of the vessel. Five months later

his place at home knew him again, and made the acquaintance also of a handsome, blonde young woman, of redundant contours, speaking a foreign tongue. The foreign tongue proved, after much conflicting research, to be the idiom of Amsterdam, and the young woman, which was stranger still, to be Captain Rowland's wife. Why he had gone forth so suddenly across the seas to marry her, what had happened between them before, and whether — though it was of questionable propriety for a good citizen to espouse a young person of mysterious origin, who did her hair in fantastically elaborate plaits, and in whose appearance "figure" enjoyed such striking predominance — he would not have had a heavy weight on his conscience if he had remained an irresponsible bachelor; these questions and many others, bearing with varying degrees of immediacy on the subject, were much propounded but scantily answered, and this history need not be charged with resolving them. Mrs. Rowland, for so handsome a woman, proved a tranquil neighbor and an excellent housewife. Her extremely fresh complexion, however, was always suffused with an air of apathetic homesickness, and she played her part in American society chiefly by having the little squares of brick pavement in front of her dwelling scoured and polished as nearly as possible into the likeness of Dutch tiles. Rowland Mallet remembered having seen her, as a child — an immensely stout, white-faced lady, wearing a high cap of very stiff tulle, speaking English with a formidable accent, and suffering from dropsy. Captain Rowland was a little bronzed and wizened man, with eccentric opinions. He advocated the creation of a public promenade along the sea, with arbors and little green tables for the consumption of beer, and a platform, surrounded by Chinese lanterns, for dancing. He especially desired the town library to be opened on Sundays, though, as he never entered it on week-days, it was easy to turn the proposition into ridicule. If, therefore, Mrs. Mallet was a woman of an exquisite moral tone, it was not that she had inherited her temper from an ancestry with a turn for casuistry. Jonas Mallet, at the time of his marriage, was conducting with silent shrewdness a small, unpromising business. Both his shrewdness and his silence increased with his years, and at the close of his life he was an extremely well-dressed, well-brushed gentleman, with a frigid gray eye, who said little to anybody, but of whom everybody said that he had a very handsome fortune. He was not a sentimental father, and the roughness I just now spoke of in Rowland's life dated from his early boyhood. Mr. Mallet, whenever he looked at his son, felt extreme compunction at having made a fortune. He remembered that the fruit had not dropped ripe from the tree into his own mouth, and determined it should be no fault of his if the boy was corrupted by luxury. Rowland, therefore, except for a good deal of expensive instruction in foreign tongues and abstruse sciences, received the education of a poor man's son. His fare was plain, his temper familiar with the discipline of patched trousers, and his habits marked by an exaggerated simplicity which it really cost a good deal of money to preserve unbroken. He was kept in the country for months together, in the midst of servants who had strict injunctions to see that he suffered no serious harm, but were as strictly forbidden to wait upon him. As no school could be found conducted on principles sufficiently rigorous, he was attended at home by a master who set a high price on the understanding that he was to illustrate the beauty of abstinence not only by precept but by example. Rowland passed for a child of ordinary parts, and certainly, during his younger years, was an excellent imitation of a boy who had inherited nothing whatever that was to make life easy. He was passive, pliable, frank, extremely slow at his books and inordinately fond of trout-fishing. His hair, a memento of his Dutch ancestry, was blonde almost to whiteness, his complexion absurdly rosy, and his measurement around the waist, when he was about ten years old, quite alarmingly large.

This, however, was but an episode in his growth; he became afterwards a fresh-colored, yellow-bearded man, but he was never accused of anything worse than a tendency to corpulence. He emerged from childhood a simple, wholesome, round-eyed lad, with no suspicion that a less roundabout course might have been taken to make him happy, but with a vague sense that his young experience was not a fair sample of human freedom, and that he was to make a great many discoveries. When he was about fifteen, he achieved a momentous one. He ascertained that his mother was a saint. She had always been a very distinct presence in his life, but so ineffably gentle a one that his sense was fully opened to it only by the danger of losing her. She had an illness which for many months was liable at any moment to terminate fatally, and during her long-arrested convalescence she removed the mask which she had worn for years by her husband's order. Rowland spent his days at her side and felt before long as if he had made a new friend. All his impressions at this period were commented and interpreted at leisure in the future, and it was only then that he understood that his mother had been for fifteen years a perfectly unhappy woman. Her marriage had been an unmitigated error, and she had spent her life in trying to make the best of it. She found nothing to oppose to her husband's will of steel but the appearance of absolute compliance; her spirit sank, and she lived for a while in a sort of helpless moral torpor. But at last, as her child emerged from babyhood, she began to feel a certain charm in patience, to discover the uses of ingenuity, and to learn that, somehow or other, one can always arrange one's life. She cultivated from this time forward a little private plot of sentiment, and it was of this secluded precinct that, before her death, she gave her son the key. Rowland's allowance at college was barely sufficient to maintain him decently, and as soon as he graduated, he was taken into his father's counting-house to do small drudgery on a proportionate salary. For three years he earned his living as regularly as the obscure functionary in fustian who swept the office. Mr. Mallet was consistent, but the perfection of his consistency was known only on his death. He left but a third of his property to his son, and devoted the remainder to various public institutions and local charities. Rowland's third was an easy competence, and he never felt a moment's jealousy of his fellow-pensioners; but when one of the establishments which had figured most advantageously in his father's will bethought itself to affirm the existence of a later instrument, in which it had been still more handsomely treated, the young man felt a sudden passionate need to repel the claim by process of law. There was a lively tussle, but he gained his case; immediately after which he made, in another quarter, a donation of the contested sum. He cared nothing for the money, but he had felt an angry desire to protest against a destiny which seemed determined to be exclusively salutary. It seemed to him that he would take a little spoiling. And yet he treated himself to a very modest quantity, and submitted without reserve to the great national discipline which began in 1861. When the Civil War broke out he immediately obtained a commission, and did his duty for three long years as a citizen soldier. His duty was obscure, but he never lost a certain private satisfaction in remembering that on two or three occasions it had been performed with something of an ideal perfection. He had disentangled himself from business, and after the war he felt a profound disinclination to tie the knot again. He had no desire to make money, he had money enough; and although he knew, and was frequently reminded, that a young man is the better for a fixed occupation, he could discover no moral advantage in driving a lucrative trade. Yet few young men of means and leisure ever made less of a parade of idleness, and indeed idleness in any degree could hardly be laid at the door of a young man who took life in the serious, attentive, reasoning fashion of our friend. It often seemed to Mallet

that he wholly lacked the prime requisite of a graceful *flâneur* — the simple, sensuous, confident relish of pleasure. He had frequent fits of extreme melancholy, in which he declared that he was neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring. He was neither an irresponsibly contemplative nature nor a sturdily practical one, and he was forever looking in vain for the uses of the things that please and the charm of the things that sustain. He was an awkward mixture of strong moral impulse and restless æsthetic curiosity, and yet he would have made a most ineffective reformer and a very indifferent artist. It seemed to him that the glow of happiness must be found either in action, of some immensely solid kind, on behalf of an idea, or in producing a masterpiece in one of the arts. Oftenest, perhaps, he wished he were a vigorous young man of genius, without a penny. As it was, he could only buy pictures, and not paint them; and in the way of action, he had to content himself with making a rule to render scrupulous moral justice to handsome examples of it in others. On the whole, he had an incorruptible modesty. With his blooming complexion and his serene gray eye, he felt the friction of existence more than was suspected, but he asked no allowance on grounds of temper; he assumed that fate had treated him inordinately well and that he had no excuse for taking an ill-natured view of life, and he undertook constantly to believe that all women were fair, all men were brave, and the world was a delightful place of sojourn, until the contrary was distinctly proved.

Cecilia's blooming garden and shady porch had proved so friendly to repose and a cigar, that she reproached him the next morning with indifference to her little parlor, not less, in its way, a monument to her ingenious taste. "And by the way," she added as he followed her in, "if I refused last night to show you a pretty girl, I can at least show you a pretty boy."

She threw open a window and pointed to a statuette which occupied the place of honor among the ornaments of the room. Rowland looked at it a moment and then turned to her with an exclamation of surprise. She gave him a rapid glance, perceived that her statuette was of altogether exceptional merit, and then smiled, knowingly, as if this had long been an agreeable certainty.

"Who did it? where did you get it?" Rowland demanded.

"Oh," said Cecilia, adjusting the light, "it 's a little thing of Mr. Hudson's."

"And who the deuce is Mr. Hudson?" asked Rowland. But he was absorbed; he lost her immediate reply. The statuette, in bronze, something less than two feet high, represented a naked youth drinking from a gourd. The attitude was perfectly simple. The lad was squarely planted on his feet, with his legs a little apart; his back was slightly hollowed, his head thrown back, and both hands raised to support the rustic cup. There was a loosened fillet of wild flowers about his head, and his eyes, under their dropped lids, looked straight into the cup. On the base was scratched the Greek word Δίψα, Thirst. The figure might have been some beautiful youth of ancient fable, — Hylas or Narcissus, Paris or Endymion. Its beauty was the beauty of natural movement; nothing had been sought to be represented but the perfection of an attitude. This had been most attentively studied, and it was exquisitely rendered. Rowland demanded more light, dropped his head on this side and that, uttered vague exclamations. He said to himself, as he had said more than once in the Louvre and the Vatican, "We ugly mortals, what beautiful creatures we are!" Nothing, in a long time, had given him so much pleasure. "Hudson — Hudson," he asked again; "who is Hudson?"

"A young man of this place," said Cecilia.

"A young man? How old?"

"I suppose he is three or four and twenty."

"Of this place, you say — of Northampton, Massachusetts?"

"He lives here, but he comes from Virginia."

"Is he a sculptor by profession?"

"He 's a law-student."

Rowland burst out laughing. "He has found something in Blackstone that I never did. He makes statues then simply for his pleasure?"

Cecilia, with a smile, gave a little toss of her head. "For mine!"

"I congratulate you," said Rowland. "I wonder whether he could be induced to do anything for me?"

"This was a matter of friendship. I saw the figure when he had modeled it in clay, and of course greatly admired it. He said nothing at the time, but a week ago, on my birthday, he arrived in a buggy, with this. He had had it cast at the foundry at Chicopee; I believe it 's a beautiful piece of bronze. He begged me to accept."

"Upon my word," said Mallet, "he does things handsomely!" And he fell to admiring the statue again.

"So then," said Cecilia, "it 's very remarkable?"

"Why, my dear cousin," Rowland answered, "Mr. Hudson, of Virginia, is an extraordinary" — Then suddenly stopping: "Is he a great friend of yours?" he asked.

"A great friend?" and Cecilia hesitated. "I regard him as a child!"

"Well," said Rowland, "he 's a very clever child. Tell me something about him: I should like to see him."

Cecilia was obliged to go to her daughter's music-lesson, but she assured Rowland that she would arrange for him a meeting with the young sculptor. He was a frequent visitor, and as he had not called for some days, it was likely he would come that evening. Rowland, left alone, examined the statuette at his leisure, and returned more than once during the day to take another look at it. He discovered its weak points, but it wore well. It had the stamp of genius. Rowland envied the happy youth who, in a New England village, without aid or encouragement, without models or resources, had found it so easy to produce a lovely work.

In the evening, as he was smoking his cigar on the veranda, a light, quick step pressed the gravel of the garden path, and in a moment a young man made his bow to Cecilia. It was rather a nod than a bow, and indicated either that he was an old friend, or that he was scantily versed in the usual social forms. Cecilia, who was sitting near the steps, pointed to a neighboring chair, but the young man seated himself abruptly on the floor at her feet, began to fan himself vigorously with his hat, and broke out into a lively objurgation upon the hot weather. "I 'm dripping wet," he said, without ceremony.

"You walk too fast," said Cecilia. "You do everything too fast."

"I know it, I know it!" he cried, passing his hand through his abundant dark hair and making it stand out in a picturesque shock. "I can't be slow if I try. There 's something inside of me that drives me. A restless fiend!"

Cecilia gave a light laugh, and Rowland leaned forward in his hammock. He had placed himself in it at Bessie's request, and was playing that he was her baby and that she was rocking him to sleep. She sat beside him, swinging the hammock to and fro, and singing a lullaby. When he raised himself she pushed him back and said that the baby must finish its nap. "But I want to see the gentleman with the fiend inside of him," said Rowland.

"What is a fiend?" Bessie demanded. "It 's only Mr. Hudson."

"Very well, I want to see him."

"Oh, never mind him!" said Bessie, with the brevity of contempt.

"You speak as if you did n't like him."

"I don't!" Bessie affirmed, and put Rowland to bed again.

The hammock was swung at the end of the veranda, in the thickest shade of the vines, and this fragment of dialogue had passed unnoticed. Rowland submitted a while longer to be cradled, and contented himself with listening to Mr. Hudson's voice. It was a soft and not altogether masculine organ, and was pitched on this occasion, in a somewhat

plaintive and pettish key. The young man's mood seemed fretful; he complained of the heat, of the dust, of a boot that hurt him, of having gone on an errand a mile to the other side of the town and found the person he was in search of had left Northampton an hour before.

"Won't you have a cup of tea?" Cecilia asked. "Perhaps that will restore your equanimity."

"Aye, by keeping me awake all night!" said Hudson. "At the best, it 's hard enough to go down to the office. With my nerves exasperated by a sleepless night, I should perforce stay at home and be brutal to my poor mother."

"Your mother 's well, I hope."

"Oh, she 's as usual."

"And Miss Garland?"

"She 's as usual, too. Every one, everything, is as usual. Nothing ever happens, in this benighted town."

"I beg your pardon; things do happen, sometimes," said Cecilia. "Here is a dear cousin of mine arrived on purpose to congratulate you on your statuette." And she called to Rowland to come and be introduced to Mr. Hudson. The young man sprang up with alacrity, and Rowland, coming forward to shake hands, had a good look at him in the light projected from the parlor window. Something seemed to shine out of Hudson's face as a warning against a "compliment" of the idle, unpondered sort.

"Your statuette seems to me very good," Rowland said gravely. "It has given me extreme pleasure."

"And my cousin knows what is good," said Cecilia. "He 's a connoisseur."

Hudson smiled and stared. "A connoisseur?" he cried, laughing. "He 's the first I've ever seen! Let me see what they look like;" and he drew Rowland nearer to the light. "Have they all such good heads as that? I should like to model yours."

"Pray do," said Cecilia. "It will keep him a while. He is running off to Europe."

"Ah, to Europe!" Hudson exclaimed with a melancholy cadence, as they sat down. "Happy man!"

But the note seemed to Rowland to be struck rather at random, for he perceived no echo of it in the boyish garrulity of his later talk. Hudson was a tall, slender young fellow, with a singularly mobile and intelligent face. Rowland was struck at first only with its responsive vivacity, but in a short time he perceived it was remarkably handsome. The features were admirably chiseled and finished, and a frank smile played over them as gracefully as a breeze among flowers. The fault of the young man's whole structure was an excessive want of breadth. The forehead, though it was high and rounded, was narrow; the jaw and the shoulders were narrow; and the result was an air of insufficient physical substance. But Mallet afterwards learned that this fair, slim youth could draw indefinitely upon a mysterious fund of nervous force, which outlasted and outwearied the endurance of many a sturdier temperament. And certainly there was life enough in his eye to furnish an immortality! It was a generous dark gray eye, in which there came and went a sort of kindling glow, which would have made a ruder visage striking, and which gave at times to Hudson's harmonious face an altogether extraordinary beauty. There was to Rowland's sympathetic sense a slightly pitiful disparity between the young sculptor's delicate countenance and the shabby gentility of his costume. He was dressed for a visit — a visit to a pretty woman. He was clad from head to foot in a white linen suit, which had never been remarkable for the felicity of its cut, and had now quite lost that crispness which garments of this complexion can as ill spare as the back-scene of a theatre the radiance of the foot-lights. He wore a vivid blue cravat, passed through a ring altogether too splendid to be valuable; he pulled and twisted, as he sat, a pair of yellow kid gloves; he emphasized his conversation with great dashes and flourishes of a light, silver-tipped walking-stick, and he kept constantly taking off and putting on one of those slouched sombreros

which are the traditional property of the Virginian or Carolinian of romance. When this was on, he was very picturesque, in spite of his mock elegance; and when it was off, and he sat nursing it and turning it about and not knowing what to do with it, he could hardly be said to be awkward. He evidently had a natural relish for brilliant accessories, and appropriated what came to his hand. This was visible in his talk, which abounded in the florid and sonorous. He liked words with color in them.

Rowland, who was but a moderate talker, sat by in silence, while Cecilia, who had told him that she desired his opinion upon her friend, used a good deal of characteristic finesse in leading the young man to expose himself. She perfectly succeeded, and Hudson rattled away for an hour with a volubility in which boyish unconsciousness and manly shrewdness were singularly combined. He gave his opinion on twenty topics, he opened up an endless budget of local gossip, he described his repulsive routine at the office of Messrs. Striker and Spooner, counselors at law, and he gave with great felicity and gusto an account of the annual boat-race between Harvard and Yale, which he had lately witnessed at Worcester. He had looked at the straining oarsmen and the swaying crowd with the eye of the sculptor. Rowland was a good deal amused and not a little interested. Whenever Hudson uttered some peculiarly striking piece of youthful grandiloquence, Cecilia broke into a long, light, familiar laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" the young man then demanded. "Have I said anything so ridiculous?"

"Go on, go on," Cecilia replied. "You are too delicious! Show Mr. Mallet how Mr. Striker read the Declaration of Independence."

Hudson, like most men with a turn for the plastic arts, was an excellent mimic, and he represented with a great deal of humor the accent and attitude of a pompous country lawyer sustaining the burden of this customary episode of our national festival. The sonorous twang, the see-saw gestures, the odd pronunciation, were vividly depicted. But Cecilia's manner, and the young man's quick response, ruffled a little poor Rowland's paternal conscience. He wondered whether his cousin was not sacrificing the faculty of reverence in her clever *protégé* to her need for amusement. Hudson made no serious rejoinder to Rowland's compliment on his statuette until he rose to go. Rowland wondered whether he had forgotten it, and supposed that the oversight was a sign of the natural self-sufficiency of genius. But Hudson stood a moment before he said good night, twirled his sombrero, and hesitated for the first time. He gave Rowland a clear, penetrating glance, and then, with a wonderfully frank, appealing smile: "You really meant," he asked, "what you said a while ago about that thing of mine? It is good — essentially good?"

"I really meant it," said Rowland, laying a kindly hand on his shoulder. "It is very good indeed. It is, as you say, essentially good. That is the beauty of it."

Hudson's eyes glowed and expanded; he looked at Rowland for some time in silence. "I have a notion you really know," he said at last. "But if you don't, it does n't much matter."

"My cousin asked me to-day," said Cecilia, "whether I supposed you knew yourself how good it is."

Hudson stared, blushing a little. "Perhaps not!" he cried.

"Very likely," said Mallet. "I read in a book the other day that great talent in action — in fact the book said genius — is a kind of somnambulism. The artist performs great feats, in a dream. We must not wake him up, lest he should lose his balance."

"Oh, when he 's back in bed again!" Hudson answered with a laugh. "Yes, call it a dream. It was a very happy one!"

"Tell me this," said Rowland. "Did you mean anything by your young Water-drinker? Does he represent an idea? Is he a symbol?"

Hudson raised his eyebrows and gently scratched his head. "Why, he 's

youth, you know; he 's innocence, he 's health, he 's strength, he 's curiosity. Yes, he 's a good many things."

"And is the cup also a symbol?"

"The cup is knowledge, pleasure, experience. Anything of that kind!"

"Well, he 's guzzling in earnest," said Rowland.

Hudson gave a vigorous nod. "Aye, poor fellow, he 's thirsty!" and on this he cried good night, and bounded down the garden path.

"Well, what do you make of him?" asked Cecilia, returning a short time afterwards from a visit of investigation as to the sufficiency of Bessie's bed-clothes.

"I confess I like him," said Rowland. "He 's very immature, — but there 's stuff in him."

"He 's a strange being," said Cecilia, musingly.

"Who are his people? what has been his education?" Rowland asked.

"He has had no education, beyond what he has picked up, with little trouble, for himself. His mother is a widow, of a Massachusetts country family, a little timid, tremulous woman, who is always on pins and needles about her son. She had some property herself, and married a Virginian gentleman of good estates. He turned out, I believe, a very licentious personage, and made great havoc in their fortune. Everything, or almost everything, melted away, including Mr. Hudson himself. This is literally true, for he drank himself to death. Ten years ago his wife was left a widow, with scanty means and a couple of growing boys. She paid her husband's debts as best she could, and came to establish herself here, where by the death of a charitable relative she had inherited an old-fashioned ruinous house. Roderick, our friend, was her pride and joy, but Stephen, the elder, was her comfort and support. I remember him, later; he was an ugly, sturdy, practical lad, very different from his brother, and in his way, I imagine, a very fine fellow. When the war broke out he found that the New England blood ran thicker in his veins than the Virginian, and immediately obtained a commission. He fell in some Western battle and left his mother inconsolable. Roderick, however, has given her plenty to think about, and she has induced him, by some mysterious art, to abide, nominally at least, in a profession that he abhors, and for which he is about as fit, I should say, as I am to drive a locomotive. He grew up *à la grâce de Dieu*, and was horribly spoiled. Three or four years ago he graduated at a small college in this neighborhood, where I am afraid he had given a good deal more attention to novels and billiards than to mathematics and Greek. Since then he has been reading law, at the rate of a page a day. If he is ever admitted to practice I 'm afraid my friendship won't avail to make me give him my business. Good, bad, or indifferent, the boy is essentially an artist — an artist to his fingers' ends."

"Why, then," asked Rowland, "does n't he deliberately take up the chisel?"

"For several reasons. In the first place, I don't think he more than half suspects his talent. The flame is smoldering, but it is never fanned by the breath of criticism. He sees nothing, hears nothing, to help him to self-knowledge. He 's hopelessly discontented, but he does n't know where to look for help. Then his mother, as she one day confessed to me, has a holy horror of a profession which consists exclusively, as she supposes, in making figures of people without their clothes on. Sculpture, to her mind, is an insidious form of immorality, and for a young man of a passionate disposition she considers the law a much safer investment. Her father was a judge, she has two brothers at the bar, and her elder son had made a very promising beginning in the same line. She wishes the tradition to be perpetuated. I 'm pretty sure the law won't make Roderick's fortune, and I 'm afraid it will, in the long run, spoil his temper."

"What sort of a temper is it?"

"One to be trusted, on the whole. It is quick, but it is generous. I have known it to breathe flame and fury at ten o'clock in the evening, and soft,

sweet music early on the morrow. It 's a very entertaining temper to observe. I, fortunately, can do so dispassionately, for I 'm the only person in the place he has not quarreled with."

"Has he then no society? Who is Miss Garland, whom you asked about?"

"A young girl staying with his mother, a sort of far-away cousin; a good plain girl, but not a person to delight a sculptor's eye. Roderick has a goodly share of the old Southern arrogance; he has the aristocratic temperament. He 'll have nothing to do with the small towns-people; he says they 're 'ignoble.' He cannot endure his mother's friends — the old ladies and the ministers and the tea-party people; they bore him to death. So he comes and lounges here and rails at everything and every one."

This graceful young scoffer reappeared a couple of evenings later, and confirmed the friendly feeling he had provoked on Rowland's part. He was in an easier mood than before, he chattered less extravagantly, and asked Rowland a number of rather naïf questions about the condition of the fine arts in New York and Boston. Cecilia, when he had gone, said that this was the wholesome effect of Rowland's praise of his statuette. Roderick was acutely sensitive, and Rowland's tranquil commendation had stilled his restless pulses. He was ruminating the full-flavored verdict of culture. Rowland felt an irresistible kindness for him, a mingled sense of his personal charm and his artistic capacity. He had an indefinable attraction — the something divine of unspotted, exuberant, confident youth. The next day was Sunday, and Rowland proposed that they should take a long walk and that Roderick should show him the country. The young man assented gleefully, and in the morning, as Rowland at the garden gate was giving his hostess Godspeed on her way to church, he came striding along the grassy margin of the road and out-whistling the music of the church bells. It was one of those lovely days of August when you feel the complete exuberance of summer just warned and checked by autumn. "Remember the day, and take care you rob no orchards," said Cecilia, as they separated.

The young men walked away at a steady pace, over hill and dale, through woods and fields, and at last found themselves on a grassy elevation studded with mossy rocks and red cedars. Just beneath them, in a great shining curve, flowed the goodly Connecticut. They flung themselves on the grass and tossed stones into the river; they talked like old friends. Rowland lit a cigar, and Roderick refused one with a grimace of extravagant disgust. He thought them vile things; he did n't see how decent people could tolerate them. Rowland was amused, and wondered what it was that made this ill-mannered speech seem perfectly inoffensive on Roderick's lips. He belonged to the race of mortals, to be pitied or envied according as we view the matter, who are not held to a strict account for their aggressions. Looking at him as he lay stretched in the shade, Rowland vaguely likened him to some beautiful, supple, restless, bright-eyed animal, whose motions should have no deeper warrant than the tremulous delicacy of its structure, and be graceful even when they were most inconvenient. Rowland watched the shadows on Mount Holyoke, listened to the gurgle of the river, and sniffed the balsam of the pines. A gentle breeze had begun to tickle their summits, and brought the smell of the mown grass across from the elm-dotted river meadows. He sat up beside his companion and looked away at the far-spreading view. It seemed to him beautiful, and suddenly a strange feeling of prospective regret took possession of him. Something seemed to tell him that later, in a foreign land, he would remember it lovingly and penitently.

"It 's a wretched business," he said, "this practical quarrel of ours with our own country, this everlasting impatience to get out of it. Is one's only safety then in flight? This is an American day, an American landscape, an American atmosphere. It certainly has

its merits, and some day when I am shivering with ague in classic Italy, I shall accuse myself of having slighted them."

Roderick kindled with a sympathetic glow, and declared that America was good enough for him, and that he had always thought it the duty of an honest citizen to stand by his own country and help it along. He had evidently thought nothing whatever about it, and was launching his doctrine on the inspiration of the moment. The doctrine expanded with the occasion, and he declared that he was above all an advocate for American art. He did n't see why we should n't produce the greatest works in the world. We were the biggest people and we ought to have the biggest conceptions. The biggest conceptions of course would bring forth in time the biggest performances. We had only to be true to ourselves, to pitch in and not be afraid, to fling Imitation overboard and fix our eyes upon our National Originality. "I declare," he cried, "there 's a career for a man, and I 've twenty minds to decide, on the spot, to embrace it — to be the consummate, typical, original, national American artist! It 's inspiring!"

Rowland burst out laughing and told him that he liked his practice better than his theory, and that a saner impulse than that had inspired his little Water-drinker. Roderick took no offense, and three minutes afterwards was talking volubly of some humbler theme, but half heeded by his companion, who had returned to his cogitations. At last Rowland delivered himself of the upshot of these. "How would you like," he suddenly demanded, "to go to Rome?"

Hudson stared, and, with a hungry laugh which speedily consigned our National Originality to perdition, responded that he would like it reasonably well. "And I should like, by the same token," he added, "to go to Athens, to Constantinople, to Damascus, to the holy city of Benares, where there is a golden statue of Brahma twenty feet tall."

"Nay," said Rowland soberly, "if you were to go to Rome, you should settle down and work. Athens might help you, but for the present I should n't recommend Benares."

"It will be time to arrange details when I pack my trunk," said Hudson.

"If you mean to turn sculptor, the sooner you pack your trunk the better."

"Oh, but I'm a practical man! What is the smallest sum per annum, on which one can keep alive the sacred fire in Rome?"

"What is the largest sum at your disposal?"

Roderick stroked his light mustache, gave it a twist, and then announced with mock pomposity: "Three hundred dollars!"

"The money question could be arranged," said Rowland. "There are ways of raising money."

"I should like to know a few! I never yet discovered one."

"One consists," said Rowland, "in having a friend with a good deal more than he wants, and not being too proud to accept a part of it."

Roderick stared a moment and his face flushed. "Do you mean — do you mean" . . . he stammered. He was greatly excited.

Rowland got up, blushing a little, and Roderick sprang to his feet. "In three words, if you are to be a sculptor, you ought to go to Rome and study the antique. To go to Rome you need money. I'm fond of fine statues, but unfortunately I can't make them myself. I have to order them. I order a dozen from you, to be executed at your convenience. To help you, I pay you in advance."

Roderick pushed off his hat and wiped his forehead, still gazing at his companion. "You believe in me!" he cried at last.

"Allow me to explain," said Rowland. "I believe in you, if you are prepared to work and to wait, and to struggle, and to exercise a great many virtues. And then, I'm afraid to say it, lest I should disturb you more than I

should help you. You must decide for yourself. I simply offer you an opportunity."

Hudson stood for some time, profoundly meditative. "You have not seen my other things," he said suddenly. "Come and look at them."

"Now?"

"Yes, we 'll walk home. We 'll settle the question."

He passed his hand through Rowland's arm and they retraced their steps. They reached the town and made their way along a broad country street, dusky with the shade of magnificent elms. Rowland felt his companion's arm trembling in his own. They stopped at a large white house, flanked with melancholy hemlocks, and passed through a little front garden, paved with moss-coated bricks and ornamented with parterres bordered with high box hedges. The mansion had an air of antiquated dignity, but it had seen its best days, and evidently sheltered a shrunken household. Mrs. Hudson, Rowland was sure, might be seen in the garden of a morning, in a white apron and a pair of old gloves, engaged in frugal horticulture. Roderick's studio was behind, in the basement; a large, empty room, with the paper peeling off the walls. This represented, in the fashion of fifty years ago, a series of small fantastic landscapes of a hideous pattern, and the young sculptor had presumably torn it away in great scraps, in moments of æsthetic exasperation. On a board in a corner was a heap of clay, and on the floor against the wall stood some dozen medallions, busts, and figures, in various stages of completion. To exhibit them Roderick had to place them one by one on the end of a long packing-box, which served as a pedestal. He did so silently, making no explanations, and looking at them himself with a strange air of quickened curiosity. Most of the things were portraits; and the three at which he looked longest were finished busts. One was a colossal head of a negro, tossed back, defiant, with distended nostrils; one was the portrait of a young man whom Rowland immediately perceived, by the resemblance, to be his deceased brother; the last represented a gentleman with a pointed nose, a long, shaved upper lip, and a tuft on the end of his chin. This was a face peculiarly unadapted to sculpture; but as a piece of modeling it was the best, and it was admirable. It reminded Rowland in its homely veracity, its artless artfulness, of the works of the early Italian Renaissance. On the pedestal was cut the name — Barnaby Striker, Esq. Rowland remembered that this was the cognomen of the legal luminary from whom his companion had undertaken to borrow a reflected ray, and although, in the bust, there was naught flagrantly set down in malice, it betrayed, comically to one who could relish the secret, that the features of the original had often been scanned with an irritated eye. Besides these there were several rough studies of the nude, and two or three figures of a fanciful kind. The most noticeable (and it had singular beauty) was a small modeled design for a sepulchral monument; that, evidently, of Stephen Hudson. The young soldier lay sleeping eternally, with his hand on his sword, like an old crusader in a Gothic cathedral.

Rowland made no haste to pronounce; too much depended on his judgment. "Upon my word," cried Hudson at last, "they seem to me very good."

And in truth, as Rowland looked, he saw they were good. They were youthful, awkward, and ignorant; the effort, often, was more apparent than the success. But the effort was signally powerful and intelligent; it seemed to Rowland that it needed only to let itself go to compass great things. Here and there, too, success, when grasped, had something masterly. Rowland turned to his companion, who stood with his hands in his pockets and his hair very much crumpled, looking at him askance. The light of admiration was in Rowland's eyes, and it speedily kindled a wonderful illumination on Hudson's handsome brow. Rowland said at last, gravely, "You have only to work!"

"I think I know what that means," Roderick answered. He turned away, threw himself on a rickety chair, and sat for some moments with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands. "Work — work?" he said at last, looking up, "ah, if I could only begin!" He glanced round the room a moment and his eye encountered on the mantel-shelf the vivid physiognomy of Mr. Barnaby Striker. His smile vanished, and he stared at it with an air of concentrated enmity. "I want to begin," he cried, "and I can't make a better beginning than this! Good-by, Mr. Striker!" He strode across the room, seized a mallet that lay at hand, and before Rowland could interfere, in the interest of art if not of morals, dealt a merciless blow upon Mr. Striker's skull. The bust cracked into a dozen pieces, which toppled with a great crash upon the floor. Rowland relished neither the destruction of the image nor his companion's look in working it, but as he was about to express his displeasure the door opened and gave passage to a young girl. She came in with a rapid step and startled face, as if she had been summoned by the noise. Seeing the heap of shattered clay and the mallet in Roderick's hand, she gave a cry of horror. Her voice died away when she perceived that Rowland was a stranger, but she murmured reproachfully, "Why, Roderick, what have you done?"

Roderick gave a joyous kick to the shapeless fragments. "I've driven the money-changers out of the temple!" he cried.

The traces retained shape enough to be recognized, and she gave a little moan of pity. She seemed not to understand the young man's allegory, but yet to feel that it pointed to some great purpose, which must be an evil one, from being expressed in such a lawless fashion, and to perceive that Rowland was in some way accountable for it. She looked at him with a sharp, frank mistrust, and turned away through the open door. Rowland looked after her with extraordinary interest.

Henry James, Jr.

THE OLD BRIDGE AT FLORENCE.

TADDEO GADDI built me. I am old;
  Five centuries old. I plant my foot of stone
  Upon the Arno, as St. Michael's own
  Was planted on the dragon. Fold by fold
Beneath me, as it struggles, I behold
  Its glistening scales. Twice hath it overthrown
  My kindred and companions. Me alone
  It moveth not, but is by me controlled.
I can remember when the Medici
  Were driven from Florence; longer still ago
  The final wars of Ghibelline and Guelf.
Florence adorns me with her jewelry;
  And when I think that Michael Angelo
  Hath leaned on me, I glory in myself.

Henry W. Longfellow.

THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN OF JOHN BROWN.

I.

HIS YEARS OF PREPARATION.

EVENTS in history, as all who read history know, have their importance measured by final results, rather than by their apparent magnitude at the moment. The passage of the Rubicon by Cæsar, about which Lucan makes so much ado, and Plutarch tells one of his striking anecdotes, would have had no significance but for the victories that followed it and placed the adventurous general at the head of the Roman empire. And again, the assassination of Cæsar, startling and dramatic as it was, had actually no historical result, and only serves to mark the date of transition in Rome from one form of government to another. The short campaign of John Brown in Virginia, fifteen years ago, not only possesses the dramatic interest that belongs to a striking event, but will always be worthy of note as the beginning of that forcible attack upon a form of slavery and a political power which within two years afterward convulsed the whole world with its consequences. It was the first decisive act of an inevitable tragedy, and such were its romantic features that, in the lapse of time, it will no doubt be gravely expounded as a myth to those who shall read American history some centuries hence. There seems to be no reason why John Brown, any more than William Tell, should escape this skeptical and generalizing spirit, which transforms history and even biography into a record of natural science. "King Arthur," says a recent Welsh writer who resolves history into astronomy, "is the Great Bear, and perhaps this constellation, being so near the pole, and visibly describing its circle in a small space, is the origin of the famous Round Table." Will there come a time when the Underground Railroad shall be regarded as typical of some geologic transition, and the foray at Harper's Ferry pass for the legendary symbol of a chemic reaction? Perhaps so; but in the mean time it will be best for those who know the matters of fact, just as they took place, to put these upon record, in order that this perversion or vaporization of genuine history may be deferred as long as possible.

John Brown was, indeed, no mythical nor in any respect dubitable personage. It was his fortune to play a great part, but no son of Adam was ever less theatrical in his aim, or more intensely practical in his result. An idealist in spirit, he was a realist in activity, and accomplished the grand task assigned to him with a plain, forthright sincerity which comports little with the romantic circumstances of his life and death. He was easily and naturally great,

> "And, as the greatest only are,
> In his simplicity sublime."

His character needs, therefore, only to be honestly set forth; not to be adorned with epithets and compliments. The chronicle of his life is his best monument.

Concerning the early life of John Brown I can add little to what has been written. But it is due to the reader, who may never have seen the fragment of an autobiography which Brown wrote in 1857 for the son of his friend, the late Major Stearns, that a paper so valuable in itself, and so characteristic of the writer, should here be reprinted. It first appeared in Redpath's Life of Captain Brown, published in Boston in 1860, having been placed in Mr. Redpath's hands by Mrs. Stearns. The lad to whom it was addressed was then about twelve years old, and the letter was evidently written for his amusement and instruction, with no thought that it would ever become public. As first printed, and as here reproduced, it is

spelled, punctuated, and italicized exactly as Captain Brown wrote it. If it thus indicates, what was probably true, that Brown could spell no better than Claverhouse, and was as regardless of "stops and marks" as any old Roman stone-cutter or Greek scribe, it also shows what a piquant and forcible style he used, both in speech and on paper. It was after hearing this paper read that Miss O——, of Medford, remarked, "If Captain Brown had not been called, in the providence of God, to a very different work, what charming stories he could have written for young children!" The original manuscript, which I have often seen in former years (for Harry Stearns was one of my pupils), fills six pages of closely written letter-paper, without division into paragraphs. It was written during the summer when Hugh Forbes was drilling a small company of his men for the Virginia campaign, in the western part of Iowa.

FRAGMENT OF AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

RED ROCK, IOWA, 15*th July*, 1857.

MR. HENRY L. STEARNS

My Dear Young Friend

I have not forgotten my promise to write you; but my constant care, & anxiety have obliged me put it off a long time. I do not flatter myself that I *can* write any thing that will very much interest you: but have concluded to send you a short story of a certain boy of my acquaintance: & for convenience and shortness of name, I will call him John. His story will be mainly a naration of follies and errors; which it is to be hoped *you may avoid;* but there is one thing connected with it, which will be calculated to encourage any young person to persevering effort: & that is the degree of success *in accomplishing his objects* which to a great extent marked the course of this boy throughout my entire acquaintance with him; notwithstanding his moderate capacity; & still more moderate acquirements.

John was born May 9th 1800, at Torrington, Litchfield Co, Connecticut; of poor but respectable parents: a decendant on the side of his father of one of the company of the Mayflower who landed at Plymouth 1620. His mother was decended from a man who came at an early period to New England from Amsterdam, in Holland. Both his Father's & his Mother's Fathers served in the war of the revolution: His Father's Father; died in a barn at New York while in the service, in 1776

I cannot tell you of any thing in the first Four years of John's life worth mentioning save that at that *early age* he was tempted by Three large Brass Pins belonging to a girl who lived in the family & *stole them.* In this he was detected by his Mother; & after having a full day to think of the wrong: received from her a thorough whipping. When he was Five years old his Father moved to Ohio; then a wilderness filled with wild beasts, & Indians. During the long journey which was performed in part or mostly with an *ox team;* he was called on by turns to assist a boy Five years older (who had been adopted by his Father & Mother) & learned to think he could accomplish *smart things* in driving the Cows; and riding the horses. Sometimes he met with Rattle Snakes which were very large; & which some of the company generally managed to kill. After getting to Ohio in 1805 he was for some time rather afraid of the Indians, & of their Rifles; but this soon wore off: & he used to hang about them quite as much as was consistent with good manners; & learned a trifle of their talk. His Father learned to dress Deer Skins, & at 6 years old John was installed a young Buck Skin — He was perhaps rather observing as he ever after remembered the entire process of Deer Skin *dressing;* so that he could at any time dress his own leather such as Squirel, Raccoon, Cat, Wolf or Dog Skins; & also learned to make Whip Lashes: which brought him some change at times; & was of considerable service in many ways. — At Six years old John began to be quite a rambler in the wild new country finding birds & Squirels, & sometimes a wild Turkey's nest. But about this period he was placed in the

school of *adversity:* which my young friend was a most necessary part of his early training. You may *laugh* when you come to read about it; but these were *sore trials* to John: whose earthly treasures were very *few* & *small.* These were the beginning of a severe but *much needed course* of discipline which he afterwards was to pass through; & which it is to be hoped has learned him before this time that the Heavenly Father sees it best to take all the little things out of his hands which he has ever placed in them. When John was in his Sixth year a poor *Indian boy* gave him a Yellow Marble the first he had ever seen. This he thought a great deal of; & kept it a good while; but at last *he lost it* beyond recovery. *It took years to heal the wound;* & I *think* he cried at times about it. About Five months after this he caught a young Squirrel tearing off his tail in doing it; & getting severely bitten at the same time himself. He however held *to the little bob tail* Squirrel; & finally got him perfectly tamed, so that he almost idolized his pet. *This too he lost;* by its wandering away; or by getting killed: & for a year or Two John was *in mourning;* and looking at all the Squirrels he could see to try & discover Bob tail, *if possible.* I must not neglect to tell you of a very *bad & foolish* habbit to which John was somewhat addicted. I mean *telling lies:* generally to screen himself from blame; or from punishment. He could not well endure to be reproached; & I now think had he been oftener encouraged to be entirely frank; *by making frankness a kind of atonement* for some of his faults; he would not have been so often guilty of this fault; nor have been obliged to struggle *so long* in after life with *so mean* a habit. John was *never quarelsome;* but was *excessively* fond of the *hardest & roughest* kind of plays; & could *never get enough* [of] them.

Indeed when for a short time he was sometimes sent to School the opportunity it afforded to wrestle & Snow ball & run & jump & knock off old seedy wool hats; offered to him almost the only compensation for the confinement, & restraints of school. I need not tell you that with such a feeling & but little chance of going to school *at all:* he did not become much of a schollar. He would always choose to stay at home & work hard rather than be sent to school; & during the warm season might generally be seen *barefooted & bareheaded:* with Buck skin Breeches suspended often with one leather strap over his shoulder but sometimes with Two. To be sent off through the wilderness alone to very considerable distances was particularly his delight; & in this he was often indulged so that by the time he was Twelve years old he was sent off more than a Hundred Miles with companies of cattle; & he would have thought his character much injured had he been obliged to be helped in any such job. This was a boyish kind of feeling but characteristic however.

At Eight years old John was left a Motherless boy which loss was complete & permanent, for notwithstanding his Father again married to a sensible, inteligent, & on many accounts a very estimable woman: *yet he never addopted her in feeling:* but continued to pine after his own Mother for years. This opperated very unfavourably uppon him; as he was both naturally fond of females; & withall extremely diffident; & deprived him of a suitable connecting link between the different sexes; the want of which might under some circumstances have proved his ruin.

When the war broke out *with England,* his Father soon commenced furnishing the troops with beef cattle, the collecting & driving of which *afforded* him some opportunity for the chase (on foot) of wild steers & other cattle through the woods. During this war he had some chance to form his own boyish judgment of *men & measures:* & to become somewhat familiarly acquainted with some who have figured before the country since that time. The effect of what he saw during the war was to so far disgust him with military affairs that he would neither train, *or drill;* but paid fines; & got along like a Quaker untill his

age finally has cleared him of Military duty.

During the war with England a circumstance occurred that in the end made him a most *determined Abolitionist:* & led him to declare, *or Swear: Eternal war* with Slavery. He was staying for a short time with a very gentlemanly landlord once a United States Marshall who held a slave boy near his own age very active, intelligent and good feeling; & to whom John was under considerable obligation for numerous little acts of kindness. *The master* made a great pet of John: brought him to table with his first company; & friends; called their attention to every little smart thing he *said, or did:* & to the fact of his being more than a hundred miles from home with a company of cattle alone; while the *negro boy* (who was fully if not more than his equal) was badly clothed, poorly fed; *& lodged in cold weather: &* beaten before his eyes with Iron Shovels or any other thing that came first to hand. This brought John to reflect on the wretched; hopeless condition, of *Fatherless* & *Motherless* slave *children:* for such children have neither Fathers nor Mothers to protect, & provide for them. He sometimes would raise the question *is God their Father?*

At the age of Ten years an old friend induced him to read a little history; & offered him the free use of a good library; by; which he acquired some taste for reading: which formed the principle part of his early education: & diverted him in a great measure from bad company. He by this means grew to be very fond of the company, & conversation of old & intelligent persons. He never attempted to dance in his life; nor did he ever learn to know *one* of a pack of *cards* from *another.* He learned nothing of Grammer; nor did he get at school so much knowledge of common Arithmetic as the Four ground rules. This will give you some general idea of the first Fifteen years of his life; during which time he became very strong & large of his age & ambitious to perform the full labour of a man; at almost any kind of hard work. By reading the lives of great, wise & good men their sayings, and writings; he grew to a dislike of vain & frivolous *conversation & persons;* & was often greatly obliged by the kind manner in which older & more inteligent persons treated him at their houses; & in conversation; which was a great relief on account of his extreme bashfulness.

He very early in life became ambitious to excel in doing any thing he undertook to perform. This kind of feeling I would recommend to all young persons both *male & female:* as it will certainly tend to secure admission to the company of the more inteligent; & better portion of every community. By all means endeavor to excel in some laudable pursuit.

I had like to have forgotten to tell you of one of John's misfortunes which set rather hard on him while a young boy. He had by some means *perhaps* by gift of his Father become the owner of a little Ewe Lamb which did finely till it was about Two Thirds grown; & then sickened & died. This brought another protracted *mourning season:* not that he felt the pecuniary loss so much: for that was never his disposition: but so strong & earnest were his atachments.

John had been taught from earliest childhood to "fear God & keep his commandments;" & though quite skeptical he had always by turns felt much serious doubt as to his future well being; & about this time became to some extent a convert to Christianity & ever after a firm believer in the divine authenticity of the Bible. With this book he became very familiar, & possessed a most unusual memory of its entire contents.

Now some of the things I have been *telling of;* were just such as I would recommend to you: & I w^d like to know that you had selected these out; & adopted them as part of your own plan of life; & I wish you to have *some definite plan.* Many seem to have none; & others never stick to any that they do form. This was not the case with John. He followed up with *tenacity* whatever he set about so long as it answered his general purpose: & hence he rarely failed in some good degree to effect the things he undertook. This was so much the

case that he *habitually expected to succeed* in his undertakings. With this feeling *should be coupled;* the consciousness that our plans are right in themselves.

During the period I have named John had acquired a kind of ownership to certain animals of some little value but as he had come to understand that the *title of minors* might be a little imperfect; he had recourse to various means in order to secure a more *independant;* & perfect right of property. One of those means was to exchange with his Father for some thing of far less value. Another was by trading with others persons for something his Father had never owned. Older persons have some times found difficulty with *titles.*

From Fifteen to Twenty years old, he spent most of his time working at the Tanner & Currier's trade keeping Bachelors hall; & he officiating as Cook; & for most of the time as forman of the establishment under his Father. During this period he found much trouble with some of the bad habits I have mentioned & with some that I have not told you off: his concience urging him forward with great power in this matter: but his close attention to *business;* & success in its management; together with the way he got along with a company of men, & boys; made him quite a favorite with the serious & more inteligent portion of older persons. This was so much the case; & secured for him so many little notices from those he esteemed; that his vanity was very much fed by it: & he came forward to manhood quite full of self-conceit; & self-confident; notwithstanding his *extreme* bashfulness. A younger brother used sometimes to remind him of this: & to repeat to him *this expression* which you may somewhere find, "A King against whom there is no rising up." The habit so early formed of being obeyed rendered him in after life too much disposed to speak in an imperious & dictating way. From Fifteen years & upward he felt a good deal of anxiety to learn; but could only read & studdy a little; both for want of time; & on account of inflammation of the eyes. He however managed by the help of books to make himself tolerably well acquainted with common arithmetic; & Surveying: which he practiced more or less after he was Twenty years old.

At a little past Twenty years led by his own inclination & *prompted also* by his Father, he married a *remarkably plain;* but neat industrious & conomical girl; of excellent character; earnest piety; & good practical common sense; about one year younger than himself. This woman by her mild, frank, & *more than all* else: by her very consistent conduct; acquired & ever while she lived maintained a most powerful; & good influence over him. Her plain but kind admonitions generally had the right effect; without arousing his haughty obstinate temper. John began early in life to discover a great liking to fine Cattle, Horses, Sheep, & Swine: & as soon as circumstances would enable him he began to be a practical *Shepherd: it being* a calling for which *in early* life he had a kind of *enthusiastic longing:* together with the idea that as a business it bid fair to afford him the means of carrying out his greatest or principle object. I have now given you a kind of general idea of the early life of this boy; & if I believed it would be worth the trouble: or afford much interest to any good feeling person: I might be tempted to tell you something of his course in after life; or manhood. I do not say that I *will do it.*

You will discover that in using up my *half sheets to save paper;* I have written Two pages, so that one does not follow the other as it should. I have no time to write it over; & but for unavoidable hindrances in traveling I can hardly say when I should have written what I have. With an honest desire for your best good, I subscribe myself, Your Friend

J. Brown.

P. S. I had like to have forgotten to acknowledge your contribution in aid of the cause in which I serve. God Allmighty *bless you;* my son. J. B.

After the fruitless effort made by young Brown to obtain an education for the pulpit (of which some mention was

made in The Atlantic Monthly for April, 1872) he seems to have applied himself strenuously to a life of manual labor. Until his twenty-sixth year he resided chiefly in the town of Hudson, Ohio, and his ordinary occupation was that of a tanner, the same which General Grant was then learning in another part of the same State. From 1826 to 1835 he carried on this business at Richmond, near Meadville, in Pennsylvania. It was said of him there, "that he refused to sell his leather till the last drop of moisture had been dried out, declaring that he would not sell water for sole-leather." In Pennsylvania, too, he refused to do military duty, and always paid his fine like a Quaker, rather than encourage war by his example, little foreseeing that after his death a million soldiers would march to battle singing his praise, and inspired by his courageous warfare.

It appears that he formed his definite plan for an attack upon slavery in its stronghold as early as 1838, when he was living in Ohio, having returned from Pennsylvania. His plan then was substantially what it was afterwards, but he had not so carefully worked out its details, nor had he furnished himself with the requisite military and general knowledge. He kept it steadily before him from that time onward, educated himself for it, trained his children to engage in it, and made it as much a part of his household discipline as were his morning and evening prayers. His wife told me in 1860 that she had been pledged to aid in the great work for twenty years, and that he ever since had been seeking men worthy to subscribe with him to the solemn vows he had assumed. John Brown himself had said to me in 1857, when I asked him how his wife could consent that he should so constantly expose his life and exile himself from home: "I have always told her that when the time came to fight against slavery, that conflict would be the signal for our separation. She made up her mind to have me go years before this, and when I did go she got ready bandages and medicines for the wounded." What was more to the purpose, she sent her own sons, Watson and Oliver, to fight by his side, and they fell by his side at Harper's Ferry. One after the other, as his sons grew toward manhood, he opened his purpose to them, and enlisted them for his long-deferred campaign.

In 1848 Brown sailed for Europe on business connected with his wool trade, and traveled over a considerable part of England, France, and Germany. The only record of this journey seems to have been the conversations in which he alluded to it; and that which has found its way into the biographies is one I held with him while driving from Concord to Medford, one Sunday in April, 1857. He then told me that he had kept the contest against slavery in mind while traveling on the Continent, and had made an especial study of the European armies and battle-fields. He had examined many of Napoleon's positions, and assured me that the common military theory of strong places was unsound; that a ravine was in truth more defensible than a hill-top. So it is, for an army of heroes, as Leonidas demonstrated at Thermopylæ; but for ordinary warfare, we may believe that Napoleon was right. Brown often witnessed the evolutions of the Austrian troops, and declared that they could always be defeated (as they have since been in Italy and elsewhere) by soldiers who should manœuvre more rapidly. The French soldiers he thought well drilled, but lacking individual prowess; for that he gave the palm, and justly, to our own countrymen. He returned from Europe more in love than before with American institutions, and more than ever convinced that slavery must be destroyed. He came back poor, for his mercantile ventures had failed; it was not destined that he should grow rich, as he had hoped, and thus be able to aid the oppressed from his abundance. Ever afterwards he accepted cheerfully the narrow path of poverty, but gave all his spare time to the work he had at heart.

In 1849 he first visited Gerrit Smith at his home in Peterboro', on what

would have seemed, to most people, a fool's errand. It was about the time that Mr. Smith, who owned vast tracts of land in the Adirondack woods, had offered a farm in that wild country to any colored man who would settle on it and reclaim it. John Brown had heard of this offer through the newspapers, and he sought the acquaintance of the liberal landlord, to make a proposition of his own. "I was brought up in the woods, and am acquainted with the ways of a new settlement; I will take a farm among your new tenants and show them how to clear and cultivate their land. I will employ such of them as I can, and will look after them as a good neighbor ought; I will be a kind of father to them." Mr. Smith gave his new friend the title to a tract of wild land, to be paid for by installments, and John Brown soon settled his family upon it, and began again the hard life of a backwoodsman, which he had endured as a boy among the pioneers of northern Ohio. His object in this was threefold, as he afterwards explained it to me. Besides his desire to aid the poor negroes, his neighbors, he hoped to find among them some who would become his soldiers; and he knew that he could train and equip his men there without attracting suspicion. Moreover, he wanted a place of refuge for his wife and children when he should go on his campaign, — a place where they could live frugally, and learn those habits of industry and thrift which he thought indispensable. At this time his youngest son was ten years old, and his two daughters, who were afterwards my pupils, were six years and three years old.

The region chosen for his home, and afterwards for his grave, is singularly picturesque, but rough and bleak. I have visited it but twice: first in the summer of 1857, when I was charged by some friends of Captain Brown, in Boston, with the agreeable duty of purchasing an addition to the farms of his wife and his eldest daughter, to maintain them better while he was fighting for freedom in Kansas; and again in February, 1860, when the hero was lying in his snow-covered grave, and the house that sheltered his family was full of sorrow and pain. In the summer, for a few months, this wilderness is charming. The mountains rise, grand and beautiful, on all sides; the untamed forest clothes their slopes and fills up the plains and valleys, save where the puny labors of men have here and there rescued a bit of fertile land from its gloom. On such spots the houses are built, and around them grow the small cultivated crops that can endure the climate — grass, grain, potatoes, and a few garden vegetables. The wild fruits are in abundance, the woods (in 1857) were full of game, and the streams and lakes of fish. But the mode of life is rude and primitive, with no elegance, and little that we should call comfort. Many of the dwellings are log-cabins, and in the whole township of North Elba, where the Browns lived, there was then scarcely a house worth a thousand dollars, or one which was "finished" throughout. Mrs. Brown's house, at that time, had but two plastered rooms, yet two families lived in it, and at my second visit two widowed women besides, whose husbands were killed at Harper's Ferry. I slept on both occasions in a little chamber partitioned off with a rude frame-work, but not plastered, the walls only ornamented with a few pictures; and in winter the snow sifted through the roof and fell upon the bed. I arrived at nightfall, on my second visit, closely pursued from the shore of Lake Champlain by a snow-storm, which murmured and moaned about the chamber all night, and in the morning I found a small snow-drift on my coverlet, and another on the floor near my bed. The new-born babe of Oliver Brown (the captain's youngest son, who had been killed at Harper's Ferry four months before) died in the house that night, and the poor young mother did not long survive.

A word in passing may be given to those brave young men, who deserve many words of praise, — the sons of John Brown. At the time the Missouri

Compromise was repealed, in 1854, he had seven sons and a son-in-law living. Four of these were children of his first wife; of the three others, the youngest was a boy of fifteen, and the next in age was but eighteen. The son-in-law, Henry Thompson, was a stalwart farmer, of New Hampshire origin, whose family connections were at North Elba, where, I believe, he still remains with his wife, Ruth, the eldest daughter of Brown. All were active, enterprising persons, fond of labor, inured to hardship, and expecting, as their father had taught them, to earn their living with the toil of their own hands. The narrow circumstances of the family made it quite necessary that these young men should support themselves somewhere. Several of them were living in Ohio, where, also, in 1854, their father had his home. Scarcely had the passage of the Nebraska Bill opened Kansas to slavery, when the Brown family, young and old, decided to cast their lot there. Love of freedom, love of adventure, and a desire for independence in fortune combined to tempt the young men, and three of them started for Kansas in 1854, where they settled early in the spring of 1855. The place which they selected was in Lykens County, on the Pottawatomie River, not far from the town of Osawatomie, which their father afterwards made famous. The other men of the family, some with their wives, joined them from time to time, but the whole nine, including Captain Brown, were never in Kansas together. For a long time the father, with six sons and his son-in-law, was there, and they all rallied to the defense of Lawrence in May, 1856.

John Brown himself went to Kansas in the fall of 1855, having already, in the spring of that year, taken his wife and infants back to their home in the Adirondack Mountains. Late in June, 1855, he was present at an antislavery convention in Syracuse, New York, where money was raised to assist him in arming his family in Kansas. He writes to his wife, under date of "Syracuse, June 28, 1855," as follows: —

"I reached here on the first day of the convention, and I have reason to bless God that I came; for I have met with a most warm reception from all, so far as I know; and, except by a few sincere, honest peace friends, a most hearty approval of my intention of arming my sons and other friends in Kansas. I received to-day donations amounting to a little over sixty dollars — twenty from Gerrit Smith, five from an old British officer;[1] others giving smaller sums with such earnest and affectionate expressions of their good wishes as did me more good than money even. John's two letters were introduced, and read with such effect by Gerrit Smith as to draw tears from numerous eyes in the great collection of people present. The convention has been one of the most interesting meetings I ever attended in my life; and I made a great addition to the number of warm-hearted and honest friends."

Five months after this letter was written, John Brown was quietly settled at Osawatomie in Kansas, with his sons about him, when they were summoned to the town of Lawrence by the news of a threatened attack from the "Border Ruffians" of Missouri. With four of his sons he hastened to the besieged town. As they drove up to the Free State Hotel, they were all standing, tall and well armed, in a lumber wagon, about the sides of which stood rude pikes, made of bayonets fastened to poles. Each man wore an artilleryman's sabre strapped to his side, and carried a rifle and revolvers. These were the arms (purchased in part by the Syracuse contributions) which had been carried into Kansas by John Brown in the early autumn, and this was their first employment — to save Lawrence from destruction. Bloodshed was for the present avoided, however, by skillful negotiations, in which Brown took no part, and he soon withdrew with his men to Osawatomie. This was just four years before his execution. From that time forward he was a marked man, and his

1 The late Captain Charles Stewart, who had served under Wellington in India.

name became formidable in Kansas and Missouri.

His opinions on the question of slavery and the rights of the colored people were well known in Kansas, and were regarded as extreme at that time. In a political meeting in Osawatomie, he had very early denounced the policy of excluding negroes from the new State. Such a proposition excited his wrath and scorn; he was no believer in a "white man's government," and thought that liberty for the negro meant something more than "the glorious privilege of work," as Andrew Johnson once defined it. Nor did he believe in gradual emancipation, as Abraham Lincoln did, nor in peaceful emancipation of any kind. He said to a friend in Kansas, "I have been at your abolition meetings, and your scheme is perfectly futile; you would not release five slaves in a hundred years. Peaceful emancipation is impossible; the thing has gone beyond that point." The truth of this saying was not quite so clear in 1856 as it is now.

The settlers of Kansas, by no means all heroes, soon discovered that their new champion had other views than they. He was no squatter, but even then "his soul went marching on." He had come there to aid his sons and their neighbors against the Missouri marauders; but that was not his main purpose. He saw that Kansas was the battle-ground between slavery and freedom, and he wanted the warfare on the right side to be something more than defensive. He longed to attack slavery on its own ground, and there destroy it. The time, he thought, had come to carry out his darling scheme, and he made many enemies among the timid "Free-State men" by striving to do so.

In the disturbances of 1856 he was very prominent, particularly at the fights of Black Jack and Osawatomie, in both of which he won a victory over numbers far superior to his own force. He had enlisted a small band of true men, and with these, from May to September, he ranged the Kansas prairies at intervals, executing justice on the oppressors of the people. It was a portion of his band that committed the so-called "Pottawatomie murders" in May, 1856, but Captain Brown himself was not then present, although he afterwards fully justified the act. It has often been said that he took part in this deed, but that, he assured me more than once, was not the fact.

At various times during the summer of 1856, Captain Brown was pursued by the United States troops, then stationed in Kansas, and finally left the Territory, in September, to avoid them. As he passed northward through Nebraska and Iowa, retreating slowly out of the land he had rescued from slavery, he left behind him the grave of one of his sons; another son by imprisonment and outrage had become a maniac; yet another son and a son-in-law had been severely wounded. The old hero himself was sick and destitute; he had been waging war at his own cost, as well as at his own risk, and scarcely a dollar of the money so freely contributed in New England and elsewhere had reached the man who could best have used it. It has been common to assert that these sufferings and losses incited Captain Brown to take revenge upon the slave-holders for what they had inflicted on him and his. Another explanation has also been given, and this may be quoted in the words of Henry Ward Beecher: "The shot that struck the child's heart crazed the father's brain. I mourn the hiding or obscuration of his reason." But it is idle to speak of him as insane who was wiser than any of us in his foresight. The simple truth is that Captain Brown went to Kansas in pursuance of his long-cherished design, and while he gained experience, and perhaps strength of purpose, there, he brought away with him neither malice nor insanity.

F. B. Sanborn.

CHARLES SUMNER.

GARLANDS upon his grave,
And flowers upon his hearse,
And to the tender heart and brave
The tribute of this verse.

His was the troubled life,
The conflict and the pain,
The grief, the bitterness of strife,
The honor without stain.

Like Winkelried, he took
Into his manly breast
The sheaf of hostile spears, and broke
A path for the oppressed;

Then from the fatal field
Upon a nation's heart
Borne like a warrior on his shield! —
So should the brave depart.

Death takes us by surprise,
And stays our hurrying feet;
The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are incomplete.

But in the dark unknown
Perfect their circles seem,
Even as a bridge's arch of stone
Is rounded in the stream.

Alike are life and death,
When life in death survives,
And the uninterrupted breath
Inspires a thousand lives.

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still travelling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

Henry W. Longfellow.

March 30, 1874.

AUTUMN DAYS IN WEIMAR.

I.

Weimar is one of those places which the ordinary tourist never really sees. Probably nine tenths of our rapid countrymen, who travel the direct railway line from Frankfort to Berlin, reach the end of their journey with a confused impression of broad belts of farm-land, ranges of wooded mountains, half a dozen gray towers, stately stone stations with the inevitable telegraphic bell and conductor's whistle, and flying glimpses of cities which they afterwards vainly endeavor to disentangle and label with their separate names. Eisenach, Gotha, Erfurt, Weimar, and Naumburg lie strung along the line, in the northern skirt of that old Hercynian Forest which once stretched unbroken from the Rhine to the Elbe, and each is the entrance to its own near region of landscape and legend. But their best charms are not manifest at a distance, or caught in hurrying past. The Ettersberg is the tamest possible hill, and Weimar a dull little town in a hollow among bare, windy uplands, to the traveler with a through ticket.

Even one who spares a day from his itinerary — who reverently inspects Schiller's room, looks at the outside of Goethe's house, walks the length of the park, and gives an hour each to the library, castle, and museum — will be apt to wonder what attraction drew so many of Germany's greatest minds to a place so sober, quiet, and contracted in all its ways and circumstances. If he be familiar with the history of the illustrious period, the remembrance of the primitive diversions of Duchess Anna Amalia and young Karl August will suggest a livelier life than he now finds in the streets of Weimar. He will scent, perforce, an atmosphere of prosaic conventionalism, where the ancient magic is as thoroughly gone as the scent of roses when summer is over. With a dreary sinking of the imagination, he will recall the decadence that succeeds a glorious age, and something of the sadness of a cemetery will cling to his recollections of the place.

But Weimar, among other German cities, is like a still-tongued, inconspicuous, yet very genuine person in a gay and talkative company, — not to be known too easily, and loved forever when once truly known. Four different times, with intervals of years between, I went thither for a day, took the same walks, saw the same sights, and left with the same vague sense of disappointment and regret. I can thus estimate the character of the superficial impression which many others, doubtless, take home with them. During the summer and autumn months, when the court is absent, there are hours when scarcely even a peasant is encountered in the shady walks along the Ilm; when the market-women knit, in the lack of customers, on the square before the Rathhaus, and when the memorial statues seem to sleep in bronze, since no one spares a part of his own life to awaken them.

Moreover, there is nearly as much local pride and jealousy among the capitals of the small mid-German principalities, as among our nascent Western cities. The intercourse of their citizens is singularly limited; and, inasmuch as each has its special traditions of venerable age, its peculiarities of social life and public habits, a narrow criticism is often applied where the diversity might be heartily enjoyed. All Germany still remembers the old caricatures in the Fliegende Blätter of Munich, where Beisele sits on the aristocratic side of the theatre at Weimar, while Eisele is placed opposite, among the burghers; and both are afterwards imprisoned for addressing a young lady as "Fräulein" instead of "Mademoiselle." The former illustration was a just satire at the

time; but the rule it ridicules was abolished more than twenty years ago. The latter, of course, was a grotesque exaggeration, illustrating the fact that the freest and most enlightened German capital for more than fifty years had somehow come to be regarded as the home of all obsolete social etiquette. I imagine that this was mainly a remnant of the jealousy engendered by Weimar's glory, and that it had been kept alive by rival court-circles and the classes which they influence, rather than by the people at large. The latter are not always so narrow in their likings as those above them.

I came back to Weimar for a longer stay, on a cold, dull October morning. My room in the hotel looked across a sort of boulevard, marking the site of a moat outside the ancient wall of the town, over the front of the building belonging to the *Erholung* (Recreation) — the one club of the place — to the spire of the Stadtkirche where Herder preached. For a background I had the wooded hill and massive military barracks beyond the Ilm. The lovely park, the creation of Karl August and Goethe, lay unseen in the hollow between; south and west of me, I knew, there were only high, bare fields; and I wondered whether the famous authors who once dwelt within my range of vision ever seemed to themselves as lonely and forsaken as their monuments — or myself — on such a day. I took a spiritless walk through the streets, and came back without delivering one of my three notes of introduction. There was the Schiller house, with its merchandise of plaster-casts and photographs in the window beside the door; there was the Goethe house, inhabited at last (for curtains were visible behind the window-panes), but still looking gloomy and forlorn; the library, with no sign of life around it; and at a restaurant near the theatre, kept by *Werther*, one individual was drinking his solitary beer!

The waiter presently summoned me to the *table d'hôte*, placing me between half a dozen transient guests and a company of as many gentlemen whose wine-bottles and napkin-rings marked them as *habitués*. The latter immediately excited my interest and attracted me towards them. The chairman's place was occupied by a hale, ruddy gentleman, who proved to be Dr. R——, Director of the Museum, to whom I was commended by a mutual friend. An English scholar and an English artist sat near him, and he used their language with as much fluency as his own. There was also a young Swiss artist, handsome as the Antinous; Baron von Salis, Adjutant of the Hereditary Grand Duke, and beside him, as if still illustrating the friendship between the poet Salis and Schiller, sat the grandson of the latter, Baron von Gleichen-Russwurm.

There could have been no more refined and genial company; the most of its members added the lustre of tradition to their own accomplishments, and the temporary additions to it, from time to time, were drawn from the same circle. In the evening, after the early closing of the theatre, the "Intendant," Baron von Loën, a relative of Goethe on the Textor side, came frequently; Baron von Stein sometimes drove over from his estate of Kochberg, famous in the annals of his grandmother, Frau von Stein; the families of Herder, Wieland, and Knebel were included in the common acquaintance, and many an old story, familiar elsewhere to the scholar only, here belonged to the presumed knowledge of all. The kindly courtesy with which room was made for me in this little society was no false promise of the enjoyment which I drew from it. Many a light which I had fancied extinguished soon began to send its rays out of Weimar's past; many an old interest proclaimed its stubborn life; until, in this new atmosphere, the heroic forms ceased to be mere shadows, drew nearer and nearer, and finally recovered as much reality of being as knowledge, memory, and fancy can bestow upon the dead.

I arose from my first dinner with only an instinct of the coming good fortune; for my acquaintance with the company

began, quite frankly and unconventionally, in the evening. But the desire to know somebody was aroused at last. I selected a letter to the Privy Court-Councilor, Schöll, whose name will be familiar to all Goethe-students as that of a rarely accomplished editor and critic. His residence is in the Schiller-strasse, next to that of Schiller's ghost, but I found him in his official quarters in the library. There was something in his high brow, brown bright eyes, and masculine nose, which suggested a milder and livelier Goethe; nor was I disappointed. The days that followed revealed to me much of the same mixture of wisdom and humor, of receptive, combative, and sympathetic intellect, mellowed by warm social qualities, which characterize all the local traditions of the great master's intercourse with others.

Herr Schöll introduced me to the librarian, Dr. Köhler, a man in whom scholarly fame is exceptionally linked with great modesty. The two were about to take their daily walk through the park to the village of Ober-Weimar, nearly two miles distant. I asked permission to be the third. The mist was already less dank, the first touches of autumn on the park trees less melancholy; a few single saunterers or pairs were abroad in the paths, and some market-women, with empty baskets on their shoulders, descended the steps, passed the artificial grottoes at the base of the hill, and took their way across the first meadow towards Goethe's garden-house. Below us, under the wooded bluff, lay the lonely pathway of shade beside the Ilm, which was Schiller's favorite walk: the crest, which we followed, with its freer outlook between the gaps in the foliage, its larger spaces of light and air, was preferred by Goethe.

The whole park, in fact, was created by Goethe and Karl August. It was a successful effort to base landscape-gardening upon nature, at a time when all Germany was painfully imitating the formalism of Versailles. Count Rumford's similar achievement at Munich was some years later. The grottoes and an artificial ruin are the only incongruous features in the plan, and they are now so hidden or modified by the action of vegetable growth that they scarcely interfere with the first impression of an exquisite natural valley, gradually melting into pasture-meadows and cultivated fields. There is nothing forced or studied in the grouping of the trees or the disposition of the shrubbery; the turf harbors all the tribes of wild-flowers in their turn, and the paths add the one touch of luxury, of subdued and civilized nature, which we should be willing to find in the most waste and desolate places. A soft, sweet air of repose hangs over the valley; people linger rather than hurry when they enter it; the town is not noisy enough to disturb the solitude; even the highway to Belvedere, which skirts one side of the park, is half concealed by its avenue of broad-armed trees, and what little human labor is visible upon the remoter hills becomes a picture, and no more.

Ober-Weimar, also, claims its share of the literary traditions. Schiller once took refuge there, to get on more rapidly with his work by escaping company, but was sorely disturbed by the festal noises of a rural wedding. When we had taken seats in the dingy guest-room of a tavern, with cups of inspiring coffee before us, my new friend pointed to the stone bridge over the Ilm, and said: "The Duchess Anna Amalia took that for one of her artistic studies." Some days afterwards, I turned over a portfolio of her sketches, in the museum, and could easily imagine what sort of a study she made of it. The mannered drawing of that day finds its climax in Oeser, who gave Goethe his first lessons. Its crispy, woolly foliage, wooden rocks, and blurred foregrounds, dotted here and there with bits of rigid detail, are verily astonishing to behold. Even Meyer, who was so often sound in theory, never freed himself, in practice, from the cramped, artificial restraints of the school.

Goethe's own drawings are a curious illustration of a correct instinct strug-

gling with a false system, which he had not technical skill enough to break through. His most rapid sketches are always his best. The outlines are free and bold; light and shade, in masses, are often well disposed; and if he had possessed a fine sense of color he might have developed, under other influences, into a tolerable artist. But when he comes to detail, he never releases himself from Oeser's method, and all the freedom of his first outlines disappears in the process. I have seen his original drawing of the cloven tower of Heidelberg Castle, a crude but by no means a bad performance; then Oeser's copy of it, changed, stiffened, hardly to be recognized as the same thing; and, finally, Goethe's laborious copy of Oeser, emphasizing all the faults of the latter. The few drawings he made in Rome — especially a very clean and careful sketch of the Capitol, in India ink — give the best evidence of Goethe's amateur talent.

We took the meadow-path back to the town, passing the classic garden-house, where the poet plucked his earliest violets and raised his asparagus for Frau von Stein; where he was sometimes obliged to borrow a plate of corned beef, when the duke and duchess came unexpectedly to tea; where he taught Christiane Vulpius something of the metamorphosis of plants; and where, later, Thackeray took coffee under the trees planted in those early days. I looked over the gate, and could well believe that the same larkspurs and pot-marigolds had been blossoming under the windows for a century past. But there were dead leaves on all the paths, and the steep hill-side immediately in the rear looked moldy with shade and moisture. It is an inviting spot, with its sheltered, sunny site; although hardly ten minutes' walk from the town, its front looks only upon meadows, trees, and the dark, gliding, silent Ilm.

The rock-work on the opposite side of the stream is rather clumsily done. Goethe was so enthusiastic a geologist that he could hardly have had his own way in its arrangement; but he partly relieved the stiff masses by stone stairways, landings, and tablets with inscriptions. Beside one of the paths of shade which lead to the top of the bluff he placed a rude piece of sculpture, representing a serpent coiled around an altar and devouring an offering-cake laid upon it. The common people, unable to understand the symbol, soon invented a legend of their own to interpret it; the present generation of peasants firmly believes that a huge serpent infested the banks of the Ilm, in ancient times, and was poisoned by some unknown knight or saint. There is also a little bark hut, too new to be quite the same, in all its parts, which Karl August erected. Its very plainness seems to be suggestive of mystery to certain minds, and the stranger may carry away some singular statements and conjectures, unless he knows how to weigh his authority.

One of my first visits was to Preller, the Homeric painter, whose frescoes illustrating the Odyssey are such a superb adornment of the long corridor in the museum. Nearly as old as the century, having been developed under Goethe's encouragement and Karl August's generous patronage, he was to me, as Tegnèr says of Thorsten Vikingsson, "a living legend." I found him in his studio, with three young ladies working so zealously under his direction that only one of them looked up, — but she was just finishing an admirable crayon drawing of the Farnese Torso. Preller was painting a scene near Olevano, in the Sabine Mountains, with an Arcadian group in the foreground. I accepted an invitation to call at his house, and withdrew before he had time to lay down his brush.

The next evening I found that he had only changed his locality, not his surroundings. The ladies — one of them a great-granddaughter of Herder — had a portfolio of original drawings by famous German artists before them, and were enjoying these and Preller's instructive comments at the same time. They made room for me at the table, opposite the painter's strong head and full, gray beard; on one side there was a cast of

Trippel's bust of Goethe, the Apollo head, modeled in Rome in 1787. The original is in the Weimar library. It is one of those heads whose dignity and beauty are all the more striking because it just falls short of the exact Greek symmetry. Though suggesting a demi-god, it is still a possible man. Take the finest known heads, — Antoninus Pius, the young Augustus, Napoleon, Byron, — and this of Goethe at thirty-eight will seem the noblest and completest.

No cast had been made from Trippel's bust until about five years ago, when the sculptor Arnold was allowed to make a certain number of copies. I was fortunate enough to obtain one, and I now said to Preller: "I see the same head of Goethe here, and in the same position, as in my own room at home; only, opposite, I have placed the Venus of Milo. He, as man, should stand beside her, as woman."

He got up from the sofa, without saying a word, came to where I was sitting, and seized me by the arm. Following the hint of his action, I rose; he turned me a little to one side, and pointed silently at a bust of the Venus of Milo, which I had not noticed on entering the room. "There she is!" he exclaimed, at last; "I see her every day of my life, but I never pass her without saying to myself: 'My God, how beautiful she is!'"

This lucky coincidence of taste was more efficient than hours of talk in opening the old painter's heart. I spent many other evenings in his genial family circle, until he grew accustomed to unlock the store-house of his memory and bring forth many an illustrative anecdote of the man and men whom I wished to know. The clear intellectual perception, which always belongs to an artist whose genius lies in the harmonies of form no less than those of color, gave a special point and value to his narrations. No feature in them was of trivial import; he saw the personages again as he described them; he heard their voices, and his own, as he repeated their words, became an unconscious imitation. If all biographical studies could be made in this way, how delightful would be the author's task!

Preller set before me a much more distinct picture of Goethe's son, August, than I had been able to obtain from any published sources. He seems to have inherited his mother's cheerful and amiable temperament, together with its sad physical failing, and much of his father's personal beauty, with hardly a tithe of his mental capacity. He was tall and finely-formed; a badly-painted head, still in existence, has the ruddy color, full lips, and large, soft eyes of a very sensuous nature; but Preller asserts that he was also intelligent, sympathetic, capable, and every way attractive when in his right mind. The former was in Rome when he arrived there, and related to me the circumstances attending his death. Inasmuch as a brief outline of the story has recently been published,[1] I feel at liberty to repeat it, in the artist's own words: —

"Shortly after young Goethe reached Rome, Kestner" (the Prussian Secretary of Legation, and son of the Charlotte whom Goethe made famous in Werther) "proposed a trip to Albano and Nemi, and invited me to join in it. During our donkey-ride to the lake, after leaving Albano, Goethe complained of being very ill. He could scarcely keep his seat in the saddle, but, between us, we got him as far as Frascati, where we waited three hours to let him rest, before returning in the carriage to Rome. He was in a raging fever when we arrived; I put him to bed, watched with him all night, and left him a little better in the morning. The next night I asked Rudolf Meyer, of Dresden, to share the watch with me. I sat up until midnight, then went into the next room and stretched myself out on some chairs. It seemed but a moment before Meyer came into the room and said to me: 'Goethe is evidently very ill.' I rose instantly and went to him; but I had hardly entered the door when Goethe made one leap from the bed, rushed towards me, threw his arms around my

[1] By Dr. Eitner, in a note attached to his translation of a part of Henry Crabb Robinson's journals.

neck, and strained me to his breast with such violence that I thought I should have died on the spot. As soon as I was able, I loosened his arms and pushed him softly backwards towards the bed. He sank down passively and his head dropped upon the pillow. I waited; he did not move a muscle. Then I saw that he did not breathe. Leaving Meyer, I ran to the house of the physician, who came at once, but found that death had instantly followed the paroxysm. Kestner was thunderstruck when he heard the news.

"The dissection showed that his brain was healthy, — only a little spot betrayed small-pox, which had not come out. This was the cause of his death. I attended his funeral and helped carry the corpse, but felt all the while as if in a strange dream, hardly conscious of what I saw and heard. Somewhere on the way home my senses entirely left me, and for many days there was a blank in my life. When I came to myself, I was almost lifeless, and covered with pustules; it was many months before I recovered my usual strength."

The day afterwards, it happened, my friend Schöll related to me how Otfried Müller died in his arms, at Athens. Singularly enough a Greek gentleman joined us in our walk to Ober-Weimar, — for this soon became also my "custom of an afternoon," — and we talked of the Hill of Colonos until bunches of asphodel seemed to dot the meadows of the Ilm. Another day, while I was waiting in one of the rooms of the library and idly poring over a map, a stranger who had entered suddenly pointed to the Himalayas of Nepaul, and said: "There is where I am at home." But it is not the ostentatious tourists who thus quietly converge to Weimar from all quarters of the world.

The School of Art, established by the present grand duke, was convulsed by a semi-revolution during the whole of my stay. The prime cause thereof appeared to be a conflict of authority between the director, Count Kalkreuth, himself an excellent landscape artist, and the Belgian painter, Verlat, who enjoyed the favor of the court. There was one time during the crisis when the students sharply took sides, and an emigration, almost *en masse*, was threatened. I was able to follow the movement, from day to day, through the confidential communications of some of the young artists concerned in it, but the story is scarcely important enough to be retold. Behind it, in the distance, — perhaps not at all evident to the most of the actors, — loomed the conflict of artistic theories, of the sensuous and the imaginative elements, of technical skill and the expression of ideas. The same struggle is going on all over the world. It is France, in league with Chinese silks and Japanese screens, against the extreme which is best illustrated by Kaulbach's attempt to represent the Reformation on a single cartoon. The midlying truth, as is always the case, is felt rather than consciously perceived by the honest, single-minded artists who work and leave the battle to others.

In the studio of Baron von Gleichen-Russwurm, however, I found a refuge from the passing storm. He kept for himself the serene atmosphere of art, while the trouble lasted; and his pictures, wherein a strong realistic truth was always steeped in the purest poetic sentiment, entirely satisfied both forms of the artistic sense. If I am not mistaken, he is the only child of his mother, Schiller's daughter Emilie, who most resembled the poet. In him the personal resemblance is weakened, but the genius is inherited and embodied in a new activity. His choice and treatment of subjects constantly reminded me of McEntee, whom, nevertheless, he but slightly suggests in technical quality. Like McEntee, he feels the infinite sweetness and sadness of late autumn; of dim skies and lowering masses of cloud; of dead leaves, lonely woodland brooks, brown marshes, and gray hillsides. Moreover, each has the same intense personal faith in his art, the same devotion to it for its own sake, and the same disregard of the transient popular tastes to which some artists submit, and foolishly imagine that they

have found fame. If the remembrance of my friend at home so frequently was present while I sat watching Schiller's grandson paint in Weimar, and beguiled me into a freedom hardly justified by so brief an acquaintance, it was delightful to find that the response came as frankly and heartily as if he had indeed been the older friend.

There are fewer traditions of Schiller in Weimar than of Goethe, for Schiller's ill health during the five years of his residence there obliged him to limit the circle of his familiar associates. Like Goethe, his ordinary manner towards strangers was cold, reserved, and seemingly proud — because a finer nature instinctively guards itself against a possible intrusion; but this characteristic was never remembered against him and evermore spitefully repeated, as in the case of his great friend. In Eckermann's Conversations, Goethe is reported as having called Schiller "an aristocratic nature," which he certainly was; but Goethe was only more democratic through the wider range of his intellectual interests. It is remarkable what strong harmonies held the two together, and what equally strong antagonisms were powerless to drive them apart.

I had a special interest in ascertaining the physical characteristics of both. One would suppose this to be an easy matter, but it was by no means so. In regard to height, weight, complexion, color of hair and eyes, there were a variety of memories: even those who had known the poets living seemed to color their knowledge by some reflected popular impression. Rietschel's group, in the square before the theatre, is a direct violation of the truth. The two figures are colossal, being nine feet high; and Schiller, who is standing erect, with his head thrown back, as he never carried it during the last years of his life, is about two inches taller than Goethe. Now, Goethe's stature was certainly not more than five feet ten inches, and probably a little less; his very erect carriage and wonderfully imposing presence made him seem taller. Schiller, on the contrary, was said to be the tallest man in the Grand Duchy, during his life; his height was six feet three inches. But his gait was loose and awkward; he generally walked with stooped shoulders and bent head, and only his keen, intense, aspiring face, his broad brow, and large, gentle eyes, of a color varying between blue, gray, and pale-brown, made him personally majestic and impressive.

Goethe had dark-brown hair and eyes, the latter large and almost preternaturally luminous. His complexion, also, was more olive than fair; the nose nearly Roman, but with a Greek breadth at the base, and sensitive, dilating nostrils; the mouth and chin on the sculptor's line, ample, but so entirely beautiful that they seemed smaller than their actual proportions. His face was always more or less tanned; he rarely lost the brand of the sun. In his later years it became ruddy, and a slight increase of fullness effaced many of the wrinkles of age. Stieler's portrait (now in the Goethe mansion) painted when the poet was eighty, expresses an astonishing vital power. Preller once said to me: "There never was such life in so old a man! If a cannon-ball had suddenly grazed my head, I could not have been more startled than when I heard of his death. I felt sure that he would live to be a hundred and fifty years old!"

If Goethe illustrates as scarcely any other poet (yet we imagine both Homer and Shakespeare to have possessed the same) the perfect accord of intellectual and physical forces, Schiller is equally remarkable as an example of a mind triumphing over incessant bodily weaknesses and torments. During fourteen years he never knew a day of complete, unshaken health. He was fair and freckled, with so delicate a skin that the slightest excitement of his blood blushed through it. His thin, aggravated, aquiline nose was so conspicuous that he often laughingly referred to it as the triumphant result of constant pinching and pulling during his school days. His chin was almost equally prominent, giving him what his sister

Christophine called a "defiant and spiteful under lip." His shock of hair, not parting into half-curls like Goethe's, but straight and long, was of a yellow-brown hue, "shimmering into red," as Caroline von Wolzogen poetically says. The picture of him touches our sympathies, as his bust or statue always does, — perhaps because he represents suffering and struggle so palpably. Beside him, Goethe seems to stand crowned by effortless achievement. But what a pair they are! Rietschel's great success in his statues lies in his subtle expression of their noble friendship. Goethe's hand on Schiller's shoulder, and the one laurel wreath which the hands of both touch in such wise that you cannot be sure which gives or which takes, symbolize a reality far too rare in the annals of literature.

The theatre is built upon the ashes of the old one, which was burned down about the year 1825. It is small, but charmingly bright, agreeable, and convenient. Here, as in other small German capitals, families take their tickets for the season, ladies go alone when they have no company, and good manners on the part of the public are as certain as in any private society. In fact the tenor and soprano, or the tragic hero and heroine, are quite likely to be a part of the society of the place. They are government servants, appointed by the ruler, rewarded by frequent leaves-of-absence when faithful, and pensioned when old or invalided. The organization of the theatre as an institution of the state has its disadvantages, and such as, in our country, would perhaps be insufferable; but it certainly elevates dramatic art, purifies it, and establishes it in its true place among the agents of civilization.

A few days after my arrival in Weimar, Schiller's Wallenstein — the entire trilogy — was given. Knowing that the theatre was still faithful to its old traditions, and perhaps a little more strictly so under the Intendancy of Baron von Loën, I went there at an early hour, expecting to get my former place in the front of the parquet, among a company of most intelligent ladies, every one of whom came unattended. But I found only a single seat vacant, in one of the rear boxes: the building was crammed, to the very summit of the gallery. And there was hardly a person present but had seen the play a score of times!

I never saw anything else so perfectly put upon the stage as Wallenstein's Camp, the first part of the trilogy. A dialogue in verse, though never so picturesque and animated, with the merest thread of action, I had fancied, might be endured upon boards which had witnessed the Antigone of Sophocles revived, but must be sufficiently tedious to one accustomed to the hectic melodrama of our day. But a broad, ever-shifting background of by-play, upon which I had not reckoned, was here created. Just as the two poets had planned the representation of the piece, so it was given now. While Illo, Tertzky, Holker's Jäger, or Butler's Dragoons were speaking, there was all the bustle of a great camp of motley mercenaries behind them. The soldiers played dice, the *vivandière* was busy with her canteen, officers stalked past, guards presented arms, trumpets were blown in the distance, and the situation discussed by the speakers was made real in the costumes and actions of the groups which constantly formed and dissolved. Goethe despotically insisted on the smallest part being as carefully played as the greatest: an actor who surrounded himself with inferior players, to create a more conspicuous foil to his own performance, was never tolerated upon the Weimar stage. I suspect that bad playing in the most indifferent *rôle* would not be tolerated there now.

The fierce and stirring soldiers' song at the close roused the audience as if they now heard it for the first time. Every actor sang his appropriate stanza, and the orchestra grandly supported them. Then the curtain rose upon The Piccolomini, with its crowd of martial characters. Their performance was unequal, but they were at least very clearly and carefully individualized. I was

so deeply interested in hearing iambic blank verse correctly read, for the first time in my life, that I paid but slight attention to the representation of character. I had listened so long and vainly in other theatres that I had ceased to expect what I now heard; but surprise was soon lost in a delight which was renewed with every speaker. Herein they were all satisfactory.

This, also, we owe to Goethe. His programme of instructions to the players under his authority is less concise than Hamlet's, but it is equally clear and much more minute and practical. I have seen few actors on the English boards who could not yet learn something from it. His direction for the reading of blank verse is the single correct method: he insists that the measured lines shall be made recognizable to the hearer, not by a mechanical cadence, which would soon become intolerable, but by delicate inflections and rests, not so marked as the pauses of punctuation, but just enough to prevent the verse from lapsing into prose.

Our English actors and elocutionists, on the contrary, are not satisfied unless they make blank verse entirely prosaic in its pauses. They read, not by the metrical feet, but wholly by the punctuation; and many of them, where the phrase overruns the line, actually hasten the movement in order to avoid even the suspicion of a pause. Take, as an instance, Bryant's Thanatopsis, and we shall at once see how they read the opening lines: —

"To him, who, in the love of Nature,
Holds communion with her visible forms,
She speaks a various language.
For his gayer hours she has a voice of gladness,
And she glides into his darker musings with a mild
and gentle sympathy,
That steals away their sharpness ere he is aware."

How utterly the grave, majestic march of the original is lost, through this false method of reading! To the ear, the measured lines no longer exist, and the metrical spirit which informs them, endeavoring to assert itself in spite of the reader's will, prevents the movement from being wholly that of prose. There are passages in Shakespeare so inherently rhythmical that the actor cannot escape giving them a partial music, and just these passages delight the hearer, though he may never have scanned a line in his life.

In listening to The Piccolomini, I followed the lines at first, but rather as an experiment, to be quite sure that they were distinctly indicated. Soon, however, I forgot to do it, yet still continued to hear them. That is, without the least approach to monotonous sing-song, — with as great a variety of pauses and cadences as in prose, only far more delicately adjusted, — the rhythmical character of the language constantly asserted itself. The passionate and poetical scenes of the play gained immeasurably thereby; for passion, in real life, is seldom without a rude, broken rhythm of its own. The pause at the end of a line could hardly be called a pause; it was the lightest lingering of tone, and the observance of it gave a certain dignity to characters which might have seemed vulgar, could they have hurled out rapid, unmeasured sentences, as upon our stage.

I was fortunate in chancing upon an unusually mild and benignant October. After the first dull days, a long period of mellow sunshine descended upon the outer world, while the social life of Weimar, with its fine and ripe culture, gradually opened to the stranger. The statues lost their look of loneliness and became the familiar, protecting Lares of the place: many a crooked old alley gave me glimpses of private garden-nooks where the roses still budded in the sun; houses, unnoticeable at first, came to be inhabited by interesting phantoms or breathing, welcome acquaintances; and — best of all — the interest which chiefly drew me to Weimar was *not* dead or indifferent to its inhabitants.

One sunny afternoon the two scholars gave up their usual walk and rode with me to the Ettersburg, the grand-ducal country-seat, of which we hear so much during the days of Anna Amalia. The Ettersburg, both from the Weimar and the Erfurt sides, is such an unpromising blank of field and straight-edged

forest, that I could not well imagine how it could hide such a seat of summer "pleasaunce" as the *Burg* must have been. The greater part of the road thither, a distance of some four or five miles, shows but the tamest scenery. The woodland along the summit of the ridge, planted in a poor, sandy soil, contains few stately trees, and when it falls away northward, on the farther side, the first glimpse of the tawny Saxon lowlands is not at all cheering.

The Ettersburg, however, proved to be indented by a deep, winding valley, upon the sheltered sides of which there grew majestic groves, interrupted by the vivid green of meadows. We passed a forester's lodge, which the present grand duke copied from an English model: it was undeniably handsomer than the old German cottage, yet seemed a little out of place. In the little village straggling along the opposite slope, his Royal Highness has also endeavored to give a more cheerful aspect to the dwellings, by inserting bow-windows in their fronts, at his own expense. About one fourth of the householders, I noticed, had accepted the change, and their windows were already bright with geraniums, pinks, and rosemary.

The castle stands on a terrace, partly cut out of the hill-side. Shelves of garden descend to the meadow, and noble woods of maple, oak, and beech rise beyond. The ornamental grounds are very simply laid out, and soon lose themselves among the natural features of the landscape. The old ducal residence, a square structure, with no architectural character, stands in front of a small quadrangle containing guests' and servants' rooms, armory, theatre, and other apartments. The custodian pointed out the room which Schiller inhabited when he came hither to write the last act of Marie Stuart, and then admitted us into the chief building. Except the pretty portraits of Karl August and his brother, Prince Constantine, as small boys, and a few tolerable pictures, the rooms contain little of interest. Princely furniture, nowadays, has lost its particular pomp; anybody may have a Japanese cabinet or a Persian rug which was a rarity in the last century.

The Duchess Anna Amalia is the special ghost who haunts the Ettersburg. In a portrait of her from life, hanging in one of the chambers, I first clearly saw her likeness to her uncle, Frederick the Great. The eyes, of which the old Court-Marshal von Spiegel used to say that few persons could endure their full, level glance without an uneasy sensation that their secret souls were being inspected, are strikingly similar to his, — large, clear, gray, and questioning in their expression. Many of the early pranks of Goethe were played here, with the duchess's encouragement; though I believe it was Tieffurt where she sometimes rode out with her friends in a hay-wagon, and where she once put on Wieland's coat when it rained. It is a little unjust that Goethe alone should bear the blame of what was then considered "nature" by one party, and scandalous lawlessness by another. There were few courts at that day where dissipation took so innocent a form.

We strayed into the woods and found the trunk of an old beech-tree, whereupon the members of the illustrious Ettersburg company long ago carved their names. So many of the unknown and foolish crowd have followed them that most of the original runes have disappeared in a labyrinthine pattern of scars. Bertuch's was the only name of which we could be at all certain. The bark is now protected by a wire netting, which worries the vandals without entirely keeping them off. I believe it was under this tree that Goethe kindled his funeral pyre of sentimental works, his own Werther among them, and pronounced an oration, the mere rumor of which provoked fiercer fires among his sensitive contemporaries. It was years before Jacobi could forgive the burning of his Woldemar, a book which is now read only by curious scholars.

Tieffurt, which is farther down the Ilm, a little more than two miles from Weimar, is almost as lonely a residence as the Ettersburg, but lies more cozily nestled in the river-vale. The dramatic

entertainments, partly extemporized, which were here acted in the open air, the river, its banks, trees, bushes, arbors, and a few painted castles or cottages representing stage and scenery, were diversions of the most charming character. They are features of an ideal literary life, which existed here for a brief while, but never elsewhere than here. It is a real loss that our accounts of them are so slight and so devoid of detail. Tradition keeps knowledge of the spot where the spectators sat, where the players appeared, where the lamps or torches were placed; but the performances themselves belong to the earliest years of the famous period, and there is no one living who remembers even having heard more of them than has already been written.

All the roads branching out of the little capital, in fact, have their associations, more or less remote. These may not come swiftly upon the visitor, for a multitude of them hide only in the privacy of individual knowledge. Through acquaintance with the society of the place, they arrive like pleasant accidents; some new fragment drops into every intimate conversation upon the old themes, and little by little a purple atmosphere of memories settles down over the hills which once seemed so bare. No; there had been nothing of that decadence which includes reaction; the finer culture which once made Weimar so illustrious pervades its present life. There is more than a conventional reverence for the great departed. Their instinct of development, their tastes, their reachings towards eternal Truth and eternal Beauty, have been transmitted to the descendants of those among whom and with whom they wrought. If achievement has ceased, the recognition which stimulates it remains. We can ask no more than this: would that we found it in greater cities.

Bayard Taylor.

FRITZ REUTER.

Whatever merit wondering foreigners may be willing to ascribe to the Germans, there are yet boundaries which, in any fair view, this hard-working people has not crossed. They may be victorious in war over all their neighbors, and they may be the teachers of the teachers of all the rest of the world in the quiet studies of peace, yet the less-trained barbarians of other countries comfort themselves by the thought that none of the German professors can teach his pupils how to write good novels, and that no education, even one beginning at the cradle, is sure to produce genuine humorists. But there has recently died in Germany an author, Fritz Reuter, who wrote good novels and who was a real humorist. He was much admired in his own country; in foreign parts, however, he is less well known than he deserves. This limitation of his fame is due to the fact that he wrote almost entirely in Plattdeutsch, a dialect which presents certain difficulties to foreigners, but none which those conversant with German could not overcome by a few hours' work. The resemblance of Plattdeutsch to English is much greater than that of English to High German, and after the reader has worked out a few pages carefully, he will be surprised to find with how little difficulty he can go on. In the vocabulary alone will any difficulties be found; the construction of the sentences is perfectly simple. The Plattdeutsch is a dialect that has survived among the country-people of some parts of North Germany; it is a natural language, formed by the mouths of men, not an artificial one like the more successful High German, which was molded in great measure by scholars who followed

Latin models. It is that which Reuter first learned, and which he always preferred to use.

Reuter's life was a singular one. He was born November 7, 1810, at Stavenhagen, or Stemhagen as it is called in Plattdeutsch, a large farming village in Mecklenburg-Schwerin. His father was the Bürgermeister of the place. One of Reuter's few writings in High German is a description of his childhood in this quiet town. He draws an admirable picture of its sleepy loneliness sixty years ago, of the intimate knowledge every one had of every one else, of the different schools, of the dancing-masters, of the rare balls to which the rigid Bürgermeister gave his children only reluctant permission to go, of the sending of the watchman into the ball-room after them when they had overstayed their time, of the yearly markets, etc., etc. Those who are familiar with his writings will find here a delightful record of the people and scenes he knew so well how to write about.

In 1830 he was at Jena, nominally a student of law; in fact, however, he was more devoted to those societies of the students which discussed the future glories of Germany, than to his duties in the university. For this he suffered most unjust punishment. Soon after the French Revolution of July and the outbreak at Frankfurt, the German governments became alarmed at the loud but harmless talk of the young and enthusiastic members of the Burschenschaft, and to their own great disgrace they proceeded to take violent measures against these youths. The lead in this mediæval persecution was taken by Prussia, and it is a blot in the history of that over-praised country which its indiscreet admirers would do well to recall. Fritz Reuter suffered along with many others. In the first place, he had to undergo a year of "preventive" imprisonment, and then, at the age of twenty-two, he was condemned to death. His sentence, however, was commuted to one of thirty years' imprisonment, by the grace of his Majesty King Frederick William III. At the accession of Frederick William IV., in 1840, after seven years' confinement, Reuter was set free. This time he had spent in different Prussian fortresses, at Silberberg, Glogau, Magdeburg, and Graudenz, besides his stay in the Hausvogtei at Berlin.

In his Ut mine Festungstid (My Prison Life) he has given a very interesting description of this part of his life. In his different prisons he met with different sorts of treatment according to the disposition of the commandant. In some the cruelty was very great. The young men who were punished with this pompous severity for their youthful folly were often in separate cells; in Magdeburg, when this was the case, their lot was especially hard. Their cells were on the north side of the bleak fortress, — he was once painting portraits there of the officers of the post, and he speaks of it as the coolest north light a painter could wish, — they had but a brief time for daily exercise in the open air, and Reuter was the only one who came out of it without gray hair. Most of the rest, young men of twenty four and five, bore more alarming signs of the rigor of their punishment, in their shattered health. All of this, and even the gross indignities he met with at the Hausvogtei in Berlin, where he was insulted as well as ill-treated by the arrogant officials, he describes with hardly a word of complaint. He gives plenty of room to the practical jokes he and his young friends were continually playing upon one another; but this merriment only brings into stronger relief the misery of their situation. With all his cheerfulness, however, his heart was full of wrath at the system of justice which left him at thirty free, to be sure, but even less prepared to struggle with the world than he had been when he entered his prison. When he had been looking forward to a life-time of imprisonment, he had naturally discontinued preparing himself for any profession, and now, with want staring him in the face, he was fitted for nothing. He tried painting and farming without success, and then he taught school in Treptow and afterwards in

New Brandenburg. With this humble occupation he would probably have remained contented, and he would have gone to his grave as one whose life had been ruined, had it not been that some of his friends, who had been charmed by the humor of his talk, urged him to print some of the stories he had written down for their entertainment. At first he was reluctant, but he finally consented. His fame was made at once, and soon his fortune. His first book was called Läuschen un Rimels (Tales and Poems). For us it has no especial interest, but its exact local color, its neat presentation of familiar jests, its happy framing of bits of rustic stupidity, made it very popular among his fellow-countrymen of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and indeed throughout Germany.

From this time he devoted himself to authorship, writing both novels and poems. Of the novels the best is Ut der Franzosentid (The Time of the French), which has been translated into English by Mr. Charles Lewes, under the title of In the Year '13, and in that dress it is probably familiar to many of our readers. It is certainly in its way a masterpiece. The story is simple enough, the plot is of the meagrest sort, but one reads Fritz Reuter much more for the present enjoyment of the story, with its vivid sketches of people, its intermingling of humorous and pathetic scenes, its occasional caricature, and its all-pervading kindliness, than for the remoter intellectual joy of unriddling an intricate plot. His charm lies, in great measure, in his humor, and in the way he draws the peasant villagers whom he knew in Mecklenburg-Schwerin. Take, for instance, Uncle Huse, who is being carried off a prisoner by the French, and who thus unfolds martial plans to Witte, the baker, and Miller Voss, his companions in misery.

"'Now I ask you, Miller Voss, when you see this mill, what idea comes into your head?'

"'Herr Rathsherr,' said the miller, and he got up and stood a little distance off, 'I hope you don't mean to treat me in that manner?'

"'I only ask you, Miller Voss, what idea comes into your head?'

"'Well,' said the miller, 'what idea ought to come? I think it 's a rusty old thing, and that, in spring, it ought to have new sails; and that, if the stones are no better than these down here, the Stemhagen folk must get a devilish lot of sand along with their flour.'

"'And you are right there, neighbor,' said the baker.

"'And he 's wrong there!' cried my uncle Huse. 'If he had answered properly he would have said that it must be set fire to. And it will be set fire to; all the mills in the whole country must be set fire to.' And he stood up and walked with long strides about the millstones.

"'Lord save us!' said Miller Voss. 'Who is to do this wickedness?'

"'I,' said my uncle Huse; and he slapped himself on the breast and went nearer to the two, who wondered what could be coming next, and said in a low voice: 'When the Landsturm[1] rises, we must set fire to all the mills as a signal, — that 's called a beacon; and the best proof you know nothing about war-matters is, that you don't even know what a beacon means.'

"'Herr Rathsherr,' said Miller Voss, 'it 's all the same to me whether it 's a beacon or a deacon, but whoever sets fire to my water-mill had better look out.'

"'Water-mill? Wind-mills I mean, Miller Voss; who ever said anything about water-mills? Water-mills lie in the ground and don't burn. And now I ask you, has the Burmeister as much knowledge and courage to act in time of war as I have?'

"'He 's never said he would set mills on fire,' said the baker, and looked at the Herr Rathsherr rather doubtfully, as if he did not quite know whether he was in fun or earnest.

"'My dear Witte, you look at me like a cow at a new gate. You are, no doubt, astonished and thinking what does a Stemhagen Rathsherr like me know of wars and stratagems. My

[1] Levy *en masse.*

dear Witte, you knead your dough with your hands, in the baking-trough; I knead mine in my head, by thought. If I were where I ought to be, I should be in the presence of the King of Prussia, talking with the man. "Your Majesty," I should say, "you are rather in difficulties, I think." "That I am, Herr Rathsherr," he would say, "money is devilish scarce just now." "Nothing else?" I say. "That 's a mere trifle;"' and he proceeds to explain how he would get the money by means of a forced loan from the Jews, and with twenty or thirty regiments he would fall on the enemy's rear and defeat him. 'You must always fall on the enemy's rear, that is the chief thing; everything else is rubbish. A tremendous battle! Fifteen thousand prisoners! He sends me a trumpeter: "A truce." "No good," say I, "we have not come here to play." "Peace," he sends me word. "Good," say I; "Rheinland and Westphalia, the whole of Alsatia and three fourths of Lothringen." "I can't," says he, "my brother must live." Forward, then, again! I march to the right and quiet Belgium and Holland; all at once I wheel to the left. "The devil take it!" says he. "Here 's that confounded Rathsherr again in my rear." "First regiment of grenadiers, charge!" I command; the battery is taken. "Second regiment of hussars to the front!" He ventures too far forward with his staff. Swoop, the hussars come down upon him. "Here is my sword," says he. "Good," say I, "now come along with me. And you, my boys, can now go home again; the war is at an end." I now lead him in chains to the foot of the throne. "Your Majesty of Prussia, here he is." "Herr Rathsherr," says the king, "ask some favor." "Your Majesty," say I, "I have no children, but, if you wish to do something for me, give my wife a little pension when I leave this life. Otherwise I wish for nothing but to retire to my former position of Stemhagen Rathsherr." "As you like," says the king; "but remember that whenever you may happen to come to Berlin, a place will be kept for you at my table." I make my bow, say "Good day," and go back again to Stemhagen.'"

Reuter has been given the misleading name of "the German Dickens." In general this habit of classifying an author by comparing him with some better known writer in another country arises from some very obvious and not very important similarity between them, and it is so in this case. While we find in both these authors a keen eye for the ludicrous and a tendency to caricature, we detect very important differences. Reuter avoids drawing such impossible characters as most of those in Pickwick Papers, for instance, at whom we are forever laughing but who excite in us no trace of sympathy, nothing except amusement. He is by no means averse to caricature, but he lets the character also appear to us in the light of a human being. Instead of caricatures of different classes of people, such as we find in Dickens, he gives us copies of individuals, and he never lets his humor run away with him so far as to lessen our impression of the reality of the people about whom he writes. They all seem to be studies from nature, as, in fact, many of them were. Fritz Sahlmann, for instance, who figures in In the Year '13, was at first vexed at the prominence given his boyish pranks in that book, but soon he learned to regard it with pride. In Ut mine Stromtid again (of this novel an English version appeared in Littell's Living Age a few years since, with the title, From Seed-Time to Harvest) Bräsig is as amusing as Sam Weller, but he is as kind as he is absurd; we are able to feel fond of him as well as to laugh at him. He has no improbable virtues laid upon him; he is simply saved from the greater improbability of being a character who is only absurd and nothing else.

Reuter was at his best in his drawing of peasants and villagers. He detected very clearly their main qualities, and while he exaggerated them somewhat, he left a definite and apparently truthful impression of these characters as

a whole. They were never made any better than they are, nor is there any bitterness in our hearts when we laugh at them. His kindliness never deserted him, and yet he had the rare art of being able to draw people who are good and kind and amiable, as well as interesting and possible, and without a trace of the vapidity which so often belongs to the good characters of fiction. Such, among others, are the pastor and his wife, and the wife of young Jochen, in this same novel.

The same good taste which preserved his fun from artificiality kept his pathos from being melodramatic. In the opening chapters of Ut mine Stromtid there is certainly pathos in the description of Habermann's ruin and bereavement, but this is by no means overdrawn. There is no violent assault upon the reader's feelings. As the novel runs on it reads like a truthful record told by a man whose humor flavors everything he says. It is not a well-constructed story, but yet it will not be found tedious by any one who has learned to know the characters, and that is no difficult task. It contains much broad farce, of which Bräsig's account of his adventures at a water-cure may be taken as an example; but the truth to nature is not sacrificed by making the different characters insensible to each other's absurdities, as is sometimes the case with Dickens, for instance, in whose writings we so often find all the *dramatis personæ* as blind to the ridiculousness of their neighbors as they are to their own.

In Reuter's poems the same qualities are perhaps even more noticeable than in his prose writings. The poems are of different sorts. De Reis' nah Belligen is absolutely absurd. It recounts the adventures of two peasants, who, having heard that there is a good agricultural school in Belgium, determine to take their two sons to it, and who by their ignorance and inexperience fall into all manner of difficulties. The opening of the poem is the best part; the tumbling into bass-drums and the frequent arrest of the two peasants by the police soon become threadbare incidents. Still this boyishness does not need any severe denunciation; a greater fault is the lack of suitability between the pretty love of the peasant girl who is left behind and the loutishness of her betrothed. The separate scenes, however, are well enough.

Kein Hüsing (Houseless) is a poem of a very different sort. It is a sad story of what, so stringent were the laws of proprietorship, might very well have happened a few years ago in some parts of Germany. A young peasant, Jehann, and the young girl, Mariken, whom he loves, are miserably poor, and cannot get permission from the owner of the estate on which they live, to marry. He, the proprietor, is an avaricious man, and, what is worse for them, he has himself been tempted by the girl's beauty. Matters go from bad to worse, Jehann and Mariken find themselves rebuffed in every direction, and one day Jehann in a fit of rage kills his master with a pitchfork and runs away. The girl, soon to be a mother, remains behind. After the birth of her child she goes mad, and drowns herself, and the poem ends with the reappearance of Jehann, who sees his child for the first time and hears from one of his old friends of Mariken's sad fate. This tragedy is told with the most impressive simplicity, and certain parts, notably where Mariken is tempted to make away with herself, and the final scene of Jehann's return, are full of feeling, and free from exaggeration. The author does not seem to be preaching a sermon; he escapes the fault of giving his characters too much to do in the way of reforming the world. He tells his story and lets it go for what it is worth. This is his most sombre work, but here, as well as elsewhere, he avoids weakening the impression he wants to make by too facile an utterance of grief. In such stories as these the apparent impartiality of the writer has the greatest rhetorical force; the less direct the appeal that is made to our emotions, the more likely they are to respond.

A third poem, named after its heroine, Hanne Nüte, is very charming. It

describes the love of a young peasant man and woman, and gives an account of the interest taken by the birds in these young people. As a story the poem has but little value; it begins well, and the reader cannot help wishing that more had been made out of it, for it is brought to a very hasty end. But the talk of the birds is delightful; they chatter together as freely as they did in Æsop's Fables, but not for the purpose of inculcating moral lessons. To say that Fritz Reuter had a warm love of nature would be very inadequate, for nowadays every one has that, but in this poem he certainly showed an innocent enjoyment of nature which is not shared by all who contemplate her. This, with all its defects of composition, is the most pleasing of his poems.

Dörchläuchting, a translation of which has appeared in Littell's Living Age with the title, His Little Serene Highness, and De Reis' nah Constantinople (The Journey to Constantinople) are two rather broad caricatures. The first-named ridicules the petty pomp and affected grandeur of the powerless German rulers of the small principalities of the last century. Dörchläuchting himself is a contemptible mass of silliness and weakness; but besides the scenes in which he is the chief figure, there are some in which more interesting characters are brought in. The fun of the book is not the only thing to be noticed; it is, to be sure, an amusing caricature, but it is also not without merit for the light it throws on what, not so very long ago, was the great weakness of Germany. The other piece is an amusing account of the adventures of a party of neighbors from Rostock, who go together on an excursion-party to Constantinople. There is a slight love-story running through it, but the greater part of the book is devoted to laughing at the ridiculous efforts of a vulgar woman to show off her *Bildung*, or culture, with an amusing account of her husband's escape from her domineering ways. Besides this, there is an adventure with a pseudo-baron, who is a very transparent humbug. This little sketch is much less important than almost anything Reuter wrote, but nevertheless it is very pleasant.

In addition to this short list he wrote but little. It is by this he is to be judged, and by but part of it that he will be remembered. He was a writer without pretense, almost, indeed, without ambition; but while this limited the amount of his work, it improved the quality, by confining him to the simple record of things he knew. He was nowhere ungenuine, his humor and his pathos came from his heart, his simple vein of poetry he never learned from books. He never aimed very high; it was a very narrow corner of the world he undertook to write about, but he set that before us full of life and full of cheerfulness, and with its own beauty; a writer who has done this has succeeded.

T. S. Perry.

A WOMAN'S MOOD.

Because you cannot pluck the flower,
  You pass the sweet scent by!
Because you cannot have the stars,
  You will not see the sky!

No matter what the fable means,
  Put into English speech,
No matter what the thing may be
  You long for — out of reach;

'T is out of reach; and that 's enough
  For you and me for aye,
And understood in that still tongue
  That souls interpret by;

The "little language" of a look,
  A tone, a turn, a touch,
Are eloquence that, while it sayeth
  Nothing, yet speaketh much.

Suppose that in some steadfast hour,
  I gave to you the hand
Of a woman's faithful friendliness, —
  Ah, hush! I understand!

I spare you speech, to spare you pain;
  Perhaps I 'd spare you more
Than men are made to comprehend, —
  If, as I said before,

I held to you that open hand,
  And you should turn away,
I hardly know which one of us
  Were hurt the worse, that day;

I hardly know the reason why, —
  But women are so made;
I could not give a man a rose
  To see it 'neath his tread,

Although he trod on it, indeed,
  To save his very soul
From stifling in the thoughts of me
  Its sweetness might enroll.

I 'd rather he should gather it
  Within his trembling hand,
As sacredly as twilight takes
  The shapes of sea and land;

And solemnly, as twilight learns
  In lonely, purple state
Upon the hills the sun has fled
  To bide its time — and wait.

For what? To wait for what, you ask?
  I do not know, indeed,
For what; I cannot say for what:
  It is the woman's creed!

I only know I 'd wait, and keep
  Steel-loyal and steel-true

Unto the highest hope I had,
  Though 't were the saddest, too;

Unto the deepest faith I held
  In a created thing,
Unto the largest love I knew,
  Though love's delight took wing

And fled away from me, and left
  Love's dear regret alone:
The chrism of loving all I could,
  And loving only one.

I think the woman I preferred, —
  If I were such a man, —
Might lean out helpfully across
  My life's imperfect plan;

Might lend me mercy, grace, and peace,
  In fashion womanly,
Although I knew her rarest smile
  Would never shine on me.

I think I 'd say right manfully, —
  And so it all would end, —
Than any other woman's Love,
  I 'd rather be *her* friend,

And take the hand she dared not hold, —
  Before its courage slips, —
And take the word she could not speak
  From off her grieving lips;

And be to her heart what I could
  (We will not mark the line),
And, like a comrade, call her soul
  To walk in peace with mine.

A nobler man for that grave peace,
  I think, dear friend, I were;
And richer were I than to lose
  My love, in losing her.

And if I speak a riddle, sir,
  That on your fancy jars, —
You know we 're talking about flowers,
  And thinking about stars.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

WILHELMINA.

"And so, Mina, you will not marry the baker?"

"No; I waits for Gustav."

"How long is it since you have seen him?"

"Three year; it was a three-year regi-mènt."

"Then he will soon be home?"

"I not know," answered the girl, with a wistful look in her dark eyes, as if asking information from the superior being who sat in the skiff, a being from the outside world where newspapers, the modern Tree of Knowledge, were not forbidden.

"Perhaps he will reënlist, and stay three years longer," I said.

"Ah, lady, — six year! It breaks the heart," answered Wilhelmina.

She was the gardener's daughter, a member of the community of German Separatists who live secluded in one of Ohio's rich valleys, separated by their own broad acres and orchard-covered hills from the busy world outside; down the valley flows the tranquil Tuscarawas on its way to the Muskingum, its slow tide rolling through the fertile bottom-lands between stone dykes, and utilized to the utmost extent of carefulness by the thrifty brothers, now working a saw-mill on the bank, now sending a tributary to the flour-mill across the canal, and now branching off in a sparkling race across the valley to turn wheels for two or three factories, watering the great grass-meadow on the way. We were floating on this river in a skiff named by myself Der Fliegende Holländer, much to the slow wonder of the Zoarites, who did not understand how a Dutchman could, nor why he should, fly. Wilhelmina sat before me, her oars idly trailing in the water. She showed a Nubian head above her white kerchief: large-lidded soft brown eyes, heavy braids of dark hair, a creamy skin with purple tints in the lips and brown shadows under the eyes, and a far-off dreamy expression which even the steady, monotonous toil of community life had not been able to efface. She wore the blue dress and white kerchief of the society, the quaint little calico bonnet lying beside her: she was a small maiden; her slender form swayed in the stiff, short-waisted gown, her feet slipped about in the broad shoes, and her hands, roughened and browned with garden-work, were yet narrow and graceful. From the first we felt sure she was grafted, and not a shoot from the community stalk. But we could learn nothing of her origin; the Zoarites are not communicative; they fill each day with twelve good hours of labor, and look neither forward nor back. "She is a daughter," said the old gardener in answer to our questions. "Adopted?" I suggested; but he vouchsafed no answer. I liked the little daughter's dreamy face, but she was pale and undeveloped, like a Southern flower growing in Northern soil; the rosy-cheeked, flaxen-haired Rosines, Salomes, and Dorotys, with their broad shoulders and ponderous tread, thought this brown changeling ugly, and pitied her in their slow, good-natured way.

"It breaks the heart," said Wilhelmina again, softly, as if to herself.

I repented me of my thoughtlessness. "In any case he can come back for a few days," I hastened to say. "What regiment was it?"

"The One Hundred and Seventh, lady."

I had a Cleveland paper in my basket, and taking it out I glanced over the war-news column, carelessly, as one who does not expect to find what he seeks. But chance, for once, was with us, and gave this item: "The One Hundred and Seventh Regiment, O. V. I., is expected home next week. The men will be paid off at Camp Chase."

"Ah!" said Wilhelmina, catching

her breath with a half sob under her tightly-drawn kerchief, "ah, mein Gustav!"

"Yes, you will soon see him," I answered, bending forward to take the rough little hand in mine; for I was a romantic wife, and my heart went out to all lovers. But the girl did not notice my words or my touch; silently she sat, absorbed in her own emotion, her eyes fixed on the hill-tops far away, as though she saw the regiment marching home through the blue June sky.

I took the oars and rowed up as far as the island, letting the skiff float back with the current. Other boats were out, filled with fresh-faced boys in their high-crowned hats, long-waisted, wide-flapped vests of calico, and funny little swallow-tailed coats with buttons up under the shoulder-blades; they appeared unaccountably long in front and short behind, these young Zoar brethren. On the vine-covered dyke were groups of mothers and grave little children, and up in the hill-orchards were moving figures, young and old; the whole village was abroad in the lovely afternoon, according to their Sunday custom, which gave the morning to chorals and a long sermon in the little church, and the afternoon to nature, even old Christian, the pastor, taking his imposing white fur hat and tasseled cane for a walk through the community fields, with the remark, "Thus is cheered the heart of man, and his countenance refreshed."

As the sun sank in the warm western sky, homeward came the villagers from the river, the orchards, and the meadows, men, women, and children, a hardy, simple-minded band, whose fathers, for religion's sake, had taken the long journey from Würtemberg across the ocean to this distant valley, and made it a garden of rest in the wilderness. We, too, landed, and walked up the apple-tree lane towards the hotel.

"The cows come," said Wilhelmina as we heard a distant tinkling; "I must go." But still she lingered. "Der regi-mènt, it come soon, you say?" she asked in a low voice, as though she wanted to hear the good news again and again.

"They will be paid off next week; they cannot be later than ten days from now."

"Ten day! Ah, mein Gustav," murmured the little maiden; she turned away and tied on her stiff bonnet, furtively wiping off a tear with her prim handkerchief folded in a square.

"Why, my child," I said, following her and stooping to look in her face, "what is this?"

"It is nothing; it is for glad, — for very glad," said Wilhelmina. Away she ran as the first solemn cow came into view, heading the long procession meandering slowly towards the stalls. They knew nothing of haste, these dignified community cows; from stall to pasture, from pasture to stall, in a plethora of comfort, this was their life. The silver-haired shepherd came last with his staff and scrip, and the nervous shepherd-dog ran hither and thither in the hope of finding some cow to bark at; but the comfortable cows moved on in orderly ranks, and he was obliged to dart off on a tangent every now and then, and bark at nothing, to relieve his feelings. Reaching the paved courtyard each cow walked into her own stall, and the milking began. All the girls took part in this work, sitting on little stools and singing together as the milk frothed up in the tin pails; the pails were emptied into tubs, and when the tubs were full the girls bore them on their heads to the dairy, where the milk was poured into a huge strainer, a constant procession of girls with tubs above and the old milk-mother ladling out as fast as she could below. With the bee-hives near by, it was a realization of the Scriptural phrase, "A land flowing with milk and honey."

The next morning, after breakfast, I strolled up the still street, leaving the Wirthshaus with its pointed roof behind me. On the right were some ancient cottages built of crossed timbers filled in with plaster; sun-dials hung on the walls, and each house had its piazza, where, when the work of the day was

over, the families assembled, often singing folk-songs to the music of their home-made flutes and pipes. On the left stood the residence of the first pastor, the reverend man who had led these sheep to their refuge in the wilds of the New World. It was a wide-spreading brick mansion, with a broadside of white-curtained windows, an inclosed glass porch, iron railings, and gilded eaves; a building so stately among the surrounding cottages that it had gained from outsiders the name of the King's Palace, although the good man whose grave remains unmarked in the quiet God's Acre, according to the Separatist custom, was a father to his people, not a king.

Beyond the palace began the community garden, a large square in the centre of the village filled with flowers and fruit, adorned with arbors and cedar-trees clipped in the form of birds, and enriched with an old-style greenhouse whose sliding glasses were viewed with admiration by the visitors of thirty years ago, who sent their choice plants thither from far and near to be tended through the long, cold lake-country winters. The garden, the cedars, and the greenhouse were all antiquated, but to me none the less charming. The spring that gushed up in one corner, the old-fashioned flowers in their box-bordered beds, larkspur, lady slippers, bachelor's buttons, peonies, aromatic pinks, and all varieties of roses, the arbors with red honeysuckle overhead and tan bark under foot, were all delightful; and I knew, also, that I should find the gardener's daughter at her never-ending task of weeding. This time it was the strawberry bed. "I have come to sit in your pleasant garden, Mina," I said, taking a seat on a shaded bench near the bending figure.

"So?" said Wilhelmina in long-drawn interrogation, glancing up shyly with a smile. She was a child of the sun, this little maiden, and while her blonde companions wore always their bonnets or broad-brimmed hats over their precise caps, Wilhelmina, as now, constantly discarded these coverings and sat in the sun basking like a bird of the tropics. In truth, it did not redden her; she was one of those whose coloring comes not from without, but within.

"Do you like this work, Mina?"

"Oh — so. Good as any."

"Do you like work?"

"Folks must work." This was said gravely, as part of the community creed.

"Would n't you like to go with me to the city?"

"No; I 's better here."

"But you can see the great world, Mina. You need not work, I will take care of you. You shall have pretty dresses; would n't you like that?" I asked, curious to discover the secret of the Separatist indifference to everything outside.

"Nein," answered the little maiden tranquilly; "nein, fräulein. Ich bin zufrieden."

Those three words were the key. "I am contented." So were they taught from childhood, and — I was about to say — they knew no better; but, after all, is there anything better to know?

We talked on, for Mina understood English, although many of her mates could chatter only in their Würtemberg dialect, whose provincialisms confused my carefully learned German; I was grounded in Goethe, well-read in Schiller, and struggling with Jean Paul, who, fortunately, is "der Einzige," the only; another such would destroy life. At length a bell sounded, and forthwith work was laid aside in the fields, the workshops, and the houses, while all partook of a light repast, one of the five meals with which the long summer day of toil is broken. Flagons of beer had the men afield, with bread and cheese; the women took bread and apple-butter. But Mina did not care for the thick slice which the thrifty housemother had provided; she had not the steady, unfanciful appetite of the community which eats the same food day after day, as the cow eats its grass, desiring no change.

"And the gardener really wishes you to marry Jacob?" I said as she sat on the grass near me, enjoying the rest.

"Yes. Jacob is good, — always the same."

"And Gustav?"

"Ah, mein Gustav! Lady, *he* is young, tall, — so tall as tree; he run, he sing, his eyes like veilchen there, his hair like gold. If I see him not soon, lady, I die! The year so long, — *so* long they are. Three year without Gustav!" The brown eyes grew dim, and out came the square-folded handkerchief, of colored calico for week-days.

"But it will not be long now, Mina."

"Yes; I hope."

"He writes to you, I suppose?"

"No. Gustav knows not to write, he not like school. But he speak through the other boys, Ernst the verliebte of Rosine, and Peter of Doroty."

"The Zoar soldiers were all young men?"

"Yes; all verliebte. Some are not; they have gone to the Next Country" (died).

"Killed in battle?"

"Yes; on the berge that looks, — what you call, I not know" —

"Lookout Mountain?"

"Yes."

"Were the boys volunteers?" I asked, remembering the community theory of non-resistance.

"Oh, yes; they volunteer, Gustav the first. *They* not drafted," said Wilhelmina, proudly. For these two words, so prominent during the war, had penetrated even into this quiet valley.

"But did the trustees approve?"

"Apperouve?"

"I mean, did they like it?"

"Ah! they like it not. They talk, they preach in church, they say 'No.' Zoar must give soldiers? So. Then they take money and pay for der substitute; but the boys, they must not go."

"But they went, in spite of the trustees?"

"Yes; Gustav first. They go in night, they walk in woods, over the hills to Brownville, where is der recruiter. The morning come, they gone!"

"They have been away three years, you say? They have seen the world in that time," I remarked half to myself, as I thought of the strange mind-opening and knowledge-gaining of those years to youths brought up in the strict seclusion of the community.

"Yes; Gustav have seen the wide world," answered Wilhelmina with pride.

"But will they be content to step back into the dull routine of Zoar life?" I thought; and a doubt came that made me scan more closely the face of the girl at my side. To me it was attractive because of its possibilities; I was always fancying some excitement that would bring the color to the cheeks and full lips, and light up the heavy-lidded eyes with soft brilliancy. But would this Gustav see these might-be beauties? And how far would the singularly ugly costume offend eyes grown accustomed to fanciful finery and gay colors?

"You fully expect to marry Gustav?" I asked.

"We are verlobt," answered Mina, not without a little air of dignity.

"Yes, I know. But that was long ago."

"Verlobt once, verlobt always," said the little maiden confidently.

"But why, then, does the gardener speak of Jacob, if you are engaged to this Gustav?"

"Oh, fader he like the old, and Jacob is old, thirty year! His wife is gone to the Next Country. Jacob is a brother, too; he write his name in the book. But Gustav he not do so; he is free."

"You mean that the baker has signed the articles, and is a member of the community?"

"Yes; but the baker is old, very old; thirty year! Gustav not twenty and three yet; he come home, then he sign."

"And have you signed these articles, Wilhelmina?"

"Yes; all the womens signs."

"What does the paper say?"

"Da ich Unterzeichneter," — began the girl.

"I cannot understand that. Tell me in English."

"Well; you wants to join the Zoar Community of Separatists; you writes your name and says, 'Give me house, victual, and clothes for my work and I join; and I never fernerer Forderung an besagte Gesellschaft machen kann, oder will.'"

"Will never make further demand upon said society," I repeated, translating slowly.

"Yes; that is it."

"But who takes charge of all the money?"

"The trustees."

"Don't they give you any?"

"No; for what? It's no good," answered Wilhelmina.

I knew that all the necessaries of life were dealt out to the members of the community according to their need, and, as they never went outside of their valley, they could scarcely have spent money even if they had possessed it. But, nevertheless, it was startling in this nineteenth century to come upon a sincere belief in the worthlessness of the green-tinted paper we cherish so fondly. "Gustav will have learned its value," I thought, as Mina, having finished the strawberry bed, started away towards the dairy to assist in the butter-making.

I strolled on up the little hill, past the picturesque bakery, where through the open window I caught a glimpse of the "old, very old Jacob," a serious young man of thirty, drawing out his large loaves of bread from the brick oven with a long-handled rake. It was gingerbread day also, and a spicy odor met me at the window; so I put in my head and asked for a piece, receiving a card about a foot square, laid on fresh grape leaves.

"But I cannot eat all this," I said, breaking off a corner.

"Oh, dat's noding," answered Jacob, beginning to knead fresh dough in a long white trough, the village supply for the next day.

"I have been sitting with Wilhelmina," I remarked, as I leaned on the casement, impelled by a desire to see the effect of the name.

"So?" said Jacob, interrogatively.

"Yes; she is a sweet girl."

"So?" (doubtfully).

"Don't you think so, Jacob?"

"Ye-es. So-so. A leetle black," answered this impassive lover.

"But you wish to marry her?"

"Oh ye-es. She young and strong; her fader say she good to work. I have children five; I must have some one in the house."

"Oh, Jacob! Is that the way to talk?" I exclaimed.

"Warum nicht?" replied the baker, pausing in his kneading, and regarding me with wide-open, candid eyes.

"Why not, indeed?" I thought, as I turned away from the window. "He is at least honest, and no doubt in his way he would be a kind husband to little Mina. But what a way!"

I walked on up the street, passing the pleasant house where all the infirm old women of the community were lodged together, carefully tended by appointed nurses. The aged sisters were out on the piazza sunning themselves, like so many old cats. They were bent with hard, out-door labor, for they belonged to the early days when the wild forest covered the fields now so rich, and only a few log-cabins stood on the site of the tidy cottages and gardens of the present village. Some of them had taken the long journey on foot from Philadelphia westward, four hundred and fifty miles, in the depths of winter. Well might they rest from their labors and sit in the sunshine, poor old souls!

A few days later, my friendly newspaper mentioned the arrival of the German regiment at Camp Chase. "They will probably be paid off in a day or two," I thought, "and another day may bring them here." Eager to be the first to tell the good news to my little favorite, I hastened up to the garden, and found her engaged, as usual, in weeding.

"Mina," I said, "I have something to tell you. The regiment is at Camp

Chase; you will see Gustav soon, perhaps this week."

And there, before my eyes, the transformation I had often fancied took place; the color rushed to the brown surface, the cheeks and lips glowed in vivid red, and the heavy eyes opened wide and shone like stars, with a brilliancy that astonished and even disturbed me. The statue had a soul at last; the beauty dormant had awakened. But for the fire of that soul would this expected Pygmalion suffice? Would the real prince fill his place in the long-cherished dreams of this beauty of the wood?

The girl had risen as I spoke, and now she stood erect, trembling with excitement, her hands clasped on her breast, breathing quickly and heavily as though an overweight of joy was pressing down her heart; her eyes were fixed upon my face, but she saw me not. Strange was her gaze, like the gaze of one walking in sleep. Her sloping shoulders seemed to expand and chafe against the stuff gown as though they would burst their bonds; the blood glowed in her face and throat, and her lips quivered, not as though tears were coming, but from the fullness of unuttered speech. Her emotion resembled the intensest fire of fever, and yet it seemed natural; like noon in the tropics when the gorgeous flowers flame in the white, shadowless heat. Thus stood Wilhelmina, looking up into the sky with eyes that challenged the sun.

"Come here, child," I said; "come here and sit by me. We will talk about it."

But she neither saw nor heard me. I drew her down on the bench at my side; she yielded unconsciously; her slender form throbbed, and pulses were beating under my hands wherever I touched her. "Mina!" I said again. But she did not answer. Like an unfolding rose, she revealed her hidden, beautiful heart, as though a spirit had breathed upon the bud; silenced in the presence of this great love, I ceased speaking, and left her to herself. After a time single words fell from her lips, broken utterances of happiness. I was as nothing; she was absorbed in the One. "Gustav! mein Gustav!" It was like the bird's note, oft repeated, ever the same. So isolated, so intense was her joy that, as often happens, my mind took refuge in the opposite extreme of commonplace, and I found myself wondering whether she would be able to eat boiled beef and cabbage for dinner, or fill the soft-soap barrel for the laundry women, later in the day.

All the morning I sat under the trees with Wilhelmina, who had forgotten her life-long tasks as completely as though they had never existed. I hated to leave her to the leather-colored wife of the old gardener, and lingered until the sharp voice came out from the distant house-door, calling, "*Veel*-helminy," as the twelve o'clock bell summoned the community to dinner. But as Mina rose and swept back the heavy braids that had fallen from the little ivory stick which confined them, I saw that she was armed *cap-a-pie* in that full happiness from which all weapons glance off harmless.

All the rest of the day she was like a thing possessed. I followed her to the hill-pasture, whither she had gone to mind the cows, and found her coiled up on the grass in the blaze of the afternoon sun, like a little salamander. She was lost in day-dreams, and the decorous cows had a holiday for once in their sober lives, wandering beyond bounds at will, and even tasting the dissipations of the marsh, standing unheeded in the bog up to their sleek knees. Wilhelmina had not many words to give me; her English vocabulary was limited; she had never read a line of romance nor a verse of poetry. The nearest approach to either was the community hymn-book, containing the Separatist hymns, of which the following lines are a specimen: —

> "Ruhe ist das beste Gut
> Dasz man haben kann:"

> "Rest is the best good
> That man can have," —

and which embody the religious doctrine of the Zoar Brethren, although they

think, apparently, that the labor of twelve hours each day is necessary to its enjoyment. The "Ruhe," however, refers more especially to their quiet seclusion away from the turmoil of the wicked world outside.

The second morning after this it was evident that an unusual excitement was abroad in the phlegmatic village. All the daily duties were fulfilled as usual at the Wirthshaus: Pauline went up to the bakery with her board, and returned with her load of bread and bretzels balanced on her head; Jacobina served our coffee with her slow precision; and the broad-shouldered, young-faced Lydia patted and puffed up our mountain-high feather-beds with due care. The men went afield at the blast of the horn, the work-shops were full and the mills running. But, nevertheless, all was not the same; the air seemed full of mystery: there were whisperings when two met, furtive signals, and an inward excitement glowing in the faces of men, women, and children, hitherto placid as their own sheep. "They have heard the news," I said, after watching the tailor's Gretchen and the blacksmith's Barbara stop to exchange a whisper behind the wood-house. Later in the day we learned that several letters from the absent soldier-boys had been received that morning, announcing their arrival on the evening train. The news had flown from one end of the village to the other, and although the well-drilled hands were all at work, hearts were stirring with the greatest excitement of a lifetime, since there was hardly a house where there was not one expected. Each large house often held a number of families, stowed away in little sets of chambers, with one dining-room in common.

Several times during the day we saw the three trustees conferring apart with anxious faces. The war had been a sore trouble to them, owing to their conscientious scruples against rendering military service. They had hoped to remain non-combatants. But the country was on fire with patriotism, and nothing less than a *bona fide* Separatist in United States uniform would quiet the surrounding towns, long jealous of the wealth of this foreign community, misunderstanding its tenets, and glowing with that zeal against "sympathizers" which kept star-spangled banners flying over every suspected house. "Hang out the flag!" was their cry, and they demanded that Zoar should hang out its soldiers, giving them to understand that if not voluntarily hung out, they would soon be involuntarily hung up! A draft was ordered, and then the young men of the society, who had long chafed against their bonds, broke loose, volunteered, and marched away, principles or no principles, trustees or no trustees. These bold hearts once gone, the village sank into quietude again. Their letters, however, were a source of anxiety, coming as they did from the vain outside world; and the old postmaster, autocrat though he was, hardly dared to suppress them. But he said, shaking his head, that they "had fallen upon troublous times," and handed each dangerous envelope out with a groan. But the soldiers were not skilled penmen; their letters, few and far between, at length stopped entirely. Time passed, and the very existence of the runaways had become a far-off problem to the wise men of the community, absorbed in their slow calculations and cautious agriculture, when now, suddenly, it forced itself upon them face to face, and they were required to solve it in the twinkling of an eye. The bold hearts were coming back, full of knowledge of the outside world; almost every house would hold one, and the bands of law and order would be broken. Before this prospect the trustees quailed. Twenty years before they would have forbidden the entrance of these unruly sons within their borders; but now they dared not, since even into Zoar had penetrated the knowledge that America was a free country. The younger generation were not as their fathers were; objections had been openly made to the cut of the Sunday coats, and the girls had spoken together of ribbons!

The shadows of twilight seemed very long in falling that night, but at last there was no further excuse for delaying the evening bell, and home came the laborers to their evening meal. There was no moon, a soft mist obscured the stars, and the night was darkened with the excess of richness which rose from the ripening valley-fields and fat bottom-lands along the river. The community store opposite the Wirthshaus was closed early in the evening, the houses of the trustees were dark, and indeed the village was almost unlighted, as if to hide its own excitement. The entire population was abroad in the night, and one by one the men and boys stole away down the station road, a lovely, winding track on the hill-side, following the river on its way down the valley to the little station on the grass-grown railroad, a branch from the main track. As ten o'clock came, the women and girls, grown bold with excitement, gathered in the open space in front of the Wirthshaus, where the lights from the windows illumined their faces. There I saw the broad-shouldered Lydia, Rosine, Doroty, and all the rest, in their Sunday clothes, flushed, laughing, and chattering; but no Wilhelmina.

"Where can she be?" I said.

If she was there, the larger girls concealed her with their buxom breadth; I looked for the slender little maiden in vain.

"Shu!" cried the girls, "de bugle!"

Far down the station road we heard the bugle and saw the glimmering of lights among the trees. On it came, a will-o'-the-wisp procession: first a detachment of village boys each with a lantern or torch, next the returned soldiers winding their bugles, for, German-like, they all had musical instruments, then an excited crowd of brothers and cousins loaded with knapsacks, guns, and military accoutrements of all kinds; each man had something, were it only a tin cup, and proudly they marched in the footsteps of their glorious relatives, bearing the spoils of war. The girls set up a shrill cry of welcome as the procession approached, but the ranks continued unbroken until the open space in front of the Wirthshaus was reached; then, at a signal, the soldiers gave three cheers, the villagers joining in with all their hearts and lungs, but wildly and out of time, like the scattering fire of an awkward squad. The sound had never been heard in Zoar before. The soldiers gave a final "Tiger-r-r!" and then broke ranks, mingling with the excited crowd, exchanging greetings and embraces. All talked at once; some wept, some laughed; and through it all, silently stood the three trustees on the dark porch in front of the store, looking down upon their wild flock, their sober faces visible in the glare of the torches and lanterns below. The entire population was present; even the babies were held up on the outskirts of the crowd, stolid and staring.

"Where can Wilhelmina be?" I said again.

"Here, under the window; I saw her long ago," replied one of the women.

Leaning against a piazza-pillar, close under my eyes, stood the little maiden, pale and still. I could not disguise from myself that she looked almost ugly among those florid, laughing girls, for her color was gone, and her eyes so fixed that they looked unnaturally large; her somewhat heavy Egyptian features stood out in the bright light, but her small form was lost among the group of broad, white-kerchiefed shoulders, adorned with breast-knots of gay flowers. And had Wilhelmina no flower? She, so fond of blossoms? I looked again; yes, a little white rose, drooping and pale as herself.

But where was Gustav? The soldiers came and went in the crowd, and all spoke to Mina; but where was the One? I caught the landlord's little son as he passed, and asked the question.

"Gustav? Dat 's him," he answered, pointing out a tall, rollicking soldier who seemed to be embracing the whole population in his gleeful welcome. That very soldier had passed Mina a dozen times, flinging a gay greeting to her each time; but nothing more.

After half an hour of general rejoic-

ing, the crowd dispersed, each household bearing off in triumph the hero that fell to its lot. Then the tiled domiciles, where usually all were asleep an hour after twilight, blazed forth with unaccustomed light from every little window, and within we could see the circles, with flagons of beer and various dainties manufactured in secret during the day, sitting and talking together in a manner which, for Zoar, was a wild revel, since it was nearly eleven o'clock! We were not the only outside spectators of this unwonted gayety; several times we met the three trustees stealing along in the shadow from house to house, like anxious spectres in broad-brimmed hats. No doubt they said to each other, "How, how will this end!"

The merry Gustav had gone off by Mina's side, which gave me some comfort; but when in our rounds we came to the gardener's house and gazed through the open door, the little maiden sat apart, and the soldier, in the centre of an admiring circle, was telling stories of the war.

I felt a foreboding of sorrow as I gazed out through the little window before climbing up into my high bed. Lights still twinkled in some of the houses, but a white mist was rising from the river, and the drowsy, long-drawn chant of the summer night invited me to dreamless sleep.

The next morning I could not resist questioning Jacobina, who also had her lover among the soldiers, if all was well.

"Oh yes. They stay — all but two. We 's married next mont."

"And the two?"

"Karl and Gustav."

"And Wilhelmina!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, she let him go," answered Jacobina, bringing fresh coffee.

"Poor child! How does she bear it?"

"Oh, so. She cannot help. She say noding."

"But the trustees, will they allow these young men to leave the community?"

"They cannot help," said Jacobina. "Gustav and Karl write not in the book; they free to go. Wilhelmina marry Jacob; it 's joost the same; all r-r-ight," added Jacobina, who prided herself upon her English, caught from visitors at the Wirthshaus table.

"Ah! but it is not just the same," I thought as I went up to the garden to find my little maiden. She was not there; the leathery mother said she was out on the hills with the cows.

"So Gustav is going to leave the community," I said in German.

"Yes, better so. He is an idle, wild boy. Now, Veelhelminy can marry the baker, a good steady man."

"But Mina does not like him," I suggested.

"Das macht nichts," answered the leathery mother.

Wilhelmina was not in the pasture; I sought for her everywhere, and called her name. The poor child had hidden herself, and whether she heard me or not, she did not respond. All day she kept herself aloof; I almost feared she would never return; but in the late twilight a little figure slipped through the garden-gate and took refuge in the house before I could speak, for I was watching for the child, apparently the only one, though a stranger, to care for her sorrow.

"Can I not see her?" I said to the leathery mother, following to the door.

"Eh, no; she 's foolish; she will not speak a word; she has gone off to bed," was the answer.

For three days I did not see Mina, so early did she flee away to the hills, and so late return. I followed her to the pasture once or twice, but she would not show herself, and I could not discover her hiding-place. The fourth day I learned that Gustav and Karl were to leave the village in the afternoon, probably forever. The other soldiers had signed the articles presented by the anxious trustees, and settled down into the old routine, going afield with the rest, although still heroes of the hour; they were all to be married in August. No doubt the hardships of their campaigns among the Tennessee mountains

had taught them that the rich valley was a home not to be despised; nevertheless it was evident that the flowers of the flock were those who were about departing, and that in Gustav and Karl the community lost its brightest spirits. Evident to us; but, possibly, the community cared not for bright spirits.

I had made several attempts to speak to Gustav; this morning I at last succeeded. I found him polishing his bugle on the garden bench.

"Why are you going away, Gustav?" I asked. "Zoar is a pleasant little village."

"Too slow for me, miss."

"The life is easy, however; you will find the world a hard place."

"I don't mind work, ma'am, but I do like to be free. I feel all cramped up here, with these rules and bells; and, besides, I could n't stand those trustees; they never let a fellow alone."

"And Wilhelmina? If you do go, I hope you will take her with you, or come for her when you have found work."

"Oh no, miss. All that was long ago. It 's all over now."

"But you like her, Gustav?"

"Oh, so. She 's a good little thing, but too quiet for me."

"But she likes you," I said desperately, for I saw no other way to loosen this Gordian knot.

"Oh no, miss. She got used to it, and has thought of it all these years; that 's all. She 'll forget about it, and marry the baker."

"But she does not like the baker."

"Why not? He 's a good fellow enough. She 'll like him in time. It 's all the same. I declare it 's too bad to see all these girls going on in the same old way, in their ugly gowns and big shoes! Why, ma'am, I could n't take Mina outside, even if I wanted to; she 's too old to learn new ways, and everybody would laugh at her. She could n't get along a day. Besides," said the young soldier, coloring up to his eyes, "I don't mind telling you that — that there 's some one else. Look here, ma'am;" and he put into my hand a card photograph representing a pretty girl, overdressed and adorned with curls and gilt jewelry. "That 's Miss Martin," said Gustav with pride; "Miss Emmeline Martin, of Cincinnati. I 'm going to marry Miss Martin."

As I held the pretty, flashy picture in my hand, all my castles fell to the ground. My plan for taking Mina home with me, accustoming her gradually to other clothes and ways, teaching her enough of the world to enable her to hold her place without pain, my hope that my husband might find a situation for Gustav in some of the iron-mills near Cleveland, in short, all the idyl I had woven, was destroyed. If it had not been for this red-cheeked Miss Martin in her gilt beads! "Why is it that men will be such fools?" I thought. Up sprung a memory of the curls and ponderous jet necklace I sported at a certain period of my existence, when John — I was silenced, gave Gustav his picture, and walked away without a word.

At noon the villagers, on their way back to work, paused at the Wirthshaus to say good-by; Karl and Gustav were there, and the old woolly horse had already gone to the station with their boxes. Among the others came Christine, Karl's former affianced, heart-whole and smiling, already betrothed to a new lover; but no Wilhelmina. Good wishes and farewells were exchanged, and at last the two soldiers started away, falling into the marching step, and watched with furtive satisfaction by the three trustees, who stood together in the shadow of the smithy, apparently deeply absorbed in a broken-down cask.

It was a lovely afternoon, and I, too, strolled down the station road embowered in shade. The two soldiers were not far in advance. I had passed the flour-mill on the outskirts of the village and was approaching the old quarry, when a sound startled me; out from the rocks in front rushed a little figure, and crying "Gustav, mein Gustav!" fell at the soldier's feet. It was Wilhelmina.

I ran forward and took her from the

young men; she lay in my arms as if dead. The poor child was sadly changed; always slender and swaying, she now looked thin and shrunken, her skin had a strange, dark pallor, and her lips were drawn in as if from pain. I could see her eyes through the large-orbed thin lids, and the brown shadows beneath extended down into the cheeks.

"Was ist's?" said Gustav, looking bewildered. "Is she sick?"

I answered "Yes," but nothing more. I could see that he had no suspicion of the truth, believing as he did that the "good fellow" of a baker would do very well for this "good little thing" who was "too quiet" for him. The memory of Miss Martin sealed my lips. But if it had not been for that pretty, flashy picture, would I not have spoken!

"You must go; you will miss the train," I said, after a few minutes. "I will see to Mina."

But Gustav lingered. Perhaps he was really troubled to see the little sweetheart of his boyhood in such desolate plight; perhaps a touch of the old feeling came back; and perhaps, also, it was nothing of the kind, and, as usual, my romantic imagination was carrying me away. At any rate, whatever it was, he stooped over the fainting girl.

"She looks bad," he said, "very bad. I wish — but she 'll get well and marry the baker. Good-by, Mina." And bending his tall form, he kissed her colorless cheek, and then hastened away to join the impatient Karl; a curve in the road soon hid them from view.

Wilhelmina had stirred at his touch; after a moment her large eyes opened slowly; she looked around as if dazed, but all at once memory came back, and she started up with the same cry, "Gustav, mein Gustav!" I drew her head down on my shoulder to stifle the sound; it was better the soldier should not hear it, and its anguish thrilled my own heart, also. She had not the strength to resist me, and in a few minutes I knew that the young men were out of hearing as they strode on towards the station, and out into the wide world.

The forest was solitary, we were beyond the village; all the afternoon I sat under the trees with the stricken girl. Again, as in her joy, her words were few; again, as in her joy, her whole being was involved. Her little rough hands were cold, a film had gathered over her eyes; she did not weep, but moaned to herself, and all her senses seemed blunted. At night-fall I took her home, and the leathery mother received her with a frown; but the child was beyond caring, and crept away, dumbly, to her room.

The next morning she was off to the hills again, nor could I find her for several days. Evidently, in spite of my sympathy, I was no more to her than I should have been to a wounded fawn. She was a mixture of the wild, shy creature of the woods and the deep-loving woman of the tropics; in either case I could be but small comfort. When at last I did see her, she was apathetic and dull; her feelings, her senses, and her intelligence seemed to have gone within, as if preying upon her heart. She scarcely listened to my proposal to take her with me; for, in my pity, I had suggested it in spite of its difficulties.

"No," she said mechanically; "I's better here;" and fell into silence again.

A month later, a friend went down to spend a few days in the valley, and upon her return described to us the weddings of the whilom soldiers. "It was really a pretty sight," she said, "the quaint peasant dresses and the flowers. Afterwards, the band went round the village playing their odd tunes, and all had a holiday. There were two civilians married also; I mean two young men who had not been to the war. It seems that two of the soldiers turned their backs upon the community and their allotted brides, and marched away; but the Zoar maidens are not romantic, I fancy, for these two deserted ones were betrothed again and

married, all in the short space of four weeks."

"Was not one Wilhelmina, the gardener's daughter, a short, dark girl?" I asked.

"Yes."

"And she married Jacob the baker?"

"Yes."

The next year, weary of the cold lake-winds, we left the icy shore and went down to the valley to meet the coming spring, finding her already there, decked with vines and flowers. A new waitress brought us our coffee.

"How is Wilhelmina?" I asked.

"Eh — Wilhelmina? Oh, she not here now; she gone to the Next Country," answered the girl in a matter-of-fact way. "She die last October, and Jacob he haf anoder wife now."

In the late afternoon I asked a little girl to show me Wilhelmina's grave in the quiet God's Acre on the hill. Innovation was creeping in, even here; the later graves had mounds raised over them, and one had a little head-board with an inscription in ink.

Wilhelmina lay apart, and some one, probably the old gardener, who had loved the little maiden in his silent way, had planted a rose-bush at the head of the mound. I dismissed my guide and sat there alone in the sunset, thinking of many things, but chiefly of this: "Why should this great wealth of love have been allowed to waste itself? Why is it that the greatest power, unquestionably, of this mortal life should so often seem a useless gift?"

No answer came from the sunset clouds, and as twilight sank down on the earth I rose to go. "I fully believe," I said, as though repeating a creed, "that this poor, loving heart, whose earthly body lies under this mound, is happy now in its own loving way. It has not been changed, but the happiness it longed for has come. How, we know not; but the God who made Wilhelmina understands her. He has given unto her not rest, not peace, but an active, living joy."

I walked away through the wild meadow, under whose turf, unmarked by stone or mound, lay the first pioneers of the community, and out into the forest road, untraveled save when the dead passed over it to their last earthly home. The evening was still and breathless, and the shadows lay thick on the grass as I looked back. But I could still distinguish the little mound with the rose-bush at its head, and, not without tears, I said, "Farewell, poor Wilhelmina; farewell."

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

LOST AT SEA.

SOME VERSES WRITTEN ONE CHRISTMAS MORNING.

The solemn head that Guido drew
Looks down from out its leafy hood —
The holly berries, gleaming through
The pointed leaves, seem drops of blood.

Above the cornice, round the hearth,
Are evergreens and spruce-tree boughs;
'T is Christmas morning: Christmas mirth
And joyous voices fill the house.

I pause, and know not what to do;
I feel reproach that I am glad:
Until to-day, no thought of you,
O Comrade! ever made me sad.

But now the thought of your blithe heart,
Your ringing laugh, can give me pain,
Knowing that we are worlds apart,
Not knowing we shall meet again.

For all is dark that lies in store!
Though they may preach, the brotherhood,
We know just this, and nothing more,
That we are dust, and God is good.

What life begins when death makes end?
Sleek gownsman, is 't so very clear?
How fares it with us? — Oh, my Friend,
I only know you are not here!

That I am in a warm, light room,
With life and love to comfort me,
While you are drifting through the gloom,
Beneath the sea, beneath the sea!

O wild green waves that lash the sands
Of Santiago and beyond,
Lift him, I pray, with gentle hands,
And bear him on — true heart and fond!

To some still grotto far below
The washings of the warm Gulf Stream
Bear him, and let the winds that blow
About the world not break his dream!

— I smooth my brow. Upon the stair
I hear my children shout in glee,
With sparkling eyes and dancing hair,
Bringing a Christmas wreath for me.

Their joy, like sunshine deep and broad,
Falls on my heart, and makes me glad:
I think the face of our dear Lord
Looks down on them, and seems not sad!

T. B. Aldrich.

TOUCHING VISITANTS FROM A HIGHER LIFE.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

"Dare I say
No spirit ever brake the band
That stays him from his native land,
Where first he walked when clasped in clay?"
TENNYSON.

I AM of Tennyson's opinion. It is presumptuous, in advance of positive evidence, for or against, to assume that those whom we call dead cannot reappear to us. Men who think themselves wise and enlightened are wont to declare — and I myself once assented to the declaration — that superstitious ignorance alone believes in ghosts.[1] Science adds her cogent authority; but science, ere now, has had to reconsider her verdicts. Less than a century ago she denied the reality of aerolites, popularly believed in throughout tens of previous centuries.

Herbert Spencer has brought prominently forward the principle that any world-wide belief, persisted in throughout past ages, may be assumed as having a foundation in truth. The popular version of the day may be erroneous, but there is a reality (to which the universality and longevity of the main principle are due) underneath. Dr. Johnson, long before Spencer wrote, made special application of this principle; putting into the mouth of the sage Imlac the confession: "That the dead are seen no more I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent testimony of all ages and all nations. There is no people, rude or unlearned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth: those who never heard of one another would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience could make credible. That it is doubted by single cavilers can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues confess it with their fears."

If there be another phase of life; if conduct and character in this world determine our state in the next; if the Great Originating Mind be actuated by benevolence, — all which propositions seem to me reasonable, — then it is, *a priori*, not unlikely that, as part of the cosmical economy, there may be evi dence, palpable to the senses, of a high er life to come. It is an open theory, therefore, with probability in its favor, that there is phenomenal proof of man's continued existence. Whether we can obtain such proof or not is a simple question of fact, which it is unphilosophical to prejudge.

A simple question; yet where shall we find another, religious or scientific, of which the solution is fraught with results of such inestimable importance to mankind? Toward that solution I have a contribution to make.

On Monday, April 20, 1874, I had a sitting with Mrs. Hardy of Boston, a trance medium in whose good faith I place confidence. Through her came, unasked, a message from what purported to be the spirit of "Violet." After sundry recommendations concerning diet, which I have since followed with evident benefit to my health, she said: —

"Before you leave the earth you shall see spectres (as you call them) walking about; and they will take you by the hand and converse with you: me also you shall behold in the form. You shall witness far more wonderful things than you have ever yet seen."

I interpreted this to mean that, ere I died, I should acquire one among the spiritual gifts enumerated by St. Paul — the "discerning of spirits;" and,

[1] The French more properly call them *revenants*, returners

deeming this unlikely, I put little confidence in the promise given. When, some weeks later, accounts reached me from London of experiments in spirit-materialization witnessed and attested by eminent scientists, they failed to recall Violet's prediction. I thought not of it till I myself had verified all, and more than all, the London phenomena.

On May 29 I received a letter from my friend Dr. Child, a well-known Philadelphia physician, stating that a spirit, purporting to be the same which had appeared to Mr. Crookes and usually known as "Katie King," had shown herself, during the sittings of a Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, at the aperture of a dark cabinet; had conversed with him in audible tones, and had requested him, on her behalf, to write and ask that I would come and see her in Philadelphia. A startling summons, surely, if in very deed from a spirit! Was such an invitation ever before extended by a denizen of the next world to a mortal in this?

On my arrival (June 5) all appeared fair enough. I found the mediums established on the second floor of a small house in Ninth Street near Arch. There were but two rooms on the floor, a front parlor and a bedroom; the lower floor under both rooms being occupied as a shop for the sale of musical instruments. In a back corner of the parlor was a walnut cabinet, seven feet wide and eight feet high, with a door that opened into the parlor, and two apertures, five and six feet high respectively, both curtained with black cloth. We had lamp-light, shaded but sufficient to enable us to recognize faces and to see everything that passed in the room. After we had examined the cabinet, the medium entered it, closing the door.

Soon at one of the apertures appeared a fair, thoughtful young face, a girl of eighteen apparently, by whom I was cordially welcomed in a low, pleasant voice. She returned and spoke to us several times. At the close of the sitting she twice appeared, robed in white, just within the cabinet door; not coming out, however, into the room: the first time (so I was told) that she had ever shown herself in full form.

It was evidently a living, moving, thinking being. Yet I suspended judgment. One of the mediums was out of our sight. Then there was a door — locked, padlocked, and otherwise effectually secured, it seemed, but yet a door — from the cabinet into the bedroom adjoining. The possibility of a confederate suggested itself.

Forty memorable sittings followed. Gradually test conditions were perfected, and every imaginable ground for suspecting deception was removed;[1] and then, instead of failure, all the phenomena came out in greater perfection than before. I select the more remarkable; to copy my notes in full would involve tedious repetition.

June 7. Katie allowed Dr. Child to feel her pulse; its beats were distinct, about seventy-two a minute. A lady offered her a gold ring, and asked me to put it on her finger. I did so. The hand, beautifully formed, was like that of a mortal woman, nearly of the same temperature as my own, and slightly moist. At the close of the sitting she advanced into the room, dropped a finger on my head, and touched several other persons.

June 9. I gave her a long chain, composed of Violet's hair, a present to myself more than forty-five years ago: hoping, as I told Katie, thereby to attract Violet herself in accordance with

[1] Under instructions from Katie herself, the door of the bedroom was taken off (June 18) and a partition of black walnut boards, an inch thick, eight feet high and five feet wide, was substituted: it was secured on each side by four stout battens firmly screwed on throughout their entire length, and spiked, with twelvepenny nails, to the casing of the discarded door. Suspicion still prevailing among some skeptics that the partition might have been tampered with so that a portion of it could be removed, and speedily replaced, at will, some of the audience, at the close of a most successful sitting at which I assisted (July 5), proposed, and were permitted, to take it to pieces. A tedious and critical examination resulted in a certificate signed by all present (ten in number) to the effect that the partition was faithfully constructed, and that entrance or exit from the cabinet, except by the door opening into the parlor in which the sittings were held, was utterly impossible.

her promise. I observed that Katie wore the gold ring. But when, at the close of the sitting, I examined with a light every nook and corner in the cabinet, neither ring nor chain was to be found.

June 10. Katie called me up to the aperture, handed me back the hair chain, and said: "Violet wishes you to keep this, in memory of her, until you are called to meet her in her spirit-home."

Where was that chain during the preceding twenty-four hours? One is lost in conjecture on such subjects.

Ere Katie came forth, a tall figure, partly hidden by the cabinet, laid its luminous hand on her head; then the hand and arm floated up out of sight; the door being seven and a half feet high.

June 15. Present only myself and Mr. Oluf Stenersen, minister to the United States from the Swedish court.

Three different faces showed themselves: one of a middle-aged man, one of a young lady, and another of a child. Then Katie, from the left hand aperture, asked the medium for paper and pencil. Half a sheet of note paper being handed to her, she beckoned to me and gave me the paper, saying: "Mr. Owen, please put your private mark on it." I wrote at the top of the sheet three words in the German character; and, as I returned it to her, she added: "An English friend wishes to write to you." In a minute or two we saw, at the left hand aperture, a luminous detached hand, shaded off at the wrist, and holding the pencil as a mundane writer would. Over against this hand floated in the air a half sheet of paper, the surface illuminated as if phosphorescently. At first it swayed to and fro; but presently, without apparent cause, it remained stretched and motionless. Then the hand approached it and wrote, under our eyes, during some three or four minutes; covering the page. Then the sheet, again without apparent cause, turned over in the air, the hand continuing to write until the second page was half filled. Then the hand laid hold of the paper, and passed it out of the cabinet window toward me. I went up and received it, and the pencil dropped on the floor. It was the same paper on which I had written "*Ich bin hier;*" and proved to be a letter addressed to me, didactic in character and elevated in sentiment, signed: "Fred. W. Robertson." [1]

Afterwards, accompanied by a friend who is an expert in autographs, I took this paper to the Franklin Library; and there, in presence of the librarian, we compared it with Mr. Robertson's signature as it is given in the English edition of his biography, by the Rev. Stopford Brooke. Both gentlemen agreed that the signature obtained by me was so perfect a fac-simile of the other, that the internal evidence of its genuine character was unquestionable.

June 19. A circle of twenty-five persons. The partition between parlor and bedroom (alluded to in a previous note) had been put up the day before. Each time that Katie issued from the cabinet, a brilliantly luminous hand, emitting light, showed itself at the left upper corner of the cabinet door. It pointed downward, sometimes waving, toward Katie. The second time that she stepped out, she beckoned me to approach her. I did so, extending my hand, which she pressed; then, as I bent my head toward her, she took it in both hands and kissed it, uttering her usual low and earnest "God bless you, Mr. Owen."

June 20. Present only my friend Mrs. L. Andrews, of Springfield, and myself. We both thoroughly examined the bed-

[1] At Dr. Slade's, in New York (February 9, 1874), I witnessed, by gaslight, a precisely similar phenomenon. The paper, placed on a slate, lay on my knee; and a hand, luminous and entirely detached at the wrist, rose from under the table and wrote, *while I looked on*, what proved to be three verses from the Greek Testament; headed, in English, "Law of Love = Matth. 5; 43–45 — " (punctuation, contraction, and dashes exactly as here set down). To use a common phrase, I could scarcely believe my eyes. My knowledge of Greek has, under half a century of disuse, almost faded out: but, having submitted the manuscript to one of the best Hellenists of our country, I learned that every word and letter was correct, a few breathings and accents only being omitted.

room before sitting down. For the first time *neither of the mediums, at any time during the sitting, entered the cabinet;* so that, when we had searched it and closed its door, we were certain that no human being occupied it.

A remarkable sitting followed. First, we were surprised by a dusky face at one of the apertures. Soon after, the door opened and a girl at least two inches taller and rather stouter than Katie, with dark, handsome Indian features, and lithe figure, arrayed in richly ornamented Indian dress, walked out to within two feet of us. She had a snow-white blanket over her head, which she held under her chin. This she waved toward us; it was very fine, thick, and soft to the touch. She came out three times, spoke to us, the last time quite distinctly, telling us that her name was Sauntee.

"Good God!" cried Mrs. Holmes, in evident astonishment and alarm.[1]

Next there issued from the cabinet the figure of a lad dressed in sailor-boy fashion; his bow and gestures awkward and jerky, his face frank and pleasant. He came out three times, and when we asked his name he answered, in hoarse and broken but audible tones: "Don't you know me? You 've heard me speak often enough; I 'm Dick."

We had frequently heard of Dick, as one of the (alleged) operating and talking spirits in the dark circles for physical manifestations which Mrs. Holmes occasionally gave. Both he and the Indian girl presented themselves now for the first time.

At last Katie herself appeared. When she stepped into the room, I asked permission to approach, and gave her a mother-of-pearl cross, with white silk braid attached, together with a small note, folded up, in which I had written: "I offer you this because, though it be simple, it is white and pure and beautiful, as you are." She took both, did not open the note, suspended the cross from her neck, kissed it and retreated to the cabinet, closing the door. In a minute or two she returned, the cross, shining as with phosphorescent lustre, in one hand, and the folded note in the other; bent over me, and said, in her low, earnest voice and with her charming smile: "White and pure and beautiful like me — is it?" How did she read that note? The cabinet, with its closed door and its black-covered apertures, was, as I have often verified, quite dark. Ever after, when she appeared, she wore that cross on her breast; reminding one of the well-known lines in Pope's Rape of the Lock.

Immediately after the close of the sitting we critically examined the cabinet. No cross there! Where was it?

June 21. No medium in the cabinet. Katie appeared at the aperture; and Dr. Child, desiring to please all, proposed that every person in the circle (upwards of twenty) might go up, one by one, to the aperture, touch Katie's hand, and speak to her. They all did so except one young lady, deterred by fear. Toward the close, one of the circle (not a lady) asked if Katie would not allow him to kiss her. She instantly withdrew and we saw her no more that night.

Afterward I remonstrated, in private, with Dr. Child, against this lack of decorum; adding that unless the wishes of the spirit were consulted in all things, I would not attend another sitting, nor countenance the proceedings in any way. He took what I said in excellent part, frankly admitting that I was in the right. Little did I expect what was to come!

June 22.[2] Katie, appearing at the aperture after unusual delay, beckoned to me. The pale and beautiful face, now grown familiar, usually tinged with sadness, wore such a look of weary sorrow and deep depression that I was moved almost to tears when, in low and plaintive tones, she said: "Mr. Owen, indeed, indeed I cannot come out to-night

[1] She explained to me, after the sitting, that "Sauntee" was the name of the (alleged) controlling spirit of Mrs. Fanny Young, an intimate friend of hers and a trance medium; and that she (Mrs. Holmes) had had many a communication, through Mrs. Young, purporting to come from this young Indian girl. Just two months before this sitting, Mrs. Young had died.

[2] At this and all succeeding sittings, both mediums remained outside, unentranced.

unless I have assurance that my wishes shall be respected."

"They shall be," said I, "so long as I come here."

"I want *your* promise," she added. "When you touch me, it gives me strength; but when others, with whom I have no sympathy, are suffered to approach indiscriminately, it wearies and exhausts me. I want your promise that no such overture as that made last night shall be repeated. They forget that I am a spirit. They forget why I come to them at all."

"Dear Katie," said I, "I will protect you, as I would my own daughter, from that and every other annoyance. No one shall approach you except with your express permission."

The changed, more hopeful expression was charming to see, as she said: "God bless you! Tell my medium not to urge me; it hurts me to refuse her."

At a request from the audience, I stated to them, in brief, what Katie had said. Nothing more was needed, that evening, to call forth a hushed reverence such as is not often found, even in church.

I pass by my record of sundry meetings where phenomena similar to those already recorded presented themselves, and come to a memorable *séance*, June 28. At Katie's suggestion, coupled with her promise of "a good time," I had this sitting all to myself, the two mediums only being present, and sitting beside me.

Sauntee again appeared. The materialization seemed absolutely perfect. She wore a rich, dark jacket, reaching to the knee, of stuff resembling silk velvet, embroidered in white spangles, open over the bosom and showing an undergarment apparently of Indian-tanned buckskin; the jacket coming to a point at the waist. She wore black leggins and embroidered moccasins. This time she had no blanket, but some soft, light, gray tissue covering her head and falling over her shoulders. Around her waist was a belt, with lappets that dropped on one side. She held one of these toward us to touch; it was soft and thick as rich velvet. Her motions were more free than before, and there was more spirit in her large, expressive eyes. She spoke, too, more readily and distinctly. Four several times she showed herself, uttering friendly expressions.

Then, after an interval, came Katie. She, too, stepped out, more freely than usual. I showed her a small tortoise-shell box, in which I had preserved several mementoes of her; to wit, a card on which she had written my name, a small nosegay, and a tiny lock of hair which she had given me during the sitting with Mrs. Andrews. She seemed pleased, and said, smiling, "I'll give you something better worth keeping than that." Retreating to the cabinet, she returned in a minute or two without the lace veil she usually wore depending from each side of her head; this being the first time I had ever seen her bareheaded. She asked for scissors, and I provided a pair which I had brought with me, hoping to obtain a bit of her dress. Then she stooped her head toward me, and, passing both hands through her back hair, separated a lock and bade me cut it off. I did so, close to the head. It proved to be a beautiful ringlet, about four inches long, literally of a golden color, soft and fine. After four months it has not melted away, and it is not distinguishable from human hair, though one seldom sees any so beautiful.

The next time she came out she asked for a large nosegay which stood on the mantelpiece; and, coming close to me, she knelt down, laid the flowers on the floor, and deliberately picked out two or three lilies. These she handed to me, returning the rest to Mrs. Holmes. As she knelt there, I observed that her hair curled in short, graceful ringlets over the top and front of her head, while several longer curls dropped to her shoulders. One of these, longer than the rest, she had several times shown us, and allowed us to touch, at the aperture.

Once more — and for the last time that evening — she emerged from the cabinet, came quietly close up to me, extending a hand. I passed my left arm gently round her, and sustained her

left arm, bare from the elbow, in my right hand. To the touch her garments and her person were exactly like those of an earthly creature.

In low but distinct tones, she made some recommendations in regard to my health. "You have work to do," she said, "before you leave your earth; and you must rest, that you may be able to do it."

Then, stepping back, she took my face in both hands, kissed me on the forehead, and retreated to the cabinet, as is her wont, without turning from us. After closing the door, she half opened it again with a smile and the words: "Did n't we have a good time, Mr. Owen, as I promised?"

"Indeed we did," I replied; "you kept your word."

"But we 'll have far better times, by and by, when you come to us." The door closed upon that earnest, beautiful face, and we were left alone with the memory of the marvels we had witnessed!

I questioned my consciousness. Had I held familiar converse with a creature who had already, perhaps, returned to her fellow-denizens of the skies?

July 3. Besides myself only two friends, Dr. P—— and Mrs. B——. Both the mediums outside, as usual.

Sauntee came out in full form, saluting and touching us all: her features handsome, spirited, but unmistakably Indian, and very distinct. The third time she appeared, bending over me till her face was scarcely a foot from mine, she said: "Come pale-faced chief." Some twenty minutes later, the cabinet door opened and disclosed the form, distinctly materialized, of a man, apparently of middle age, some five feet ten in height, as I judged, with broad shoulders, rather dark complexion, mustache, and short beard; his look earnest and spirited. At the same time that he appeared Sauntee showed herself at the aperture and repeated: "Pale-faced chief." The male figure showed itself four times; its dress a white robe reaching to the feet, with some sort of dark vest, partially visible, underneath.

We asked its name. After several unsuccessful efforts, it said distinctly, the third time it appeared: "General Rawlings."

Katie, appearing ten minutes later, repeated, in answer to our inquiries, that it was General Rawlings.

"Who was General Rawlings?" asked Mrs. B——.

"Secretary of War under President Grant," replied Katie.

Of course I knew of the general as one of our bravest soldiers; but neither I nor any one present had seen him or his photograph; so that I am unable to say whether the figure thus unexpectedly presented to us resembled him or not.

This evening Katie came out into the room eight or nine times, appearing more distinct than usual. She wore, as is her wont, a resplendent white robe, falling in loose folds, open at the neck, running to a point on the bosom and belted at the waist. Her arms were bare several inches above the elbow; the gauze sleeves which she wore being open half-way to the shoulder and dropping some six inches below the upper arm. She remained with us three or four minutes at a time; probably twenty or twenty-five minutes in all.

I particularly noticed, this evening, the ease and harmony of her motions. In Naples, during five years, I frequented a circle famed for courtly demeanor; but never in the best-bred lady of rank accosting her visitors have I seen Katie outrivaled. Anything more refined than the gentle sway of the body and turn of the head and gesture of arm and hand, as she passed round, saying something pleasant or playful to each, I do not expect to witness till I reach that higher life whence this visitant descended to teach and to charm us here.

In the course of the evening I had asked her if she could give me a bit of her dress, to which she replied: "I 'll try to materialize it so that it will keep." The fifth time she came out, receiving from me a pair of scissors, and turning to the left, so as to be just opposite where Dr. P—— and Mrs. B—— sat,

and not more than three feet from them, she gathered up her dress, cutting and handing to me a portion; then afterwards of her veil in like manner.

The piece from her dress, less than two inches long and nearly in the form of a leaf, proved to be a fabric like fine bishop's lawn; that taken from the veil was nearly circular, an inch and a quarter in diameter, apparently a single figure of the finest quality of Honiton lace, with a star-like opening near one edge.

An astounding incident connected with this gift remains to be told. Dr. P—— and Mrs. B——, under whose very eyes the cutting was done, unite in declaring that the hole left in the robe where Katie cut from it, was not less than five or six inches long, and that made in the veil at least three or four inches in diameter; further, that in the course of a few seconds both openings disappeared and the garments were whole again. Although, when Katie turned from me, I could not distinctly see the cutting done, yet, intimately acquainted as I am with both these witnesses, I cannot doubt their veracity.[1]

How the pieces cut were thus condensed in size, I do not assume to explain. Katie's robe looks like the thinnest gauze, and her veil like the fleeciest cobweb-lace. But the bits of each now in my possession seem bona-fide lawn and lace, such as ladies wear in this lower world.

This evening, for the first time, Katie vanished and reappeared, but a part of her form was intercepted by the front partition of the cabinet; at another sitting I witnessed the same phenomenon in perfection.

July 6. Katie exhibited an amiable trait of character. A little, slender, and somewhat infirm old lady, already in her seventy-sixth year, a Mrs. Peterman, who, though never a professional medium, had been for half a life-time endowed with what Paul calls spiritual gifts, was present, and had modestly taken a back seat. Katie spied her, and requested that she should have a seat in front. Then she called me and said: "Mr. Owen, I want to kiss that old lady, she 's so cunning; ask her if she would be afraid."

Mrs. Peterman expressed great delight; and Katie, slowly advancing, in her usual gracious way, lightly touched the gray head, as it bent before her, and imprinted a kiss on the wrinkled forehead.

A well-known artist of Philadelphia attended this sitting; and, after examining Katie through his opera-glass, said to me, ere he left, that he had seldom seen features exhibiting more classic beauty. "Her movements and bearing," he added, "are the very ideal of grace."

July 9. This evening, having observed that Katie seemed to delight in flowers, I handed her a large calla lily. She smelt it, exclaiming: "What a charming odor!" And each time that evening when she issued from the cabinet, she carried the flower in her hand.

I had begged her, if she could, to repeat for us the phenomenon of disappearance, and had placed myself so that I could see her entire person without the intervention of any part of the cabinet front.

It is an era in one's life when one witnesses, in perfection, this marvelous manifestation. Katie stood on the very threshold of the cabinet, directly in front of me, and scarcely nine feet distant. I saw her, with absolute distinctness, from head to foot, during all the time she gradually faded out and reappeared. The head disappeared a little

[1] To those who may read this with incredulity, I state that Mrs. Ross-Church (Florence Marryatt, daughter of the well-known novelist, and editor of London Society) relates, in the (London) Spiritualist of May 29, 1874, a similar experience. After giving various particulars of Katie's last London séance, she says: "What appeared to me one of the most convincing proofs of Katie's more than natural power was, that when she had cut, before our eyes, twelve or fifteen different pieces of cloth from the front of her tunic, as souvenirs for her friends, there was not a hole to be seen in it, examine it which way you would."

In the same communication Mrs. Ross-Church adds: "Katie desired me to place my hands within the loose single garment which she wore, and feel her nude body. I did so thoroughly, and felt her heart beating rapidly beneath my hand."

before the rest of her form, and the feet and lower part of the drapery remained visible after the body and the cross she wore had vanished. But the lily was to be seen, suspended in the air, for several seconds after the hand which had held it was gone; then it vanished, last of all. When the figure reappeared, that lily showed itself in advance of all else, at first like a bright crystal, about eighteen inches from the floor; but gradually rising and assuming the lily shape, as the hand which had held it, and the form to which that hand belonged, first shimmered and then brightened into view. In less than a minute after the reappearance commenced, Katie issued from the cabinet in full beauty, bearing the lily in her right hand, with the cross on her bosom, and arrayed in the self-same costume which she had previously worn; then, coming toward us, she saluted the circle with all her wonted grace.

I am not sure whether we have, on record, any account of the vanishing and reappearance, in the light, of physical objects; at least any example when it was observed so closely and in such perfection as this.

During the sitting of July 10, Katie allowed us again to witness this phenomenon; and, on that occasion, a bouquet which she held in her hand vanished and reappeared, as the lily and cross had done.

About this time I obtained incidentally most cogent additional evidence (little needed) that these phenomena were genuine.

An old and valued friend, Mr. Ferdinand Dreer, desiring to allay the suspicions of certain skeptical intimates of his, proposed to bring them to a séance, at which he should be allowed to keep watch outside the parlor door. At ten o'clock on the morning of July 13, he called on me, asking me if I could arrange this for him with the mediums. As soon as he left I proceeded, in accordance with his wishes, to the Holmeses, whom I found just returned from breakfast. We talked the matter over, and I remarked: "I wish I could know what Katie thinks about it."

"I dare say we could ascertain," said Mrs. Holmes; "we can try."

So we locked the doors, closed the window-blinds, lit and shaded a single gas-burner, and sat down quietly before the cabinet. In ten minutes Katie appeared at the aperture, beckoned to me, and, before I had said a word, asked: "Is Mr. Dreer a man upon whose promises you can rely?"

I. Absolutely. And he has given me his solemn promise that neither he nor the friends he proposes to bring with him will violate any conditions imposed.

Katie. But you must have some of our intimate friends in the front circle. I need such aid.

I. Be sure that we shall attend to that.

Katie. Let Mr. Dreer examine all the rooms before the sitting begins, and leave the door of this parlor open, so that he can see and hear what passes.

It did not occur to me, till after this impromptu sitting closed, what a severe test it was. The Holmeses had never, up to this time, had a forenoon or midday sitting. They could not, by possibility, have anticipated my coming, since the intention to visit them preceded my visit by five minutes only. Still less could they have imagined that I would express a desire to hear from Katie at that hour. The hypothesis of preparation is absolutely barred. The door of the cabinet stood open, as usual, when I entered. I examined it carefully, and myself closed its door, before we sat down.

July 14. Mr. Dreer came with four friends. Ere the sitting commenced, he examined the house, inspected the bedroom most critically, saw the outside window-shutter of that room effectually barred, saw its door locked, and placed a bit of adhesive plaster over the key-hole, then sat down in the entry, so that no one could go up or down stairs without passing him. The door opening from the parlor on the passage where he sat remained open during the whole sitting.

Under these strict test conditions, the manifestations were triumphantly suc-

cessful. Katie came out in full form five or six times. In the course of the evening she jestingly deplored Mr. Dreer's solitary condition, begged him to let her know in case he saw Katie King pass up or down stairs, and finally invited him into the room, advancing and gracefully saluting him.

Ere the sitting closed we had — now for the fifth time — the phenomenon of appearance and disappearance in full perfection. During this and the sitting of June 12, the reappearance seemed to be effected in a somewhat modified way. The form came into view first as a sort of dwarfed or condensed Katie, not over eighteen inches high; then the figure appeared to be elongated, almost as a pocket-telescope is drawn to its full length, till the veritable Katie, not a fold of her shining raiment disarranged, stood in full stature before us. That scriptural expression of "shining raiment" was constantly suggested to me when Katie, issuing from the darkness of the cabinet, shone out upon us in full form.

Another phenomenon, that of levitation, which we witnessed during the sitting of July 12, and on four or five other occasions, recalled some of the old paintings of the Transfiguration. Within the cabinet, but in full view, we saw Katie's entire form — her graceful garments literally "white as the light" — suspended in mid-air. I observed that she gently moved hands and feet, as a swimmer, upright in the water, might. She remained thus, each time, from ten to fifteen seconds.

July 16. This was my farewell sitting, appointed on the forenoon of the day on which I left Philadelphia, by Katie herself, Dr. and Mrs. Child being present, at her request.

I had a talk with her at the aperture. Producing the mother-of-pearl cross I had given her, she said: "Father Owen,[1] I shall keep this cross forever, and when, at any time, I fall short of my highest conceptions of duty, be sure that the sight of it will recall me to better thoughts."

I told her with how much regret I parted from her, and she added: "But you will return in the autumn; for I don't think it is intended that you should come to us yet awhile. But if it is, be very certain that I shall be *there* to receive you."

I told her I should be quite content to go at once, only that I had some work which I desired still to do.

Katie. I think you will live to do it; yet you ought to rest for two months at least. The excitement of these interviews keeps you up, but you will feel exhausted when that passes off.

She came out four or five times, walking about freely, seated herself on a chair, then came up to us, laying her hands on our heads. She gave sundry instructions touching the sittings to come, and expressed the hope that, in the future, she might still be able to do much for us.

Myself. It is a marvel to me, dear Katie, that you should take such pains about us earthly creatures.

Katie. Why, I love you all. It is beautiful to be here, among dear friends.

Toward the close of this sitting we had a phenomenon somewhat different from any we had yet witnessed. The door of the cabinet opened slowly, without visible cause. Nothing was to be seen within except the black walnut boards; but, after a minute or two, there appeared, exactly as if emerging from the floor, first the head and shoulders of Katie, then her entire body; and, as on previous occasions, after standing a few seconds, she came out into the parlor and approached us.[2] When the astonishment called forth by such a sight had somewhat subsided, I thought of the text which speaks of Samuel, at En-dor, "arising out of the earth."

She came up to me, kissing me on the forehead, and bestowing her final benediction. Then, after a few pleas-

[1] Ever since the day I promised to protect her from annoyance as if she were my own daughter she was in the habit of thus addressing me.

[2] At that hour the music store, of which I have spoken as being immediately below the parlor and cabinet, was open and frequented by customers.

ant words to the mediums and to Dr. and Mrs. Child, and after looking at us all for some time, she said: "I am *very* sorry that I shall soon have to part with you all."

As she spoke, the tears — literal tears — stood in those large, kind eyes, and she wiped them with her veil, slowly retreating to the cabinet. Both the ladies wept; and to us all it was a sad and solemn leave-taking.

The reader who may have followed me to this point will have concluded (correctly) that I no longer entertained the slightest doubt touching the genuine character of these manifestations.

The proof lies in a nutshell, and may be stated in simplest syllogistic form; the only axiom to be conceded being this: Human beings cannot pass, at will, through the substance of a brick wall, or of a stout wooden partition. This conceded, the case stands thus: —

Either Katie was, what she professed to be, a visitant from another phase of being, or else she was a confederate stealthily introduced into the cabinet, for purposes of deceit.

But under the conditions as they were arranged, entrance to or exit from the cabinet, except by the door which opened into the parlor where we sat, was a physical impossibility.

Therefore Katie, not being an inhabitant of this world, was a denizen of another, made visible to us, for the time, by some process which has been called materialization.

It was to a similar conclusion that the London scientists, Mr. Crookes, Mr. Wallace, and Mr. Varley, came, after a long, patient, and critically conducted investigation.

To the same effect is the experience (ten years older than ours) of Mr. Charles Livermore.[1] He saw the *eidolon* of his deceased wife on eighty or ninety different evenings. The figure vanished and reappeared, floated in the air, touched him, and suffered him to touch it; all as with us: also a luminous detached hand wrote for him. But there were differences. In his case the materialization was effected, in every instance, during a dark sitting, while all our sittings were lighted. The figure which appeared to him was made visible by spiritual light; being sometimes self-illumined, sometimes lighted from an ephemeral light vehicle which he saw and handled; and when the figure vanished, the light went out with it. Again, it never conversed with him, uttering only (now and then) inarticulate sounds. Nor did the expression of the face vary, as in a human being. It was more or less perfect in resemblance, indeed, on different occasions; depending in part, it seemed, on the weather; but, once formed, it maintained, throughout the evening, a fixed expression, as if crystallized.

There was another marked difference. Mr. Livermore obtained, as I did, a lock of hair and a portion of the dress; but both melted away in ten or fifteen minutes.

Thus it appears that, since that time, spirit artists have made progress. They are now able to materialize the vocal organs, and to give to the features that mobility of expression which thoughts and feelings, as they change, impart to the human countenance. Finally, they have learned how to give permanence to locks of hair and portions of garments, so that these gifts from spiritual hands no longer vanish as we gaze,

"Like fairy-gifts fading away;"

but remain in human possession, tangible vouchers for the reality of spirit-visitation.

It would lead me too far to extend comparison to the sittings of the Eddys, of Vermont, whom I have not seen. Some of the phenomena obtained through them seem to be even more marvelous, and much more varied, than those here recorded: but with them, as in London, it has ever been necessary, in order to

[1] Formerly head of the well-known New York banking firm of Livermore, Clews, & Co. His experience, running through five years (1861 to 1866), will be found (based on his own record, made from day to day) in The Debatable Land (Carleton & Co., New York), pages 482 to 501.

obtain materialization, that a medium should remain in the cabinet.

I have seen Katie's brilliant form walk forth into the room eighty or a hundred times. Nearly as often I have conversed with her at the aperture, sometimes as to the manner of conducting the sittings. On several of these occasions she read, and replied to, my thoughts. I saw her face, day after day, as distinctly as I ever saw that of a human being. I am as certain that it was the *same* spirit, from first to last, as I can be in regard to the identity of any friend whom I meet daily. Not only by the bright, changeful play of the features, and the large, somewhat sad eyes, with their earnest, honest look, but by the tone and tenor of her conversation, evincing alike good sense and good feeling, did I recognize a distinct and uniform, and, I may add, an amiable and estimable character.

There are, however, certain discrepancies which seem, at first, not easily explained. In somewhat strange contrast with Katie's high-bred finish of manner when she walks forth from the cabinet, are a few of her peculiarities. When those who ought to know better, making light of the occasion, have spoken to her after what is sometimes called a *chaffing* fashion, she has replied, if she replied at all, in the same tone; using such expressions as "Of course I be," "I can't," "I shan't," and giving to the *a* in these words, and in the word "thank," its broad sound, as in *hall;* occasionally, too, jestingly calling the mediums or Dr. Child "stoopid." But whenever I have conversed with her alone, I have detected no triviality; her language has been that of an educated woman, and her sentiments those of a kind and a good one. On such occasions she has more than once reminded me that her mission here was to give to the children of this world evidence of their immortality.

These apparent discrepancies of bearing and manner are, perhaps, philosophically accounted for in a communication purporting to come from Katie herself through the mediumship of a gentleman whose good faith is unquestionable; in which occur these passages: —

"The way in which I sometimes appear and speak, when I am materialized, is not a true exponent of my present condition. . . . Spirits either in or out of the form, as you call it, are, to a great extent, subject to the influences of material elements; and if you could spend a little time with me, in an appreciative manner, in my home in spirit-land, you would not recognize me as the same Katie who calls you 'stupid,' and uses expressions that are often repulsive to my inner consciousness. . . . All spirits, when they visit earth, must, in subjection to a law of their being, assume the conditions they had when they left the earthly form, though they may bring to your world many thoughts and ideas which they have acquired in the inner life. . . . All spiritual communications are more or less modified by the channel through which they pass." [1]

As to the side issue regarding the identity of the Katie who appeared to us with the Katie who was the subject of Mr. Crookes' investigations, it is less conclusively settled than the reality of the phenomena themselves. Yet I see strong reason for admitting it [2] and little or none for denying it. In the main, our experience on this side is but the counterpart of that obtained in England, with such advance as, in the progress of all phenomenal experiments, is to be expected. I do not believe that

[1] Holding this for truth, and being desirous not to mix uncertainties with certainties, I refrain from alluding here to certain (alleged) particulars of Katie's earth-life (with a truthful ring in them), coming to us through such a channel. All that Katie herself ever told me on that subject was, that her true name is Annie Morgan, and that the spirit usually known as John King or Henry Morgan is her father.

[2] On one occasion, without any previous allusion by myself to the subject, Katie said to me, from the cabinet window: "Some of my London friends misinterpreted my parting words. I took final leave, not of your earth, but of dear Florrie Cook, because my continuance with her would have injured her health."

This is the *only* allusion which Katie has ever made to me in regard to her London experience, or her friends in that city.

we could have succeeded as we did in Philadelphia, unless the way had been prepared for us in London; nor unless we had been aided by the same spirit which had acquired, during three years' experience with Florence Cook as medium, the skill — if I may use the earthly expression — which enables her to present herself in veritable earthly guise.

To judge by the London photographs of Katie taken by electric light, the beautiful form and features with which we are familiar here do not resemble those which appeared to the English observers; nor is there here, as there was in London, any likeness between the spirit-form and either of the mediums. The face of the London Katie suggests the adjectives *pretty* and *interesting.* The face of our Katie is Grecian in its regularity. Earnestness, with a passing touch of weariness, is its habitual expression; and even its smile, though bright, has an occasional dash of sadness in it. One thinks of it as unquestionably handsome, as full of character, as intellectual, and withal as singularly attractive; but one would never call it pretty, any more than one would apply that term to the Venus of Milo. The nose is straight, not aquiline as in the London photographs, and the large, clear eyes are dark gray with a bluish tinge. The face is a trifle broader than the classical model; the upper lip somewhat less short, and the features, perhaps, less delicately chiseled: yet both features and expression much more nearly resemble those of some fine old statue, than they do the lineaments and looks of Florence Cook, so far as one can judge from her photograph. But in this case identity must be determined by internal evidence, not by outward form. The mediums, from whom is doubtless drawn a portion of the elements to materialize, here and there, being entirely different.

The chief advance which, so far as my reading goes, we have made over all previous observers is, that the mediums remain outside in full view and unentranced during the whole sitting. I have not found any record of a case in which a spirit in full form issued from the cabinet, walked about the room, conversed with its visitors, touched them and was touched in turn, *unless a medium had previously entered the cabinet*, and had remained there (usually entranced) until the spirit-form returned thither. Our light, too, was sufficient to show the features in perfection (at least when we approached the cabinet); and this has not usually been the case at materializations elsewhere.

Nor do I doubt that, at the sittings which have recently been recommenced, — and at which the self-same Katie has already shown herself, as distinctly as ever, — we shall make important additional progress.[1]

If, now, I am asked where all this is to end; what is to come of it, in case familiar converse with visitants from a higher life shall continue to be permitted here; I reply that that is not our affair. We have to deal, for the present, with facts, not with the results from facts. We are not the governors of this world, and need not trouble ourselves with predictions looking to the ultimate consequences of natural phenomena. Cosmical order has never, so far, been disarranged by any new class of truths; and if we fear that it ever will be, we shall merit the reproach: "O ye of little faith!"

I hold it of all human privileges the greatest, to have been permitted to witness these phenomena.

Postscript. Since writing the above there has come to my notice a document which enables me to speak with more assurance of the identity of the Katie King of Philadelphia and the spirit appearing under the same name in London.

Mr. J. C. Luxmore, a gentleman of another said to be John King. There came also, at different times, to the apertures, fifteen or sixteen different faces, a few of which were recognized by relatives or friends.

[1] For brevity's sake I have passed over the record of more than half our sittings, with numerous minor details; among them the appearance, in full form within the cabinet, of a tall, stately figure, purporting to be that of Abraham Lincoln and of

the utmost respectability, has been, throughout the period of Miss Florence Cook's mediumship, her constant friend and supporter. Many of her sittings were held at his town-house, 16 Gloucester Square, Hyde Park, London.

Now, in The (London) Spiritualist of February 1, 1873, Mr. Luxmore has given, under his own signature, the full details of a séance, by the Holmeses, which he attended on the evening of January 13, 1873. After describing a preliminary dark séance, and then the appearance, in the light at the aperture, of four or five faces, "very plainly seen," he adds: "Last of all came Katie, who generally, or I believe I may say always, presents herself at Miss Cook's séances. I have seen her three times at Hackney,[1] and could perfectly identify the face. She spoke, as usual, in a whisper, but not sufficiently loud for me to determine what was said. I, although I had not the *slightest doubt of her identity*, said: 'If you are Katie, put out your chin as you do at Miss Cook's.' This was at once done. I should think it perfectly impossible for any one who has had the privilege of attending Miss Cook's séances to have a single doubt of its being the same face we see there." The italics are Mr. Luxmore's.

[1] Where Miss Cook and her parents then lived. Katie, at that time, had not appeared in full form.

But all those who, like myself, were fortunate enough to converse frequently and familiarly with Katie last summer, will bear me out in asserting that the one peculiarity which marked her appearance at the aperture was, that each time, after she had said something to us, she withdrew the upper part of her face and head, bringing her chin prominently forward. The self-same peculiarity marks her recent reappearance.

It does not at all affect the genuine character of the phenomena whether we conclude that the question of identity is determined, or that it must be left open. Nor do I assert that it is *positively* settled by the above facts. What I do say is, that these facts, taken in connection with other evidence already adduced, afford to my mind fair and reasonable assurance that (though varying in outward feature) the spirit which conversed with Mr. Crookes and others in London and that which has spoken to myself and others here — in both cases an eminent instrument to advance the cause of Spiritualism — is but one and the same.

Robert Dale Owen.

OLD TIMES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

I.

When I was a boy, there was but one permanent ambition among my comrades in our village on the west bank of the Mississippi River. That was, to be a steamboatman. We had transient ambitions of other sorts, but they were only transient. When a circus came and went, it left us all burning to become clowns; the first negro minstrel show that came to our section left us all suffering to try that kind of life; now and then we had a hope that if we lived and were good, God would permit us to be pirates. These ambitions faded out, each in its turn; but the ambition to be a steamboatman always remained.

Once a day a cheap, gaudy packet arrived upward from St. Louis, and another downward from Keokuk. Before these events had transpired, the day was glorious with expectancy; after they had transpired, the day was a dead and empty thing. Not only the boys, but the whole village, felt this. After all these years I can picture that old time to myself now, just as it was then: the white town drowsing in the sunshine of a summer's morning; the streets empty, or pretty nearly so; one or two clerks sitting in front of the Water Street

stores, with their splint-bottomed chairs tilted back against the wall, chins on breasts, hats slouched over their faces, asleep — with shingle-shavings enough around to show what broke them down; a sow and a litter of pigs loafing along the sidewalk, doing a good business in water-melon rinds and seeds; two or three lonely little freight piles scattered about the "levee;" a pile of "skids" on the slope of the stone-paved wharf, and the fragrant town drunkard asleep in the shadow of them; two or three wood flats at the head of the wharf, but nobody to listen to the peaceful lapping of the wavelets against them; the great Mississippi, the majestic, the magnificent Mississippi, rolling its mile-wide tide along, shining in the sun; the dense forest away on the other side; the "point" above the town, and the "point" below, bounding the river-glimpse and turning it into a sort of sea, and withal a very still and brilliant and lonely one. Presently a film of dark smoke appears above one of those remote "points;" instantly a negro drayman, famous for his quick eye and prodigious voice, lifts up the cry, "S-t-e-a-m-boat a-comin'!" and the scene changes! The town drunkard stirs, the clerks wake up, a furious clatter of drays follows, every house and store pours out a human contribution, and all in a twinkling the dead town is alive and moving. Drays, carts, men, boys, all go hurrying from many quarters to a common centre, the wharf. Assembled there, the people fasten their eyes upon the coming boat as upon a wonder they are seeing for the first time. And the boat *is* rather a handsome sight, too. She is long and sharp and trim and pretty; she has two tall, fancy-topped chimneys, with a gilded device of some kind swung between them; a fanciful pilot-house, all glass and "gingerbread," perched on top of the "texas" deck behind them; the paddle-boxes are gorgeous with a picture or with gilded rays above the boat's name; the boiler deck, the hurricane deck, and the texas deck are fenced and ornamented with clean white railings; there is a flag gallantly flying from the jack-staff; the furnace doors are open and the fires glaring bravely; the upper decks are black with passengers; the captain stands by the big bell, calm, imposing, the envy of all; great volumes of the blackest smoke are rolling and tumbling out of the chimneys — a husbanded grandeur created with a bit of pitch pine just before arriving at a town; the crew are grouped on the forecastle; the broad stage is run far out over the port bow, and an envied deck-hand stands picturesquely on the end of it with a coil of rope in his hand; the pent steam is screaming through the gauge-cocks; the captain lifts his hand, a bell rings, the wheels stop; then they turn back, churning the water to foam, and the steamer is at rest. Then such a scramble as there is to get aboard, and to get ashore, and to take in freight and to discharge freight, all at one and the same time; and such a yelling and cursing as the mates facilitate it all with! Ten minutes later the steamer is under way again, with no flag on the jack-staff and no black smoke issuing from the chimneys. After ten more minutes the town is dead again, and the town drunkard asleep by the skids once more.

My father was a justice of the peace, and I supposed he possessed the power of life and death over all men and could hang anybody that offended him. This was distinction enough for me as a general thing; but the desire to be a steamboatman kept intruding, nevertheless. I first wanted to be a cabin-boy, so that I could come out with a white apron on and shake a table-cloth over the side, where all my old comrades could see me; later I thought I would rather be the deck-hand who stood on the end of the stage-plank with the coil of rope in his hand, because he was particularly conspicuous. But these were only day-dreams — they were too heavenly to be contemplated as real possibilities. By and by one of our boys went away. He was not heard of for a long time. At last he turned up as apprentice engineer or "striker" on a steamboat. This

thing shook the bottom out of all my Sunday-school teachings. That boy had been notoriously worldly, and I just the reverse; yet he was exalted to this eminence, and I left in obscurity and misery. There was nothing generous about this fellow in his greatness. He would always manage to have a rusty bolt to scrub while his boat tarried at our town, and he would sit on the inside guard and scrub it, where we could all see him and envy him and loathe him. And whenever his boat was laid up he would come home and swell around the town in his blackest and greasiest clothes, so that nobody could help remembering that he was a steamboatman; and he used all sorts of steamboat technicalities in his talk, as if he were so used to them that he forgot common people could not understand them. He would speak of the "labboard" side of a horse in an easy, natural way that would make one wish he was dead. And he was always talking about "St. Looy" like an old citizen; he would refer casually to occasions when he "was coming down Fourth Street," or when he was "passing by the Planter's House," or when there was a fire and he took a turn on the brakes of "the old Big Missouri;" and then he would go on and lie about how many towns the size of ours were burned down there that day. Two or three of the boys had long been persons of consideration among us because they had been to St. Louis once and had a vague general knowledge of its wonders, but the day of their glory was over now. They lapsed into a humble silence, and learned to disappear when the ruthless "cub"-engineer approached. This fellow had money, too, and hair oil. Also an ignorant silver watch and a showy brass watch chain. He wore a leather belt and used no suspenders. If ever a youth was cordially admired and hated by his comrades, this one was. No girl could withstand his charms. He "cut out" every boy in the village. When his boat blew up at last, it diffused a tranquil contentment among us such as we had not known for months. But when he came home the next week, alive, renowned, and appeared in church all battered up and bandaged, a shining hero, stared at and wondered over by everybody, it seemed to us that the partiality of Providence for an undeserving reptile had reached a point where it was open to criticism.

This creature's career could produce but one result, and it speedily followed. Boy after boy managed to get on the river. The minister's son became an engineer. The doctor's and the postmaster's sons became "mud clerks;" the wholesale liquor dealer's son became a bar-keeper on a boat; four sons of the chief merchant, and two sons of the county judge, became pilots. Pilot was the grandest position of all. The pilot, even in those days of trivial wages, had a princely salary — from a hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty dollars a month, and no board to pay. Two months of his wages would pay a preacher's salary for a year. Now some of us were left disconsolate. We could not get on the river — at least our parents would not let us.

So by and by I ran away. I said I never would come home again till I was a pilot and could come in glory. But somehow I could not manage it. I went meekly aboard a few of the boats that lay packed together like sardines at the long St. Louis wharf, and very humbly inquired for the pilots, but got only a cold shoulder and short words from mates and clerks. I had to make the best of this sort of treatment for the time being, but I had comforting day-dreams of a future when I should be a great and honored pilot, with plenty of money, and could kill some of these mates and clerks and pay for them.

Months afterward the hope within me struggled to a reluctant death, and I found myself without an ambition. But I was ashamed to go home. I was in Cincinnati, and I set to work to map out a new career. I had been reading about the recent exploration of the river Amazon by an expedition sent out by our government. It was said that the ex-

pedition, owing to difficulties, had not thoroughly explored a part of the country lying about the head-waters, some four thousand miles from the mouth of the river. It was only about fifteen hundred miles from Cincinnati to New Orleans, where I could doubtless get a ship. I had thirty dollars left; I would go and complete the exploration of the Amazon. This was all the thought I gave to the subject. I never was great in matters of detail. I packed my valise, and took passage on an ancient tub called the Paul Jones, for New Orleans. For the sum of sixteen dollars I had the scarred and tarnished splendors of "her" main saloon principally to myself, for she was not a creature to attract the eye of wiser travelers.

When we presently got under way and went poking down the broad Ohio, I became a new being, and the subject of my own admiration I was a traveler! A word never had tasted so good in my mouth before. I had an exultant sense of being bound for mysterious lands and distant climes which I never have felt in so uplifting a degree since. I was in such a glorified condition that all ignoble feelings departed out of me, and I was able to look down and pity the untraveled with a compassion that had hardly a trace of contempt in it. Still, when we stopped at villages and wood-yards, I could not help lolling carelessly upon the railings of the boiler deck to enjoy the envy of the country boys on the bank. If they did not seem to discover me, I presently sneezed to attract their attention, or moved to a position where they could not help seeing me. And as soon as I knew they saw me I gaped and stretched, and gave other signs of being mightily bored with traveling.

I kept my hat off all the time, and stayed where the wind and the sun could strike me, because I wanted to get the bronzed and weather-beaten look of an old traveler. Before the second day was half gone, I experienced a joy which filled me with the purest gratitude; for I saw that the skin had begun to blister and peel off my face and neck. I wished that the boys and girls at home could see me now.

We reached Louisville in time — at least the neighborhood of it. We stuck hard and fast on the rocks in the middle of the river and lay there four days. I was now beginning to feel a strong sense of being a part of the boat's family, a sort of infant son to the captain and younger brother to the officers. There is no estimating the pride I took in this grandeur, or the affection that began to swell and grow in me for those people. I could not know how the lordly steamboatman scorns that sort of presumption in a mere landsman. I particularly longed to acquire the least trifle of notice from the big stormy mate, and I was on the alert for an opportunity to do him a service to that end. It came at last. The riotous powwow of setting a spar was going on down on the forecastle, and I went down there and stood around in the way — or mostly skipping out of it — till the mate suddenly roared a general order for somebody to bring him a capstan bar. I sprang to his side and said: "Tell me where it is — I 'll fetch it!"

If a rag-picker had offered to do a diplomatic service for the Emperor of Russia, the monarch could not have been more astounded than the mate was. He even stopped swearing. He stood and stared down at me. It took him ten seconds to scrape his disjointed remains together again. Then he said impressively: "Well, if this don't beat hell!" and turned to his work with the air of a man who had been confronted with a problem too abstruse for solution.

I crept away, and courted solitude for the rest of the day. I did not go to dinner; I stayed away from supper until everybody else had finished. I did not feel so much like a member of the boat's family now as before. However, my spirits returned, in installments, as we pursued our way down the river. I was sorry I hated the mate so, because it was not in (young) human nature not to admire him. He was huge and muscular, his face was bearded and whiskered all

over; he had a red woman and a blue woman tattooed on his right arm, — one on each side of a blue anchor with a red rope to it; and in the matter of profanity he was perfect. When he was getting out cargo at a landing, I was always where I could see and hear. He felt all the sublimity of his great position, and made the world feel it, too. When he gave even the simplest order, he discharged it like a blast of lightning, and sent a long, reverberating peal of profanity thundering after it. I could not help contrasting the way in which the average landsman would give an order, with the mate's way of doing it. If the landsman should wish the gang-plank moved a foot farther forward, he would probably say: "James, or William, one of you push that plank forward, please;" but put the mate in his place, and he would roar out: "Here, now, start that gang-plank for'ard! Lively, now! *What're* you about! Snatch it! *snatch* it! There! there! Aft again! aft again! Don't you hear me? Dash it to dash! are you going to *sleep* over it! *'Vast* heaving. 'Vast heaving, I tell you! Going to heave it clear astern? WHERE're you going with that barrel! *for'ard* with it 'fore I make you swallow it, you dash-dash-dash-*dashed* split between a tired mud-turtle and a crippled hearse-horse!"

I wished I could talk like that.

When the soreness of my adventure with the mate had somewhat worn off, I began timidly to make up to the humblest official connected with the boat — the night watchman. He snubbed my advances at first, but I presently ventured to offer him a new chalk pipe, and that softened him. So he allowed me to sit with him by the big bell on the hurricane deck, and in time he melted into conversation. He could not well have helped it, I hung with such homage on his words and so plainly showed that I felt honored by his notice. He told me the names of dim capes and shadowy islands as we glided by them in the solemnity of the night, under the winking stars, and by and by got to talking about himself. He seemed oversentimental for a man whose salary was six dollars a week — or rather he might have seemed so to an older person than I. But I drank in his words hungrily, and with a faith that might have moved mountains if it had been applied judiciously. What was it to me that he was soiled and seedy and fragrant with gin? What was it to me that his grammar was bad, his construction worse, and his profanity so void of art that it was an element of weakness rather than strength in his conversation? He was a wronged man, a man who had seen trouble, and that was enough for me. As he mellowed into his plaintive history his tears dripped upon the lantern in his lap, and I cried, too, from sympathy. He said he was the son of an English nobleman — either an earl or an alderman, he could not remember which, but believed he was both; his father, the nobleman, loved him, but his mother hated him from the cradle; and so while he was still a little boy he was sent to "one of them old, ancient colleges" — he could n't remember which; and by and by his father died and his mother seized the property and "shook" him, as he phrased it. After his mother shook him, members of the nobility with whom he was acquainted used their influence to get him the position of "lob-lolly-boy in a ship;" and from that point my watchman threw off all trammels of date and locality and branched out into a narrative that bristled all along with incredible adventures; a narrative that was so reeking with bloodshed and so crammed with hair-breadth escapes and the most engaging and unconscious personal villainies, that I sat speechless, enjoying, shuddering, wondering, worshiping.

It was a sore blight to find out afterwards that he was a low, vulgar, ignorant, sentimental, half-witted humbug, an untraveled native of the wilds of Illinois, who had absorbed wildcat literature and appropriated its marvels, until in time he had woven odds and ends of the mess into this yarn, and then gone on telling it to fledgelings like me, until he had come to believe it himself.

Mark Twain.

ENCHANTED.

She sat in a piteous hut
  In a wood where poisons grew;
Withered was every leaf,
  And her face was withered too;
Like a sword the fierce wind cut
  Her worn heart through and through.

Gray as the frost was her hair,
  Dim as the dusk were her eyes,
As still as stone was her mouth;
  Yet she knew that she was fair,
And she knew that she was wise.
  Therefore she waited there.

Away, and so far away,
  She looked for a light and a sign:
"Oh, he has not forgotten me!
  What should I care for to-day,
When all to-morrow is mine?
  I am content to stay."

On the heights the hail would beat,
  In the thorns would sink the snow,
And the chasms were weird with sound;
  Yet the years would come and go:
"Somewhere there is something sweet,
  And sometime I shall know.

"There is a land close by,
  A land in reach of my arm;
It is mine from shore to sea;
  There the nightingales do fly,
There the flush of the rose is warm:
  I shall take it by and by.

"But the shape that guards the gate,
  Where my mirror waits to show
How beautiful I am,
  Oh, he makes me loath to go.
I wait, and I wait, and I wait,
  Through fear of him, I know.

"But who breaks this charm of breath
  Enchantment himself must wear.
Two from each other shrink
  In the freezing dark, and stare . . .
Your kiss for my kiss, O Death!
  Each makes the other fair."

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

THE AMERICANIZED EUROPEAN.

When the hens as by a common impulse all make a sudden rush for the spot where their lord and master is scratching, it is pretty certain that he has unearthed some seed or kernel of more than common pretensions. So the quick and somewhat tumultuous movement of the unfeathered sisterhood upon the first essay of Dr. Clarke's gave reasonable cause for thinking that he had uncovered some notable grain of truth by the scratches of his pen. The slender volume, Sex in Education,[1] is, in fact, a seed which, in spite of having been so vivaciously pecked at, has germinated, and brought forth a hundred fold, and is now the parent of a little library on the subject it discussed. As for the work itself, about a dozen editions of it within the few months since its publication show that it was called for and continues to be wanted.

Dr. Clarke has followed up his first essay with a second, The Building of a Brain, which, treating more broadly of what we may call educational hygiene, turns more especially on the same point to which the other was exclusively devoted. A brief abstract of the work will show its leading topics and purpose.

The essay is divided into three parts: I. Nature's Working Plans. II. An Error in Female Building. III. A Glimpse at English Brain-Building.

Dr. Clarke startles us at the outset by saying that no human race has kept a permanent foothold on this continent, and that the Anglo-Saxon race will die out here like those which have preceded it, unless it can develop an organization and a brain equal to the demands made upon it by its conditions. — To keep up the race is not enough; the individual must also be developed to the highest point. Our common and high schools have fallen into the error of developing one part of the organization at the expense of the rest.

"Brains rule the world. . . . A human brain is the last, the highest product, the 'consummate flower' of nature's development on this planet." Poor brains — "automatic ganglia" — will grow, like weeds, on any soil. The best brains are only built by "educated evolution in accordance with the working plans that nature furnishes. . . . We know and only can know the mind through the brain. . . . The development of the soul and mind — of the *ego* — resolves itself into the development of the brain." "No perfect brain ever crowns an imperfectly developed body." A brain "cannot be made except as the crown of the rest of the body, and, to a large extent, out of the rest of the body." An artist knows that if his fountain is properly built the water will flow properly through it. So, "build the brain aright, and the divine spirit will inhabit and use it. Build it wrongly, and the devil will employ it."

Dr. Clarke understands by the brain the whole cerebro-spinal axis, by education "all that training, alike of the brain and of the body, which yields the just and harmonious development of every organ." One of the indispensable objects of schools and colleges is to build a brain of the right sort, but "many of them have thwarted and obstructed nature's way of work. . . . Especially is this true with regard to American female education, which has looked upon a girl as if she were a boy, and trained her as if she were to have a boy's destiny." In the higher education in store for woman, her peculiar organization must not be ignored. The women must see to this themselves; the medical profession must be consulted, and for this, as well as other purposes, there should be a class of well-educated

[1] Sex in Education. Boston, 1873. The Building of a Brain. By Edward H. Clarke, M. D., author of Sex in Education. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

female physicians. After a short description of some of the wonderful structural characters of the brain, Dr. Clarke illustrates, by examples, on the one hand the constructive and conservative functions of the brain as the superintendent of the forming and the matured organism, and on the other hand its special thinking function, or, as he calls it, conscious or volitional cerebration.

Believing in the almost boundless possibilities of cerebral development, he considers the proper work of the brain as a thinking organ, or rather as the organ of "intellection, emotion, and volition," the most important factor in brain-building. It should not be attempted too early in life; if a hundred boys or girls were trained as John Stuart Mill was, the majority would either die or become invalids or imbeciles. This is the kind of cerebral training our schools have pushed to a dangerous extreme. If the single factor of cerebration, "employing in its work only mathematics, the humanities, and the like," is alone attended to, the organization will be sure to go astray.

And so we come to the doctrine specially enforced in the former essay. The education of the sexes should proceed on similar principles, but just so far as they differ in organization a difference must be made in their special adjustments. "Identical education of the sexes is in the last analysis equivalent to an unjust discrimination between them. . . . One result of a school system animated by such methods is to make a very poor kind of men out of women, and a very poor kind of women out of men." The necessity of implicit obedience to the special laws which govern the movements of the female constitution is forcibly insisted on in the remaining pages of the first part of the book.

The second and longest part of Dr. Clarke's work is one which does not so much invite as demand and compel attention. It is chiefly made up of evidence bearing on the great "error in female building," to which the author called attention with such extraordinary results in his preceding essay. This evidence is derived from public documents, parents, and school-teachers, and from physicians. No one to whom the education of girls is entrusted can afford to overlook the facts here brought together, resting, as they do, on the testimony of experts, and pointing to momentous practical conclusions in full agreement for the most part with those of Dr. Clarke's widely discussed and sharply assailed Sex in Education. The letter from a mother included in this mass of evidence is a practical lesson so touchingly enforced that it will go to the heart of thousands of parents, and plead more eloquently for the immunities of womanhood than any other form of argument. Many young women may pass through the dangerous ordeal of forced education without manifest injury, as many soldiers go through a campaign unhurt; evidence enough has been brought forward to show that many do. But the fact remains that flying bullets and habitual neglect of physiological laws are always dangerous, and sometimes fatal.

The third part, of only a few pages, gives the results of some inquiries of a careful observer as to the methods of "brain-building" and constitution-building commonly employed in the education of English girls.

Both Dr. Clarke's books have a purpose so grave, so far-reaching, so forcibly supported, that it would be trifling with the reader to criticise them from a literary point of view. They have raised various interesting questions which must be left for larger discussion elsewhere. No one can read what has been written in the controversies to which these essays have given rise, without noticing that a deep undercurrent of feeling betrays itself, with regard to the alleged physical disqualifications of women for keeping pace with the other sex in education and in various pursuits supposed to unfit her for or to interfere with her primal duties as the mother of mankind. No sensitiveness, no theories, and no aspirations must be allowed to stand in

the way of the recognition of a law of nature. Dr. Clarke has shown, what few will deny, that this law has too often been overlooked in the education of American young women. He has told us how, as a physician, he has been a witness of the penalties exacted for its violation. Without taking ground openly against the *co-education* of the sexes, he has made out a strong case against it so far as he has established the principle that regular and considerable intervals of rest from bodily and mental labor and from emotional excitement are required by one sex which are not needed by the other. The facts bearing on this point have, for obvious reasons, been kept in the background, to the great known damage of individuals and probably to the injury of many who suffer from the same cause without suspecting it. A large mass of evidence is now before the public tending to support Dr. Clarke's positions, coupled with not a little intended to weaken them. With all its contradictions, it can hardly fail to leave the conviction that the health of our women demands a more careful management of our girls with regard to special physiological conditions, which have been commonly enough winked wholly out of sight by our educators. As to *identical* education, it is obvious enough that this is a very loose expression. Until men are taught to sew and knit, to darn and patch, to trim dresses and make puddings, to plait ruffles and dress hair, to take charge of the household, nursery included, in case of need, it means nothing more than that young men and women should study many of the same things, and the only real question is, just how many. *Identical co-education* is still less likely to be literally carried out. It was tried in the noted instance of Achilles, with a result which was not felicitous, though by no means surprising.

Common sense, common prudence, common delicacy, will assert and in the long run maintain the distinction in the training of the sexes which nature indicates, and mind and body alike demand. Many of their studies will be identical; many may, at the proper ages and under proper regulations, be pursued in company. We do not separate the sexes at our churches as they do in Quaker meetings, as they did aforetime in certain rural ball-rooms while waiting for the solemnizing festivities to begin, or, as the local authorities would have said, to commence. If they can listen without harm in each others' society to the impassioned discourse of a young and ardent preacher, there is no reason why they might not sit together to hear a calm lecture on congelation, or a tranquil account of the formation of glaciers, possibly a less refrigerating discourse from a discreet professor of geology, chemistry, or even anatomy, if the dry bones were the subject. Co-education and identical education in their full extent are quite absurd and chimerical. The discussion which Dr. Clarke has set going will do much to show what is the best practical line to be drawn between the sexes in our schools and colleges. That such a line must be drawn somewhere he has made plain enough if it was not plain before.

Dr. Clarke's remark as to the disappearance of successive races from this continent, and his warning about our own race, suggests the subject to which a considerable part of this paper will be devoted. It is evident that the special question of education must be affected by any general conditions relating to the organization and vitality of the imported American.

The fact he refers to is no more than what has happened in most countries of the Old World. It is hard to find an autochthonous race anywhere except among the mountain fastnesses where, if at all, the remains of once powerful original races have survived the general destruction, or rather the disappearance, of the special type to which they belonged; as, for instance, the Basques among the Pyrenees. *Human life* has maintained itself, at any rate, on the American continent, and if one race has yielded to another, it has been to another *native* race, until the advent of

the European threatened the extinction of all the indigenous inhabitants. Still, there is a prejudice against this continent as a home for white men, the origin of which we may find it worth our while to consider. For this purpose the following citations, from sources often vaguely referred to, are here brought together. Whatever of truth or of prejudice, of fact or of theory, of wisdom or of shallowness they show in their authors, they mean something collectively, and the reader can afford to look them over without losing his patience, and may possibly find himself amused with some of their absurdities.

The Pilgrims and other early colonists seem to have been well contented with the climate of New England. Winslow says, after three years' experience, that he could hardly tell it from that of Old England in respect of heat and cold, frost, snow, rain, winds, etc. He thinks the winter is sharper and longer, but suggests that he may have been deceived by the want of those comforts he had left at home. In spite of all their hardships they have kept their health, he says, in a way that would be admired in England. Edward Johnson says the children "are as cheerful, fat, and lusty, with feeding upon those muscles, clams, and other fish, as they were in England with their fill of bread." And good Mr. Higginson's famous saying that "a sup of New England's air is better than a whole draught of Old England's ale" was flattering evidence in favor of the climate, but would have been more convincing if he had not added a practical comment upon it by dying in the course of little more than a year, "of a hectic fever."

The biogenic (life-producing) and biotrophic (life-supporting) conditions of America, and especially of its northern portion, during the first century and a half of its settlement, are only to be inferred from hints to be gathered here and there. That *dour* and troublesome Scotch doctor, William Douglas, "always positive and sometimes accurate," who kept Boston practitioners as constantly in hot water as some of his professional brethren have tried with less success to do since, says in his Summary (1753), that the children of New England are more forward and precocious than those of the Old World, and that instances of longevity are rarer; "fecundity identical." No general accusation was brought against the New World as unfavorable to the development of animal life, none certainly that attracted much attention, until Buffon, in the ninth volume of his Natural History (1761), contrasted the vitality of the two continents to the disadvantage of the latter. America, he says, has very few native species of quadrupeds, and no animals as large as the elephant and rhinoceros, or as strong and fierce as the lion and the tiger. Her bears, her wolves, her deer, are all smaller than those of the Old World. Animal life in the New World is much less active, less varied, and, it may be said less vigorous. — The Swedish botanist Kalm, who was in this country from 1748 to 1751, stated his impressions of the people in language not very complimentary to their physical appearance. At Philadelphia one would suppose that men were of a different nature from Europeans. Their bodies and minds mature earlier and decay sooner. It is common to hear children answer with the good sense of adults, but it is rare to find old men of eighty years. Europeans degenerate perceptibly. Children born to them in America are less hardy than those born and bred in Europe. Women cease bearing children after thirty. — Cornelius de Pauw, a Dutchman, uncle of the noted Anacharsis Clootz, in his Recherches, etc. (1770), maintained the broad thesis that this continent is the seat of a race which has degenerated from its original type; that a people could not have been created in such a state of feebleness and decrepitude as he pretends is that of the aborigines.

After what we have seen of Buffon, we are surprised to find him in his Supplement (1777) arguing with great zeal and force against both these authors. He does not believe that men can de-

generate in a country where Europeans multiply so rapidly as in America. He thinks Kalm's observations have no better foundation than his story about the serpents that charm the squirrels and make them come and be swallowed. Regarding the imperfection of nature with which De Pauw gratuitously reproaches America, Buffon considers it as belonging only to the animals of the southern part of the continent. As to the human race, only strong and robust men, he says, have been found in Canada and all the other parts of North America, and the same thing is true of the native Californians. It seems as if this Supplement, in which Buffon appears as the advocate of the vitalizing energies of the New World in its northern half, had not been remembered by many of those who have quoted his earlier volume.

Dr. Robertson, in his History of America (1777), echoes the original statements of Buffon, and amplifies them by various quotations from other authorities. "The principle of life seems to have been less active and vigorous there [in the New World] than in the ancient continent." "Nature was not only less prolific in the New World, but she appears likewise to have been less vigorous in her productions." "It is remarkable, however, that America, where the quadrupeds are so dwarfish and dastardly, should produce the *condor*, which is entitled to preëminence over all the flying tribe in bulk, in strength, and in courage." An exception is very useful now and then. An interview with a Californian "grizzly" would have suggested another exception, relating this time to quadrupeds. There are still some odd fancies in Europe about our country. Dean Ramsay tells us in the Preface to his very pleasant Reminiscences (1867), that "the North American woods, although full of birds of beautiful plumage, it is well-known have no singing birds."

The Abbé Raynal (1774) reproached America with not having produced a good poet, an able mathematician, or a man of genius in any art or science. He was sharply controverted in his positions by Mr. Jefferson in his Notes on Virginia. In a later edition he makes an exception in favor of the northern part of America, probably here, as in the first instance, following the lead of Buffon. Lord Kames (1774), arguing for the original diversity of origin of mankind, maintains the general proposition that native races degenerate when transplanted. The European, he says, would die out at Charleston in Carolina, and in Jamaica, and "if continual recruits did not arrive from Europe to supply the places of those that perish, the countries would soon be depopulated." Robert Knox (The Races of Men, 1850) maintains a similar doctrine.

The Reverend Samuel Stanhope Smith, President of the College of New Jersey, published in the year 1787 an Essay on the Causes of the Variety of Complexion and Figure in the Human Species. It is written partly from a theological and partly from a national point of view. He wishes to maintain the scriptural doctrine of the unity of the human race, and to defend, with Mr. Jefferson, "the people of the United States, and the aboriginals of the American continent, against the aspersions of Mr. Buffon, and the Abbé Raynal, and generally of the European writers who impute to them great debility both of mental and of bodily powers." He believes that by the joint effects of climate and modes of life, the European may come to resemble the aboriginal native, and the Indian, on the other hand, to approximate very closely in physical characters to the Anglo-European. He recognizes a change in the aspect of our people from that of the stock from which they are derived. "A certain paleness of countenance and softness of feature in the native American strikes a British traveller as soon as he arrives on our shores. Many exceptions there are, but in general the American complexion does not exhibit so clear a red and white as the British or the German." "In general the habit of the Anglo-Americans is more slender than that of the natives of

Great Britain or Ireland, from whom the greater part of our population is descended."

These discussions were mainly confined to the years just preceding, including and following the American Revolution. A few stray observations of travellers may be added. The Reverend Andrew Burnaby, who travelled in America in 1759–60, speaks of the women as of fair and delicate complexion, but as having universally, and even proverbially, bad teeth. Thomas Aubrey (1789) notices the same defect in Americans, which he attributes to the use of molasses. De Beaumont (1825) and Mrs. Trollope (1831) notice the fragile and transient character of female beauty. — Miss Martineau (1837) found that vigorous health prevailed only in the elevated parts of the Alleghany range, in the State of Michigan, and perhaps, she says, she might add, among the ladies of Charleston. Invalidism seemed almost a matter of course. Causes, more or less directly suggested, climate, want of exercise, anthracite fires, hot bread, cakes, pickles, preserves, too much meat, mental anxiety in males and vacuity in females. — Captain Marryatt (1839) is very outspoken; thinks the Americans are not equal to the English in strength or form; that they are taller than Europeans, but not muscular in proportion, and that one peculiar defect, namely, narrowness of the shoulders, is common to both sexes. "Their climate, therefore, I unhesitatingly pronounce to be bad, being injurious to them in the two important points of healthy vigor in the body and healthy action of the mind, enervating the one and tending to demoralize the other." Sir Charles Lyell (1849) remarks on the less ruddy and robust look of the American than the Englishman, which he also attributes to the climate. — Anthony Trollope (1862) finds the Englishman losing his rosy cheeks, becoming thin in face and figure, and caring less for exercise after some years' residence in this country. He wants less nourishing and stimulating food and drink, and becomes more sensitive to outside impressions. Another travelling Englishman remarks on the want of fulness in the nape of the neck as a characteristic of the American.

To counterbalance these statements of opinions and impressions, we have a mass of evidence relating to one class of our population, which shows the danger of drawing hasty conclusions from taking a look at a people. It is true that the men who present themselves for examination to enter the army are in the vigor of their years, and by the mere fact of their being candidates shown to be select and not average members of the community. Still they furnish on the whole a fair enough type of the physical organization of our people, and contrasted with the candidates of other nationalities give us a very significant result.

The late Surgeon-General of the United States Army, Dr. William A. Hammond, says (1861): "The present inhabitants of the United States are of European descent, and are mainly natives of the soil, the emigration not being sufficient in a generation to make any decided impression. In stature, in girth of chest, in powers of endurance, they will compare favorably with the inhabitants of any country in the world. In fact, as the result of over fifteen thousand observations, embracing the chief points desirable in a collection of vital statistics, I am enabled to assert that so far as physical development is concerned, it is very doubtful if any people in the world excel those of the Northern States." "Who can doubt that the activity both of mind and body, the ceaseless energy, the superb physical development of the people are due to the commingling of the blood of all the nations of Europe?"

The most extensive series of anthropological data, probably, that was ever brought together is to be found in the Investigations in the Military and Anthropological Statistics of American Soldiers, by Benjamin Apthorp Gould, Actuary to the United States Sanitary Commission. Here we get quantitative values in place of general impressions. A few

of these will interest the reader. Chart H, showing the mean *statures* for men of different nativities, ranks them as follows: The tallest men were 1, from Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois; then came successively 2, New England; 3, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania; 4, British Provinces; 5, Scotland; 6, England; 7, Germany. In Chart I Kentucky and Ohio are at the top of the list, having the tallest men of any section of the Union. France is at the bottom, about the same as Germany, and Ireland is between England and Scotland. In *weight*, Table III., the men of Kentucky and Tennessee stood highest, averaging, leaving off fractions, 150 pounds; Ohio and Indiana 146, nearly; New England 140; England, Scotland, France, Belgium, etc., all between 138 and 139; Ireland 141. The mean *girth of the neck* measured on nearly ten thousand men was 13.633 inches. The smallest observed mean value was for New Englanders, 13.44; and the largest for Germans, 13.79. The *breadth* between the summits of the shoulders (acromion processes) was 12.700 inches for natives of Kentucky and Tennessee; 12.377 for New England; 12.436 for England; 12.241 for Scotland; 12.459 for Ireland; 12.288 for France; 12.308 for Germany. The *ratio of weight to stature* gave, in pounds to the inch, Ohio and other Western States 2.185; New England 2.121; England and Scotland 2.118; Ireland 2.144; Germany 2.168. The comparison of the condition of the teeth between Americans and Englishmen gives a result as follows: New Englanders, "good," "fair," or "medium," 851; "poor" or "bad," 149 in a thousand. Englishmen, good or fair, 821; poor or bad, 168. The best condition of the teeth was found in the white men from the slave States west of the Mississippi River, 950 in the thousand being reckoned as "good." Next to these came "miscellaneous," and then Scotland, 915 "good" or "fair" in the thousand.

The Report of Dr. Baxter, chief medical purveyor of the United States army, is said to be nearly ready for publication, and promises additional statistics to those just referred to, deduced from the physical examination of nearly two million men.

In the Statistics of the United States for 1860. at page 524, is given a "Life-table for the white population of the United States," which is prefaced by the following remark: —

"Comparing the result with other life-tables, we find that it lies between those of continental Europe and one for English healthy life in selected counties; but it ranges decidedly above the general table for England and Wales, which is attributed chiefly to the larger proportion of the British nation that reside in manufacturing towns and cities. And so far as correct statistics can be obtained in very large numbers, the average duration of life is found to be above that of any other nation."

Mr. Elizur Wright, whose evidence as a consulting actuary of experience in these matters is peculiarly valuable, informs the writer that in most of the American life insurance companies the mortuary experience has been a little better than that on which the "combined experience table" of the British companies was founded. But he mentions certain sources of fallacy in comparing the results which would have to be weighed if we were giving the subject a more extended consideration.

Few subjects would repay investigation better than that of human development and health, at different ages and in the two sexes in the different regions of America. If we knew half as much of man on this continent as Agassiz has taught us of turtles (tortoises) or his son has taught us of echinoderms, we should be most fortunate. The works referred to contain a vast collection of *faits pour servir*, but it wants half a dozen young lives to be devoted to working out the problem in the various sections of the country for comparison with the other hemisphere, and then we shall be ready to say whether or not we are on the wrong half of the planet, like the ill-conditioned creatures that hide beneath

the white under side of a pumpkin. There was a hope at one time that an observer of great ability, Dr. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia, would be neglected long enough to have leisure to carry out the inquiries he had begun. But the people of the Quaker City have found out what the colleges seem not to have discovered, and have given him so much to do as a practitioner, that he can hardly be expected to complete the investigations foreshadowed in the tabular questions he drew up and distributed in different parts of the country.

Quite independently of the statistical results which have been given, we have more familiar evidence bearing on the question, which may be taken for what it is worth.

It can be proved clearly enough that the imported American race, properly cared for and with fortunate crosses of blood, can not only continue itself, but can also develop exceptionally fine types of manhood and womanhood. This has been shown by tracing known families through several generations. An old college friend of the most extraordinary muscular development was the great-great-grandson of an ailing invalid clergyman, was of pure New England blood, and counted two professors of Harvard College among his lineal ancestors. Our countrymen's record in the prize-ring may not be morally enviable, but it is far from discreditable to their thews and sinews. We know the good show our young men have made as rowers and ball-players. We raise our own giants and fat women for the side-shows. The heaviest man, probably, on record, before whom Daniel Lambert and Edward Bright would have had to hide their diminished obesities, whose impressive obituary the sceptic may find in Appleton's New American Cyclopædia, was Miles Darden, born in North Carolina. At his death, in 1857, he is said to have weighed a little over one thousand pounds. As to longevity, a good instance of what the climate is capable of is close at hand. The four grandparents, all native New Englanders, of certain young persons very near by, averaged eighty-three years and three quarters, at their death, their respective ages being seventy-four, eighty, eighty-eight, and ninety-three. One of our best known public men, of the truest New England type, traces his direct descent in the male line through seven ancestors whose age averaged more than eighty-four years. Timothy Pickering, Washington's Secretary of War, born in Salem, Massachusetts, was one of nine children whose average age was within a few weeks of eighty-three years. Dr. Edward Augustus Holyoke, son of one of the Presidents of Harvard College, born in Marblehead, near Salem, was publicly entertained and responded to the sentiment offered in his honor, upon his hundredth birthday. Good minister Charles Cleveland was walking alone about our Boston streets a few years ago at the age of ninety-nine. Judge Paine Wingate, who graduated at Harvard College in 1759, died in 1838, aged nearly ninety-nine years, and his wife, in 1843 at the age of one hundred years and eight months. These instances, exceptional and not exceptional, are brought forward to show that the climate and its conditions have nothing incompatible with luxuriant and even extreme development and with protracted life, and they are only such as were accidentally suggested without any express searching for them.

On the other hand, we must recognize a strong tendency in American families to run down and run out, not peculiar by any means to American families, but, it may be suspected, more marked in them than in the stock from which they came. There are more men and women, or what pass for such, in an average American community, who show an apparent falling off in original force of development and in vital capital, than in a corresponding English one. Such at least is a very general impression among us. A friend who has often combated the opinion, said that when he got into a street car here after his recent return from a long visit to Europe, he felt on looking round as if

he must be going with a load of patients to the hospital. We all remember Hawthorne's repeated allusions in The Scarlet Letter and in Our Old Home to the slightness of American women as contrasted with the massive and ruddy aspect of the women of England.

Man, meaning woman especially, is a forced fruit in these latitudes. In England he is raised in a cold or moderately warmed greenhouse; in New England and the latitudes corresponding to it, in a hot-house, in both cases under glass. We have only four or five months of the year in which artificial heat can be dispensed with. Apart from mere temperature, the dry atmosphere, the effects of which were pointed out by M. Desor in a very interesting essay, the peculiarities of a new soil, the meteorological changes, the electrical and many other little known conditions, might lead us to expect, *a priori*, that the new country would breed a new type of humanity. That it has done so, the authorities cited, common observation, characteristic portraits, the ideals of national caricaturists, agree in showing. Better or worse may be questioned if we choose, but different, certainly. Arrest of lateral expansion seems to be a frequent characteristic of the bony framework. Defective nutrition, as shown by meagre outlines, is a prevalent failing. When there is high color in the cheeks it is apt to have more of lake and less of carmine than we see in the Englishman. Imperfect development and action of the oil-secreting organs account for a very common dryness of the skin and hair, and in many of our women show themselves in the partial atrophy and utter uselessness of the glands upon which the young American depends for his daily allowance of butter.

The attempts to account for all these physiological changes have varied according to the wooden quadruped on which the prancing theorist, commonly enough a cheap lecturer, was mounted. They might be compared to the famous "bow wow" theory in linguistics, for homeliness of origin. There is the "pie and pickle" theory, the "saleratus" theory, and the "hot-bread" or "Johnny-cake" theory; the "food-bolting" theory, the "corset" theory, the "thin shoes" theory, the "hot-air-furnace" theory, the "want of exercise" theory, each of which has some pretext for asserting itself. Allowing all due weight to these alleged causes of degeneration and invalidism, they do not seem to account for the generally recognized fact that an American is different in physiognomical and physiological qualities, after a very few generations, from the European race that gave birth to his ancestors. He may eat beans in Beverly or sweet potatoes in Savannah; he may dine on salt fish at Cape Ann or opossum in Virginia; he may wade through the snowbanks half-way up Mount Washington or sprawl under the orange-trees of Florida; he may rock in his dory off the sands of Swampscott or float on his raft between the banks of the Mississippi; do what he will, go where he will, live as he will, America puts her stamp upon him, and all over the personality of every mother's son she claims as her genuine product one may read her *E pluribus unum.*

No doubt there is a very great difference in stature, forms, and other personal traits in Americans born in different sections of the country. But on the whole the type is a new one, not Celtic, not Saxon in their old patterns, but itself — as new in certain points as the Seckel pear or the Hovey seedling strawberry. We cannot attribute so general a fact to any but a very general cause, and the only cause wide enough in its compass is what we call climate, which carries with it a great deal besides merely the weather. It is always to be borne in mind, as Sir Charles Lyell has remarked, that it may take a considerable number of generations before the European shall become completely acclimated in America. All our results must be therefore held to some extent conditioned by this possibility.

It is pretty generally agreed that our people have more of the nervous and less of the sanguine temperament than

their English ancestors. The tendency of our social conditions is to stimulate the nervous system, and the deficient blood-making power too often fails to support it in its forced exertions. Here are the special reasons why "brain-building" has proved with us so difficult and delicate a problem, especially in the schools where our girls are educated. The blood is to the brain what the water and the fire are to the steam-engine; not merely one, but both, and even more than both. It furnishes the engine itself and keeps it in repair. It carries the fuel to be burned and the fire to burn it. By four great pipes it pumps up the floods of circulating fluid which are as needful as the materials they carry with their current. The "high service" is the first to fail in case of a short supply; when one faints, first he grows pale, then he loses consciousness, then he falls to the ground; the high service becomes the low service, and he comes to himself again.

No sound working brain, then, without enough good blood to build it, repair it, and furnish the materials for those molecular changes which are the conditions essential to all nervous actions, intellectual and volitional as well as those of lower grade. No good blood without a proper amount of proper food and air to furnish materials, and healthy organs to reduce a sufficient quantity of these materials to a state fit to enter the circulation. No healthy organs, strictly speaking, except from healthy parents and developed and maintained by proper stimuli, nourishment, and use. No healthy parents — no help for it. We are, of course, applying the term healthy to the brain as signifying much more than freedom from disease. A healthy brain should show, by the outward signs of clear, easily working intelligence, well-balanced faculties, and commanding will, that its several organs, if such there be, or its several modes of action, if it works as a whole, are properly developed and adjusted by themselves and in relation to each other.

If we could only bespeak a brain for one of the freshman class of 1890 as we lay out for an unborn colt to run for a cup in two or three years! But we have to take the brains as they come, and the range of difference is so enormous that one is tempted to say there is no such thing in the abstract as a good education. Have we not seen young men who had been for three whole years rained on with professional teachings of all kinds, upon whom the axioms of science had been dropping long enough to wear hollows in a stone, and who have come out of the showers of instruction with intellects as dry of knowledge as if Mr. Mackintosh had furnished each of their brains with an impermeable *dura-mater?*

A brain, like a watch, is to a considerable extent a product of skill and industry. Every well-built brain inherits a certain amount of these qualities from the series of civilized thinking marrows to which it belongs. The good watches come from the brains and hands of thoughtful and skilful workmen, and the thoughtfulness and skill that are ticking in your watch-pocket are working in the brain-case of their children, unless some other blood has the mastery there. No one need expect a cheap watch to keep exact time, and yet we are constantly trying to pile an education beyond its needs on cheaply-built brains that cannot support it. Some of our professional schools require no evidence of training or knowledge for admission; the consequences are utter failure with a considerable number of students to send them forth decently equipped for their work, an injury to those with whom they study, and worst of all, the gradual mental deterioration of the teacher. Cripples never go to dancing schools, but crippled brains are common in our higher educational institutions, where they have no business. They must be kept out by sufficiently rigorous preliminary examinations, and then the army that is in training for the fight with ignorance will not be overburdened, as it now is, with crutches and ambulances.

This is the first organic difficulty, and

it can only be got rid of at the expense of the individual. It is more troublesome in America than elsewhere, on account of the virulence of bite of the social *œstrum* which makes everybody want to scramble up to a place one or more degrees above the one he was meant for. Nature has established caste, and as soon as we are crowded enough and experienced enough in the necessities of civilized life, we shall find out the fact and act upon it. By caste we do not mean, of course, impassable barriers of rank, or any form of social exclusiveness, but the distribution of men according to their capacities, which will draw its lines more and more exactly and maintain them more and more permanently. The building of cities often begins with wood and ends with marble. The building of brains in the earlier stages of civilization works pretty largely in the first-named of the two, but the time must come when the higher institutions of learning will have done with it, and insist on better material.

The brains to be built upon being given, their ground-plan designed, and their foundations laid, the question of how the work shall go on so as to develop the intellect and character in harmony with all the laws of the organization is the great problem occupying the minds of those who are interested in education, that is, of many of the best thinkers in the community. The education of girls presents its special difficulties and is the hardest to deal with. Dr. Clarke has introduced some elements into the discussion which had hardly ventured to show themselves in it before he exercised his privilege as a physician in telling what his observation had taught him as a man of large experience. The rhythmical movements in the life of woman not only involve all her bodily conditions, but reach to the very springs of her mental and moral nature. We constantly see in our hospitals women who have been turned into liars and cheats by functional disturbances which react upon the brain, and lead to a well-known course of what seems at first sight unaccountably perverse behavior, for which those who did not know the seven devils of hysteria would hold them morally responsible. But all this is only the excess of what betrays itself more or less generally in connection with the special conditions of womanhood. The *argumentum ad feminam* is even more delicate to handle than the obnoxious *argumentum ad hominem.* But it had to be brought up as an essential element in the problem of education, and to judge by the general character of the evidence from very numerous and very various sources it has called forth, it has put a new face on the old question. The interest the subject has excited has reached the Old World, as may be seen in Dr. Maudsley's article in the Fortnightly Review, and in an elaborate paper in the Westminster Review which has reached us since this article was in type.

We have heard a great deal, perhaps not too much, of late years, of the rights of woman. Among her rights are the immunities she is privileged to claim, and she must not let the substance fall in grasping for the shadow. It may be very desirable that she should vote, but it is not essential to the tolerably comfortable existence of society. It *is* essential that she should be the mother of healthy children, well developed in body and mind. It is not essential that she should know as much as man knows, or produce as much by her ordinary labor of mind or body as he does. It *is* essential that she should save her strength for the exhausting labors which fall to her lot as woman, and which render latent, to use the old chemical phrase, an amount of vitality of which men have but a very imperfect conception. Woman has often enough had a hard time of it. As a girl she has had to stand up in her class when a soldier would have been excused from appearing on parade if he had had half as much to complain of. Later in life she has been worn out by the cumulated shocks of close-crowded maternity, until there was not life enough left for her own exhausted organism. The sad fate of too many

overworked girls and overweighted mothers recalls the touching lines of Milton in his Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester.

> "The god that sits at marriage feasts"

came bearing the wreath of orange-blossoms,

> "But with a scarce well-lighted flame,
> And in his garland as he stood
> Ye might discern a cypress bud."

Time at last brought the hour of woman's trial to the slender frame which had been for years unfitting itself for the duties of maternity,

> "But whether by mischance or blame,
> Atropos for Lucina came,"

and severed the thread of life already worn to a mere filament.

Oftener, perhaps, the cypress bud has been interwoven with the maiden's garland of school triumphs, as in the case of poor Mary, whose story is told in the little book before us. It is a piteous ending

> "After so short time of breath
> To house with darkness and with death!"

The priest has had nothing for woman but a curse and a command. It remained for the physician to speak for her, and this is what Dr. Clarke has done in his two essays, contributions to educational hygiene which cannot fail by their direct and indirect agency to produce a wide and enduring effect on public opinion.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

YOUTH AND AGE.

When I was young there seemed to be
No pleasure in the world for me;
My fellows found it everywhere,
Was none so poor but had his share —
They took mine, too!
I sought in vain; it was my fate
To be too early, or too late:
The nest was there, the bird was flown, —
Ah why? and to what golden zone?
If youth but knew!

Why art thou, Youth, so swift, so slow?
Why dost thou let thy pleasures go?
All that they grasp thy hands let fall;
The best they do not grasp at all,
Do not pursue!
What tingles in my blood like wine?
Those tender eyes that turn to mine,
The soft tears in my eyes that start —
Tell me, what does it mean, my heart?
If youth but knew!

Now I am old there seems to be
No pleasure in the world for me;
But vain regrets for what is past,
Because I did not hold it fast,
Because it flew!

That youth is weak, and age is strong,
Should be the burden of my song,
And might be in my happier hours,
If autumn leaves were summer flowers,
If age could do!

Mock not my sighs, and my white hair,
O Youth, so foolish and so fair!
Remember, life is not all June;
The lean and slippered pantaloon
Awaits thee too!
Be wise, delay not, oh make haste!
Go, steal your arm around her waist;
The rosebud mouth begins to blow;
Stoop down and kiss it, — so, boy, so!
If age could do!

Dum vivimus, the wise men say,
And you can do it as well as they;
So live and love, then, while you can,
Nor sigh, like me, when you are a man,
"If youth but knew!"
Far better be where Folly dwells,
And shake with him your jangling bells,
Than hear belated Wisdom come,
And beat upon the muffled drum,
"*If age could do!*"

R. H. Stoddard.

OUR POST-OFFICE.

In 2 Chronicles xxx. 6, we read that "the posts went with the letters from the king and his princes throughout all Israel." We do not know how early a regular system of posts was established, but it must have been coeval with the foundation of centralized governments. Simple at first, — the messenger swift of foot bearing the commands of the sovereign to distant parts of his dominion, — it grew and widened with the growth of empire. Formed for the convenience of kings, the people had no share in its privileges, though they bore the tax.

It was not until the fifteenth century, when, as a consequence of the invention of printing, civilization and education spread rapidly among all classes, that the people themselves began to feel the need of a postal service and to make use of it. Royal post-riders had been maintained in Europe for several centuries; about two hundred years ago they began to carry travelers for hire, and at a later date letters. All correspondence was subject to the inspection of the king, and private parties were forbidden to carry letters for hire lest the king should lose this privilege. The post from this and other causes has always been a monopoly controlled by the sovereigns, sometimes farmed out to private parties or given to favorites.

The earliest regular post appears to have been established by the Counts of Thurn and Taxis, who held a monopoly

of the postal service over different parts of Germany and Italy from the sixteenth century down to our own time. In Great Britain the exclusive control of the post was frequently given to princes of the royal family, who regarded it as a source of revenue, while the accommodation of the people was to them a matter of but small importance. Private posts were frequently established, but were suppressed as soon as they became profitable. Mail-coaches were introduced in 1784, and from that time the post-office of Great Britain dates its importance; before the establishment of coaches, ten days were required to send a letter from London to Edinburgh and receive an answer, "weather and highwaymen permitting." So small was the correspondence that the rider frequently left London with only five or six letters in his bag for Edinburgh.

In America the wants and interests of the people have been the sole objects that have been considered in the administration of the post-office. A simple arrangement among neighbors for their mutual convenience has grown until our post-office has become the largest in the world. Letters arriving from Europe were deposited in some coffee-house at the port of landing, and from thence carried by the nearest neighbor to those to whom they were addressed. In the records of the General Court of Massachusetts for 1639, "It is ordered that notice be given that Richard Fairbanks his house in Boston is the place appointed for all letters which are brought beyond the seas, or are to be sent thither, to be left with him; and he is to take care that they are to be delivered or sent according to the directions; and he is allowed for every letter a penny, and must answer all miscarriages through his own neglect in this kind." The first step towards a postal service was made in Virginia, by the colonial law of 1657, which required "every planter to provide a messenger to convey the dispatches, as they arrived, to the next plantation; and so on, on pain of forfeiting a hogshead of tobacco for default." The government of New York in 1672 established "a post to goe monthly from New York to Boston," advertising "those that bee disposed to send letters, to bring them to the secretary's office, where in a lockt box, they shall be preserved till the messenger calls for them, all persons paying the post before the bagg is sealed up." In 1692 the control of the post-office was assumed by the home government, and the office of Postmaster-General for America was created. The rates of postage were established at nine cents for eighty miles, or under; from New York to Philadelphia eighteen cents, to Virginia twenty-four cents.

In 1710 the postal service of the British empire was consolidated into one establishment; the chief offices of Edinburgh, Dublin, and New York were reorganized. A Postmaster-General for the Colonies was appointed by the crown, and authorized "to keep his chief letter office in New York, and other chief offices at some convenient place or places in other of his Majesty's provinces or colonies of America," and also to appoint all deputy postmasters. The communication between the different colonies was very infrequent and irregular. Six weeks was the ordinary time required for receiving an answer to a letter sent from Philadelphia to Boston. Benjamin Franklin was the first to effect any great improvements in the system. For over forty years he was connected with the post-office department, commencing with his appointment as postmaster of Philadelphia in 1737. He published the appointment in his own newspaper in these words: "Notice is hereby given that the post-office of Philadelphia is now kept at B. Franklin's in Market Street, and that Henry Pratt is appointed riding-postmaster for all stages between Philadelphia and Newport in Virginia, who sets out about the beginning of each month and returns in twenty-four days, by whom gentlemen, merchants, and others may have their letters carefully conveyed." In 1753 Mr. Franklin was appointed by the home government Postmaster-

General for America, with a salary of £300 a year, provided the office yielded the requisite profit. In 1760 he startled the people by running a mail-wagon from Philadelphia to Boston, leaving each place Monday evening, and arriving on Saturday evening. In 1774 he was removed by George III., but reappointed by the Continental Congress the next year. Before his appointment, "the American post-office had never paid anything to that of Great Britain. In the first four years thereafter the office became £900 in debt, but it soon began to improve, and before I was displaced by a freak of the ministers, I had brought it to yield three times as much clear revenue to the crown as the post-office of Ireland. Since that imprudent transaction they have received from it not one farthing." The control of the Post-Office Department was transferred by the articles of confederation to Congress, which gave it "the exclusive right to establish and regulate post-offices." Among the earliest questions discussed in the Continental Congress, as of vital importance to the country, was the means of disseminating information in regard to the progress of the Revolution.

In May, 1775, a committee of six was appointed, with Benjamin Franklin chairman, "to consider the best means of establishing posts for conveying intelligence and letters throughout this continent." This committee reported a plan for the establishment of a Post-Office Department, with "a line of posts to be appointed under the direction of the Postmaster-General, from Falmouth, Maine, to Savannah, Georgia, with as many cross posts as he shall think fit;" the Postmaster-General to receive a salary of $1000, and $340 for a secretary, with power to appoint as many deputies and at such places as he should think proper; and the deputies to be paid by commissions on their collections. It was further provided, "that if the necessary expenses of this establishment should exceed the product of it, the deficiency shall be made good by the United Colonies and paid to the Postmaster-General by the Continental Treasurers." Congress unanimously elected "Benjamin Franklin, Esq., Postmaster-General for one year, and until another is appointed by a future Congress." The franking privilege was then enjoyed by most officials, and in franking letters, instead of writing "Free, B. Franklin," as he had formerly done, he wrote "B. free Franklin." At a later period in the same year, a committee of three was appointed "to devise means of having expresses [persons of character] posted along the roads at different distances for the purpose of conveying early and frequent intelligence." In 1777 a committee was appointed to revise "the regulations of the Post-Office Department, and report a plan for carrying it on so as to render the conveyance of intelligence more expeditious and certain."

In 1782 an ordinance was passed regulating the post-office, and the first Congress of the United States in 1789 enacted that the "regulations of the post-office should be the same as under the resolutions and ordinances of the late Congress." These were continued in force by successive Acts of Congress nearly twenty years. The ordinance begins with the following preamble: "Whereas the communication of intelligence with regularity and dispatch, from one part to another of these United States, is essentially requisite to the safety as well as the commercial interests thereof," and the Congress being "vested with the sole and exclusive right and power of establishing and regulating post-offices throughout the United States," therefore resolved "that the Postmaster-General and his agents, and no other person, shall have the receiving, taking up, ordering, and dispatching, sending post, or with speed conveying or delivering of any letters, packets, or other dispatches from any place within the United States for hire" —postage to be paid in pennyweights and grains of silver according to the distance of transmission, the rates to be doubled for doubled letters, and packets

weighing an ounce to be charged equal to four single letters.

The articles of the confederation proving inefficient and inadequate to the administration of the affairs of a nation, the constitution was adopted. The eighth section provides that Congress shall have the power "to establish post-offices and post-roads," and "to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers."

The control of Congress over the post-office was enlarged, and it was authorized to establish "post-roads" as well as post-offices, and thus the national government obtained full and absolute command of the postal service. The rates of postage during the Revolution were raised several times as the Continental currency depreciated in value, but were subsequently reduced and made payable in specie. In 1792 the rates were revised and established at six cents for distances not over thirty miles, increasing with the distance of transmission to twenty-five cents for all distances over four hundred and fifty miles. With a few unimportant changes these rates were maintained for more than fifty years. No provision was made for postage on newspapers in the early acts. The postmaster had not only the privilege of sending his own papers through the mail free, but the more valuable right of excluding all others from the mail. It naturally followed from this that the publication of newspapers fell almost exclusively into the hands of postmasters. On the appointment of a new postmaster the newspaper was generally transferred with the office, or after a vain struggle for life it was discontinued. Mr. Brocker was appointed postmaster of Boston in 1719; the former postmaster, feeling himself aggrieved by his removal, refused to sell out the News Letter, when Mr. Brocker started the Boston Gazette, and in his prospectus says he published it at the request of several "who have been prevented from having their newspapers sent them by post, since Mr. Campbell was removed from being postmaster." Mr. Franklin started a newspaper in Philadelphia about 1730, but was obliged to bribe the post-rider to carry his paper and deliver his exchanges. "I thought," he says, "so meanly of the practice of excluding rivals' papers from the mail, that when I came into his situation I took care never to imitate it;" and on his appointment as Postmaster-General he required the riders to take all papers offered. In 1782 a law was passed by which the postmaster was authorized "to license every post-rider to carry newspapers at such moderate rates as he shall establish." In 1790, Samuel Osgood, Postmaster-General, reported to Congress that "newspapers, which have hitherto passed free of postage, circulate extensively through the post-office, and one or two cents on them would probably amount to as much as the expenses of transporting the mail." In consequence of this report it was provided in 1792, that "newspapers shall be carried in a separate bag from letters, and charged one cent for one hundred miles, and one and a half cents for greater distances." Great difficulty was experienced in making change for postage: to remedy this difficulty, he proposed to have pieces of money coined to correspond with the postage, or to make the rates in each State conformable to the currency thereof.

There was no uniform plan for the transmission of the mails. On some routes they were transported by contract with stage proprietors. On others, as between Richmond and Staunton in 1787, the "exclusive privilege was granted for carrying letters and packets for hire at the postage." In 1792 the Postmaster-General was authorized to contract for a term not exceeding eight years, for the purpose of extending the line of posts to places not then supplied with mails, "and such roads shall be post-roads." In 1800 the mail was carried between Philadelphia and Baltimore in a line of stages established by the Postmaster-General at the expense of the United States. In 1802, in answer to inquiries of the Senate into the expediency of start-

ing a line of mail-coaches between Boston and New Orleans, the Postmaster-General replied, that "it was expedient to do so, and that it would soon pay; that the actual sum expended in purchase of coaches, horses, and other requirements necessary for the establishment of the line between Philadelphia and Baltimore was $10,567, and that the expense of equipping a line for the whole distance would at the same rate be $100,000. In 1786 the State of New Jersey, taking advantage of its situation between New York and Philadelphia, taxed travelers passing through the State, a custom which has continued until within a few years. The Postmaster-General in that year reports that "citizens of the United States have to purchase permission to travel on the highway of New Jersey. This tax is an unwarrantable imposition, but was the voluntary effect of the two lines of coaches then running, which designed thereby to secure a monopoly for carrying mails and passengers." About 1810 the running time between Portland and Savannah was reduced from forty to twenty-seven days, between Philadelphia and Nashville from forty-four to thirty days, between New York and Canandaigua from twenty to twelve days.

The cost of the postal service, when posts were used solely by kings and nobles, was borne by the public and defrayed by regular taxes; but when the people were permitted to use them, they were charged for the privilege a postage sufficient to defray the expenses not only of their own, but also of all franked letters. The theory of the post-office in America has been that the revenues from postage should equal or exceed its expenditures; in other words, that it should be self-supporting. The financial history of our post-office is intimately connected with the rates of postage. It may be divided into three periods: the first from 1775 to 1820, a period of forty-five years, in which the revenues uniformly exceeded the expenses; the second, of thirty-two years, or until 1852, in thirteen of which, the revenues exceeded the expenditures, though for the whole term there was a small excess of expenditure; the third, of twenty-two years, until 1874. In this term the expenditures have uniformly and largely exceeded the revenues, excepting in one year of the war. The revenue from 1789 to the 1st of October, 1819, thirty years, was $26,889,003, expended as follows: —

Compensation to postmasters . .	$7,974,072
Incidental expenses . . .	902,662
Transportation expenses . . .	16,369,665
Net revenue paid to the treasury	1,642,604
Total	$26,889,003

The revenue from 1819 to June, 1857, was $99,346,000, and the expenditures $99,578,000.

Transportation expenses . .	$60,715,000
Office expenses	38,863,000
Total	$99,578,000

Deficiency, $232,000. The revenue from 1851 to 1874, both inclusive, was $306,199,866; the expenditures were $385,033,611; the deficiency was $78,833,545; transportation expenses, $191,309,000; office expenses, $193,724,000.[1]

The whole income of the department for thirty years ending in 1819 was little more than its income for the current year. This, however, fails to give a correct idea of the great increase of correspondence, for it does not take into account the reduction in the average rate of postage, from fourteen and one half cents to less than three cents. To Great Britain we are indebted for the evidence that cheap postage may be more profitable than high rates. For over one hundred years the Post-Office Department of Great Britain has been a regular source of income to the treasury; but about forty years ago it was observed that while the population had increased in the preceding twenty years from 19,500,000 to 25,600,000, the postal revenues had decreased, though they should have increased $2,500,000 to have kept pace with the population. This diminution of revenue did not arise from a decrease in correspondence, but from the greater number of franked let-

[1] These transportation expenses do not include route agents, messengers, nor postal car clerks.

ters (franks being often given away and sometimes sold for less than the postage), and from the fact that vast numbers of letters were sent by other conveyances, though contrary to law. The rates of postage ranged from eight cents to thirty-six cents; the average being nearly eighteen cents.

Rowland Hill was the chief advocate of postal reform. He showed that the great portion of the expenses of the postal service was for office expenses, and that these were nearly the same whether few or many letters were sent; that the difference in the cost of transmitting a letter fifty or a hundred miles was insignificant, and entirely disproportioned to the increased charge; that a low and uniform rate, by stimulating the business and securing to the mail the correspondence which had been diverted from it, would, with the abolishing of the franking privilege, in a short time yield as large a revenue as that derived from high rates, without a proportionate increase of the expenditures. His proposition was opposed by the post-office officials, who denounced it as ruinous and ridiculed it as visionary. The Postmaster-General said in the House of Lords, "Of all the wild and visionary schemes which I have ever heard of, it is the most extravagant."

Notwithstanding this opposition the measure was carried, a penny postage was adopted, and the franking and transmission of letters by private conveyance prohibited. The number of letters transmitted in 1839 was 76,000,000; in 1840, the first year of cheap postage, it was 168,000,000, an increase of one hundred and twenty-two per cent.; while the expenses increased only fifteen per cent. The second and third years showed an increase on each preceding year, respectively, of about sixteen per cent. in the number of letters. After that, the average increase for many years was five per cent. a year, though for the last three years it has been only two and one half per cent. a year. The net revenue was reduced from $8,000,000 in 1838, to $2,500,000 in 1840; but since then has continued to increase, until it is now $12,500,000, or fifty per cent. more than with high rates. In 1873, the population of Great Britain had increased to 31,390,000, and the number of letters to 907,000,000.

The favorable results of a penny postage in Great Britain were soon known in this country. Cheap postage was at once agitated, and numerous petitions were presented to Congress. The Postmaster-General considered it an unfortunate time for trying experiments, as the expenditures of the department for several years had exceeded the receipts. He admitted the expediency of some reduction, but opposed any radical change in the rates, on the ground that the department would become a heavy charge on the government. He recommended the abolition of the franking privilege, equalization of postage by an increase on newspapers and other printed matter of one hundred per cent., and a reduction on letter postage of twenty-five per cent., with a prohibition against sending letters by express. "If any doubt could exist in regard to the power of Congress to control the interchange of correspondence for hire, it must vanish upon reference to the tenth article of amendment of our constitution. The power to establish the post-office and post-roads is plainly and distinctly delegated to the United States. It is therefore not a power reserved to the States respectively, nor to the people, the right being in Congress; and it has power to protect that right." In 1844, the Senate committee on post-offices made a report, and said: "Government is brought more constantly and immediately in contact with a larger portion of the people by the operations of the post-office than by the exercise of any other of its powers or duties. It is believed that in consequence of the disfavor with the present rates and regulations, not more than one half the correspondence passes through the mails, the greater part being carried by private hands or by means of the recently established private expresses. It is impossible to believe that there are only about 24,000,000 or 29,000,000 let-

ters per year sent in America, and 204,000,000 in Great Britain."

For nearly three years the discussions were continued in and out of Congress. Bills were twice introduced, and defeated either in the Senate or the House, and it was not until March, 1845, that the first act was passed, making material reductions in the postage. The rates for letters under three hundred miles were fixed at five cents, over three hundred at ten cents; rates for newspapers were also reduced. Under thirty miles they were free; over thirty and under a hundred miles, or within the State, the rate was one cent; for greater distances, one and a half cents. The carriage of letters by express was prohibited unless the postage was prepaid. The average rate was reduced from fourteen and one half to six and one half cents, or fifty-six and one third per cent. No regular record of the number of letters mailed is kept, but since 1860 the number of stamps issued shows the mailed letters; from a very careful estimate made in 1843, it appeared that 27,831,000 letters and 57,810,000 newspapers were mailed that year; in 1847, 57,173,000 letters, 57,000,000 newspapers and pamphlets; the letters increased one hundred and five per cent., almost entirely because of the reduction in letter postage. The number of newspapers remained as before, the postage being reduced but very little. In 1860, the number of letters was 245,650,000; in 1874, 905,457,305. The ratio of increase averaged ten per cent. a year from 1860 until 1872; since then it has been seventeen per cent. The number of letters in proportion to population has increased from one and a half in 1840, to twenty-two. The revenue during the six years prior to the reduction in 1845, was $26,954,115; expenses, $27,884,513: during the succeeding six years the revenue was $28,828,377, and the expenses $28,353,060; showing a very small increase in expenditures. In March, 1851, the rates were reduced to three cents for distances under three thousand miles for prepaid, and to five cents for unpaid letters, with double rates for greater distances. Slight modifications were made in 1855 and 1863, the first requiring prepayment, and the second establishing a uniform rate of three cents. The number of letters, the revenue, and expenditures have increased regularly since 1851, interrupted only by the war. A comparison of the business for two terms of seven years prior to and succeeding the war will show its growth.

	Letters.	Expenditures.	Revenue.	Balance of Expenditure over Revenue.
1867–1873	3,971,032,400	$169,793,000	$135,493,000	$34,300,000
1855–1861	1,460,000,000	88,047,000	57,446,000	30,600,000
Increase	2,511,032,000	$81,746,000	$78,047,000	$3,700,000
Percentage	275 per cent.	92 per cent.	142 per cent.	12 per cent.

Although the balance of expenditures was a little greater from 1867 to 1873, yet in proportion to the number of letters the expenses very greatly decreased, for while the letters increased two hundred and seventy-five per cent., the balance of expenditures over revenue was only ten per cent. greater. A comparison of this statement with one of the Post-Office Department of Great Britain for corresponding periods shows that there the number of letters and the revenue increased about eighty per cent., the expenses sixty-six per cent., and that the profits nearly equaled the expenditures. It is generally known that with cheaper letter postage and a larger correspondence in Great Britain, there is a large annual surplus there and a large deficit here. From these facts the conclusion is drawn that our post-office is managed with less system and economy than that of Great Britain. A more careful examination will disclose causes which

account for such different results. In 1873 there were 33,244 post-offices in the United States; 790,000,000 paid, foreign, and official letters; 581,000,000 newspapers and parcels; total, 1,371,000,000 packets. The revenue was $23,000,000, the expenses $28,360,000,[1] the average postage per packet 1.68 cents. The transportation expenses were .01, the office expenses .0104, total expenses 2.04 cents. The same year there were 12,500 post-offices in Great Britain; 979,000,000 letters and postal cards, 125,000,000 newspapers, and 129,000,000 book parcels were sent; total, 1,233,000,000 packets. The revenue was $26,740,000; the expenses were $14,230,000;[2] the average postage per packet was .0217; the transportation expenses were .0038; office expenses .0077; total expenses .0115. The average postage is higher in England, the office expenses per packet are nearly the same, while the transportation expenses are only one third as much. In England they are about thirty-three and one third per cent., in this country fifty per cent. More letters are sent in Great Britain, more newspapers in the United States. There are seven States in America comparatively thickly settled. The postal service in these States will compare favorably with that of Great Britain in financial results and in the proportion of letters to population. The postal revenue from these States is $10,000,000, or forty per cent. of the entire revenue; the expenses are $7,580,000; the profit $2,757,230, or nearly twenty-five per cent. The expenses of transportation are about thirty per cent., the proportion of letters to population twenty-eight to one. If the correspondence of the remaining States was in the same ratio, the postages would fully equal the expenses.

The statistics of seven other States and Territories show different results. In these the revenue was $1,855,773, or seven and one half per cent. of the entire revenue, and the expenses were $4,260,000. Transportation expenses were $3,138,800, or seventy-five per cent. Forty per cent. of the deficiency of the whole service was in these States. This loss should not be charged to the mail service any more than the subsidy paid steamships. "The idea that the Post-Office Department can be self-sustaining in the present condition of the country is absurd. It cannot and ought not to be. The increase must go on as long as the country prospers. The mines are not yet all developed; the lands are not all cultivated; the railroads are not all surveyed: our country is not finished. Until it is finished, he is not a wise man nor a sagacious man who assumes that the post-office will pay for itself." In 1873, in Great Britain, the postage from letters was about $20,000,000; from 254,000,000 newspapers and parcels it was about $5,000,000. In the United States the postage for the same year from letters was $20,673,000; from 581,000,000 newspapers and parcels $1,214,000; that is, the postage on twice as many newspapers and parcels in America was only one fourth as much as in England. If newspapers and parcels paid the same postage here as there, the service would be self-sustaining. If due allowance is made for the extent of territory, for the cost of three times as many offices, for the greater number of miles which the mails are transported, for the sparseness of population and the greater weight and bulk of our mails, it will be seen that the service is performed with greater economy in the United States than in Great Britain. A great disparity between the expenditures on account of newspapers and the postages derived from them has existed for a long time, but it has increased enormously within a few years, arising from the greater size, weight, and number of papers. Any one who remembers what the New York Herald, The Tribune, and The Independent were, when they first appeared, and what they now are, will fully understand this great difference.

We find frequent complaints, in the

[1] These expenditures do not include $725,000 paid for subsidies to steamships.

[2] These expenditures do not include nearly $5,000,000 paid for subsidies to steamships.

reports of the Postmaster-Generals, of the burden of newspapers to the mails; but the principle of carrying them at very low rates, and less than the actual cost, has never been departed from. The report for 1838 says, "The weight of letters is only three per cent. that of newspapers, while the postage is ten times as much;" the report for 1840, "Printed matter constitutes ninety-five per cent. of the whole mails, while it pays about twelve per cent. of the gross revenue. The low rates of postage on papers and other printed matter originated in consideration of public policy, and were designed to promote the general dissemination of intelligence among the people." By the law of 1845 newspapers were transmitted free to subscribers living near the places of publication.

The report for 1848 says that "the postage on newspapers fails to pay their cost by one third of the postage, and is in the nature of a tax on letters for the benefit of the newspapers." Postmaster General Creswell, in 1873, proposed that the postage should be prepaid and charged by weight at such rates as would make a large reduction in the nominal rates, but as it would be all collected would largely increase the revenue, and would also simplify and reduce the number of accounts and office expenses. Prepayment of postage would require the publishers of papers and magazines to pay a large annual sum as postage, heretofore theoretically paid by the subscribers, but generally uncollected. The publishers were willing to accede to the proposal if the postage was fixed at one cent a pound on newspapers, and two cents on magazines, which would yield an equivalent to the postage actually collected. They could afford to pay these rates without increasing the subscription price, as the profits from a larger circulation would probably cover the postage. If the rates were too high, they would be compelled to raise the subscription price, and this would diminish the circulation. The subject came up for action in Congress near the close of the session, when there was no opportunity for a full discussion of its merits, and the rates were fixed at two cents a pound on newspapers, and three cents a pound on magazines, to take effect on and after January 1, 1875; weekly papers to be sent free in the counties in which they were published. This change in the law will undoubtedly increase the postal revenues; but as the postage will be less than the cost, the expenditure will be increased in a more rapid ratio. The low postage on newspapers has accomplished the purpose for which the post-office was established. Five million newspapers are daily distributed, two a week for every man, woman, and child who can read, — a circulation four times as large in proportion to population as in any other country. Ten per cent. of the dailies and sixty per cent. of the weeklies, or 581,000,000 a year, are sent by mail.

In 1873 the postage received from letters was $20,673,000; from papers, $1,214,000. The expenses of the department were $28,360,000; the average cost of each packet was two and four hundredths cents. At this rate the total cost of letters was $16,116,000; of papers, $11,872,000. But this statement does not exhibit the real disparity between the receipts and expenditures on letters and papers. The cost can be divided into two items: office and transportation expenses. The former are about the same on every parcel, but the transportation expenses are proportioned to the weight and bulk. For the purpose of obtaining reliable statistics of the weight of letters and papers, the mails were weighed in several large cities during the month of April last, and from these and other data it appears that letters weigh about one third of an ounce, or one sixth as much as papers. Newspapers and other parcels on the average weigh two ounces. The parcels originally mailed in the Boston post-office were all counted and weighed one day, and weighed for thirty days: 111,773 letters and postal cards weighed 1599 pounds; 102,168 regular newspapers and pamphlets weighed 12,771 pounds;

26,311 other parcels weighed 3288 pounds. To obtain a fair comparison of the relative cost of conveying letters and newspapers the office expenses should be divided equally among all the parcels, the transportation in proportion to weight; letters weighing half an ounce, papers two ounces. The total weight of the mail in 1873 was 125,000,000 pounds. This estimate makes the cost of letters $11,943,000, of newspapers $16,415,000, showing a profit on letters of $8,706,000, and a loss on papers of $16,201,000. A two cent rate on letters could be substituted for the one, two, and three cent rates, and yield a revenue of $16,000,000, a sum sufficient to cover the cost. More than one half of the loss on newspapers is defrayed from the profit on letters; the balance from the public treasury. There is no propriety in thus taxing letter correspondence. If the postage on newspapers were raised sufficiently to meet this deficiency, it would greatly cripple their circulation. The same reasons which have led to the assessment of a part of the cost on the treasury, and to carrying papers free in the counties where they are published, will justify the payment of the whole expense from the treasury, a return to the policy of our fathers, and transmission of all papers free. Newspapers are in every family, and the knowledge and intelligence communicated in their columns is for the benefit of all.

Within a few years past the Post-Office Department has begun to carry express parcels; this is not a normal development of our postal service, but is borrowed from foreign governments.

In Europe the post has been the general carrier of passengers, express matter, and letters, with separate bureaus for each. It owns the horses and coaches, and where railroads have superseded stages, these in many cases have been constructed and operated by the state. On express parcels abroad, the charges vary with the weight, rapidity, and distance of transmission; but though the average distance which parcels are transmitted is very much greater with us, uniform rates are charged without regard to weight or distance. This is a fatal departure from the principle on which cheap postage is based, namely, that with minimum weights the distance is unessential, and can therefore be disregarded, but with parcels weighing three or four pounds, the weight becomes an essential feature. The weight of parcels was at first limited to one pound, but by the law of 1874 mailable matter of the third class, which includes all articles "which are not from either form or nature liable to destroy, deface, or otherwise injure the contents of the mail-bag, or the person of any one engaged in the postal service," and not exceeding four pounds in weight, may be sent for one cent for every two ounces, or eight cents a pound Letters pay three cents for each half ounce, or ninety-six cents a pound. Tea, coffee, feathers, scissors, thread, etc., pay eight cents a pound.

A pound of letters pays a profit of about forty cents; a pound of nails or sugar is carried at a loss of three and a half cents, four pounds of silk at a loss of eleven cents; a further increase of the weight of mailable parcels in the same proportion will cover all ordinary express matter. While it is for the public interest that the post-office should carry books and printed matter for less than the cost, and throw the burden on the public treasury, the reason fails when applied to merchandise. Express companies cannot carry letters, but the act of 1874 makes the post-office a great express company. The carriage of merchandise by mail is a perversion of the objects for which our post-office was established, and when merchandise is carried below cost, and the loss is thrown upon letter correspondence, is unjustifiable. On short distances the express companies might compete with the post; but as their charges are necessarily based on distance, the post would carry all parcels between distant places. A system more certain to break down our entire mail service, to increase the deficit by millions a year, could not easily be devised; and the sooner attention is called

to it, and a remedy applied, the better it will be for the public. What effect this system would have on the trade of country places cannot be foreseen, but it has already made a great change in the book trade, the buyers being now supplied from the large city dealers at lower rates than at the country store. A "Special Notice" from A. T. Stewart informs ladies that silk for a dress can be ordered by pattern and sent to any part of the country at "a merely nominal expense;" one year old fruit trees are advertised to be sent in any quantities to the most distant part of the United States by mail.

As railroads increased new changes were required. "Route agents" were appointed, letters for the different offices were deposited in separate "pouches," to be delivered by the agent either at the offices of destination on the line of the road, or if for distant places to the connecting road or a distribution office. Then "express agents" were appointed at the termini of the main routes, to make out lists of the pouches forwarded, which were receipted for by the route agents, who took receipts at the end of the route to show fulfillment of their duties. On some routes the express agents were required to keep full accounts in book-form of all pouches so received and delivered, and of their disposition. Then it became necessary to provide for the exchange of letters between the various offices on the line of the road, and for this purpose railway post-office clerks were appointed: first a portion of a car, then a whole car, and finally a postal car constructed by the railroad was provided for their accommodation. These postal cars have now become the chief distributing offices; letters are not only received and delivered at each office on the line of the road, but in a few instances are assorted for delivery. In Boston the letter-carriers await the arrival of the great mails from the South and West at the railroad station, and there receive their letters for delivery, and many letters never enter a post-office. Letters for places beyond the line are delivered to the connecting postal car or are made up into pouches to be forwarded in other mails; and sometimes, though unfrequently, go into distributing offices. There are now only twenty-nine distributing-offices where formerly there were several hundred. The system of postal cars and clerks is very expensive; it requires a great amount of car room, and a large number of clerks, as two clerks can do little if any more work than one in a regular office. It cannot be adopted on all railroads, and is not equally well adapted for all sections of the country. In the Eastern States, on routes where there is a great interchange of correspondence and frequent trains run, a different system is required from that which is fitted for the Western and Southern States, where but one or two express trains and an accommodation train are daily run: on the former, it is probably practical to make up pouches in the main office, to be forwarded by route agents on every train directly to their destination; on the latter, postal cars afford the best means for distributing the mail. Notwithstanding the great expense of railway postal clerks and cars, the proportionate expense of transportation to office expenses is less since the mails were transported by rail than formerly. Prior to 1851, sixty per cent. of all the expenses were on account of transportation, while now, exclusive of the railway post-office clerks, they are less than fifty per cent., and inclusive of them they are less than sixty per cent. The average cost per mile of railroad transportation in 1857 was 12.65 cents, in 1873 it was 12.67 cents per mile including expense of postal cars.

The introduction of postal cars upon the leading railroads is a natural outgrowth of the railroad service. In these "traveling post-offices" mails and letters are received, sorted, and delivered; by means of them the service on many routes is greatly expedited. The mails have increased so much in bulk that on some of the lines one car is insufficient to carry them, and the weight is so

great that some of the railroad companies refuse to attach a postal car to certain limited express trains, as it would cause delay. To overcome these objections, the department has proposed to run an express train of postal cars between New York and Chicago in twenty-four hours. In this exclusive mail train, which would have the right of way over all passenger trains, weeklies printed from two to seven days before their date, magazines printed two or three weeks before their date, and express parcels of wood, lead, iron, etc., must be carried. There can be no sufficient reason for burdening an exclusive mail train with this class of freight. The mail matter can be classified into letters, daily papers, other printed matter, and express parcels. Letters and daily papers constitute about one fifth in weight and bulk of the mails, and should be sent by express trains; on all the routes over which the large mails pass, express and accommodation trains run. For other printed and express parcels rapid transit is not essential, and these could be forwarded by accommodation trains. By such a classification and distribution, the public could be as well accommodated as at present, and a reduction of expenditure be made, equal in amount to the revenue now derived from newspapers. If this arrangement were adopted, newspapers and magazines could be carried free, without increasing the present annual deficiency. Postage on letters could be reduced to two cents the half ounce; on books and other printed matter to two cents an ounce. The weight of express parcels, if carried by mail, should be limited to one pound, or else charged with varying rates not less than the actual cost, according to the weight and distance. After a few years the Post-Office Department would become self-supporting and afford additional facilities to the public.

The correspondence of a nation depends upon its intelligence, its habits, the rates of postage, and the facilities afforded. The largest correspondence in proportion to the population is in Great Britain, where it is as twenty-nine to one; in Switzerland it is as twenty to one, in the United States as eighteen to one, in Germany as thirteen to one, in France ten to one, in Austria four to one. The postage in Great Britain and Switzerland is two cents, in the United States three cents, in Germany two and a half cents, in France four cents, on local letters in Paris two cents. The number of letters mailed in the different cities of our country differs greatly. In Boston the proportion of population to letters is as 1 to 135; in Chicago as 1 to 115; in New York as 1 to 114; in Philadelphia as 1 to 56; in Louisville as 1 to 51; in St. Louis as 1 to 47; in Baltimore as 1 to 38: 105,000,000 of letters a year are sent from New York, 38,000,000 from Boston, 37,000,000 from Philadelphia, 34,000,000 from Chicago, and 15,000,000 from St. Louis. Our white population is about 41,000,000, mailing 905,000,000 of letters annually, an average of twenty-two to each person. The population of these seven cities is about 3,000,000; they mail 244,000,000 letters a year, or more than one fourth of the whole. The average is eighty-six letters to each person. Although in Great Britain the proportion of letters to the population is much greater than in the United States, yet at the respective ratio of increase in the two countries, the correspondence of the United States will soon exceed that of Great Britain. In every instance where the postage has been reduced from a high to a low rate the correspondence has rapidly increased. We believe that if the rates were reduced from three cents to two cents, a like result would follow. Postal cards were introduced into Austria, England, Germany, and Switzerland in 1870; great numbers have been sold without reducing the normal growth of the letter correspondence. In this country they were introduced in April, 1873; in the first quarter 31,000,000 were sold, while the increase of letters was larger than in any other quarter of the year. The rates for occasional newspapers were reduced in 1872 from two

cents to one cent, and this was followed by an increase in the number of newspapers mailed of seventy-two per cent. The post-offices in Cambridge, Massachusetts, were made sub-offices of the post-office in Boston, in January, 1874, the postage to Boston was reduced from three to two cents, and the mail facilities were increased. The union was followed by an increase in the correspondence in one of these offices from 73,000 in December, 1873, to 138,000 in July, 1874. Additional facilities are sometimes of greater benefit to the public than a reduction in rates. The secretary of the British post-office, in a recent report, said that it had been proved by actual trial that if the number of mails to any office, or the street boxes in any city, were doubled, the correspondence would increase in the same ratio.

The carrier system has been introduced into almost every city and town in Great Britain, and to the additional facilities thus afforded is greatly due the fact that the correspondence in Great Britain has continued to increase so much more rapidly than the population. In this country, wherever the carrier system has been adopted, the correspondence is much greater in proportion to population than in other parts of the country, and equal to that of Great Britain. The system was partially introduced into twelve cities in 1860, which then sent five per cent. of the whole number of letters. In 1873 the same cities sent fourteen per cent.; the correspondence of the whole country increased two hundred per cent., of these cities six hundred per cent. In 1868 the carrier system was in operation in forty-eight cities, which then sent twenty per cent. of the correspondence; in 1873 they sent thirty-three per cent.: and while the correspondence of the whole country had increased sixty-five per cent., that of these cities had increased one hundred and twenty per cent. In 1868 the expense of this service in these cities was $996,000, the receipts from local postage $476,000. In 1873 the expense was $1,415,000, the receipts from local postage $1,112,000. The carrier system would be more fully appreciated if brought into more general use. Under the old law it could be introduced into cities with a population of only twenty thousand, but the law of 1874 requires a population of thirty thousand. The railroad and coach convey the mails between offices. The letter-carrier begins and completes the service, transmits all the local correspondence, and is a virtual extension of the post-office and mail route to every house. The postage on local letters alone pays all the expenses in several of these cities, and the larger proportion in the remainder; and if the net profit from the increased correspondence were added to the local postage, it would show a handsome profit in every city in which the carrier system is in operation. In 1870 there were about four hundred towns and cities having a population of five thousand or over; in 1873 the carrier system had been introduced into only fifty of these cities. In a large proportion of the three hundred and fifty other towns and cities the important mails are received only twice a day; three or four collections and deliveries would be sufficient; it would require about one thousand seven hundred additional carriers to give to each of these three hundred and fifty cities a sufficient collection and delivery. The receipts from postage on local letters which would be created by the carriers, with the increase of general correspondence, would in a very few years defray the entire cost. A more frequent delivery and collection are needed in all our large cities, especially in the evening. The morning papers and letters from New York, with the Washington mail of the preceding evening, are delivered in Boston and the neighboring cities the same evening, while the morning mail from Boston to New York is not delivered until the next morning; letters leaving Boston in the evening or at eight o'clock the next morning are delivered in Washington at the same time. In some of the largest cities in the country no collection is made on Sunday, although such a collection is required for the general convenience of the public.

Boston has more frequent mails than any other city excepting New York; more letter-boxes in proportion to population, the best delivery and collection system, and fifteen per cent. larger correspondence in proportion to population, than any other city. The eighth city in population, its revenue from sales of postage stamps is exceeded only by that of New York. It has two collections every evening: at half past six for the evening mails; and at nine for the early morning mails, and the same on Sunday. In New York the collection is made at half past four for the evening mails, while on Sunday there is no collection. An evening delivery is universal in the large cities of Europe, and is as much required here.

Our mails are transported 130,000,000 miles a year, over 270,000 miles of mail routes; of these, 67,000 miles of route and 72,000,000 miles of transportation are by railroad, 180,000 miles of route and 53,000,000 miles of transportation by horse power. The latter routes are divided into four sectional divisions, and every year the Postmaster-General decides how many mails shall be carried over the routes, on one of these divisions, when they shall start, where stop, and when arrive at their destination; and then advertises for proposals for such service, and contracts with the lowest bidder for a term of four years. Formerly the successful competitor was required to take the property of his predecessor at an appraisal; but this requirement has been waived, as the equipment being movable it can be made available in other ways or other places for like use. Railroads require a large, fixed, and permanent investment, and as there is usually no competition between them, it was early found that some other plan must be adopted for the railroad service. The compensation for carrying the mail upon railroads was originally based upon the price fixed for similar service on stage routes, but the Postmaster-General might increase the amount twenty-five per cent. at his discretion. This was subsequently limited to $300 a year per mile. The act of 1845, which continued in force until 1873, divided the railroad routes into three classes, according to the size of the mail, the speed, and the importance of the service. The compensation was not to exceed $300 a mile for the first class, $100 for the second, or $50 for the third, with an additional sum for night service. The compensation was originally a very large remuneration for the service rendered, but by degrees, as the whole character of the service changed, it became in many cases very inequitable. Cheap postage and additional facilities have increased the number of parcels over a thousand fold, and the weight and bulk in the same proportion. The mails are now carried many times a day; railway post-offices, or postal cars with railway post-office clerks, route and local agents, mail messengers, and baggage masters in charge of registered packages are employed, imposing additional duties and heavier liabilities and expenses upon the railroad companies. For this additional service the railroad companies have demanded increased compensation.

In 1867 a careful classification of the routes and service, and a partial but very inadequate readjustment of the compensation, was made by order of the Postmaster-General; and in consequence of his representation and that of the railroad companies, an act was passed in 1873 modifying the law of 1845, and providing for a still further revision. For that purpose the Postmaster-General was required to weigh the mail at least once in every four years on all routes, and to adjust the compensation in proportion to the weight; where postal cars were furnished, an additional sum was to be paid. This has increased the compensation to a few roads over $1,500,000 a year. Some of the railroad companies performing the postal car service are not satisfied with this provision, and demand an advance of nearly one hundred per cent. upon the sums heretofore paid to them. The lines from Washington to Boston and from New York to Buffalo now receive $497,652 a year, and demand $979,979, an in-

crease of $482,317. The Postmaster-General admits that an addition of fifty per cent. should be made for the use of postal cars. Several of the principal railroads gave notice that after a certain date they should decline to carry the mail unless their terms were accepted, but before the day arrived their action was postponed in the hope that an amicable arrangement could be made with the department. The railroad companies can at any time decline to carry the mails, and in case of such refusal the Postmaster-General has no alternative but "to separate the letter mail from the residue of the mail, and to contract for conveying the letter mail over such route by horse express at the greatest speed that can reasonably be obtained, and for carrying the residue of the mail in wagons or otherwise at a slower rate of speed." In 1845, when this provision was made, it was undoubtedly sufficient; for the lines of railroad were short and disconnected, and our mails were small and light; but in this day, when commerce and finance depend on railroad and telegraph facilities, the alternative of horse express is equivalent to a refusal to carry the mails. The Postmaster-General is powerless; it is illegal to send letters by express. The service cannot be secured by increasing the compensation with every new demand made by the railroad companies, for even the treasury of the United States would be insufficient to satisfy the ever-increasing demands. The first full payments under the law of 1873 will be made in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1876, and will increase the deficit of the Post-Office Department nearly to $8,000,000. It is therefore necessary to consider what power Congress has over the transmission of the mails by railroad, and what remedy there is for the threatened evil.

By the eighth article of the constitution Congress is empowered to coin money, to declare war, to raise and support armies, to maintain a navy, to establish post-offices and post-roads, to regulate commerce among the States, and to pass all laws necessary to enforce these powers. These are all attributes of sovereignty, and sovereignty, which in other countries is vested in the king or parliament, in this country was originally held by the people, and has been delegated either to the United States or to the States, or reserved by the people. Although Congress has only delegated powers, yet its sovereignty in the execution of them is unlimited, and as complete as that exercised by any other sovereign. In making war or peace, coining money, raising an army, or establishing post-offices and post-roads, its power is exclusive and uncontrolled. For these purposes it has the right of eminent domain, as modified by the fifth amendment, which provides that private property cannot be taken without the payment of just compensation.

Post-offices are established for the reception and delivery of correspondence, post-roads for its transmission between post-offices. If it is necessary to construct a railroad to carry on a war or for the postal service, Congress has the power to take land, to build, equip, and run a road. This right was often exercised in the late war, and no one doubted its constitutionality; but if Congress has power to build or take a road to wage war, it has the same power in order to carry on the post-office, for both powers are granted in the same section and in the same words. As the greater includes the less, it can take a part or the whole, or the use of a part or the whole. It has been said that the general government has no more right than a private individual over corporations chartered by a State, and that if a railroad should refuse to transport the mails, the only remedy would be an appeal to the courts of law. If our correspondence must wait until the courts have decided when and how it shall be carried, long delays will be inevitable, and both public and private interests will suffer.

Congress has established all railroads as post-roads for the transport of the mails, and to secure their transmission Congress is authorized "to make all

laws necessary to carry this power into effect." The counsel for the railroads, in his argument before the Senate committee on transportation, admitted that Congress could take private property on the payment of just compensation, but denied its power to prescribe the compensation, and claimed that this must be determined by the judiciary. The fifth amendment prescribes neither how nor by what tribunal the damages shall be assessed, but leaves the whole matter to the discretion of Congress. For over thirty years, or ever since the railroads began to run, Congress has determined the compensation, and though the railroads have frequently complained of its inadequacy, they have uniformly accepted it. But when it is proposed to give the Postmaster-General power to compel the transportation of the mails at such rates as Congress may determine, and at such times as the Postmaster-General may designate, the power of Congress to decide upon the compensation is denied. Questions involving the same principle, namely, as to the damages to be paid for property taken in war or for public purposes, are generally decided by Congress, and no judgment of the Court of Claims even can be collected until Congress has passed an appropriation to pay it. Some say that Congress has only the right to adopt the existing roads as post-roads. Even if this is the correct interpretation, Congress can adopt and use an existing railroad that objects to such use only by the exercise of eminent domain. The New York morning papers, carried by express, are delivered in Washington at four o'clock, P. M., but the delivery of the mail is delayed until the next morning, because the railroads will neither carry it on the newspaper express to Philadelphia, nor on the limited express from New York to Washington. The use of the Southern express from New York at three o'clock, P. M., is refused to the department; if it were not, it would be of great advantage in forwarding the Southern mail. For the proper performance of the mail service the Postmaster-General must have the right to specify the time at which the mail shall start, where it shall stop, and when it shall arrive at its destination. This power he has always exercised on ordinary post-roads, and he needs it even more on railroads, as the mails they carry are much larger, and greater interests are at stake.

In 1837 the Post-Office Department of Great Britain adopted a plan for sending small sums of money by mail. These money orders, as they were called, originally limited to $25 and to places within the United Kingdom, have been extended, and now sums for $50 or less can be sent to many countries in Europe, America, Asia, and Africa, and to all the colonies of Great Britain. The fee is small, from two cents for sums under $2.50 to 25 cents for $50. These orders are very generally used, and increase at the rate of sixteen per cent. a year, letters at the rate of two and one half per cent. Last year fifteen and a half million of orders, transmitting $134,011,-320, were issued; the average amount was $8.60, and the average fee six cents. Several Postmaster-Generals recommended to Congress the adoption of a similar system in this country, but it was not introduced until November, 1864. The number of orders has increased from 74,277 a year to 4,012,000. The growth is thirty per cent. a year; the amounts of the orders have increased from $1,360,122 to $74,424,000. The orders average $18.55, or nearly twice as much as in Great Britain. The average fee is eleven cents; cost eight cents. The number of orders in proportion to population in Great Britain is one to two, in the United States one to ten, thus showing great room for development. There are five different rates; these increase with the amount of the order, from .05 for sums under $10.00 to .25 for sums over $40.00, and yield a large profit.

In September, 1869, the first international exchange of money orders was made with Switzerland; the system has been extended to Great Britain and Germany. The business between the United States and Great Britain is much

larger than between any other countries.

These transfers of money illustrate the tendency of capital towards the centres of trade, and from the West to the East. Smaller offices issue more orders than they pay, larger ones pay more than they issue. In 1873 California issued orders for $1,394,000 and paid orders for $857,956. Massachusetts issued orders for $2,176,000 and paid orders for $3,074,000. Iowa issued orders for $3,112,000 and paid orders for $2,318,000. The city post-office of New York issued orders for $723,042 and paid orders for $5,932,260.

America issued orders on Great Britain for $1,364,476 and paid orders for $215,087. The financial panic in the fall of 1873, which created distrust in all other kinds of business, greatly increased the number of money orders. The number issued in October, 1873, was forty-eight per cent. greater than in the corresponding month of 1872.

If the rates above ten cents were reduced to that sum it would simplify the accounts and facilitate and greatly increase the business, while the fees would still pay the expenses.

The amount paid to the department for orders issued has been every year in excess of payments by it, varying from $50,000 to $220,000; and a balance of over $1,000,000 now stands to the credit of the department, a large portion of which may never be called for.

America has always had a great interest in the interchange and development of correspondence with Europe. The crowds of emigrants who have flocked to our shores desire to keep up intercourse with friends and relations left behind, and by their letters give more correct information of our institutions, the habits and character of our people, and the inducements for immigration, than is imparted in any other way. High postage prevented extensive correspondence. In 1866, when the postage to England was twenty-four cents and to the Continent even higher, only six millions of letters were exchanged with Europe. Our post-office was the first to propose a reduction in ocean-postage, and its efforts have been successful in reducing the rates to England and to several of the Continental states to six cents, and now twenty millions of letters a year are exchanged.

Postmaster-General Creswell recommended to Congress two important extensions of the operation of the Post-Office Department: the union of the telegraph with the post-office, and the establishment of postal savings-banks. The telegraphic service comes directly within the functions of the Post-Office Department. It is of the greatest importance to the public, as all urgent private correspondence and all the most important press news, are transmitted solely by the telegraph. The post-office has adopted all other improved agencies but this, the latest and most valuable, for its rapid transmission. The propriety of the union of the two services has been carefully examined by several Postmaster-Generals of each of the political parties, and they have strongly favored it.

As early as 1844 and 1845, Postmaster-General Johnson, under Mr. Polk's administration, in his reports for those years referred at length to the telegraph and recommended its adoption by the Post-Office Department as of vital importance to the interests of the country, and as an invention which ought not to be controlled by private parties. In 1869, under Mr. Johnson's administration, Mr. Randall urged the importance of this measure, and Mr. Creswell three times recommended it to Congress. Three committees of the Senate and two of the House have carefully examined the question and made reports earnestly advocating this union. The Senate committee recommended a system in strict analogy with the system adopted for transmitting the mails by railroad. The bill which was reported establishes the rates of telegrams and authorizes the Postmaster-General to contract with parties for the construction and operation of the lines of telegraph, and determines that the compensation to be

paid to the contractors shall be the postages on telegrams, less five cents on each reserved by the department for its expenses. It requires no outlay by Congress, involves no expenditures beyond the receipts, and gives great additional facilities to the public at a very large reduction of rates. In Europe the state administers the telegraph. In England the telegraph and post-office were united in 1870; low and uniform rates were adopted, and the facilities largely increased; this was followed by a rapid development of the general telegraphic correspondence, but more especially in telegrams for the press. Eighteen million telegrams are sent in Great Britain at a cost of about $5,000,000. In this country thirteen million are sent at a cost of $9,000,000. The increase of letters in Great Britain in 1873 was two and one half per cent., the increase of telegrams was eighteen per cent., and of telegraphic reports to the press fifty per cent.; while in this country, the increase of letters was seventeen per cent., of telegrams sixteen per cent.

The business of the postal savings-bank is not analogous to that of the post-office; and though it would undoubtedly be a great convenience to the people, it may perhaps be doubted if the time has yet arrived for its adoption by the department.

In conclusion we will state the points we have endeavored to present: —

1. That our post-office was established for the purpose of conveying intelligence and letters throughout the country.

2. That to this end newspapers have always been transmitted either free or at a small postage entirely disproportioned to the expense, the revenue derived from newspapers amounting to only one tenth of the cost. That by a classification of the mail matter, forwarding letters and dailies by express, other papers and books by accommodation mail, a reduction of expense can be made equal to the postage from newspapers, and newspapers and magazines be carried free.

3. That our post-office has never been regarded as a source of revenue: the postage on letters being fixed at rates that would barely cover the expenditures. That from the increase of letters the postages from them greatly exceed the expenditures on them, and that a uniform rate of two cents will yield a revenue equal to the letter expenditures.

4. That our post-office is managed more economically than the British post-office, and as efficiently. That the average postage on letters and newspapers is lower in the United States. The postage on newspapers is so much lower that it decreases the revenue, while the additional miles of transportation and the greater number of offices increase our expenditures. That the more favorable financial results of the Post-Office Department of Great Britain are obtained at the expense of newspapers, the circulation of which is only one fourth as great there as here.

5. That express parcels are carried at rates very much less than cost; that our post-office was not established for carrying merchandise or express matter, and that their carriage at uniform rates, without regard to weight or distance of transmission, is opposed to the principles of cheap postage, and if continued will involve the department in an enormous expense beyond its revenue, and will hinder and delay the transmission of letters and papers.

6. That Congress has the right to compel all railroads established as post-roads to carry the mail at a just compensation, to be fixed by Congress. That the growth of the mail business renders it indispensable for the prompt and efficient performance of the service, that the Postmaster-General shall have authority to prescribe when the mails shall depart and at what time they shall arrive.

7. That the same considerations which have required Congress to adopt every other improved means for the transmission of intelligence and correspondence require it to assume the telegraph, the common method of transmitting all press and urgent private correspondence.

Gardiner G. Hubbard.

RECENT LITERATURE.[1]

In those fond dreams of a future life which some of us still furtively indulge, despite the hard skeptic air of our science-smitten age, nothing is more dismaying than the chaos which the conditions of eternal life seem to make of all our mortal relations. If heaven is not to unite us with those we have lost, it is, to our earthly conceit of bliss, hardly heaven at all; but how can it fulfill this fond desire?

A poet has given the charm of the heart's desperate demand to a poem which we have been reading over again in his book with a new sense of its poignant and potent force. Amidst the rapture of Paradise stand three spirits unconsoled. The first, answering the divine messenger, says: —

> "Ah, woe is me!
> I from my clinging babe was rudely torn;
> . . . . . .
> Oh that my darling lay upon my breast!"

The second: —

> "I was a fair and youthful bride,
> . . . . . .
> He whom I worshiped ever at my side, —
> Him through the spirit realm in vain I seek!"

And the third: —

> "When the swift message set my spirit free,
> Blind, helpless, lone, I left my gray-haired sire:
> My friends were many; he had none but me."

Then the messenger sent to ask them of their sorrow bids them behold in him the child, husband, and father from whom death removed them long ago.

> "To lie, an infant, in *thy* fond embrace, —
> To come with love's warm kisses back to *thee*, —
> To show *thine* eyes thy gray-haired father's face,
> Not Heaven itself could grant; this may not be.
> "Then spread your folded wings and leave to earth
> The dust once breathing ye have mourned so long,
> Till Love, new risen, owns his heavenly birth,
> And sorrow's discord sweetens into song!"

To the mere earth-bound sympathies there might seem a pensive irony in the consolation offered; we, here below, do not easily rise to its height, though we perceive its truth far above us. But what impresses one chiefly in the poem is the powerful situation created in confronting the three bereaved souls with their common loss in the angel forever estranged from all likeness to the object of their mortal love. This situation is the stronger without the angel's comforting words; but doubtless the poet here felt his allegiance to something higher than literary art. A very beautiful and imaginative passage of the poem is this, which keenly suggests the pathos of perpetual exile in a world of eternal bliss: —

> "Children of earth, our half-weaned nature clings
> To earth's fond memories, and her whispered name
> Untunes our quivering lips, our saddened strings;
> . . . . . .
> "Sometimes a sunlit sphere comes rolling by,
> And then we softly whisper, — *can it be?*
> And leaning toward the silvery orb we try
> To hear the music of its murmuring sea;
> "To catch, perchance, some flashing glimpse of green,
> Or breathe some wild-wood fragrance wafted through
> The opening gates of pearl that fold between
> The blinding splendors and the changeless blue."

There is another poem in Songs of Many

[1] *Songs of Many Seasons.* 1862–1874. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

Hazel-Blossoms. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

Katharine Earle. By Adeline Trafton. Boston: Lee and Shepard; New York: Lee, Shepard, and Dillingham. 1874.

Holden with the Cords. By W. L. M. Jay. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1874.

Salem: A Tale of the Seventeenth Century. By D. R. Castleton. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1874.

The Heart of Africa. Three Years' Travels and Adventures in the Unexplored Regions of Central Africa, from 1868 *to* 1871. By Dr. Georg Schweinfurth. Translated by Ellen E. Frewer. With an Introduction by Winwood Reade. In two Volumes. With Maps and Wood-cut Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1874.

Campaigning on the Oxus, and The Fall of Khiva. By J. A. MacGahan, Correspondent of the New York Herald. With Map and numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1874.

Modern Christianity a Civilized Heathenism. Boston: Wm. F. Gill & Co. 1874.

The Sacred Anthology: A Book of Ethnical Scriptures. Collected and Edited by Moncure Daniel Conway, Author of The Earthward Pilgrimage. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1874.

Mendelssohn. Letters and Recollections by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller. London: Macmillan & Co 1874.

Coomassie and Magdala: The Story of Two British Campaigns in Africa. By Henry M. Stanley. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1874.

Seasons which is almost as subtile as Homesick in Heaven, — from which we have been quoting, — but perhaps not of so high a strain, and that is An Old Year Song. The discerning reader will perceive the allegory, without consenting that the bird which has pleased us so long is singing now from the

> "boughs that shake against the cold,
> Bare, ruined choirs."

And, if he is the reader we think him, he will feel the tender, sad thrill of such lines as these: —

> "Fast, fast the lengthening shadows creep,
> The songless fowls are half asleep,
> The air grows chill, the setting sun
> May leave thee ere thy song is done,
> The pulse that warms thy breast grow cold,
> Thy secret die with thee, untold:
> The lingering sunset still is bright, —
> Sing, little bird! 't will soon be night."

Here is the same inward look which in the Epilogue to the Breakfast-Table Series has such a charmingly humorous cast, and which is very characteristic of our poet. It is interesting in these two poems as expressing the different sense of poethood and authorship, the deep interior desire of self-utterance, the quaint, amused, half-ashamed hope of remembrance. Neither poem could be better in its way. We like also, very much, the good feeling of Bill and Joe, and the humor, with its final serious cast, in The Organ Blower. These, and Aunt Tabitha, Dorothy Q., and A Ballad of the Boston Tea-Party, are of that mood in which one may say the poet is most like himself. The group to which they belong is easily the best part of the little book that opens with them, and we say this without forgetting the excellence of the many occasional pieces that fill it out, and that it would be so much easier to undervalue than to value aright. They are songs of welcome and farewell to distinguished guests of all kinds; memorial verses for deaths, birthdays, and dedications; rhymes for festival seasons; poems celebrating the meetings of the class of 1829. In the multitude of these asked-for gifts the poet is of course better and worse; but his variance is less notable than their goodness, their unfailing wittiness, their unfailing grace, their perfect fittingness, their triumph over what we may call their occasionality.

> "Here 's the cousin of a king, —
> Would I do the civil thing?
> Here 's the first-born of a queen;
> Here 's a slant-eyed Mandarin.
> *Would* I polish off Japan?
> *Would* I greet this famous man,
> Prince or prelate, Sheik or Shah? —
> Figaro ci and Figarà là!
> *Would* I just this once comply? —
> So they teased and teased till I
> (Be the truth at once confessed)
> Wavered, yielded, did my best."

And this best, as we were saying, is amazingly good. Since we are in the way of letting Dr. Holmes speak for himself about his poems, we find that we cannot do better than let him characterize the few war pieces he has included in his book.

> "Here are angry lines, 'too hard!'
> Says the soldier, battle-scarred.
> Could I smile his scars away
> I would blot the bitter lay,
> Written with a knitted brow,
> Read with placid wonder now.
> Throbbed such passion in my heart? —
> Did his wounds once really smart?'

If our Southern friends wish to read the Northern heart, here it is for them.

—Like Dr. Holmes's Songs of Many Seasons, Mr. Whittier's Hazel-Blossoms has the advantage of indicating in a few pieces the outlines of the poet's range, and in certain of these pieces showing him at his best. As we think Dr. Holmes has written nothing better in their several ways than Homesick in Heaven, Bill and Joe, and Dorothy Q., so we incline to rate amongst the first of Mr. Whittier's poems A Sea Dream, A Mystery, and John Underhill.

The first of these is a fancy of people at a sea-side resort who hear a new-comer singing to the morning solitude of her he has long loved and lost: —

> "Is this the wind, the soft sea-wind
> That stirred thy locks of brown?
> Are these the rocks whose mosses know
> The trail of thy light gown,
> Where boy and girl sat down?
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "A stranger now, a world-worn man,
> Is he who bears my name;
> But thou, methinks, whose mortal life
> Immortal youth became
> Art evermore the same.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "I could not look on thee and live
> If thou wert by my side;
> The vision of a shining one,
> The white and heavenly bride,
> Is well to me denied.
>
> "But turn to me the dear girl-face
> Without the angel's crown;
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Draw near, more near, forever dear!
> Where'er I rest or roam,

Or in the city's crowded streets,
Or by the blown sea-foam,
The thought of thee is home!"

They all wonder who he can be, and they find him at breakfast apparently a mere

"man of action, not of books,
To whom the corners made in gold
And stocks were more than sea-side nooks."

The charm of the poem is in the genius with which the situation is idealized and the singer realized and made probable to the imagination, and in the wise art with which all is left to the fancy, unconcluded and unguessed. With what surpassing sweetness the little story is told, our readers, to whom it was first told, ought to remember. It is full of this poet's peculiar tenderness, and there are gleams of his demurest humor in the closing stanzas of the poem, which describe the curiosity of the people at breakfast to know who the singer can be: —

"In vain the sweet-voiced querist sought
To sound him, leaving as she came;
Her baited album only caught
A common, unromantic name."

The poem called A Mystery deals with a common but startling experience of perhaps every one: the sudden sense, at given moments and places, that what now seems to be for the first time has all been before: —

"No clew of memory led me on,
But well the ways I knew;
The feeling of familiar things
With every footstep grew.

. . . . . .

"The river wound as it should wind;
Their place the mountains took;
The torn white fringes of their clouds
Wore no unwonted look;

"Yet ne'er before that river's rim
Was pressed by feet of mine,
Never before mine eyes had crossed
That broken mountain line.

"A presence strange at once and known
Walked with me as my guide;
The skirts of some forgotten life
Trailed noiseless at my side."

This sort of "weird seizure" has often enough tempted poet and romancer to some effort at its portrayal; but we do not remember ever to have seen its shadowy, evanescent character so clearly caught as here; and no one else has found so sweet and high a meaning in it, as he who has drawn from it the hope

"That love would temper every change
And soften all surprise,
And, misty with the dreams of earth,
The hills of heaven arise."

John Underhill seems to us one of the best of those Puritan ballads (so we can call them for want of a better name) in which Mr. Whittier is unquestionably the best of our poets. The New England past is very rich in suggestions if not in facts of this sort, and it singularly invites the poetic fancy because there is no modern refinement of conscientiousness as respects man's responsibility to God and his own soul for his errors, which may not be reasonably attributed to the austere religionists of our former times. Indeed, every touch identifying the past and present in such high regards seems to add to the truthfulness of the historic effect, whereas just these touches are the ones which most mar the study of almost any other past. The Friend's Burial and The Prayer of Agassiz are also characteristically fine poems; and in the volume is that ode on Sumner which fitly celebrates the statesman who was yet more a philanthropist. It is both a carefuller and a freer picture of the man than poets are wont to paint of the great dead: —

"Safely his dearest friends may own
The slight defects he never hid,
The surface-blemish in the stone
Of the tall, stately pyramid.

. . . . . .

"What if he felt the natural pride
Of power in noble use, too true
With thin humilities to hide
The work he did, the love he knew?

"No sense of humor dropped its oil
On the hard ways his purpose went;
Small play of fancy lightened toil;
He spake alone the thing he meant."

Here and elsewhere a frank hand is laid upon well-known defects of Sumner's temperament; but to point them out seems part of the praise of him.

A very interesting part of this little volume is that which contains the few pieces of the poet's sister, Elizabeth H. Whittier, of which the poet himself speaks more truthfully and discerningly than any other critic could. The poem on Doctor Kane in Cuba and that called The Wedding Veil show a gift that only needed exercise to make its fineness and force fully recognized.

— The best part of Katharine Earle is the account of the heroine's childhood, which was spent in Poplar Street, in Bos-

ton, a place venerable with the antiquity of twenty-five departed years. There is something lively and natural in the account of the simple amusements of the little girl, and in her attempt to break the Fugitive Slave Law. When she grows up she knows the severer troubles of mature years. She has a lover of whom it must be said that he shows equal laxity with regard to other laws, who pays attention to two or more young women at one time, and who is accused of knowing more than he should about a certain bank-robbery. She is much troubled by him, but his place is taken, in time, by another man, a professor in the school where she also teaches, and who, from observing and apparently despising her, becomes an ardent lover; and when by the treachery of one of her rivals these two are made to lose their way in the woods and stay out overnight, he shows how he has profited by the novels he has read, by convincing her that the only thing they can do to silence offensive rumor is to get married. This they do, and after brief misunderstanding which is pardonable in consideration of the speed with which they married, they are happy together. This is by no means a wonderful novel, but the frank, honest character of the heroine is not at all badly drawn, and there are no violent and unnatural incidents. This alone is so rare in a novel of such slight calibre, as almost to make Katharine Earle commendable.

— Holden with the Cords frankly challenges the hostility of the worldly mind by announcing itself as a religious novel, and the author prophesies that the "great novel of the future" will belong to the same class. This may be so. At least, it is not worth while to dispute a point which the future only can decide, but meanwhile we can assure the reader that the proportion of religion to romance in the present volume is so small that the most "advanced" need not be offended thereby. There are plenty of forged wills, poisoned cups, secret chambers, midnight assassins, and long-lost brothers and sisters, but only one sermon properly so called. There is a blameless and uninteresting hero, a supernatural villain, a shadowy and angelic principal heroine, and two minor heroines who are artists. The presence of these last suggests some curious thoughts about the artist-woman whose type is now so fully established, both in city directories and the pages of light literature. Holden with the Cords is not ill-written; there is a good variety of characterization, places are particularly well described, and only a few of the incidents are violently improbable. A few, on the other hand, are fresh and picturesque, especially the scene in Satra's studio, where the ungentle closing of the door behind her heartless lover, as he takes his final leave of her, causes the ruin of the hastily constructed model of her first great work, which had been conceived under the spell of his influence. "Apparently the clay figure was trembling with sympathetic emotion. It even bent toward her, as if suddenly endued with life. For a moment the old fable of Pygmalion seemed coming true. . . . Then the limbs gave way, the trunk fell forward, down went Bearer and Child together, the faces of each giving her one last, distorted look of malign meaning ere they crushed into fragments on the platform." Moreover, the book although sensational is a pure one. Whatever its faults or crudities may be, it is thoroughly satisfactory and, we may add, American in the fact that there is not in it a single case of a man in love with another man's wife, or a woman with another woman's husband; these are points in their French and English models which the ordinary novelists mostly forbear to imitate. The best and the worst which can be said of Holden with the Cords is that it presents a perfect type of that class of books which young schoolgirls read many times and describe by the adjective "splendid."

— In Salem: A Tale of the Seventeenth Century, one more attempt is made to use for purposes of art that most distressing episode of New England history, the witchcraft-delusion of 1692. In no hands but Hawthorne's, as we think, could such an attempt ever have been completely successful, and the present author's experiment is in every way unworthy of the tragic epoch which it presumes to illustrate, and incongruous with it. The spirit of that dark hour is never caught, or its landscape or characters realized. The story is in fact so light and foolish that there seems something indelicate, not to say impudent, in dragging into it one or two of the unhappy Salem victims and their more unhappy persecutors. A single extract will perhaps justify this judgment. The heroine of the story forms a Platonic friendship for a young Indian chief, and this is the way they seal it: —

"'Listen, daughter of the pale-face! . . Pashemet has no mother, and his sister is

long gone to the spirit-land. Pashemet is alone in his wigwam. He has no mother, no sister' —

"'And I too,' said Alice, answering him in his own strain, 'I too am the last of my people. I have no father, no brother. I too am alone. But see,' she said, kindly, 'I will be your sister and I will choose you for my brother.' Stooping to the water that rippled at their feet, she dipped her hand in it, and laid it on the dusky brow of the youth beside her. 'O Pashemet, my brother, I baptize you "the Fir-tree."'

"Calm, grave, and unsmiling, the Indian boy imitated her graceful action, and, as he sprinkled the bright drops over her long, flowing chestnut curls, he murmured gravely, 'O Alice, my sister, pure and beautiful! I baptize thee "the Water-lily"!'"

Girls may always have been silly; but we thought it had been established that the noble red-man, even in his palmiest days, never talked in this way.

—Explorers are gradually narrowing the unvisited regions of Africa: Livingstone, Stanley, Speke, Rohlfs, and others have been of late busily devoting themselves to the solution of its geographical puzzles, and now Schweinfurth presents the public with an account of what he has done in a part of the country, between 3° and 10° north latitude, which had never been previously explored. Travelers had been all around this region, but Schweinfurth was the first to enter it. For an undertaking of this sort he was admirably fitted; he had already considerable experience in African travel, and to the enthusiasm of an explorer he had added the training of a scientific man, so that the Humboldt Institution of Natural Philosophy and Travels, of Berlin, was very glad to avail itself of his services and to supply him with the requisite funds. He proposed to make a botanical investigation of the districts watered by the western affluents of the Nile, but he gives his readers what is by no means a dry catalogue of his botanical discoveries, but rather a remarkably interesting history of his travels. As noticeable as anything are his kind-heartedness and his treatment of the Africans as human beings, which undoubtedly explain the uniform good treatment with which he met. For accomplishing his journey, he, for what seem to be very good reasons, determined not to attempt an expedition, but to join a train of one of the merchants of Khartoom, who with an armed band made a yearly visit to his seribas or outlying stations, to purchase ivory and slaves, to relieve the guards at the different outposts, and to arrange any quarrels between neighboring chiefs. Traveling in this way, Dr. Schweinfurth visited the Dinkas, Bongos, Niam-Niams, and Monbuttoos, and his account of this part of his journey is a rich treasury of curious information.

The Dinkas live in an iron age; the wives of some of the rich often carry nearly half a hundred-weight of iron about them in the way of ornament. According to their notions it is effeminate in men to wear any clothing, and those that do are called women. Dr. Schweinfurth was known to them as the Turkish lady. They are good cooks and cleanly eaters, and more particular than many other savage races in refusing to touch many common articles of food which are eaten by their neighbors. They are good fighters, but also kind-hearted, especially to those who are connected with them by ties of kinship. The Bongos are less warlike, are gross eaters, and good mechanics. They are also great lovers of music, playing on little flutes, and on a singular monochord, from which they bring forth some not unpleasant airs. Their meagre orchestra is completed by gigantic trumpets, made from great stems of trees, and by kettle-drums. Their singing is a "babbling recitation, which at one time suggests the yelping of a dog, and at another the lowing of a cow." They have firm belief in witches and in evil spirits, and are without any conception of a creator or of any ruling power above.

The Niam-Niams, the principal race of Central Africa, are cannibals. They are capital warriors, and great hunters. The women alone devote themselves to the cultivation of the soil. Their war-cry is "Meat! meat!" which foreshadows the doom of their defeated foes. In their arts of peace they show considerable skill, especially in iron-work, pottery, wood-carving, building, and basket-work. Their earthenware vessels are spoken of very warmly by Schweinfurth. The men are exceedingly devoted to their wives, so that if any women are captured by the bands of Nubians the latter are able to exact any amount of ransom from the disconsolate Niam-Niams. They too are musical; they play on a sort of guitar, but monotonously and with very little melody. Their religious notions are exceedingly vague. They

are, however, civilized enough to make use of Planchette for divinations; this instrument has found votaries in China as well as in the United States.

The author gives a very interesting account of his introduction to the Niam-Niam king. A few days after his reception, Schweinfurth saw him with his head in the skin of a great black baboon, wearing on his wrists large bundles of tails of the guinea-hog, and a number of rings on his bare legs, dancing in celebration of a victory of his forces.

South of the Niam-Niam country are the Monbuttoos. They resemble their neighbors whom we have just described, in their love of war and the chase, and in their habits of cannibalism. Schweinfurth says they are a noble race of men, who have some national pride, and who are blessed with intellect and judgment such as few of the African savages can lay claim to. Their pottery is graceful in shape, and adorned with ornamental figures.

The most singular part of the book is the account of the Akkas, or pygmies, a few of whom Schweinfurth saw. They are supposed to be the descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants of Africa. They are ardent hunters, often mischievous and cruel. The Monbuttoos and Niam-Niams make pets of them, regarding them as a sort of benevolent spirits.

These meagre synopses give but a faint notion of the interesting facts Dr. Schweinfurth has collected in these strange regions. We can only refer the reader to his two entertaining volumes. Besides these solid merits, the book has the added charm of being testimony to the modesty and thoughtfulness of a man who has accomplished a great task, in the face of serious difficulties, out of pure love for science. The reader will be sure to lay aside the book with a high opinion of its author. The translation is a very good one.

—Mr. MacGahan's record of his own expedition in Central Asia, in pursuit of the Russian army advancing against Khiva, makes a very entertaining volume. The author, who was the correspondent of the New York Herald, started for Khiva some time after the Russian forces had begun their march to the same place. In company with Mr. Schuyler, Secretary of the Legation of the United States at St. Petersburg, he went to Orenburg, and thence to Kazala on the Jaxartes, hoping to arrive in time to join a detachment which unfortunately had already left. The commander of the fort refused to give them permission to follow, but the two Americans pushed on to Fort Perovski without his permission. The Russian general, Kaufmann, had forbidden Europeans to enter Turkestan, but Mr. MacGahan, being an American, bade good-by to his companion, and struck boldly into the desert. He had with him a Tartar servant, who proved a great incumbrance, a guide, and a young Khirgiz to look after the baggage and his six horses. His "light and unpretentious equipment" was composed of "a heavy, double-barreled English hunting rifle, a double-barreled shot gun, both of which pieces were breech-loading, an eighteen-shooter Winchester rifle, three heavy revolvers, and an ordinary muzzle-loading shot gun throwing slugs, besides a few knives and sabres." His departure from Fort Perovski, on account of his fear of the interference of the commandant, resembled a hurried flight. He got away unhindered, and after a weary journey of four and a half days over the burning desert he managed to reach the rear-guard of the Russian army. The commanding officer, a German, refused him food for himself and his horses, but he was more kindly treated by the Russian officers, who paid him every attention. Here again he had a chance to show his energy, for being unable to get permission to proceed alone, he stole away by night, and by dint of reaching the next well two hours before a party of Cossacks, sent to bring him back in disgrace, he managed to reach the Oxus just in time to witness the first firing at the Khivans on the opposite shore. He had spent in all thirty days in the desert, and the modest, manly record of his experience there should be read by every one who cares for deeds of adventure.

His story of the capture of Khiva, and of the cruel war upon the Turcomans, is vivid and interesting. Especially good is the description of a night-attack made upon the Russians by the Turcomans, who dashed through the lines, and, for a time, nearly caused a panic.

The book is very interesting; it is full of humor, and well deserves reading. The writer had a most curious experience to tell and he has told it well. The engravings, taken from the sketches of Russian officers, add to the value of the book. The New York Herald certainly chooses its correspondents well.

—Modern Christianity a Civilized Hea-

thenism is marked by the same audacity of attack and passionate force of demonstration as was its predecessor, The Fight in Dame Europa's School. The latter arrested the attention and swayed for a moment the opinion of the civilized world, and the present volume can hardly fail of an equal, if equally fugitive effect. It is, at least, a little curious to consider that the same France which engaged the author's fervid partisanship in Dame Europa is the very epitome of that heathen civilization which, by implication, he condemns so severely in Modern Christianity.

The plan of the book is very simple. A young and clever East Indian gentleman, naturalized and practicing law in England, and thoroughly disabused of any religious prejudices whatever, visits his friend, a well-to-do bachelor clergyman of the established church, in whose luxurious rectory, "sitting with a couple of long clay pipes over a small September fire," the two drift into a (so-called) religious discussion, and the heathen unfolds his "views." These are, substantially, that the term Christian civilization is a complete misnomer; that Christianity and civilization are, in fact, antagonistic and mutually destructive forces, and that just so far as the modern world is civilized, it is anti-Christian; the aims and achievements of our civilization, its reverence for wealth, its care for material comfort and the refinements of living, the superficial virtues and suave deceptions which constitute its good manners, and the spirit of its favorite researches into physical science, being all essentially heathen and unsparingly condemned by the precepts of Christianity and the life and character of its founder. Consequently, the modern Christian minister who preaches Christ, while he systematically seeks for himself and enjoys all the good things of this life, is in a position whose amazing falsity abundantly accounts for the very general and fast-growing contempt with which his ministrations are regarded.

The arraignment for inconsistency is certainly a terrible one, and the behavior under fire of the clergyman of the book is truly pitiable. He is, of course, the author's own man of straw, but we cannot think him a fair representative of his class, even in a state church; when all is said, the average Christian minister is rather above than below the average man in intelligence and virtue. And still it is probable that a large proportion even of that minority of adults in a Christian community who attend church at all are, if they would confess it, habitually puzzled and pained by a sense of something remote, effete, futile, in the preaching which they hear. Either it has no bearing at all on such questions of conscience as arise out of the affairs of daily life, or, as in the case of certain "popular" preachers, it puts on a vulgar and unbecoming secularism, which robs it of the last remnant of dignity. A feeling akin to compassion for the preacher, on account of the strange incongruity between the life which he must live and the word which he thinks he must preach, is, we believe, more common with the conscientious hearer than that spirit of rather ferocious satisfaction in his discomfiture displayed by the "civilized heathen" of the book. Nevertheless, that incongruity must somehow be removed, else the pulpit cannot hope to regain its traditional power. Is such removal possible without that radical warfare on society, that denial of family ties and ascetic rejection of the lighter humanities which Christ in his brief life certainly exemplified, and which the *exigeant* Brahmin demands? Is it possible if the preacher is to take the Bible for his text-book?

It is a question to be answered with diffidence; but why should not the Christian preacher sometimes dare to say, Christ our Lord did not come to reveal a system of morality. Incidentally he delivered moral precepts, but these were never intended to constitute a formal code. They are in no way superior to the highest precepts of heathen morality, and are even of somewhat narrower range than they, since they do not include the civic virtues, and lay the lightest possible stress on the purely domestic. Still less did he come to furnish a pattern of life. His career was in every way exceptional — type only of the career, in every age, of the very few who are so possessed by a work to be wrought, a testimony to be delivered, that they inevitably and rightly repudiate or refuse to assume the obligations of the ordinary man, even those which are most sacred. No man, it is probable, ever followed more closely and literally the example of his Master, than Ignatius Loyola; but the history of the order which he founded — as of the other monastic orders — shows plainly enough what is likely to be the result when large bodies of men, from whatever motive, take upon themselves vows of "poverty, chastity, and obedience." What then was the mission of

Christ, and how are we to account for his singular and supreme position in history, and for the vast power of consolation and support to individual souls which his very memory still possesses? His mission was to reveal immortality. He died and rose again, that is, returned to earth in a form which his sorrowing survivors recognized, to confirm their faint hope of a future life. Precisely at that time, the horizon of the civilized world being very dark with the portents of coming storm and destruction, the anxiety of the more spiritually minded among men for some such confirmation had become sickening in its intensity. Hence the *opportuneness* of Christ's coming, so insisted on by his early followers. We are supposing that our preacher has an implicit faith in the *facts* of revelation, although able perhaps to distinguish between the authority of these and that of the ethical and doctrinal speculations even of Christ's earliest followers. But if confronted with the extreme improbability of the resurrection, he may well reply that resurrection is intrinsically no more improbable than either birth or death, but only the mark of a higher stage of *development* than either. And this is what Christ's first disciples did actually teach. Consider Saint Paul, — the most brilliant man and memorable preacher of them all. He did indeed renounce a distinguished worldly career and adopt an ascetic way of living for the sake of the work he had to do. So did Socrates before him, and so have many men since. But the type of his character was singularly unlike Christ's. He was a highly educated man, with a passion for dialectics and the manners of the world. He reproved sin, but seldom abruptly or unsparingly. He was even remarkable for *tact*, for that sympathy with his audience and seeming concession to their habits and weaknesses which the heathen caviler at Modern Christianity denounces as so particularly unchristian; as when, in one of the most graceful public speeches on record, he quoted the Greek poets to an Athenian assembly, or in the numerous instances where he adopted the cumbrous phraseology of the Jewish ceremonial law, for the sake of adapting himself to Hebrew prejudices. But his main theme, that which distinctively he "went everywhere preaching," was the resurrection of the dead. Men questioned what this resurrection from the dead might mean, and he was eager to tell them. He touches the summit of his remarkable eloquence, when he attempts to show by purely natural analogies that the thing is not incredible. He himself declares that all his ethical teaching rests on this foundation, and would fall with its withdrawal. "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain." "But if we believe that Jesus died *and rose again*, those also who sleep in Jesus" — whose souls have departed as did his — "will God bring with him," will he likewise preserve and restore in their individuality. And on the whole, if even with a much fainter faith than theirs whose experience actually touched his own, we may accept this after life of Christ, his significance and supremacy seem to us accounted for.

At least this central truth, if it be a truth, dwarfs at once all dogmatic deductions from his fragmentary and often figurative teaching. The Brahmin of the story talks continually as if the doctrine of the everlasting punishment of the wicked were the centre of Christ's system. It was not, although he certainly used words on rare occasions which seem to require some such interpretation. But if it is a risen Lord we follow rather than a dogmatic teacher, we are at once absolved from the agonizing struggle to accept anything so utterly repugnant to that inherent moral sense by which alone all books, all lives, all precepts must finally by us be tried.

Early in the discussion between the clever infidel and the feeble-minded parson, the former is made to say that he would himself embrace Christianity if he could but find one thoroughly consistent follower of the historic Christ. Such an one at last he sees, one who has bestowed all his goods to feed the poor and is dying early of a malignant disease contracted in the course of his arduous ministrations. And the last glimpse we have of our fluent skeptic shows him kneeling on the floor of the church where the martyr had once ministered, beating his breast in a seeming agony of remorse and self-abasement. The inference is that he himself will follow in the dead man's footsteps.

Artistically, — if the word be not impertinent, — there is no fault to be found with such a conclusion. Enthusiasm is ever contagious, and reactions are inevitable, and, if anything is meant, were doubtless meant to be so. But the calmer reason of mankind will still pronounce that he who best fulfills the widest, and at the same time most natural range of duties in this present life is likely to be making the best of all

preparation for that unknown existence, which we have not yet quite ceased to hope is to come.

— In his Sacred Anthology Mr. Conway has collected a large number of choice utterances from both Biblical and Pagan authors, and arranged them side by side under the various headings he has taken to illustrate. For the accomplishment of this task he has drawn freely from the Brahman and Buddhist religious books, from the Persian writers Sádi, Omar Khayyám, Háfiz, etc., from the Chinese and Japanese, the Egyptian and the Scandinavian bards, confining "his selections to those books of a moral and religious character which, having commanded the veneration of the races among whom they were produced, are still the least accessible to European readers." He has chosen from a wide field with excellent judgment, and we have a volume of great interest. Indeed, to a thoughtful reader it cannot fail to give much material for reflection, when he compares the various forms of expressing similar ideas of reverence, wonder, or adoration, and sees how much that is admirable is to be found in the sacred writings of other races. Mr. Conway has contented himself with giving the texts alone, and has left them to make their own sermons, and this they are sure to do. Such work as this, which is itself in great measure one of the results of the scientific study of language, is the material out of which a new science, that of Comparative Religion, is gradually forming. It may be doubted whether the scientific method is capable of settling the relative strength of various religious feelings, but, to a certain extent, every reader will try something of the same sort of discrimination for himself in reading the book. He will at any rate get a wider sympathy for those whom he has been accustomed to look down upon with a certain contempt, and he will learn that all truth is not to be found in the geographical boundaries he is most familiar with.

The volume is one of lasting merit, and it is printed and bound as the book deserves.

— It is now and then the happy fortune of a human being to be so richly endowed with all those qualities which kindle the enthusiasm and conduce to the joy of his kind, that his fascination, his very personal magnetism, persists and moves the hearts of men long after death has withdrawn him from the first sphere of his shining. Of none was this ever truer than of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, whose eminent and permanent musical fame is something quite distinct from the immortality of his personal sweetness and grace, although so perfectly harmonious with it. His very shade wins love. We long to catch and clasp those miraculously gifted hands which we cannot bear to see always outstretched in "yearning for the farther shore."

Ferdinand Hiller's brief memorial of the beloved composer is very artless and informal. In his simple and sorrowful preface, the author tells us that he has sometimes been reproached for hoarding, so to speak, his intimate knowledge of Mendelssohn's history and character, but that he was long withheld because he feared "to give occasion for the very slightest accusation of trying to gain popularity through his friendship." Now, however, that Mendelssohn himself has become the subject of aspersion from the disciples of an upstart school of art, he is glad to come forward and shed what added light he can on the loveliness of his nature and the inestimable value of his work. He regrets that he had not taken notes, at the time, of many things which Mendelssohn said, and also that so much of their highest intercourse was at the piano and through the medium of music, of which — we thank him for emphatically saying — language is totally incapable of giving even the most distant idea.

The volume consists principally of letters from Mendelssohn to Hiller, united by the slightest and most unpretending thread of narrative which could render them intelligible. These letters do not differ materially in character from the precious ones which we already possess, but often shed a fresh light on interesting epochs of Mendelssohn's life, or little caprices of his character. Extracts cannot illustrate them, but we make room for two, taken quite at random, because they are so intensely *characteristic* of his playfulness, his petulance, and his sublime humility. The first is from Leipsic in 1836. "You had better not boast so much about your Cæcilia Society. We Leipsickers are getting up a performance of Israel in Egypt which will be something quite perfect; more than two hundred singers, with orchestra and organ in the church. I look forward to it immensely. We shall come out with it in about a week, and that is also one of the things which makes my head in a whirl just now, for these rehearsals, with all the amateur

ladies and gentlemen singing and screaming away all at once, and never keeping quiet, are no easy matter. You are better off at the Cæcilia Society, where they have been well drilled into obedience; but then they criticise among themselves, and that is n't nice either. In fact — and so on! I wish I were at the Fahrthor, and also at the Pfarreisen; you may believe me or not. Stamaty is staying here, and I have got to teach him counterpoint. I declare I really don't know much about it myself, but he says that 's my modesty!"

The other letter is written during Mendelssohn's first visit to England after his happy marriage, and bewails the separation from his young wife.

"Here I sit in the fog, — very cross, without my wife, — writing to you, because your letter of the day before yesterday requires it; otherwise I should scarcely do so, for I am much too cross and melancholy to-day. . . . . It is becoming unbearable, and I wish I had let Birmingham be Birmingham, and were sitting with Cecile, and could enjoy life more than I do to-day. D——n it! You know what that means, don't you? and I have three more weeks of it before me, and have got to play the organ at B—— on the 22d, and be at Leipsic again on the 30th — in a word, I wish I were rid of the whole business. I must be a little fond of my wife, because I find that England and the fog and beef and porter have such a horribly bitter taste this time — and I used to like them so much."

Dr. Hiller describes the charming married home of Mendelssohn at Leipsic with such photographic minuteness as well-nigh to give it a place in the recollections of us all, and confesses, with a directness which is infinitely pathetic, to the estrangement (so needless, yet so natural to people of their intense susceptibilities) which divided the two friends in the very last years of Mendelssohn's life, to the piercing and incurable regret of himself, so long the survivor.

— Those who care to read a full and entertaining account of two successful military expeditions cannot do better than turn to Mr. Stanley's Coomassie and Magdala, which records the conquest of Abyssinia by the English in 1868, and the defeat of the Ashantees in the early part of the year just closed. The most complete account and consequently the most interesting is that of the Abyssinian campaign. In describing the Coomassie expedition Mr. Stanley uses a facile pen, and gives us a vivid account of the dangers to which the English army was exposed. Fearful heat and fever were the main difficulties; there were but five days of fighting before the English were completely victorious, and able to make their way honorably to the sea-shore. The Abyssinian expedition was embarrassed by far less serious dangers, there was none of the demoralization of disease, and the results of the expedition were even more successful, if anything. Both, however, have brought great glory to the English army. Mr. Stanley has written agreeably, and apparently with great impartiality. He criticises at times Sir Garnet Wolseley, and he condemns especially this general's undue haste to reach the coast before the rainy season had begun, but he does this in no carping spirit. He points out, too, some minor inaccuracies in the conduct of the campaign; on the whole, however, he gives it great praise. It is with more enthusiasm that he describes the Abyssinian expedition, which certainly was in almost every way more picturesque, and he has managed to narrate all its striking points with commendable skill. This part of the volume may well take its place as a new history from which ardent boys may learn the lesson of what skill and enthusiasm can perform in spite of many difficulties. The obstacles are clearly pointed out for which tact and energy were needed and found, and there is an admirable account of the final success. Mr. Stanley is certainly a valuable newspaper correspondent, and he has written a book which rises much above the flippancy one might expect to find in a volume of the sort, which was formed from a correspondent's hasty letters. The two parts are unequal in this respect, that on Magdala being far superior to the other.

Other Publications.

Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., New York: Oriental and Linguistic Studies. By William Dwight Whitney. — The Paraclete. — Rhymes and Jingles. By Mary Mapes Dodge. — Bric-a-Brac Series. Barham, Harness, and Hodder. By R. H. Stoddard. — Life and Literature in the Fatherland. By John F. Hurst.

J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston: Childhood Songs. By Lucy Larcom. — Chemical and Geological Essays. By T. Sterry Hunt. —

The Emigrant's Story. By J. T. Trowbridge.

D. Appleton & Co., New York: Animal Mechanism. By E. J. Marey.

Harper and Brothers, New York: Latin Hymns. By F. A. March. — The Sack of Gold. By Virginia W. Johnson. — French Principia. Part I.

Macmillan & Co., New York: The Common Frog. (Nature Series.) By St. George Mivart, F. R. S. — A Ramble Round the World. By Baron De Hübner.

Dodd and Mead, New York: Strength and Beauty. By Mark Hopkins, D. D.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: Among the Trees. By William Cullen Bryant. Illustrated by Jervis McEntee.

James Miller, New York: Verses of Many Days. By William Osborn Stoddard.

F. B. Patterson, Philadelphia: Poems by Sterne. By Stuart Sterne.

Lee and Shepard, Boston: For Better or Worse. By Jennie June.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: Three Essays on Religion. By John Stuart Mill.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: Memoirs of John Quincy Adams. Vol. III. By Charles Francis Adams.

Longmans & Co., London: Early English History. By John Pym Yeatman. — Report of the Commissioner of Education.

J. P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.: Practical and Critical Grammar. By Noble Butler.

French and German.[1]

Strodtmann's translation of the lectures delivered at the University of Copenhagen is hardly a new book, or on that account worthy of mention, but it has a stronger claim for notice from the fact that it is a valuable contribution to the study of the literature of the early part of this century. These lectures, we are told by Strodtmann, excited a great deal of enthusiasm at the time of their delivery, and a great deal of recrimination when they were first published. There is but little in them, one would say, that calls for attack, and especially the sort of attack with which apparently they met. Brandes said what is very true, that Danish literature is of but little interest, and the greater part of his book is devoted to studying the literature of France and Germany in the period when they stood in close connection with one another. Freethinker, corrupter of morals, upsetter of society, are the names he has earned by thus discussing foreign literature instead of his own. Of such a conflict there can be but one end; to an outside observer there is nothing worthy of note in the commotion the book has called forth. As for the book itself, it is an interesting, well-written study of the reaction, headed by Rousseau, against the literature of the eighteenth century, of the books which were written under his influence, and of the later Romantic reaction. This is a subject which it might be thought had been worn threadbare by this time. Even those who have never read a line of Rousseau know in a vague way that his literary influence has been very great. That is the first lesson taught by the numerous writers on Romanticism, and if Brandes cannot be charged with telling a new truth in proclaiming this, he has the merit of setting it in a forcible light, which impresses what he has to say upon his readers. His style is always brilliant, and at times eloquent. The very beginning of his opening lecture is a very good example of his manner. Of France he says, "While in all external relations this country is inclined to change, and, in following this inclination, knows no limits or moderation, it is yet, in all literary matters, exceedingly conservative, recognizing authority, maintaining an Academy, and observing moderation. The French had overthrown their government, hanged or banished the odious aristocrats, founded a republic, carried on a war with Europe, done away with Christianity, decreed the worship of a Supreme Being, deposed or established a dozen rulers, before it occurred to any one to declare war against the Alexandrine verse, before any one ventured to question the authority of Corneille or Boileau, or to have any doubt that the observance of the three unities was absolutely necessary for the preservation of good taste. Voltaire, who had but little respect for anything between heaven and earth, respected the Alexandrine verse. All tradition he

[1] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

Die Hauptströmungen der Literatur des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts. Vorlesungen gehalten an der Kopenhagener Universität. Von G. Brandes. Uebersetzt und eingeleitet von Adolf Strodtmann. Erster Band: Die Emigrantenliteratur. Berlin: Verlag von Franz Duncker. 1872.

turned upside down; he employed tragedies as means of attack against the powers they had hitherto been supporting, namely, the right of kings and of the church; from many of his tragedies he excluded love, which before his time had been the main interest in a real tragedy; he tried to follow in the footsteps of Shakespeare: but he did not venture to shorten his verse by a single foot, to modify in the slightest respect the conventional method of rhyming, or to make the action last longer than twenty-four hours or to place the action in two different places in one play. He did not hesitate to wrench the sceptre from the hand of kings, or to tear the mask from the face of priests, but he respected the traditional dagger in Melpomene's hand, and the traditional mask before her face."

As the book goes on, Brandes gives particular men and their writings more special consideration. From Rousseau he dates the rise of the reaction against the eighteenth century, he shows how much Goethe, when he wrote his Werther, was under Rousseau's influence, and he traces the growth of what may be called unhappiness in literature through a series of acknowledged masterpieces. Chateaubriand's René he compares with Werther; in this last-named Brandes finds discontent with the existing condition of affairs, which condemned the hero to poverty, prevented him from marrying, and instead compelled him to see the girl of his choice married to an ordinary man, whom he more than half despised. In René, on the other hand, Brandes sees for the first time melancholy appear. His comparison of it with what is shown in Molière's Misanthrope is ingenious. Of the hero of the play, he says, "He is a misanthrope by reasoning, not by temperament;" he calls him a product of the classical, oratorical eighteenth century period; while for the melancholy of this century, or perhaps it may be safe to say of the first half of this century, before certain scientific discoveries breathed such new life into the intellectual energy of men, he finds deeper reasons: "The individual is emancipated. No longer contented with remaining on the spot where he has been placed or where he was born, not satisfied merely with plowing the paternal field, he feels, with the appearance of democracy, for the first time the world lying literally open before him." Everything seems possible to him, but his power does not increase in the same proportion, least of all the power of self-control, and hence comes despair. We have come no nearer finding an answer to the questions, Why were we born? why do we live? what is the meaning of it all? We have only become more conscious of our lack of knowledge.

Of Senancour's Obermann he gives an interesting description, as well as of Benjamin Constant's Adolphe. In this brief abstract we have space for but very unsatisfactory mention of the different valuable remarks the author makes. He says that Adolphe is less brilliant than René, less resigned than Obermann, but that he belongs to the same restless, undecided generation. It should be premised that Adolphe is a novel that will seem very familiar to those who read an abstract of it, and who at the same time have any knowledge of French literature. It describes the love of a young man for a married woman, several years older than himself, her desertion of her husband for the sake of her lover, whose affection for her gradually cools, her death, and his vain regrets. The influence this book has had on later French literature it is only too easy to see, especially in Balzac, who has himself influenced so many others. Brandes says of it that it was the Werther of women. The *maladie du siècle* advanced a step, spreading from the man to the woman. In Werther the man was sick, sad, and despondent, but Charlotte was firm, untouched, although a trifle cold and insignificant. By this time, however, it was her turn to love and to despair, and this makes the story of Adolphe. All of these books express discontent with society, and a struggle against its limitations. The same opposition is to be found in Madame de Staël's Delphine and Corinne, and Brandes gives his readers a very thorough statement of what is contained in these books, and of their connection with literary development.

Then follows a discussion of the Romantic reaction, in which there is a very entertaining account of the Hellenism of Goethe, and of the reaction in favor of the Middle Ages. It is not so much that Brandes says a great deal that is absolutely new that he deserves praise, it is for the ingenuity and novelty of his expressions, for the unexpected solution he throws on different questions. A very good example of this may be seen in the chapter where he compares the Teutonic mind with that of the Hindus, and again where he gives to France the credit of being rather more like Greece than is Ger-

many. Not that he gives much time to these fantastical notions, but when he introduces them in order to throw clearer light on his subject, he does it with a novel turn that arrests the attention.

In this study of literature he refers to but few books, but he chooses those which he considers the most representative. He writes an historical sketch of literature not to bring in all the books which have appeared in it, but to trace the growth of certain literary phenomena as they appeared in their most novel and most striking forms.

The volume now before us, it will be noticed, is merely the first one. The book, as a whole, will be deserving of the attention of those who care for a wide view of modern literature. Brandes will be found a most suggestive writer.

ART.

We have on this occasion no art topic of the first importance to touch upon, but we may, without going out of our way, make a note of the pleasure given us by a few pictures lately exhibited by Messrs. Doll and Richards. Three small works by Mr. Hamilton Wilde seem to us to deserve some grateful mention, though indeed one wonders whether forbearance in this case would not be the part of true discretion. Mr. Wilde's pictures appeal to a taste not largely diffused, and to speak of them in public is almost to exaggerate their claims. They have moreover a decidedly amateurish quality, and present themselves as things which you are perfectly and comfortably free to like or to dislike. We have liked them, however; not only for their literal merit, but for the general artistic temper they represent. Mr. Wilde's temperament as a painter is the simplest in the world; he is a colorist and nothing more, and he deals only with what he supposes to be positive beauty. Beauty, to his taste, means chiefly color, and color means chiefly brilliancy; and he combines and composes his splendid hues and vivid contrasts with a really enviable good conscience. His pictures are not imaginative, to our perception, any more than they are realistic; their intellectual simplicity is extreme, and they express little more than a wholesome satisfaction in pure color and a desire to let it speak for itself. Just this temperament is rare, and its felicity should, in a proper measure, be recognized. Most of us are afraid of scarlet and orange; they inspire us with an instinctive mistrust; they seem to us either crude or overripe, we hardly know which; and we set them down at one time as barbarous and at another as immoral. Mr. Wilde asks them no questions; he enjoys them as the natural man and paints them as the cultivated one. He seems at first to lavish them rather recklessly, but one soon discovers that there is a method in his madness, and that we hit the mark not in proscribing them, but in understanding them. We confess that there might be a certain startled feeling in living in a world in which color was pitched according to Mr. Wilde's gamut, and that nature on his canvas is too apt to look as if she were dressed out for a gala day and carried a hand-glass in her pocket; but this tendency is a wholesome corrective to the shyness and sheepishness of coloring which is now so largely the fashion among landscapists, and, excess for excess, we certainly have the greater kindness for that which takes Mr. Wilde's direction. Such a picture as the painty, muddy Karl Daubigny which we observed near by does a vast deal towards justifying Mr. Wilde's pursuit of gem-like hues. The pictures we allude to are three reminiscences of a recent visit to the Nile. The largest represents an old carpet-merchant in one of the bazars at Cairo, sitting at the receipt of custom in his door-way, with his gorgeous rugs suspended around him. It has a striking depth and vigor of tone, and the carpets are most appreciatively painted. Much of the coloring here is in heavy darks, which have a great deal of richness and yet of variety. But Mr. Wilde goes too far in his neglect of the rendering of texture. This is apparently deliberate and part of his programme, and to some extent one's uncertainty about the nature of his surfaces is lost in one's relish of frank, bold color. In the small view of Assouan, however, this uncertainty becomes really

uncomfortable. The picture has a charming glow, but without being either a geologist, a botanist, or an architect, the most casual observer finds himself perplexingly interested in the material of the earth, the trees, and the houses. All these are a trifle too exclusively pictorial. The best of these three pictures is a sketch of a village close upon the river (where its image is exactly repeated), composed of square mud houses compacted into a mass that looks like a huge, queer citadel, and glowing in the reflection of the sunset. The deep, still flush of an Egyptian evening is very delicately rendered. We have also had the pleasure of seeing a number of the artist's sketches and studies of Nile scenery. Several of these are extremely charming, and evidently just hit the mark of some admirably subtle effect of light and color. We have little wonder at painters delighting in the Nile voyage, for it must be not only a boundless entertainment but an admirable school. It offers an infinite range of the most delicate effects, and to have mastered these faithfully is to have taken one's degree as an observer. The phases of the scenery, the moods of the day, the physiognomy of the different hours, have each, for the artist, a different message and lesson; and one must suppose that it is a vastly pleasurable thing to know that combination of idle physical delight in climate and in navigation (as the dragoman manages it), and of exquisite intellectual tension. Mr. Wilde's studies are worthy mementos of the most refined landscape in the world.

We should like to add a friendly word for a small picture by Boughton, also on exhibition at Messrs. Doll and Richards's. The work of Mr. Boughton, who has taken up his abode in England, is rarely seen in this country; but such occasional specimens of it as we have observed have a great deal of charm. It is a rather attenuated, tearful, invalidish sort of grace, and the artist's figure-pieces always look to us as if some very clever woman had painted them; but it is very pure in quality. The picture in question is a small American winter scene: the falling dusk on the edge of a wood, with the pale, smothered gleam of the sunset vaguely touching the thin snow, and a couple of figures picking up twigs. It is in its way quite exquisite, and it revived potently a constant taste of ours for all the lurking harmonies of the winter landscape. The painter who feels and renders the pearly grays of the snow-charged sky and the confusion of desolation along the line where the naked, rusty tree-tops rise against it, the brown, damp depths of leafless woods, and the shuddering chill of the slanting light as it lies down, at length, on the snow, does something which tests the finer edge of his faculty. Mr. Boughton has done it very happily; both his fancy and his touch have great refinement.

At the same establishment we observed a large, vigorous landscape by Mr. J. Appleton Brown: a small stream, bordered by thin woods, under a heavily clouded autumn sky. The study was made, we believe, near Newburyport; but the painter is rather open to the imputation of believing that Newburyport is in the pleasant land of France. Mr. Brown has an eye on French models, and in this he is quite right; but we feel like preaching that the French landscape school which thirty years ago was, thanks to circumstances, almost worth following with one's eyes closed, should now be followed candle in hand, as it were, and counting one's steps. At first it was admirably natural, but its naturalism has gradually become more and more conventional. A touch of the academic in such painting as Mr. Brown's would have an agreeably reassuring effect. Muddy streams, rusty trees, and homely verity sometimes strike us as rather savorless diet, and we almost pray for a turn of the tide in favor of old-fashioned composition and selection. This is a remark we should of course trust ourselves to make only to a truly discreet painter. Mr. Appleton Brown's picture is very frank and manly, and his wind-ruffled white sky, with its stripes of pure, cold blue, is excellent.

We should like to touch, lastly, upon a work of a different order, also lately to be seen at Messrs. Doll and Richards's: a portrait in water-colors of a lady, by Mrs. W. J. Stillman. This will certainly have been found by careful observers a truly interesting performance, and it has given us a great deal of pure pleasure, though indeed the pleasure is of a sort which it is hard to refer to definite sources. The picture represents a lady (the artist herself, we believe) leaning on the parapet of a balcony, with one arm lying along the stone work, and the left hand holding up, near her cheek, a half-opened fan. She is extremely beautiful; she is dressed in a picturesque robe of sombre red, cut low and square upon the bosom, and behind her are seen a few green branches from a plant in a tub.

The picture contains no bright color and no variety of color beyond the red of the dress, the subdued blue and yellow of the fan, and the few green leaves of the plant. The interest resides partly in the peculiar beauty of the model, and partly, chiefly even, in the remarkable, the almost touching, good faith of the work. The type of face and the treatment suggest the English pre-Raphaelite school, but in so far as the artist is a pre-Raphaelite, she is evidently a sincere and, as we may say, a natural one. There is a vast amount of work in the picture, little of which is easy and some of which is even awkward, but its patience, its refinement, its deep pictorial sentiment, give the whole production a singular intensity. The hair is charmingly painted, in the minutely realistic way, and the general tone of the picture is very grave and soft. We have seen things of late which had more skill and cleverness, but we have seen nothing which, for reasons of its own, has been more pleasing. There is something in Mrs. Stillman's picture which makes a certain sort of skill seem rather inexpensive, and renders cleverness vulgar; an aroma, a hidden significance, a loveliness.

— Attentive people will have found the apotheosis of cleverness of the vulgar order in a small picture by Egusquiza lately visible at Messrs. Williams and Everett's. The painter is, we believe, one of the shining lights of that youthful Franco-Spanish school which has produced several brilliant masters, and recognized its chief in the consummately clever Fortuny, whose premature death we regret to see recorded as we write; but if M. Egusquiza is a trustworthy witness, it is running its course with unprecedented speed, and is destined to perish of its own reckless unwisdom. This picture is to be judged not as a work of art, but as a work of morals — which every work of art is, willy-nilly, in some degree. It represents a woman in a light blue satin dress, of a marvelous fashion, leaning against a piano and smelling a rose in a jar. The dress is prodigiously well painted, and the tapestries on the wall behind have corresponding *chic;* the whole picture has that would-be Japanese air which, for good or for ill, one encounters nowadays in every quarter But the thing is a most extraordinary piece of artistic depravity, and we confess that we were provincial enough to feel painfully shocked by it; we had really not comprehended that such things were being done — such a game being played. It would be too good-natured on our part to attempt to say wherein the depravity of such a picture consists: the artist knows better than any one can tell him, and he measured it to a hair's breadth when he laid on that cadaverous blue glazing of his heroine's triumphantly ugly visage. It is a work before which one makes one's reflections. We felt tempted to do a little private philosophizing *à la* Taine. What has the artist been through, to come to that; and having come to that, what will he go to next? The sooner he takes the next step the better; the *reductio ad absurdum* will leave nothing to be desired. Such a work testifies, on the part of the producer, to a complete, particular set of circumstances — to a moral and intellectual (to say nothing of a physical) environment which Paris and Madrid combined, although it may somewhat tax their resources, are doubtless competent to provide. But we smiled, at the same time that we trembled, to think that Boston was apparently expected to furnish the circumstances implied on the part of the possible purchaser. Poor possible purchaser! Will he be, after all, so knowing as he thinks he is? Where will he hang his prize, what will he give it for company, and how will he adapt social conversation to the physiognomy of an apartment so decorated?

— M. Viollet le Duc's name is familiar to many persons who have not read his books, and his books are known to all readers of architectural literature; but we have not hitherto met with any English translations of them, notwithstanding that they are perhaps the most valuable works contributed to that literature in our day. The Story of a House,[1] of which Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co. have just issued a translation, is a lighter work than we have seen before from him; it is said to have been written during a vacation tour in Switzerland, — we do not know with what authority. It represents an enterprising boy of sixteen, who, interrupted in his schooling by the Franco-Prussian war, persuades his father to let him plan a house for his newly-married sister and her husband, who are away touring in Italy. The opportune arrival of a cousin who is an architect turns Master Paul's pastime into a serious pursuit,

[1] *The Story of a House.* Translated from the French of VIOLLET LE DUC. By GEORGE M. TOWLE. Illustrated by the Author Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

and the story gives, on the slightest possible thread of narration, an account of the whole process of planning and constructing a French country-house.

It is a pleasure to see the freshness of thought and clearness of explanation which distinguish the Dictionnaire and the Entretiens brought to bear on the simple subjects of this book. The illustrations, as in all M. Viollet le Duc's works, are from his own drawings. Few men in his profession — or out of it — have his facility in seizing the best points for illustration and setting them forth clearly and compactly. The artistic element, present as it is inevitably in everything that he does, is brought in entirely unacknowledged. The whole subject is treated in the most purely matter-of-fact and practical spirit, the question of art being resolutely ignored, and the pretensions of artistic aspiration, divorced from practical forethought, cleverly embodied in one of the subordinate characters, who gives occasion to contrast the author's views of constructive and purely logical treatment with the "monumental" and artistic theories of the schools; he ends by saying to the architect, "You ought to go to America," getting the very reasonable answer, "Perhaps I should do wisely, if I knew that they tried to build there in accordance with the tastes and needs of the inhabitants, but in America, as everywhere nowadays, pretensions are made to 'style,' and things considered fine are eagerly copied; that is, traditions are applied at random, the origin or principle of which is not sought."

The mode of building described differs, it is true, in many details from those in common use in France, being rigorously constructive and excluding many of the ordinary devices of the French workman, especially the abundant stucco in which he delights. But the ordinary technical processes and the operations of the workmen are described with minute clearness, and the work of the architect in his office and on the ground, from the first planning to the final supervision, are clearly set forth. The chapters on carpentry and joinery are interesting for showing wide divergence from American ways of using and working material, especially in the matter of framing, in which, for common structures, European methods are quite inferior to ours in economy of the material and directness of its application, though usually superior in solidity and thoroughness. Other chapters, as those on roofing and plumbing, and those on laying out and measuring, show how much more minute and systematic the French are in their work. The remarks on drawing and the importance of the use of perspective are valuable, and especially apposite to a school of architects who neglect perspective design as generally as the French do.

Such a clear account of the processes of designing and erecting a building should be of great value in the preliminary studies of an architectural student, for it describes in orderly succession the operations which he has commonly to learn piecemeal in the routine of an office, and arrange into a system for himself as best he may; operations, moreover, many of which are omitted, or only incidentally touched upon, in the curriculum of an architectural school.

The heliotypes with which the American edition is illustrated, though they lack the refinement of the original wood-cuts, are clear and effective.

We are sorry not to close our notice here, but we are in duty bound to protest against the way in which the translation is made. It is very difficult to render a technical treatise from one language into another, and the coöperation at least of some one well versed in the subject and its terminology is absolutely necessary. Here such coöperation was perfectly easy to find, and its neglect was inexcusable, for evidently the translator is entirely ignorant of the subject in hand. That any translator should hope to reach an intelligible result by substituting for a French word which he does not know an English word which he does not understand is very surprising. But Mr. Towle appears to have shut himself up with his dictionaries, giving for some of the French terms such English ones as were set down for equivalents, rendering others literally into ordinary English, and transferring bodily those that he discovered his inability to translate. Sometimes successive reappearances of the same word seem to have at last educated him into a comprehension of its meaning, yet he does not then take the trouble to go back and correct his earlier mistakes. At other times he stumbles complacently through long sentences in which it is hardly conceivable that he can imagine any meaning. Occasionally he takes refuge in the absolute suppression of an obdurate passage. We may be pardoned for wishing that he had availed him

self oftener of this relief. That under the circumstances bolts should be called "pins," and wall-plates "sleepers," and headers "trimmers," and treads "shelves," and trusses "ribs," and braces "trusses," a top-rail a "high cross-piece," and bonding "apparatus" or "dressing," and wall-girders "ashlarings," with a hundred other such blunders, was to be expected. When he comes to the description of processes, Mr. Towle fares yet worse, and it would be difficult to believe that he did not know he was talking nonsense, were it not as difficult to conceive that he could complacently publish it if he did know it. But it is not only in technical points that Mr. Towle blunders. Careless and slovenly are the lightest words that fitly characterize a translation so full of slips and errors.

To track his faults and blunders is a weary business, and it would be a weary business for our readers to follow us. But we ought to give some support to our condemnation: we choose a few examples.

On page 48 Mr. Towle says, "The young are too old, the rest are too young:" the French is, "*Les uns sont trop vieux, les autres sont trop jeunes.*" We read of timber "cut in large squares" for roughly squared (p. 91); "*verdâtre*" is translated "verdant" instead of greenish (p. 54); in other places we have "designing" for drawing, "cube" for volume, "scissors" for chisels, "in connection with" for in proportion to, "from floor to floor" for from floor to ceiling; *au droit de*, in line with, is persistently translated "at the right of," as if it were *à droite de*, — and so on.

We have complained of the translator for talking nonsense, and blundering through things in which he could evidently see no meaning. On page 41 we read, "Nothing prevents us from erecting alcoves, small gables on the two walls . . . and to cover (*sic*) these," for nothing prevents us from building up small gables on the two walls of the bays or alcoves, and from covering these, etc.; (p. 88) "a metre by a metre and a half high," for a metre square and half a metre high; again (p. 216), "carry wall-gables on these beams," for extend from the gable-walls to these girders; (p. 256) "so that these inclinations of the culminating points [of the gutters] shall be at the falls or shafts of descent," that is, to admit of these slopes from the highest points to the spouts.

But here is enough of quotations. In one point at least we may commend Mr. Towle for a wholesome prudence: he does not venture to offer his reader, after the manner of his original, a glossary of the remarkable terminology he has employed.

We are glad to see that Messrs. Osgood & Co. have in press a translation of the Entretiens sur l'Architecture of the same author, and that this is from a competent professional hand.

— Mr. E. C. Gardner's Homes and How to Make Them[1] is a very clever and sensible little book, treating the same problem with M. Viollet le Duc, and from nearly the same point of view, but notably unlike The Story of a House in its style, which is peculiarly free and easy, and American. It is a series of letters, originally written for The Springfield Republican, we believe, and purporting to be the correspondence between an architect and some friends whom he is advising in house-building. The letters deal with practical questions of everyday occurrence, without technicalities, and in a very clear-headed and wholesome way. They are written with much vivacity, and are furnished with neat drawings to illustrate the architectural theories of the author, and with some graceful pen and ink sketches, which serve as ornaments rather than illustrations. These latter seem to be by a different hand. The heliotypes are excellent. House-building is a subject of such general and vital interest, and so beset with misapprehensions and absurd notions of what is fine, that we are thankful for books which set forth good doctrine about it in a way that may attract and influence ordinary readers, as these books seem likely to do.

[1] *Homes and How to Make Them.* By E. C. GARDNER. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

MUSIC.

In a recent quite lively discussion in the Daily Advertiser newspaper, about concert programmes, the ways and means of musically educating a people not as yet altogether musical have been descanted upon to a rather unusual extent. The discussion, beginning with a good-natured enough protest by a "Disappointed Subscriber" to Mr. Theodore Thomas's series of Symphony Concerts, had at the outset little if anything to do with popular education. The subject of debate was at first mainly whether symphony concerts are as *amusing* entertainments as the public at large might desire. Had the discussion not bordered to a rather dangerous degree upon more weighty matters, we should have been wholly glad to see the subject approached from so un-Anglo-Saxon a point of view. A plea for amusement pure and simple, for amusement *per se*, divorced from all instructive and intellectual disturbing elements, coming from the very heart of Boston, is in itself a refreshing novelty, interesting and to our mind praiseworthy when considered in its purely social relations. But the matter in hand is so mixed up with things that are of indispensable educational worth, that we cannot but view our "disappointed" friend, together with his more desperately skeptical partisan "B.," in a questionable light. It is not our purpose, neither is this the place, to answer directly any of the statements or arguments of either writer; but taking the unfeigned interest in the subject that has been displayed throughout the discussion for our excuse, we venture to offer some ideas on the subject of musical education in this country as affected by concert programmes and concert-going.

Were any scheme of progressive popular musical education possible with us, we should advocate it by all means. But there are insurmountable difficulties in the way of such a plan. In the first place, the wondrously heterogeneous elements of which American society is, more than any other, composed, and the lightning pace of progress as well as the extreme complexity of modern civilization are against it. Even if our society were of that simple structure that we find in Germany in the thirteenth century, any rationally progressive system of general musical culture would prove impossible. In Germany the popular musical sense was rationally and gradually developed through a period of several centuries, its natural growth being fed by foreign (French, Dutch, and Italian) influences, until the Germans became the prëeminently musical people they are at the present day. But mark one all-important fact. These foreign influences, the results of the then higher æsthetic civilization of France and Italy, were only brought to bear very gradually upon Germany. When we consider the difficulty of communication then existing between different countries, we can easily understand how slowly and at the same time how generally these influences worked.

Every bit of French, Dutch, or Italian musical learning had time to be thoroughly assimilated by Germany before a new lesson came from beyond the borders. Little hints of foreign improvement in counterpoint and musical form came to Germany as the weekly paper comes to some lone backwoods village, in which every eager, news-loving mortal, from school-master to plowboy, knows every item of print by heart long before the next week brings a fresh supply. But America is now in a vastly different position from Germany in those old simple times. We are now, in our musical infancy, living in daily intercourse with Germany and France in the full heyday of their musical manhood and Italy in its musical decline, by this time quite sufficiently far advanced. In this age of steamboats, railways, and shilling-editions, he that runs may read, if he be so inclined, and the man that can assimilate most quickly soon outstrips his duller brother. Society rapidly falls into distinct musical classes, and he who cannot keep up with the foremost must take his chance in the rear. Those who cannot fly must sink until they reach some denser fluid in which they may at least *swim*, unless they be perchance of that specific gravity which can only be supported by solid ground of matter of fact, and are thus forced to *walk* this earth, unbuoyed by æsthetics of any sort. Which latter class of beings have also their use in the world.

The question now arises, Which class has

the highest and most imperative rights? The class of swimmers are sure to largely outnumber the flyers. That is one point in their favor. But are majorities to rule unquestioned in matters of the intellect and of the æsthetic sense as they do in coarser affairs? To our thinking the man of high æsthetic nature and cultivation has an almost divine right to exercise and nourish his superior faculties in what most transcendent manner he can. Let the mediocre majority feed after him, even on the crumbs that fall from his table, if need be. But what if the cultivated minority should consent to waive their rights, harness themselves to the yoke of public instruction, and become merely didactic individuals for the benefit of plodding mankind? The idea has a seductive flavor of Christian charity and public-spirited self-immolation! Supposing that all our cultivated musicians and music-lovers should forego their classical symphony concerts and fascinating experimentalizing among the more modern musical transcendentalists, and, taking their more ignorant neighbors by the hand, should try to lead them on through even the most judiciously selected course of progressive concerts, beginning with Nelly Bly in a hope of ultimately ending with Israel in Egypt, the Passion, and the later Beethoven quartettes. Supposing that our aspiring composers should devote themselves to the composition of such music as can be well assimilated by the multitude, instead of following their own highest ideal, and that both composers and music-lovers should for a period of ten or twenty years concentrate their æsthetic energies upon leading the masses step by step to an understanding of the higher music. We will not ask what thanks they would get, for that is a small matter, but we will ask what good they would do that would be in any reasonable proportion to the pains expended. The answer is, to our thinking, clearly, *none!* Any good result to be brought about by such a plan would be an unprecedented novelty in the history of civilization and culture. The whole country would be steeped in the most disheartening mediocrity. We must never forget what an overwhelming influence the fit individual has upon the whole culture of his age. The higher above the common herd the individual stands, the greater and surer will his influence be in the end. Could the masses be autocratically compelled to *study* music, some good might be done by taking up the didactic method; but as matters exist, this is impossible. The only feasible plan is to present to the public, and with all one's might uphold examples of what is highest and best in music as well as in the other arts. Works of true, lofty genius *cannot fail* to have their purifying and elevating effect upon all who are amenable to musical influences; sooner upon some, later upon others. A Beethoven A major symphony, a Mozart Don Giovanni, a Bach Passion-Musik are infallible as truth itself. Take even our most cultivated music-lovers away from the constant influence of works like these, place them under less exalting influences, and they will soon enough degenerate into a condition in which they will not be trustworthy guides even to the most ignorant. We would have no manner of compromise in the matter, and would oppose to the last inch any encroachment upon the perfect artistic structure of concert programmes. No standard is too high, not even the very highest. We are of course speaking of concerts which have only the advancement in the art for their object: symphony concerts, chamber concerts, and piano-forte recitals. The best of us are not perfect, neither are the wisest of us very wise.

Instead of wasting so much breath and ink upon a chimerical gradual cultivation of the masses, it would be much more to the purpose to do all in our power towards the still higher and highest cultivation of the already enlightened few. Let our leaders in opinion be as perfect as possible. But we are again told that if this is the case, the common herd will merely take the leader's opinions on faith, thus paving the way for self-deception, sham enjoyment of high music without appreciation or understanding, hypocritical hero worship, and evils without end. This is most stupendously untrue. It is out of the nature of things. Nobody to-day who is worthy the name of man, and is not a mere eating and sleeping featherless biped, will take anything on faith. The uncomprehended invites investigation, the uncomprehended good more than the uncomprehended evil. Culture is infectious. Where the most highly cultivated nucleus exists, there will be the highest general cultivation. Nothing is more fatal to general culture than that intellectual and æsthetic communism which would have the foremost wait until those who lag behind shall have caught up with him.

But let none mistake our meaning. The

very last thing we would aim our shafts at is general education, æsthetic or otherwise. But general rudimentary education is not to be undertaken with the mature man. That is the business of the school-boy. Where rudimentary musical education is taking such strides as it is in our public schools, there is little fear of a want of that. The next generation will be upon us soon, and let our leaders look to it that they be in fit condition to preach the evangel of Bach and Beethoven to these coming youngsters, who *do* know their right hand from their left. The generation of "musical infants" is passing away. What if there still linger some few pitiable beings who cheat themselves into liking Beethoven symphonies, because Beethoven is fashionable? What harm is done? We think that this sham admiration for classic music in our audiences has been, upon the whole, overrated. It is hardly conceivable that human folly should reach the pitch of going, year in, year out, to concerts merely for the sake of throwing dust in the eyes of one's fellow-creatures.

There is a strong tendency with many people to look upon music as a mere amusement, and to decry all music from which they fail to derive such pleasure as one gets from eating and drinking, or any other merely sensual enjoyment, as purely mathematical. "Scientific" is the word commonly used in this connection. People are fond of contrasting "music of the head" with "music of the heart," generally classing under the former term all music that they do not like, and under the latter all music that they do. Now the enjoyment derived from music is much of the same kind as that derived from the contemplation of a fine painting or statue, a beautiful face or form, or from fine poetry. Music to be beautiful must needs be scientific, that is, it must follow the fundamental laws of the art, just as a painting must follow the laws of perspective, anatomy, and coloring. By scientific we mean in accordance with laws that are discoverable by science. A composition, as a logically consistent whole, must have its why and wherefore, and be capable of analysis into mutually dependent parts. But the enjoyment to be derived from it as a work of art does not depend upon the recognition of such analysis by the listener, any more than the enjoyment of a painting depends upon our recognition of the correctness of its anatomy and perspective. The beauty of both composition and painting is instinctively *felt*. If the details, the mechanical part of the work, are faulty, our enjoyment is lessened in the exact ratio of our knowledge of what it should be to be perfect. But mechanical perfection of detail, or mere truth to nature, never of themselves made either a composition or a painting enjoyable; although both may be indispensable to the perfect enjoyment of the cultivated art-lover. These are but the body, not the soul of art. It is just the indescribable beauty either of form, sentiment, or passion, that one enjoys in music, — an element that can rarely exist to a marked degree in a technically faulty composition, but which is of a higher nature than mere technicality and wholly distinct from it. If "music of the head" means music that is *merely* technically perfect, then it means music that is simply worthless, and we know of infinitely little classic music that can be ranked under such a heading. What "music of the heart" may mean, unless it simply means good music, we are at a loss to discover. That many people fail to feel the beauty of much of the grandest music, because of their want of acquaintance with musical forms of expression, is no more strange than that many of us would fail to see the beauty of a Sanskrit poem. It is with the greatest delight that we see so many "thoughtfully intent faces" at our concerts, bent upon finding out the beauties of the great symphonies. This persevering study is as sure of its reward as is the pursuit of truth itself. All the beauty of melody, sentiment, passion, tragic power, or comic humor, that can be found in music at all, can be found in hundredfold intensity and grandeur in the great classic music. The classic music is, to be sure, intellectual, but it is all the more inspiring for that, and with an inspiration that lasts. But music that is simply *amusing* generally fails to amuse more than a few times; and, excellent as its function may be in the proper place and at the proper time, it can hardly be a very promising means of education.

EDUCATION.

While it is universally agreed that girls ought to have a fair chance for education, there is a wide difference of opinion here in America about the means and methods which constitute a fair chance. Nobody now presumes to deny that "women ought to learn the alphabet," but the question is, *How?* Some are praying and working for identical coeducation of the sexes, as the only hope for woman's future. This they regard as essential to a satisfactory solution of the "woman question." Their coming woman is to be taught on the same college benches with the coming man. The identical coeducation which they advocate means "that boys and girls shall be taught the same things, at the same time, in the same place, by the same faculty, with the same methods, and under the same regimen." This plan, which prevails very generally in American schools, both for elementary and for secondary instruction, they now urge for colleges and universities. It must be admitted that the plan has earnest, persistent, and influential advocates. But it has also, on the other hand, determined and able opponents, who denounce identical coeducation as injurious alike to girls and boys. Dr. Clarke's Sex in Education has dealt it a serious blow. He denies that coeducation is a question of ethics or metaphysics, or of civil rights, but contends that it is a question of physiology and experience. His book is an argument based on physiological science, to prove that coeducation does not give girls a fair chance. The argument is equally against that separate education for girls which requires the same curriculum and regimen that experience has proved to be appropriate for boys, which is, in the main, the character of American separate education for girls, the female schools having copied the methods which have grown out of the requirements of the male organization. Dr. Clarke's conclusion is that "identical education of the two sexes is a crime before God and humanity, that physiology protests against, and that experience weeps over." It would appear, from the discussion which his book has excited, to be a more easy task to find fault with his spirit and language, than to refute his argument. No physiologist has called in question his science. The results of experience adduced in proof of the soundness of his conclusion may not carry immediate conviction to every mind, much less to every biased mind, but they are certainly enough to raise the gravest doubts as to the wisdom of subjecting girls to the regimen of the masculine college. But whatever may be thought of the soundness of Dr. Clarke's argument, it is an indisputable fact that his conclusions are in accordance with the experience and practice of all civilized countries except our own.

In considering the problem of higher female education, certainly nothing could be more pertinent or more rational than to consult the best foreign authorities on the subject. It would be rating ourselves too high to assume that we are above the need of taking lessons of foreign experience and foreign science touching this matter. What pedagogical science we have has been mostly borrowed from Germany, and one who is ignorant of German pedagogy is not entitled to speak with authority on important educational problems, for there is no other country in which this science has been so long and so seriously cultivated. Of the German states, Prussia doubtless stands foremost educationally, and Prussia is just now dealing with this very problem of higher female education with characteristic thoroughness and system. We can see it there treated as a national concern, and we can also there see a serious attempt to make it both commensurate with the numbers needing it, and of the appropriate quality. The method of proceeding in this attempt is very noteworthy. There were already existing in Prussia many very excellent institutions, both public and private, for the higher education of girls. But Dr. Falk, the liberal minister of public instruction, having thoroughly reformed the system of elementary schools, at once entered upon the work of improving the higher schools for girls. His purpose was to frame the best possible general statute, or regulative, for the national organization of this department of education. To aid him in the performance of this task, he convened in his official apartments at Berlin a conference composed of twenty of the most competent experts in the realm. Five of

the members were ladies who enjoyed the highest distinction for their practical knowledge of the subject; four were government counselors experienced in matters pertaining to administration, and eminent as educationists; and the rest were directors of normal schools or higher female seminaries, and teachers who had acquired the highest reputation for their pedagogical science. Some time previous to the meeting of this body, each member was furnished with a series of carefully prepared questions, covering the whole subject, under four general heads, namely, (1) the establishment, objects, and aims of middle and high schools for girls; (2) institutions for advanced education for girls; (3) the training of female teachers; (4) and the examination of female teachers. The conference held its session about a year ago. The transactions, including the answers to the questions agreed upon and the substance of the discussion, have been printed in an official pamphlet which is before us. Where there was a difference of opinion in regard to answers, the names and opinions of the members in the minority were recorded. The regulative or statute is to be framed substantially in accordance with the opinions of the conference thus expressed, and when sanctioned by the minister it will have the authority of law. This method of proceeding may not harmonize with our democratic principles, but it must be admitted to be well calculated to accomplish the object in view.

The conclusions of the conference taken together constitute the basis of a system comprising the four divisions above named, and providing not only for the organization and arrangements of schools, and the courses of study, but also for the qualification and compensation of teachers. This catechismal summary of educational principles begins very properly with the question, "What is the object to be accomplished by girls' schools which are above the grade of the common schools?" The answer in substance is, To give to female youth, in a method corresponding to their peculiarity, a general education similar to that aimed at in the higher schools for boys and young men, and thereby to enable them to share in, and to promote, the intellectual life of the nation, — the necessity of a preparation for a particular calling or trade to be provided for by means of special arrangements or organizations. Thus, at the outset, it was assumed that the difference between the sexes requires a difference in methods; and that a general culture is to take the precedence of that education required to fit girls for some special mode of gaining their livelihood.

The conference unanimously agreed that there should be two grades of girls' schools above the common school: the lower to be called the middle, and the other, the higher schools for girls. For the middle schools the subjects of instruction are religion, the German language, arithmetic, elementary geometry, natural history, the elements of physics and chemistry, geography, history, the French or English language, drawing, singing, gymnastics, and female handiwork. The pupils are admitted at six years of age, and remain until fourteen or fifteen years of age. These schools are intended to meet the wants of the "so-called middle classes of society." The higher schools aim at that general education which is suitable to the higher spheres of life. It is deemed desirable that the curriculum should comprise nearly the same branches of study as that of the middle schools, but they are to be pursued to a greater extent, and to be taught more thoroughly and in a more scientific manner, and especially with reference to their relations to each other. Two foreign languages, the French and English, and their literary masterpieces, are required. The pupils are to enter at six years of age and remain until sixteen, passing through one class each year. The two upper classes are to attend school thirty hours each week, and the others from twenty-two to twenty-four, exclusive of the gymnastic exercises It is recommended that the number of pupils should not exceed forty in each of the lower classes, and that in the highest classes, it should be considerably less. Home tasks must be strictly limited, so as not to interfere with appropriate household duties.

Our space will not permit a description of the programme of studies. A sample or two will suffice to show how judiciously they are *limited*. In the French language: grammar, etymology, and syntax; ability to write letters and short compositions on things within the sphere of the pupil's observation with substantial correctness, and to speak of such matters in simple sentences with correct pronunciation; ability to read a French book; acquaintance with the masterpieces of the literature in the classical periods. In physics: a general acquaintance with electrical, magnetic, and

mechanical phenomena, and also with those of light, heat, and sound; a particular understanding of those physical laws applicable to common life and the principal industries.

It was agreed that experience forbids imposing upon the female teachers in these schools more than eighteen or twenty hours of teaching per week, and that the female strength was not adequate to a severer task for a long period. From twenty to twenty-four lesson hours may be required of the male teachers. It was also voted to petition the government to grant retiring pensions to female teachers earlier than to those of the male sex.

The provisions for the support and supervision of these schools are similar to those for the gymnasia and real schools for boys. Normal schools are to be established for the preparation of female teachers for this grade of instruction, and a normal school may be established in connection with a fully organized girls' high school, but it must have a strictly separate organization. Such an arrangement already exists in the admirable higher school in Hanover, which has been attended by a number of American teachers.

But provision for the higher education of women is not to end with these two grades of schools. For those who have completed the middle school course, arrangements are to be made for advanced courses in technical branches, with such studies as the German language, the modern languages, industrial drawing, book-keeping, commercial arithmetic, and various kinds of female handiwork, including millinery. These courses are to be given in the middle school buildings, but are to be strictly separated from the regular course of those schools. And so for such graduates of the higher schools as desire to continue their studies, advanced courses will be given in the higher school buildings. Such courses are given with marked success in the great Victoria school in Berlin. These advanced courses are to be left to the management of voluntary associations, under certain prescribed regulations, the accommodations for them being furnished at the public expense.

In the discussion, the value and necessity of handiwork, as an educational instrumentality, was strongly urged. The importance of gymnastics in relation to hygiene was strenuously insisted upon, and it was understood that a normal school would be opened for the training of female teachers of this branch.

Only a few points in this scheme can be touched upon here, but it is evident from what has already been presented that there is a wide difference between its requirements and those of the higher German schools for boys, especially the gymnasia and real schools. And yet this is the deliberate judgment of a very high pedagogical authority. We may not accept this judgment as a finality, but it would certainly be unwise to ignore altogether the authority of the competent experts from whom it comes. It must not be forgotten that in Prussia education has long been cultivated as a science, while with us it is so little studied that we can scarcely be said to have any learned educationists among us. The opinion of Dr. Wiese, of Berlin, on an educational question is what the opinion of Huxley would be on a question of physiological science.

— The first volume of the American Educational Annual (J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., New York), seeks apparently to dissipate the somewhat trivial associations of the ordinary reader with the word annual, by an imposing supplementary title setting forth that it is a Cyclopedia or Reference Book for all Matters pertaining to Education, comprising a History of the Past and Present School Systems and School Legislation in all the States and Territories; a History of Land Grants and the Peabody Fund; Geographical and Scientific Discoveries during 1873–4; the National Bureau of Education; Civil Rights Bill; Educational Gatherings during 1874; Educational Systems in other Countries; Voluminous American School Statistics for Several Years past; Names of American Colleges, Universities, Theological, Normal, Local, and Scientific Schools; Names of Educational Journals; Sketches of Prominent Educators deceased during 1873–4; and Lists of School Books published during the year.

This is a comprehensive scheme; and some imperfection of method is doubtless pardonable in a first attempt to realize it. The book contains a good many interesting statistics and some valuable information, arranged in a rather disorderly fashion and unfurnished with an index. The biographies of the State superintendents, prefixed to their several reports, are enlivened by facetious allusions and the mention of such details as that Mr. James Wickor-

sham, the Superintendent of Public Instruction in Pennsylvania, "never used liquor or tobacco in any form, and never had a sick day in his life." A spirit of economy is shown by filling the blank spaces on the page, which frequently occur below the statistical tables, with anecdotes which often have a curious irrelevancy to the subject of the work.

In that section of the Annual which treats of National Land Grants on Behalf of Education, the author dwells at length, and with a liberal use of the expressive words "locate," "donate," and "inception," on the grant of 1862, whereby Congress appropriated to the several States thirty thousand acres of the public lands for each senator and representative in Congress, the amount accruing from the sale of such lands to be invested as a perpetual fund for the maintenance of at least one college in each State, where the principal object should be "to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, in such a manner as the Legislatures of the States may respectively prescribe, in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life." This grant forms the basis of the so-called agricultural colleges, thirty-nine of which have already been established in thirty-six different States; and the editor of the Annual strongly commends the policy which has so far prevailed in these schools, of giving instruction "in the whole range of mathematical, physical, and natural sciences, with special reference to their applications in the great branches of human industry," rather than "training a body of apprentices in manual practice." The more common opinion among the thoughtful and experienced observers of these institutions is that up to this time they have signally failed of their proper end, and for the very reason given above. By aspiring to teach the whole range of the sciences, instead of giving, like the best industrial schools of the Old World, specific and thorough instruction in the different branches of industry, they have already degenerated into a species of high school, or cheap college of a low grade, where the national weakness in favor of an extensive smattering of many subjects is fostered, and less practical information given than an intelligent apprentice would acquire, in a workshop or on a farm. Indeed, as an eminent agriculturist lately remarked, Harvard College, with its present courses of lectures and its neighborhood to the market-gardens of Arlington and the scientific husbandry of Middlesex County, is, so far, a better agricultural school than any so called.

The sketches of foreign school-systems, particularly of those of Switzerland and Prussia, from which we have really so much to learn, are very meagre; but the *résumé* of scientific discovery during the past year and the preface to the Annual are worthy of attention as unusual pieces of style, and can hardly fail to quicken in the mind of every thoughtful reader the desire for an early reform in our educational methods.

On the whole, however, the student who looks to the first volume of the American Educational Annual for an earnest of future American works fit to take rank with the profound and patient European treatises on the whole subject of what the Germans agreeably call "Pedagogics," will be apt to feel his hopes distinctly deferred.

— Two handy little volumes by Étienne Lambert and Alfred Sardou, entitled An Idiomatic Key to the French Language, and All the French Verbs at a Glance, seem fitted to afford about as much help as any books can to the English-speaking person, in acquiring a facile use of the difficult French tongue. The list of idioms is particularly full and well arranged, the idioms being grouped alphabetically, with the principal word idiomatically used standing at the head of a column and followed by a great variety of sentences in which it is embodied, with English translations opposite. These translations are usually excellent, with but a few slips even in the use of tenses, — that crucial test of familiarity with a foreign language, — and an occasional lapse into literalism, as "*I have known* that ever so long ago," and "He went up the steps *four by four*." Of the comprehensive tables of French verbs and pronouns in the smaller volume, it may be said, as of all such generalizations, that they are rather curious and interesting to the advanced student than helpful to the beginner, for whom, as a rule, the less of theory the better. Exception should perhaps be made in favor of the table of irregular verbs, where the arrangement is at once ingenious and unusually clear. The list of the obscure equivalents of *may, can, would, should, might,* and *ought* is also admirably made.

THE

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THE TWO TRAVELERS.

'T WAS evening, and before my eyes
  There lay a landscape gray and dim:
Fields faintly seen and twilight skies
  And clouds that hid the horizon's brim.

I saw — or was it that I dreamed? —
  A waking dream? — I cannot say;
For every shape as real seemed
  As those that meet my eye to-day.

Through leafless shrubs the cold wind hissed;
  The air was thick with falling snow;
And onward, through the frozen mist,
  I saw a weary traveler go.

Driven o'er that landscape bare and bleak,
  Before the whirling gusts of air,
The snow-flakes smote his withered cheek,
  And gathered on his silver hair.

Yet on he fared through blinding snows,
  And murmuring to himself he said:
"The night is near, the darkness grows,
  And higher rise the drifts I tread.

"Deep, deep each autumn flower they hide;
  Each tuft of green they whelm from sight;
And they who journeyed by my side
  Are lost in the surrounding night.

"I loved them; oh, no words can tell
  The love that to my friends I bore;

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We parted with the sad farewell
  Of those who part to meet no more.

"And I, who face this bitter wind,
  And o'er these snowy hillocks creep,
Must end my journey soon and find
  A frosty couch, a frozen sleep."

As thus he spoke, a thrill of pain
  Shot to my heart; I closed my eyes,
And when I opened them again
  I started with a glad surprise.

'T was evening still, and in the west
  A flush of glowing crimson lay.
I saw the morrow there and blest
  That promise of a glorious day.

The waters, in their glassy sleep,
  Shone with the hues that tinged the sky,
And rugged cliff and barren steep
  Gleamed with a brightness from on high.

And one was there whose journey lay
  Into the slowly gathering night;
With steady step he held his way
  O'er shadowy vale and gleaming height.

I marked his firm though weary tread,
  The lifted eye and brow serene,
And saw no shade of doubt or dread
  Pass o'er that traveler's placid mien.

And others came, their journey o'er,
  And bade good night with words of cheer:
"To-morrow we shall meet once more;
  'T is but the night that parts us here."

"And I," he said, "shall sleep erelong —
  These fading gleams will soon be gone —
Shall sleep, to rise, refreshed and strong,
  In the bright day that yet will dawn."

I heard; I watched him as he went,
  A lessening form, until the light
Of evening from the firmament
  Had passed, and he was lost to sight.

William Cullen Bryant.

THE HESSIAN MERCENARIES OF OUR REVOLUTION.

In the states of antiquity all citizens owed military service. During the Middle Ages this military relation assumed the form of a personal obligation, which bound the vassal to answer the call to arms of the liege lord with a number of men proportioned to the extent of the domain which he held. When wars became longer and more expensive, the sovereign found himself dependent upon the good-will of his vassals for the success of his arms. His right to command was unquestionable. The vassal, if dissatisfied, might disobey: and thus the final question between them was a question of power — of power to enforce, or of power to rebel.

Among the more active of the German emperors, whose aspirations exceeded their means of action, was Maximilian the First, known to his contemporaries as Maximilian the Moneyless. Though married to the powerful Mary of Burgundy, he received no aid from her vassals; though active and energetic, he was abandoned by his own. The Swiss had fallen from him, and he had neither the money to buy, nor the strength to force them back. It was then, and probably with no conception of the full significance of what he was doing, that, instead of addressing himself to his nobles as feudal vassals, he raised an army of free burghers and peasants in eastern Austria, Swabia, and the Tyrol. This army was composed of infantry. Gunpowder had already reduced the fully armed knight to the level of the soldier on foot, or in other words, the contest between the noble and the plebeian, which had been waged so long and so disastrously in Rome, was renewed in modern Europe under different circumstances and in a new form. It was a war between industry and privilege, between mechanical skill, or physical power under the control of an intelligent will, and brute force; a question, as time developed it, between the longest purse and the longest sword. It is no part of my present object to follow the progress of this contest from the first Landsknechts of Maximilian to the perfect machines of the Great Frederick. I wish only to call attention to the fact that the reinstatement of the infantry in their true position soon opened the way for the decline of the old feudal armies and the enlistment of troops for longer terms of service. He who could pay best was surest of finding willing soldiers. Commercial states like Venice could always raise whatever sums they wanted at five per cent., while Charles VIII. was checked in the very beginning of his Italian wars and compelled to pay forty-two per cent. for the means of continuing them. Thus new resources were opened for the formation of armies. Princes could carry on war as long as their subjects could be made to pay for it, and war itself became a lucrative and honored pursuit. From regular bands of mercenaries came standing armies and that oppressive military system of modern Europe which has weighed so heavily upon the laboring classes, and retarded the moral, the intellectual, and the industrial development of society. All the great wars of modern Europe, till the wars of the French Revolution, had been carried on in a large measure by mercenary troops, among which the Germans were perhaps the foremost for aptitude to arms, power of endurance, cruelty, rapacity, and, as long as they were regularly paid, for fidelity to their banner. But no sooner did their pay fall in arrears than they grew disobedient and discontented, and if not bought over were presently found fighting and plundering on the other side. Would you see the mercenary in his perfect form, study the Captain Dalgetty, of Scott's Legend of Montrose, who cannot be in-

duced by any temptation to enter upon new service until he has fulfilled all the conditions of the old, who loves his horse, and grooms and feeds him before he provides for himself, yet who, when the faithful animal is killed, skins him with his own hands. But Dalgetty was an officer, and the distinction between officer and soldier was sharply drawn. For the officer there was promotion and social position. He embraced arms as a profession because he preferred them to any other profession. Of the political questions connected with war he knew and cared little. Of the moral question connected with it he knew and cared nothing. He was trained to look unmoved upon human suffering. The battle-field and hospital seldom appealed to his sympathies, for habit had blunted them. To fight and attract the eye of his commander was his ambition. To win a ribbon or a cross was his highest aspiration. If he were a captain he might become a colonel. If he were a colonel he might become a brigadier. And when peace came there were Paris and garrisons to lounge and be idle in.

In these rewards the soldier of the ranks had no part. To be an officer required a nobility of four descents, and the private, once enlisted, became a mere machine in the hands of his superiors. But let us study this victim of a barbarous usage somewhat more in detail, for it is only by getting close to a subject that we can form a correct idea of it. These details bring into strong relief the difference between the present and the past, enabling us to measure for ourselves the progress and the effects of civilization. It is in the lessons drawn from this thorough comprehension of the past that the instruction of history lies, and among these lessons there is none truer than that institutions, like men, have their periods of strength and weakness, of growth and decay. The formation of regular troops was the beginning of a great revolution, which, while it strengthened the hands of the prince, opened new fields for the intellectual and moral growth of the peasant: not intentionally, indeed, but because human events obey subtle laws, and results often cover much broader ground than we think of in directing our aim.

When regular armies had taken the place of feudal armies, and military adventurers were ready to sell their own blood and that of their followers to the best paymaster, the question most urgent upon them all was how to fill their ranks and keep them full. Some were found who took service readily of their own accord. These were chiefly either men whom the habits of the camp had unfitted for any other kind of life, or young men easily dazzled by the splendor of military display. These, however, formed but the skeleton of an army. Many more were wanted to fill its ranks. Of the cunning, the guile, the fraud, the heartless inhumanity, with which the nefarious art of recruiting was carried on, we should find it impossible to form any idea, had not the story been often told in forms which leave no room for doubt. We will borrow one of these dark pages from the Frederick of Mr. Carlyle.[1]

"All countries, especially all German countries, are infested with a new species of predatory two-legged animals — Prussian recruiters. They glide about, under disguise if necessary; lynx-eyed, eager almost as the Jesuit hounds are; not hunting the souls of men as the spiritual Jesuits do, but their bodies, in a merciless, carnivorous manner. Better not be too tall in any country at present! Irishmen could not be protected by the ægis of the British constitution itself. Generally, however, the Prussian recruiter on British ground reports that the people are too well off; that there is little to be done in those parts. . . . Germany, Holland, Switzerland, the Netherlands, these are the fruitful fields for us, and there we do hunt with some vigor.

"For example, in the town of Jülich there lived and worked a tall young carpenter. One day, a well-dressed, positive-looking gentleman ('Baron von Hompesch,' the records name him) en-

[1] Life of Frederick II., book v. ch. 5.

ters the shop; wants 'a stout chest with lock on it, for household purposes; must be of such and such dimensions, six feet six in length especially, and that is an indispensable point — in fact, it will be longer than yourself, I think, Herr Zimmermann; what is the cost? when can it be ready?' Cost, time, and the rest are settled. 'A right stout chest, then; and see you don't forget the size; if too short it will be of no use to me, mind!' 'Ja wohl! Gewiss!' and the positive-looking gentleman goes his ways. At the appointed day he reappears; the chest is ready; we hope, an unexceptionable article. 'Too short, as I had dreaded,' says the positive gentleman. 'Nay, your honor,' says the carpenter, 'I am certain it is six feet six,' and takes out his foot-rule. 'Pshaw! it was to be longer than yourself.' 'Well, it is.' 'No it is n't.' The carpenter, to end the matter, gets into his chest and will convince any and all mortals. No sooner is he in, rightly flat, than the positive gentleman, a Prussian recruiting officer in disguise, slams down the lid upon him, locks it, whistles in three stout fellows, who pick up the chest, gravely walk through the streets with it, open it in a safe place, and find — horrible to relate — the poor carpenter dead!"

Once enlisted, how were recruits to be got safely to the camp or the garrison where they were to be converted into machines? The instructions framed for the guidance of the men entrusted with this difficult task will tell us. The first and most important point was to secure the safety of the recruiting officer charged with their transportation. He was to be provided with good side-arms, always carry a pistol, and never allow the recruit to walk behind him, or come near enough to him to seize him by the body. And to give additional force to the precaution, he was told that the first false step would cost him his life. If practicable, the recruiting officer in choosing a route was to avoid the province where his recruit had served before, or was born. He was to avoid also all large cities and prosperous villages. In choosing quarters for the night he was to give the preference to inns frequented by recruiting officers, and where the landlord was on their side. Even here the most watchful foresight must be observed. The recruit must undress by word of command, and the clothes both of the officer and the recruit must be handed to the landlord for safe-keeping overnight. The officer slept between the recruit and the door.

On the march the recruit must not be allowed to look about him, or stop, much less converse with passers-by, and particularly in a foreign language. The officer must guide the recruit as you would guide a horse. The words halt, march, slow, fast, right, left, forward, must be obeyed on the instant; the slightest hesitation would be a bad omen for the authority of the officer. At the inns where they stop overnight they must, if possible, have an upper room, with iron bars to the windows. On no account should the recruit be allowed to leave the room overnight. A lamp must be kept burning all night long, and close by an unlighted one must be ready for immediate use.

To prevent the recruit from seizing the officer's arms in the night, they must be given to the landlord, as his clothes are, for safe-keeping; and in the morning when they are given back, they must be examined anew and the priming freshened. When he, the officer, is dressed and armed, he will order the recruit to rise and dress. In entering an inn or a room, the recruit will go first; in going out, last. In the inn itself, the officer will sit in front of the table, the recruit behind it. If the recruit has a wife she will be subject to the same laws which govern his motions, obey the same word of command, and never walk before her husband, but in every way be made to feel that the eye of the vigilant guard is constantly upon her.

Care, too, is taken, on the route, to cut off the recruit from all communication with anybody but his guard. He must not be allowed pen or ink or paper or pencil. To prevent him from rising

upon his guard by the way, all his dangerous weapons, even to a large knife, are taken away, and neither he nor his wife is allowed the use of a cane. As with a novice among the Jesuits, all his gestures and words are noted down and reported with the remarks and comments of the reporter. If he actually makes an attempt to escape, he must be instantly put in irons, or have the thumb-screw put on him. It is a bad affair if the officer is under the necessity of using his weapons and wounding or killing the recruit.

Care must be taken, also, that the recruit be not an overmatch for his guard. Every stout, well-built, bold-faced recruit must be closely watched, and it may even become necessary to double the guard. The danger of escape presents itself in lively forms to the imagination of the author of the instructions. He calculates cautiously how many recruiting officers may be required for a given number of recruits, and comes to the conclusion that under the most favorable circumstances three officers may take charge of seven or even nine recruits.

"But two recruits should never be entrusted to one officer. Should this, however, seem to be unavoidable, it is extremely unfortunate for the officer. When it is absolutely impossible for the officer to keep the recruits back till he becomes strong enough to give them a proper guard, he must hire somebody to help him. It is better to incur expense for the sake of foresight, than to injure the recruit or expose the life of the officer to inevitable danger." The tone of regret in this last sentence reminds us that it was not awakened by apprehension for the loss of a human being, but from fear that a name may be stricken from the muster-roll. One more provision completes the picture. "For the recruiting officer, and even more for his subordinate, a good dog will be very useful. He must be taught not to allow recruits to carry sticks in their hands; to bark if he sees one rise or move in the night; to drive him back if he sees one leave the road; to seize him if he sees him run, and only let go of him at his master's command; not to allow him to pick up anything, and many other precautions which may serve to lighten the task of the officer and his subaltern.

"And finally, if in passing a crowd or a city, the recruit should make a desperate attempt to escape by calling for help and declaring that he has been forced to enlist, the officer is directed to appeal to the authorities, who, after seeing his papers, will doubtless give him the necessary aid."

Suppose now that this watchfulness has been successful, that the recruit has been safely conveyed to the camp or garrison where he is to take the first steps in this passage from a man to a machine. Handcuffs, thumb-screws, heavy chains, and, above all, the cane in strong hands, break in time the strongest will; repeated humiliations destroy self-respect; familiarity with scenes of violence and barbarity undermine the moral sense; the recruit has no motive but to escape punishment, and no comforter but the brandy bottle. Yet even in these ashes live some sparks of humanity, some of those sympathies which, perhaps, are never altogether extinguished in the human breast. Daily association in the same duties, daily gatherings under the same flag, awaken a certain sense of common interest and feeling, and supply in a certain measure the human necessity of love. Whatever of pride is left him centres in his flag. Such was the training of the men who were hired to fight against the Declaration of Independence. What mattered it to them whether they fought in Germany or in America, for a prince or for a people? If one wishes to form a vivid conception of these wretched men, looking straight into the picture, he should read some of the scenes in George Sand's Consuelo, and Thackeray's Memoirs of Barry Lyndon. If one wishes to take the nobler point of view and look down upon the picture, he should read the life of Baron Riedesel and the memoirs of his wife. And now for the bearings of this sketch upon American history.

It soon became evident to the English government that it must either give up the contest with America, or strengthen its armies. The population of the colonies was generally estimated at three millions. To reduce these three millions to obedience, England had only fifteen thousand men in arms between Nova Scotia and Florida. Allowing all that could be claimed for the difference between well-armed and well-disciplined men, and an undisciplined and imperfectly armed militia, it was still easy to see that in a protracted contest such as this was sure to be, numbers must prevail. Her own subjects England could not fully count upon for filling the ranks, for by many of them the war was disliked from the beginning. The city of London itself was notoriously opposed to it. It was necessary, therefore, for the ministry to cast about them for a man-market from whence to draw their supplies. The first that presented itself to their minds was Russia. The two sovereigns were upon the friendliest terms. England had virtually consented to the partition of Poland, in 1772. The treaty of Kutschuk-Kainarke, in 1774, had left Russia with a powerful army. What more profitable use could she make of it than by selling it to England for so many guineas a head? Gunning, the English minister at the Russian court, was instructed to begin negotiations for twenty thousand men: for it was not mere auxiliaries but an army that England sought to bring into the field, thus crushing the insurrection by a well-directed blow. In an interview with Count Panin, Catherine's prime minister, the British envoy asked, as if in casual conversation, whether, if the present measures for the suppression of the insurrection should fail, and his master should find himself under the necessity of calling in foreign troops, he could count upon a body of Russian infantry? The trained diplomat made no answer, but referred the question to the empress, who, replying in terms of general politeness, professed to feel herself under great obligations to George, which she would gladly repay in the manner most agreeable to him. Without waiting to weigh these words, which in diplomacy might mean much or might mean nothing, Gunning wrote to his court, in all haste, that the empress would furnish the twenty thousand infantry. The important tidings were received by the British court with great delight. The commanders serving in America were told on what powerful succor they might rely, and the king in his rapture wrote with his own hand a letter of thanks to his royal sister. Gunning was ordered to push on the negotiations, and, as if he had never known before how little faith can be placed in the language of diplomacy, was overwhelmed with astonishment when he was coolly told that the words of the empress were but the general expression of a friendly feeling, and that she had said nothing of the Russian infantry. Great was the indignation of the English king, not that the negotiation had failed, but that the empress had answered his royal autograph by the hand of a private secretary.

Holland came next, and on a superficial view the relations between the two countries seemed to justify the application. But it was met by an opposition which found an eloquent expositor in a nobleman of Oberyssel, the Baron van der Capellen, who, speaking boldly in the name of freedom and national honor, and setting the question of succor in its true light, succeeded in awakening his countrymen — themselves the descendants of rebels — to a sense of what they owed to the memory of their fathers and the cause of freedom.

But there was a country where the name of freedom was not known, whose nationality was lost in small principalities and dukedoms, whose vast resources were sacrificed to the luxury and vanity of petty sovereigns, each ambitious of aping on his little stage the splendid corruption of the French court, yet having strong arms and hardy bodies to sell, and caring only for the price that could be extorted for them. To Germany, then, England turned in her need, and her prayer was heard.

There was one part of Germany of

which England could freely dispose. George III. was not only King of England, but Elector of Hanover, and as elector could send his Hanoverian troops wherever he saw fit. The garrisons of Gibraltar and Minorca were English. By recalling these and putting Hanoverians in their place, five well-trained battalions of infantry, amounting in all to two thousand three hundred and sixty-five men, were secured for service against the colonies. In vain did the parliamentary opposition appeal to the bill of rights, and deny the king's right to introduce foreign troops into the kingdom in time of peace. They were told that Minorca and Gibraltar were not parts, but merely dependencies, of the kingdom, and that the American insurrection constituted a state of war. The debate was long and bitter, but the decisive vote of two hundred and three to eighty-one in the Commons, and seventy-five to thirty-two in the Lords, showed how much the partisans of government exceeded the friends of the colonists in number.

No sooner was England's intention to raise troops in Germany known, than officers of all grades, who had been thrown out of service by the close of the Seven Years' War, and the consequent reduction of the armies for which it had found employment, came crowding with proposals to open recruiting offices and raise men. How men were raised has already been told. George, in spite of his royal convictions, felt a humane scruple. "To give German officers authority to raise recruits for me is, in plain English, neither more nor less than to become a man-stealer, which I cannot look upon as a very honorable occupation." But royal scruples seldom go far in the interest of humanity. Recruiting officers with full permission to steal men were soon busily at work in the name of the king of England. Busiest and chief amongst them were the German princes, who had found this a very profitable branch of commerce in former times, and were as much in want of English guineas as England was in want of German soldiers.

There was no time to lose. If the campaign of 1776 was to open with vigor, reinforcements must be speedily on their way. Sir Joseph Yorke, an experienced diplomatist familiar with the ground, was instructed in the summer of 1775 to ascertain on what terms and in what numbers men could be obtained. In September he replied that Hesse-Cassel, Hesse-Darmstadt, Würtemberg, Saxe-Gotha, and Baden were ready to furnish any number of troops at a given time and for a fair price. The Crown Prince of Hesse-Cassel, in particular, was very earnest to strike a bargain, and close upon his heels came the prince of Waldeck. Their own letters, mostly in bad French, remain to this day in the English archives, to bear witness to their degradation. I will give a specimen of their English, which is every way worthy of their French.

"My Lord" (writes the Hereditary Prince of Hesse to Lord Suffolk), "the luck I have had to be able to show in some manner my utmost respect and gratitude to the best of kings, by offering my troops to his Majesty's service, gives me a very agreeable opportunity of thanking you, my lord, for all your kindness and friendship to me upon that occasion, and begging your pardon for all the trouble I may have provided you in this regard.

"My only wishes are that all the officers and soldiers of my regiment now to his Majesty's orders may be animated of the same respectful attachment and utmost zeal I shall ever bear for the king, my generous protector and magnanimous support. May the end they shall fight for answer to the king's upper contentment, and your laudable endeavors, my lord, be granted by the most happiest issue. The continuation of your friendship to me, sir, which I desire very much, assures your goodness and protection to my troops. I ask in their name this favor from you, and hope they will deserve it.

"Excuse me, sir, if I am not strong enough in the English language for to explain as I should the utmost consider-

ation and sincere esteem with which I am forever, my lord, your most humble and very obedient servant,

"WILLIAM H. P. OF HESSE."

The most important among these petty princes was the Duke of Brunswick, who paid thirty thousand thalers a year to the director of his opera and purveyor of his pleasures, and three hundred to his librarian, the great Lessing. His little territory of about sixty square miles had a population of one hundred and fifty thousand, and an income of a million and a half. His debts amounted to nearly twelve millions. A lover of pomp, capricious and reckless in his expenditure, he had been compelled to admit his son, the crown prince, to a partnership of authority, making the signatures of both essential to the validity of a document. Fortunately for the duke's creditors, the son was as parsimonious as the father was extravagant, and let no opportunity of raising money escape him. Such was the condition of the court of Brunswick when England sent Colonel William Fawcitt to ask for troops.

Had the English envoy been as well versed in the higher as in the lower arts of diplomacy, he would have obtained all that he asked without modification or delay. But, ignorant of the straits to which the duke was reduced for want of money, he began by asking for what he might have commanded, and involving himself in negotiations where a few firm words would have brought both father and son to his feet. The crown prince was not slow to turn to account the advantage which the slow-witted Englishman had given him, and using artfully and skillfully the name and coequal authority of his father, presently gained virtual control of the negotiation, which in itself was little more than a higgling over details. Fawcitt boasts of the perseverance with which he has beat down the German's prices, and the persistence with which he has resisted some of his claims. The main object of the transaction won, England got her soldiers, — four thousand infantry and three hundred light dragoons, — Brunswick her money, her duke and minister their special pickings, and the English envoy a diamond ring worth one hundred pounds as a reward for his good offices.

The first division was to start at once for the seat of war. On examination by the British commissioner, it was found to contain too many old men. The duke's zeal for the king's service did not prevent him from palming off upon him men altogether unfit to bear arms. "The front and rear," wrote Fawcitt to Lord Suffolk, "are composed of sound and strong men, but the centre is worthless. It is composed of raw recruits, who not only are too small, but also imperfectly grown, and in part too young." Nor did the trickery end here. This same duke, who lived surrounded by expensive mistresses, and paid the purveyor of his pleasures thirty thousand thalers a year, sent off his soldiers upon a late spring voyage with uniforms unfit for service, and no overcoats or cloaks. It was not till they got to Portsmouth that they obtained their first supply of shoes and stockings. Their commander, Baron Riedesel, was compelled to borrow five thousand pounds from the English government in order to procure for his starving and freezing men the simplest articles of necessity.

Thus far they had had the rapacity of their own sovereign to contend with. They now came into contact with the rapacity of English tradesmen. When they got to sea and opened the boxes of dragoon shoes, they found them to be thin ladies' shoes, utterly unfit for the purpose for which they were designed. Such are some of the fruits of that great demoralizer — war. We need not go far back for the parallel.

Towards the end of May the second division was mustered into service. They were nearly all recruits, levied especially for service in America; many of them, as in the first, too old or too young, or imperfectly grown and too feeble to carry a musket. But the blame called forth by the condition of the first division was not altogether vain, and the

arms and uniforms were good. The officers did not escape without their share of suffering. The cabins were so small that their occupants were compelled to lie on one another in heaps. The Bristol merchants, who had supplied the transports with bedding, had made the most of their bargain. The pillows were five inches long and seven broad, the size of a common pincushion; and the mattresses so thin that with a coarse woolen blanket and coverlid they hardly weighed seven pounds. Their food was prepared upon the same honest scale. The ham was worm-eaten, the water dirty, and the ship's stores had been ripened by lying in the English magazines ever since the Seven Years' War. Thus the powerful King of England and the petty sovereigns of Germany leagued together to buy and sell the blood of the unprotected German peasant.

Let us carry this study a little further. Elated with the success of his first negotiation, Fawcitt turned his face towards Hesse-Cassel. Germany "was all before him where to choose," and he chose, or rather Lord Suffolk chose for him, the brilliant court of Hesse-Cassel for the next scene of his labors. The Duke of Hesse-Cassel, like his brother of Brunswick, felt no Christian scruples, no humane misgivings, no paternal doubts about trafficking in the blood of his subjects. Landgrave Charles I. had set the example, and his successors had followed it. He let out his soldiers to Venice, and it might have been accepted as a mitigation of his crime, that it was to serve against the Turks, the deadly enemies of Christian civilization. But it was not to the Venetians as the defenders of Christianity that he let them, but as the best paymasters in the market. From 1687, when Charles I. sent one thousand men to fight for the Venetians, till the end of the Seven Years' War, Hessians were found in one or the other of the contending armies, and always among the best disciplined and bravest of its soldiers. With the proceeds of their blood Charles I. built barracks and churches, the water-works of the Weissenstein, and set up the statue of Hercules. His successors followed close in his footsteps, holding at one time twenty-four thousand men under arms, and always commanding the highest prices. Marble palaces, galleries rich with paintings and statues, spacious villas, and all the luxuries of the most advanced civilization bore witness to the wealth of the sovereign; their homes, and the boys, old men and women doing the work of ripe manhood, attested the oppression of the subject. There was a deep-set melancholy on the faces of the women. "When we are dead we are done with it," was a common saying with the men. When a father asked for his son, whom the conscription had torn from him, he was sent to the mines. If a mother besought that he to whom she had looked for the support of her age might be restored to her, she was sent to the workhouse. Some of the barbarous punishments by which soldiers were terrified into obedience were inflicted in the streets. "Never," says Weber, in his Travels of a German in Germany, "did I see so many poor wretches chased through the streets as in Cassel. It is less injurious to the health than running the gauntlet," the officers told him; and well it might be, for that gauntlet was run through a narrow lane of men, each provided with a stout cane and bound to apply it with full force to the backs of the delinquents. In cases of desertion, the greatest of crimes, the offender was made to run this gauntlet two days in succession, and twelve times each day. Can we wonder that the terrible punishment often ended in death?

The poet tells us that—

> Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
> Emollit mores nec sinit spe feros.

I could wish that this were always true, but I fear that history will not bear us out in the belief. Landgrave Frederick II., whose reign from 1760 to 1785 covers the whole period in which we are most interested, can hardly be regarded as an illustration of the rule. His mixed character will repay a more attentive study.

He had inherited from his father a territory of one hundred and fifty-six German square miles, with a population of three hundred thousand souls. Over this population he exercised an absolute control, and by his wealth, his connections, and the favorable position of his territories, he was counted among the most powerful of his brother princes. From his ancestors he had inherited business talent, indiscreet selfishness, coarse sensuality, and obstinate self-will. He had found Protestantism too rigorous, and became a Catholic in order to enjoy greater religious freedom, though he was not only indifferent to religion, but prided himself in playing the part of an illuminato, a protector of the arts and sciences, and a correspondent of Voltaire. He founded schools of a higher order, and even made some humane laws; but his culture was all on the surface, and his life was defiled by an indecent libertinism. French manners, French literature, and, above all, French licentiousness, reigned at his court, and to form some idea of its corrupting power we have only to remember that at the beginning of his career he was a contemporary of Louis XV. If he spent freely upon churches and museums, he spent more freely for the gratification of his voluptuousness. Yet with all this love of pleasure and display, he left at his death sixty million thalers in ready money. Where did he get it? A skillfully managed lottery furnished part; but the traffic in soldiers the greater part.

For him also the American war was a godsend, awakening new hopes for himself, and, as with his brother princes, new zeal and grateful attachment to "the best of kings." We have seen how Fawcitt had been outwitted in his negotiations with the prime minister of Brunswick. He was still less able to cope with Von Schlieffen, the prime minister of Hesse-Cassel; a man of both military and civil experience, a skillful negotiator, profoundly versed in the practical study of human nature, and thoroughly familiar with the aims and wishes of his sovereign. Fortunately for that sovereign, his minister was entirely devoted to his interests.

The negotiation began by a master stroke, which represented the landgrave as sensitive and nervous, and therefore in a state of mind that required delicate management. The English envoy bit eagerly at the bait, and made no secret of the dependence of his sovereign upon foreign aid. "How many men does he want?" was the first question. From ten thousand to twelve thousand, answered Fawcitt, little dreaming that the small state could furnish so many. He was told in reply that the Hessian troops were on the best footing, and the king could have all that he asked for. Fawcitt was very happy, for the main object of his mission seemed secure. The troops promised, all the rest was merely a discussion of details. But in the skillful diplomacy of his opponent these details became concessions, cunningly interwoven, and leading by subtle interpretations from one admission to another. First came a claim for hospital expenses during the last war — a claim the envoy had never heard of before, and concerning which he was therefore obliged to write home for instructions.

Meanwhile he urged on the preparation of the contract, which to the wonder of diplomatists and the disgust of thoughtful Englishmen, took the form, not of a convention for hiring soldiers, as in the case of Brunswick, but of a treaty on equal terms between the mistress of the seas and a petty German landgrave, as high contracting powers. We need not, however, look far for the cause of the unwonted pliability of the English government. The margrave had money, and could wait. The king had no troops, and could not wait.

I will not follow the details of this negotiation any further. Both parties obtained their object. England got the men; the landgrave got his money. The time for the embarkation was fixed, and when it came the first division of 8397 was mustered into the English service by Fawcitt, who seemed at a loss for words to express his admiration of their soldierly appearance. On the 12th of

August, 1776, they entered New York Bay. On the 27th they took a brilliant part in the battle of Long Island under De Heister. A gale of wind, a persistent calm, any of the common chances of the ocean, and they would have been too late, and Howe would not have dared to fight the battle which won him his knighthood; Washington would have had time to strengthen his works on both islands; Greene, who of all the American officers was the only one perfectly familiar with the ground, would have recovered sufficiently from his untimely fever to resume his command, and the whole aspect of the campaign of 1776 would have been altered. So much, in great enterprises, often depends upon a happy concurrence of incidents. Henceforth let it be borne in mind that in every battle of the War of Independence, hired men of Germany play an important part.

On the 2d of June the second division was mustered into service. On the 18th of October it landed at New Rochelle. It consisted of 3997 men, not the trained men of well-knit sinews who formed the first division, but chiefly young men of seventeen or eighteen, who had been raised to serve in America. As general of division we find Knyphausen, whose name soon became familiar to both armies. Among the colonels of the first division we find Rahl, who commanded at Trenton when Washington came upon it by surprise in the cold gray of a morning after Christmas; and Donop, who fell mortally wounded, as he led his men to the attack of Redbank, and died exclaiming, "I die the victim of my own ambition and the avarice of my sovereign." Did those bitter words ever reach the ears of that sovereign? Not if we may judge by the cold, business-like method with which he bargained that three wounded men should count as one killed, and one killed as one newly levied, or thirty crowns banco.

But this second division was not so easily raised as the first. The alarm had spread rapidly among a people still suffering from the wounds of the Seven Years' War. The only refuge was desertion, and although the frontiers were closely guarded, deserters passed daily into the neighboring territories, where, from the people at least, they found a ready reception. To check this the king, as Elector of Hanover, put forth all his authority to restore these poor wretches to their sovereign; and the sovereign, to prove his paternal tenderness, reduced the war taxes by half; taking good care to secure for himself an ample compensation from England. "The treasury," to borrow the energetic language of a German historian, "was filled with blood and tears." Yet in spite of all the efforts both of the king and the landgrave, the desertion continued; the difficulty of finding recruits increased; native Hessians able to bear arms disappeared from the towns and fields; and it was only by stealing men wherever they could be found that the landgrave could fulfill his promises. Meanwhile he went to Italy to enjoy his money and form new plans of embellishment.

From Cassel Fawcitt hastened to Hanau, where he found the Crown Prince of Hesse-Cassel, and following up his negotiations, had a new convention all ready in the course of the first twenty-four hours. He was delighted with the "impetuous zeal" of the prince. But the difficulty of his task was increasing; not from any hesitation on the part of the sovereign, who thought only of his gains, but because the subject had conceived a strong aversion for service beyond the sea. Excellent soldiers as the Germans were, they shrank with repugnance and terror from a voyage across the Atlantic. Those of you who have walked through a steerage crowded with emigrants will readily conceive what the sufferings of those poor soldiers must have been, badly fed, badly lodged, and worse than crowded. Draw the picture as you may, you cannot color it too highly. Little thought did either the king or the prince take of this. Each had his immediate object, and cared little for anything besides.

The Waldeckers came next; and

Fawcitt pressing them on through new difficulties, they were ready in November to take a decided part in the assault of Fort Washington. For they fought gallantly, it will be remembered, on the north side, where both attack and defense were bloodiest and hottest. German writers tell us how the wounded cursed and swore, bewailing their lot: but if the prince was to be trusted, they only "longed for an opportunity to sacrifice themselves for the best of kings."

The avarice of the German princes grew with success. All longed to come in for a share of this abundant harvest. Bavaria asked to put in her little sickle, but was refused. England might have raised her tone, for every applicant wrote as if all Germany were at her feet. But in truth the aversion to the service grew daily, and the difficulty of conveying troops to the place of muster caused serious embarrassments, which if England had been less in need might have led to the renunciation of the contract. But as has been already said, England wanted men and the princes wanted money, and thus the evil work went on, till there were no longer men to be bought or stolen.

There is a painful monotony in this story of inhumanity and crime, of the avarice of money and the avarice of power. It is common to speak of George III. as a man of a narrow mind, but of an excellent heart; a moral king while so many of his contemporary kings disgraced the thrones on which they sat. This is too light a view of so grave a subject. Superiority of power carries with it superiority of moral obligation, and the man from whose will good or evil flows, compelling millions to go with it, must be held to a sterner reckoning than his fellow-men. Let us not pass lightly over this grave subject. The balancing of responsibilities, the just meting out of judgment to the strong and to the weak, is one of the most serious duties of the historian. The man who accepts a post of responsibility is bound to do whatever this responsibility imposes. Weigh the British king in this balance and grievously will he be found wanting.

And what shall we say of the German princes? Their lives speak for them. The pervading character of their relations to their subjects was cold-hearted selfishness, a wanton sacrifice of the labor and lives of their subjects to their own caprice and pleasure. Compare their spacious palaces with the comfortless cottages of the peasant; their sumptuous tables, covered with the delicate inventions of French cookery, with the coarse bread, almost the peasant's only meal; see their splendid theatres, maintained by taxes that rob the laborer of half the fruits of his toil; see how desolate the fields look, how deserted the highways, how silent the streets; see what sadness sits upon the brows of the women, what despair on the faces of the men: and think what manner of man he must be who reigns over subjects like these!

It has been said that the convention with the crown prince at Hanau was discussed and signed in twenty-four hours. The Prince of Waldeck followed, and soon the name of Waldeckers — first written in blood on the northern ridge of Fort Washington — became a name of fear and hatred to Americans. It would be useless — rather, disgusting — to dwell upon the monotonous record of this buying and selling of human blood. I will give a few incidents only to complete the picture.

A spirit of rivalry had grown up among these dukes and landgraves and princes, such rivalry as only avarice could awaken. They crowded around Fawcitt, and, while protesting that devotion to the majesty of England was their only motive, took good care to drive keen bargains and insist upon the uttermost farthing. They intrigued against each other in all the tortuous ways familiar to petty princes, bringing even religion to their aid, reminding Fawcitt how dangerous an element so large a proportion of Catholics would be in an English army. England wanted an army of twenty thousand men, with which she hoped to bring the war to a

close in the course of another year; for till the Christmas of 1776 the campaign had gone all in her favor, and her hired troops had borne themselves bravely. She might have spoken in a more commanding tone. But the surprise of Trenton had thrown nearly nine hundred of these valiant mercenaries into the hands of the Americans and changed the whole aspect of the war. New troops were more needed than ever. She was again obliged to ask urgently and accept the hardest conditions.

The American service was now better understood, but not better liked. The Margrave of Anspach encountered serious obstacles in sending his troops to the place of embarkation. At Ochsenfurt they revolted and refused to embark. A skillful leader might have opposed a formidable resistance, but their officers were not with them in heart, and information of the untoward event was immediately sent to the margrave. He instantly mounted his horse, not stopping long enough to take a change of linen or even his watch, and followed by only two or three attendants rode at full speed to the scene of the revolt. At the sight of their master the hearts of these bold men, so daring in the face of the enemy, misgave them, and they penitently returned to their allegiance.

Other difficulties awaited other corps on their march. The electors of Mainz and Trier stopped them as they passed through their territories, and claimed some of them as deserters. At Coblentz seventeen Hessians were taken out of the boats at the suggestion of the imperial minister, Metternich. Another element of dissension was introduced, and deep menaces were uttered for the insult to the Hessian flag. But this, also, was presently forgotten; the work went on, and the new band of mercenaries reached New York in safety.

Among the mistakes of the English government, the greatest, perhaps, of all was the failure to understand the spirit and resources of the colonies, and the consequent prolongation of the war. The surprise of Trenton was, both by the actual loss of men, and the still more fatal loss of prestige, a heavy blow. The loss of such troops under such circumstances imposed the necessity of immediate reinforcements. The only market in which they could be found was Germany, and that market was nearly drained. But as long as a man was to be found, his sovereign was eager to sell him and England to buy.

As early as December, 1776, the Duke of Würtemberg had offered four thousand men, and Fawcitt had been instructed to enter into negotiations with him. But upon a closer examination it was found that he was bankrupt. He had no arms and no uniforms. To prevent the men from deserting they were kept without pay. The officers' tents had been cut up to eke out the decorations of the duke's rural festivals. The prospect was gloomy. Sir Joseph Yorke was called into council, but he had no new market to recommend. Saxe-Gotha and Darmstadt might furnish a few. The Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst was willing to furnish two battalions. He was a brother of Catherine II., and a hearty hater of the great Frederick. His territories were wretchedly poor. His eagerness to get money embarrassed his negotiations, which were broken off by Suffolk, but resumed in the autumn of 1777 on the recommendation of Sir Joseph Yorke. But England wanted more men. Then adventurers began to come forward with propositions more or less feasible, but all aiming at the fathomless purse of England. A Baron Eichberg offered to open a recruiting office in Minorca; then a regiment of Sclavonians, who were also good sailors, and after the war were to found a colony for holding the Americans in check. The offer was not accepted. Other offers were made, but by impoverished men, who, when the time came, failed to meet their engagements. And thus was it till the end of the war; the only contracts that held were the first six: the contracts, namely, with Brunswick, Cassel, Hanau, Waldeck, Anspach, and Zerbst. The history of these six contracts covers the whole ground to the spring of 1777, when the difficulty of finding recruits

increased. All that follows is in the main but a repetition of the original negotiations. For a year the disgraceful work prospered. But early in 1777 the market was nearly drained, and though new engagements continued to be made, they were seldom fulfilled. The story was still sad and humiliating; I shall follow its details no further.[1] Here I must pause a moment to call attention to the heartless betrayal of his own soldiers by the Duke of Brunswick. Two thousand of these wretches had been made prisoners at Saratoga; and the duke, fearing that to exchange them would interfere with his profit and diffuse a general dissatisfaction with the service, when so many witnesses against it were scattered through the country, urged the English government to delay their exchange till the war was ended.

Frederick of Prussia and the emperor were opposed to the selling of men for foreign service, not from any feeling for the misery which it caused, but because their own political horizon was overcast and they might soon need them for their own service. It has been said that Frederick was moved by sentiments of humanity, and that with a bitter practical satire he imposed the same tax upon the passage of these men through his territories that he had been accustomed to impose upon cattle. But we have very little reason to count humanity among Frederick's virtues. He hated England for her desertion of him when Bute became minister and Chatham was forced to retire. In November, 1777, he refused the Anspachers and Hanauers a passage through his territories; sorely embarrassing the German sovereigns and their English customers. They knew not which way to turn. If they should attempt to pass through Holland and the Netherlands, the discontented and ill-provided men would desert by hundreds. When at last the march began, three hundred and thirty-four men did desert in ten days. The disgraceful drama closed in 1778 with the embarkation of the levies of the Prince of Zerbst. And thus Frederick was our involuntary ally.

There was another ordeal to pass before the bargain was brought to a close. Would Parliament approve this degradation? The debates were long and bitter, and brought out the thinkers and orators of both houses. In the Commons Burke characterized the bargain as shameful and dear. In the Lords, Camden branded it as a sale of cattle for the shambles. Even the butcher of Culloden condemned it as an attempt to suppress constitutional liberty in America. But the ministry prevailed by large majorities in both houses. England had not yet opened her eyes to the inhumanity and bad statesmanship of the war.

But England was not alone. The moral sense of Europe had not yet awakened. The old spirit of feudalism had not yet lost its hold upon the nobles nor upon the people. The noble still felt that the commoner was infinitely below him. The commoner and day-laborer could not but believe that the noble was really far above them. A few voices were raised in the defense of human rights. The most powerful of these in France was the voice of Mirabeau, who, though a noble himself, had also been the victim of tyranny. And in Germany it is pleasant to find Schiller on the side of humanity, stigmatizing the trade in men in his Kabale und Liebe; while the great Kant went still further, and embraced the cause of the American colonists with all the energy of his vast intellect. Klopstock and Lessing spoke in low tones, and we listen in vain for the voice of Goethe.

It is impossible to give with perfect accuracy the numbers of the Germans employed by England in this fatal war. The English archives contain one part of the story, and that the most important — the numbers actually mustered into service. But the various German archives, which contain the record of all who were put on the rolls, are not all accessible to the historical inquirer. This part

[1] The reader who wishes to study this subject more fully should read Der Soldatenhandel deutscher Fursten nach Amerika (1775 bis 1783), von Friedrich Kapp, Berlin, 1864.

of the subject has been carefully studied by Schlozer, and the result compared by Mr. Kapp with the statements in the English state paper office. Mr. Kapp's figures are as follows:—

	No. Men furnished.	No. returned home.
Brunswick	5,723	2,708
Hesse-Cassel	16,992	10,492
Hesse-Hanau	2,422	1,441
Waldeck	1,225	505
Anspach	1,644	1,183
Anhalt-Zerbst	1,160	984
Total	29,166	17,313

Thus the total loss was 11,853.

It is difficult to establish with certainty the sums which this army of foreigners took from the tax-payers of England. Strongly supported as they were in Parliament, ministers did not dare to tell the whole story openly, but put many things under false titles. They did not dare frankly to say, Every man that is killed puts so many thalers into the sovereign's pocket, every three wounded men count for one dead man. Even the Parliament of Lord North might have shrunk from the contemplation of figures thus stained with tears and blood. As near as it can be established by a careful comparison of the English authorities, the sums paid under various names by the English treasury amounted in round numbers to seven million pounds sterling, or, at the present standard, fourteen million pounds sterling. Had these fourteen millions been used for the good of the people by whose sweat and blood they were won, we might still find some grounds for consolation in the reflection that the good thus done to one would, by a common law of humanity, sooner or later extend to all. But this fruit of the blood of the people went to satisfy the vain ambitions of display and the unbounded sensuality of the sovereign. Men whose names might have stood high in the annals of war, if they had fought for their country, are known in history as fighters for hire.

George Washington Greene.

RESIDUE.

MEMORY, what wilt thou,
Troubled and forlorn?
When the year gives roses
Wherefore choose the thorn?
'T is for thee I suffer,"
Memory sighed apart;
"Thou hast had the sweetness,
I must bear the smart!"

Memory, what wilt thou,
Restless, ill at ease?
When the new wine sparkles
Wherefore drink the lees?
"'T is for thee I suffer,"
Memory sighed again;
"Thou hast had the sweetness,
I the dregs must drain!"

Kate Putnam Osgood.

RODERICK HUDSON.

II.

RODERICK.

EARLY on the morrow Rowland received a visit from his new friend. Roderick was in a state of extreme exhilaration, tempered, however, by a certain amount of righteous wrath. He had had a domestic struggle, but he had remained master of the situation. He had shaken the dust of Mr. Striker's office from his feet.

"I had it out last night with my mother," he said. "I dreaded the scene, for she takes things terribly hard. She does n't scold nor storm, and she does n't argue nor insist. She sits with her eyes full of tears that never fall, and looks at me, when I displease her, as if I were a perfect monster of depravity. And the trouble is that I was born to displease her. She does n't trust me; she never has and she never will. I don't know what I have done to set her against me, but ever since I can remember I have been looked at with tears. The trouble is," he went on, giving a twist to his mustache, "I 've been too absurdly docile. I 've been sprawling all my days by the maternal fireside, and my dear mother has grown used to bullying me. I 've made myself cheap! If I 'm not in bed by eleven o'clock, the girl is sent out to explore with a lantern. When I think of it, I fairly despise my amiability. It 's rather a hard fate, to live like a saint and to pass for a sinner! I should like for six months to lead Mrs. Hudson the life some fellows lead their mothers!"

"Allow me to believe," said Rowland, "that you would like nothing of the sort. If you have been a good boy, don't spoil it by pretending you don't like it. You have been very happy, I suspect, in spite of your virtues, and there are worse fates in the world than being loved too well. I have not had the pleasure of seeing your mother, but I 'd lay you a wager that that 's the trouble. She 's passionately fond of you, and her hopes, like all intense hopes, keep trembling into fears." Rowland, as he spoke, had an instinctive vision of how such a beautiful young fellow must be loved by his female relatives.

Roderick frowned, and with an impatient gesture, "I do her justice," he cried. "May she never do me less!" Then after a moment's hesitation, "I 'll tell you the perfect truth," he went on. "I have to fill a double place. I have to be my brother, as well as myself. It 's a good deal to ask of a man, especially when he has so little talent as I for being what he is not. When we were both young together, I was the curled darling. I had the silver mug and the biggest piece of pudding, and I stayed in-doors to be kissed by the ladies while he made mud-pies in the garden and was never missed, of course. Really, he was worth fifty of me! When he was brought home from Vicksburg with a piece of shell in his skull, my poor mother began to think she had n't loved him enough. I remember, as she hung round my neck sobbing, before his coffin, she told me that I must be to her everything that he would have been. I swore in tears and in perfect good faith that I would, but naturally I have not kept my promise. I have been utterly different. I have been idle, restless, egotistical, discontented. I 've done no harm, I believe, but I 've done no good. My brother, if he had lived, would have made fifty thousand dollars and put gas and water into the house. My mother, brooding night and day on her bereavement, has come to fix her ideal in offices of that sort. Judged by that standard I 'm nowhere!"

Rowland was at loss how to receive this account of his friend's domestic circumstances; it was plaintive, and yet the manner seemed to him over-trenchant.

"You must lose no time in making a masterpiece," he answered; "then with the proceeds you can give her gas from golden burners."

"So I have told her, but she only half believes either in masterpiece or in proceeds. She can see no good in my making statues; they seem to her a snare of the enemy. She would fain see me all my life tethered to the law, like a browsing goat to a stake. In that way I 'm in sight. 'It 's a more regular occupation!' that 's all I can get out of her. A more regular damnation! Is it a fact that artists, in general, are such wicked men? I never had the pleasure of knowing one, so I could n't confute her with an example. She had the advantage of me, because she formerly knew a portrait-painter at Richmond, who did her miniature in black lace mittens (you may see it on the parlor table), who used to drink raw brandy and beat his wife. I promised her that whatever I might do to my wife, I would never beat my mother, and that as for brandy, raw or diluted, I detested it. She sat silently crying for an hour, during which I expended treasures of eloquence. It 's a good thing to have to reckon up one's intentions, and I assure you, as I pleaded my cause, I was most agreeably impressed with the elevated character of my own. I kissed her solemnly at last, and told her that I had said everything and that she must make the best of it. This morning she has dried her eyes, but I warrant you it is n't a cheerful house. I long to be out of it!"

"I 'm extremely sorry," said Rowland, "to have been the prime cause of so much suffering. I owe your mother some amends; will it be possible for me to see her?"

"If you 'll see her, it will smooth matters vastly; though to tell the truth she 'll need all her courage to face you, for she considers you an agent of the foul fiend. She does n't see why you should have come here and set me by the ears: you are made to ruin ingenuous youths and afflict doting mothers. I leave it to you, personally, to answer these charges. You see, what she can't forgive — what she 'll not really ever forgive — is your taking me off to Rome. Rome is an evil word, in my mother's vocabulary, to be said in a whisper, as you 'd say 'damnation.' Northampton is in the centre of the earth and Rome far away in outlying dusk, into which it can do no Christian any good to penetrate. And there was I but yesterday a doomed *habitué* of that repository of every virtue, Mr. Striker's office."

"And does Mr. Striker know of your decision?" asked Rowland.

"To a certainty! Mr. Striker, you must know, is not simply a good-natured attorney, who lets me dog's-ear his law-books. He 's a particular friend and general adviser. He looks after my mother's property and kindly consents to regard me as part of it. Our opinions have always been painfully divergent, but I freely forgive him his zealous attempts to unscrew my head-piece and set it on hind part before. He never understood me, and it was useless to try to make him. We speak a different language — we 're made of a different clay. I had a fit of rage yesterday when I smashed his bust, at the thought of all the bad blood he had stirred up in me; it did me good, and it 's all over now. I don't hate him any more; I 'm rather sorry for him. See how you 've improved me! I must have seemed to him willfully, wickedly stupid, and I 'm sure he only tolerated me on account of his great regard for my mother. This morning I grasped the bull by the horns. I took an armful of law-books that have been gathering the dust in my room for the last year and a half, and presented myself at the office. 'Allow me to put these back in their places,' I said. 'I shall never have need for them more — never more, never more, never more!' 'So you've learned everything they contain?' asked Striker, leering over his spectacles. 'Better late than never.' 'I've learned nothing that you can teach me,' I cried. 'But I shall tax your patience no longer. I 'm going to be a sculptor. I 'm going to Rome. I won't bid you good-by just yet; I shall see you again. But I bid good-by here,

with rapture, to these four detested walls — to this living tomb! I did n't know till now how I hated it! My compliments to Mr. Spooner, and my thanks for all you have n't made of me!' "

"I 'm glad to know you are to see Mr. Striker again," Rowland answered, correcting a primary inclination to smile. "You certainly owe him a respectful farewell, even if he has not understood you. I confess you rather puzzle me. There 's another person," he presently added, "whose opinion as to your new career I should like to know. What does Miss Garland think?"

Hudson looked at him keenly, with a slight blush. Then, with a conscious smile, "What makes you suppose she thinks anything?" he asked.

"Because, though I saw her but for a moment yesterday, she struck me as a very intelligent person, and I am sure she has opinions."

The smile on Roderick's mobile face passed rapidly into a frown. "Oh, she thinks what I think!" he answered.

Before the two young men separated Rowland attempted to give as harmonious a shape as possible to his companion's scheme. "I 've launched you, as I may say," he said, "and I feel as if I ought to see you into port. I 'm older than you and know the world better, and it seems well that we should voyage a while together. It 's on my conscience that I ought to take you to Rome, walk you through the Vatican, and then lock you up with a heap of clay. I sail on the fifth of September; can you make your preparations to start with me?"

Roderick assented to all this with an air of candid confidence in his friend's wisdom that outshone the virtue of pledges. "I have no preparations to make," he said with a smile, raising his arms and letting them fall, as if to indicate his unencumbered condition. "What I 'm to take with me I carry here!" and he tapped his forehead.

"Happy man!" murmured Rowland, with a sigh, thinking of the light stowage, in his own organism, in the region indicated by Roderick, and of the heavy one in deposit at his banker's, of bags and boxes.

When his companion had left him he went in search of Cecilia. She was sitting at work at a shady window, and welcomed him to a low chintz-covered chair. He sat some time, thoughtfully snipping tape with her scissors; he expected criticism and he was preparing a rejoinder. At last he told her of Roderick's decision and of his own influence in it. Cecilia, besides an extreme surprise, exhibited a certain fine displeasure at his not having asked her advice.

"What would you have said, if I had?" he demanded.

"I would have said in the first place, 'Oh for pity's sake don't carry off the person in all Northampton who amuses me most!' I would have said in the second place, 'Nonsense! the boy is doing very well. Let well alone!' "

"That in the first five minutes. What would you have said later?"

"That for an habitually unofficious person, you were rather thrusting in your oar."

Rowland's countenance fell. He frowned in silence. Cecilia looked at him askance; gradually the spark of irritation faded from her eye.

"Excuse my sharpness," she resumed at last. "But I 'm literally in despair at losing Roderick Hudson. His visits in the evening, for the past year, have kept me alive. They 've given a silver tip to leaden days. I don't say he is of a more useful metal than other people, but he is of a different one. Of course, however, that I shall miss him sadly is not a reason for his not going to seek his fortune. Men must work and women must weep!"

"Decidedly not!" said Rowland, with a good deal of emphasis. He had suspected from the first hour of his stay that Cecilia had treated herself to a private social luxury; he had then discovered that she found it in Hudson's lounging visits and boyish chatter, and he had felt himself wondering at last whether. judiciously viewed, her gain

in the matter was not the young man's loss. It was evident that Cecilia was not judicious, and that her good sense, habitually rigid under the demands of domestic economy, indulged itself with a certain agreeable laxity on this particular point. She liked her young friend just as he was; she humored him, flattered him, laughed at him, caressed him — did everything but advise him. It was a flirtation without the benefits of a flirtation. She was too old to let him fall in love with her, which might have done him good; and her inclination was to keep him young, so that the nonsense he talked might never transgress a certain line. It was quite conceivable that poor Cecilia should relish a pastime; but if one had philanthropically embraced the idea that something considerable might be made of Roderick, it was impossible not to see that her friendship was not what might be called tonic. So Rowland reflected, in the glow of his new-born sympathy. There was a later time when he would have been grateful if Hudson's susceptibility to the relaxing influence of lovely woman might have been limited to such inexpensive tribute as he rendered the excellent Cecilia.

"I only desire to remind you," she pursued, "that you are likely to have your hands full."

"I've thought of that, and I rather like the idea; liking, as I do, the man. I told you the other day, you know, that I longed to have something on my hands. When it first occurred to me that I might start our young friend on the path of glory, I felt as if I had an unimpeachable inspiration. Then I remembered there were dangers and difficulties, and asked myself whether I had a right to step in between him and his obscurity. My sense of his really having the divine flame answered the question. He is made to do the things that humanity is the happier for! I can't do such things myself, but when I see a young man of genius standing helpless and hopeless for want of capital, I feel — and it's no affectation of humility, I assure you — as if it would give at least a reflected usefulness to my own life to offer him his opportunity."

"In the name of humanity, I suppose, I ought to thank you. But I want, first of all, to be happy myself. You guarantee us at any rate, I hope, the masterpieces."

"A masterpiece a year," said Rowland smiling, "for the next quarter of a century."

"It seems to me that we have a right to ask more: to demand that you guarantee us not only the development of the artist, but the security of the man."

Rowland became grave again. "His security?"

"His moral, his sentimental security. Here, you see, it's perfect. We are all under a tacit compact to preserve it. Perhaps you believe in the necessary turbulence of genius, and you intend to enjoin upon your *protégé* the importance of cultivating his passions."

"On the contrary, I believe that a man of genius owes as much deference to his passions as any other man, but not a particle more, and I confess I have a strong conviction that the artist is better for leading a quiet life. That is what I shall preach to my protégé, as you call him, by example as well as by precept. You evidently believe," he added in a moment, "that he'll lead me a dance."

"Nay, I prophesy nothing. I only think that circumstances, with our young man, have a great influence, as is proved by the fact that although he has been fuming and fretting here for the last five years, he has nevertheless managed to make the best of it, and found it easy, on the whole, to vegetate. Transplanted to Rome, I fancy he'll put forth a denser leafage. I should like vastly to see the change. You must write me about it, from stage to stage. I hope with all my heart that the fruit will be proportionate to the foliage. Don't think me a bird of ill omen; only remember that you will be held to a strict account."

"A man should make the most of himself, and be helped if he needs help," Rowland answered, after a long pause.

"Of course when a body begins to expand, there comes in the possibility of bursting; but I nevertheless approve of a certain tension of one's being. It's what a man is meant for. And then I believe in the essential salubrity of genius — true genius."

"Very good," said Cecilia, with an air of resignation which made Rowland, for the moment, seem to himself culpably eager. "We'll drink then today at dinner to the health of our friend."

Having it much at heart to convince Mrs. Hudson of the purity of his intentions, Rowland waited upon her that evening. He was ushered into a large parlor, which, by the light of a couple of candles, he perceived to be very meagrely furnished and very tenderly and sparingly used. The windows were open to the air of the summer night, and a circle of three persons was temporarily awed into silence by his appearance. One of these was Mrs. Hudson, who was sitting at one of the windows, empty-handed save for the pocket-handkerchief in her lap, which was held with an air of familiarity with its sadder uses. Near her, on the sofa, half sitting, half lounging, in the attitude of a visitor outstaying ceremony, with one long leg flung over the other and a large foot in a clumsy boot swinging to and fro continually, was a lean, sandy-haired gentleman whom Rowland recognized as the original of the portrait of Mr. Barnaby Striker. At the table, near the candles, busy with a substantial piece of needle-work, sat the young girl of whom he had had a moment's quickened glimpse in Roderick's studio, and whom he had learned to be Miss Garland, his companion's kinswoman. This young lady's limpid, wide-eyed gaze was the most effective greeting he received. Mrs. Hudson rose with a soft, vague sound of distress, and stood looking at him shrinkingly and waveringly, as if she were sorely tempted to retreat through the open window. Mr. Striker swung his long leg a trifle defiantly. No one, evidently, was used to offering hollow welcomes or telling polite fibs. Rowland introduced himself; he had come, he might say, upon business.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hudson tremulously; "I know — my son has told me. I suppose it is better I should see you. Perhaps you 'll take a seat."

With this invitation Rowland prepared to comply, and, turning, grasped the first chair that offered itself.

"Not that one," said a full, grave voice; whereupon he perceived that a quantity of sewing-silk had been suspended and entangled over the back, preparatory to being wound on reels. He felt the least bit irritated at the curtness of the warning, coming as it did from a young woman whose countenance he had mentally pronounced interesting, and with regard to whom he was conscious of the germ of the inevitable desire to produce a responsive interest. And then he thought it would break the ice to say something playfully urbane.

"Oh, you should let me take the chair," he answered, "and have the pleasure of holding the skeins myself!"

For all reply to this sally he received a stare of undisguised amazement from Miss Garland, who then looked across at Mrs. Hudson with a glance which plainly said: "You see he 's quite the insidious personage we feared." The elder lady, however, sat with her eyes fixed on the ground and her two hands tightly clasped. But touching her Rowland felt much more compassion than resentment; her attitude was not coldness, it was a kind of dread, almost a terror. She was a small, eager woman, with a pale, troubled face, which added to her apparent age. After looking at her for some minutes Rowland saw that she was still young, and that she must have been a very girlish bride. She had been a pretty one, too, though she probably had looked terribly frightened at the altar. She was very delicately made, and Roderick had come honestly by his physical slimness and elegance. She wore no cap, and her flaxen hair, which was of extraordinary fineness,

was smoothed and confined with Puritanic primness. She was excessively shy, and evidently very humble-minded; it was singular to see a woman to whom the experience of life had conveyed so little reassurance as to her own resources or the chances of things turning out well. Rowland began immediately to like her, and to feel impatient to persuade her that there was no harm in him and that, twenty to one, her son would make her a well-pleased woman yet. He foresaw that she would be easy to persuade, and that a benevolent conversational tone would probably make her pass, fluttering, from distrust into an oppressive extreme of confidence. But he had an indefinable sense that the person who was testing that strong young eyesight of hers in the dim candlelight was less readily beguiled from her mysterious feminine preconceptions. Miss Garland, according to Cecilia's judgment, as Rowland remembered, had not a countenance to inspire a sculptor; but it seemed to Rowland that her countenance might fairly inspire a man who was far from being a sculptor. She was not pretty, as the eye of habit judges prettiness, but when you made the observation you somehow failed to set it down against her, for you had already passed from measuring contours to tracing meanings. In Mary Garland's face there were many possible ones, and they gave you the more to think about that it was not — like Roderick Hudson's, for instance — a quick and mobile face, over which expression flickered like a candle in a wind. They followed each other slowly, distinctly, gravely, sincerely, and you might almost have fancied that, as they came and went, they gave her a sort of pain. She was tall and slender, and had an air of maidenly strength and decision. She had a broad forehead and dark eyebrows, a trifle thicker than those of classic beauties; her gray eye was clear but not brilliant, and her features were perfectly irregular. Her mouth was large, fortunately, for the principal grace of her physiognomy was her smile, which displayed itself with magnificent amplitude. Rowland, indeed, had not yet seen her smile, but something assured him that her rigid gravity had a radiant counterpart. She wore a scanty white dress, and had a nameless rustic air which would have led one to speak of her less as a young lady than as a young woman. She was evidently a girl of a great personal force, but she lacked pliancy. She was hemming a kitchen towel with the aid of a large brass thimble. She bent her serious eyes at last on her work again, and let Rowland explain himself.

"I have become suddenly so very intimate with your son," he said at last, addressing himself to Mrs. Hudson, "that it seems just I should make your acquaintance."

"Very just," murmured the poor lady, and after a moment's hesitation was on the point of adding something more; but Mr. Striker here interposed, after a prefatory clearance of the throat.

"I should like to take the liberty," he said, "of addressing you a simple question. For how long a period of time have you been acquainted with our young friend?" He continued to kick the air, but his head was thrown back and his eyes fixed on the opposite wall, as if in aversion to the spectacle of Rowland's inevitable confusion.

"A very short time, I confess. Hardly three days."

"And yet you call yourself intimate, eh? I have been seeing Mr. Roderick daily these three years, and yet it was only this morning that I felt as if I had at last the right to say that I knew him. We had a few moments' conversation in my office which supplied the missing links in the evidence. So that now I do venture to say I 'm acquainted with Mr. Roderick! But wait three years, sir, like me!" and Mr. Striker laughed, with a closed mouth and a noiseless shake of all his long person.

Mrs. Hudson smiled confusedly, at hazard; Miss Garland kept her eyes on her stitches. But it seemed to Rowland that the latter colored a little. "Oh, in three years, of course," he said, "we shall know each other better. Before many years are over, madam,"

he pursued, "I expect the world to know him. I expect him to be a great man!"

Mrs. Hudson looked at first as if this could be but an insidious device for increasing her distress by the assistance of irony. Then reassured, little by little, by Rowland's benevolent visage, she gave him an appealing glance and a timorous "Really?"

But before Rowland could respond, Mr. Striker again intervened. "Do I fully apprehend your expression?" he asked. "Our young friend is to become a *great man?*"

"A great artist, I hope," said Rowland.

"This is a new and interesting view," said Mr. Striker, with an assumption of judicial calmness. "We have had hopes for Mr. Roderick, but I confess, if I have rightly understood them, they stopped short of greatness. We should n't have taken the responsibility of claiming it for him. What do you say, ladies? We all feel about him here — his mother, Miss Garland, and myself — as if his merits were rather in the line of the" — and Mr. Striker waved his hand with a series of fantastic flourishes in the air — "of the light ornamental!" Mr. Striker bore his recalcitrant pupil a grudge, but he was evidently trying both to be fair and to respect the susceptibilities of his companions. But he was unversed in the mysterious processes of feminine emotion. Ten minutes before, there had been a general harmony of sombre views; but on hearing Roderick's limitations thus distinctly formulated to a stranger, the two ladies mutely protested. Mrs. Hudson uttered a short, faint sigh, and Miss Garland raised her eyes toward their advocate and visited him with a short, cold glance.

"I'm afraid, Mrs. Hudson," Rowland pursued, evading the discussion of Roderick's possible greatness, "that you don't at all thank me for stirring up your son's ambition on a line which leads him so far from home. I suspect I have made you my enemy."

Mrs. Hudson covered her mouth with her finger-tips and looked painfully perplexed between the desire to confess the truth and the fear of being impolite. "My cousin is no one's enemy," Miss Garland hereupon declared, gently, but with that same fine deliberateness with which she had made Rowland relax his grasp of the chair.

"Does she leave that to you?" Rowland ventured to ask, with a smile.

"We are inspired with none but Christian sentiments," said Mr. Striker; "Miss Garland perhaps most of all. Miss Garland," and Mr. Striker waved his hand again as if to perform an introduction which had been regrettably omitted, "is the daughter of a minister, the granddaughter of a minister, the sister of a minister." Rowland bowed deferentially, and the young girl went on with her sewing, with nothing, apparently, either of embarrassment or elation at the promulgation of these facts. Mr. Striker continued: "Mrs. Hudson, I see, is too deeply agitated to converse with you freely. She will allow me to address you a few questions. Would you kindly inform her, as exactly as possible, just what you propose to do with her son?"

The poor lady fixed her eyes appealingly on Rowland's face and seemed to say that Mr. Striker had spoken her desire, though she herself would have expressed it less defiantly. But Rowland saw in Mr. Striker's many-wrinkled light blue eye, shrewd at once and good-natured, that he had no intention of defiance, and that he was simply pompous and conceited and sarcastically compassionate of any view of things in which Roderick Hudson was regarded in a serious light.

"Do, my dear madam?" demanded Rowland. "I don't propose to do anything. He must do for himself. I simply offer him the chance. He 's to study, to work — hard, I hope."

"Not too hard, please," murmured Mrs. Hudson, pleadingly, wheeling about from recent visions of dangerous leisure. "He 's not very strong, and I 'm afraid the climate of Europe is very relaxing."

"Ah, study?" repeated Mr. Striker. "To what line of study is he to direct his attention?" Then suddenly, with an impulse of disinterested curiosity on his own account, "How do you study sculpture, anyhow?"

"By looking at models and imitating them."

"At models, eh? To what kind of models do you refer?"

"To the antique, in the first place."

"Ah, the antique," repeated Mr. Striker, with a jocose intonation. "Do you hear, madam? Roderick is going off to Europe to learn to imitate the antique."

"I suppose it 's all right," said Mrs. Hudson, twisting herself in a sort of delicate anguish.

"An antique, as I understand it," the lawyer continued, "is an image of a pagan deity, with considerable dirt sticking to it, and no arms, no nose, and no clothing. A precious model, certainly!"

"That 's a very good description of many," said Rowland, with a laugh.

"Mercy! Truly?" asked Mrs. Hudson, borrowing courage from his urbanity.

"But a sculptor's studies, you intimate, are not confined to the antique," Mr. Striker resumed. "After he has been looking three or four years at the objects I describe" —

"He studies the living model," said Rowland.

"Does it take three or four years?" asked Mrs. Hudson, imploringly.

"That depends upon the artist's aptitude. After twenty years a real artist is still studying."

"Oh, my poor boy!" moaned Mrs. Hudson, finding the prospect, under every light, still terrible.

"Now this study of the living model," Mr. Striker pursued. "Inform Mrs. Hudson about that."

"Oh dear, no!" cried Mrs. Hudson, shrinkingly.

"That too," said Rowland, "is one of the reasons for studying in Rome. It 's a handsome race, you know, and you find very well-made people."

"I suppose they 're no better made than a good tough Yankee," objected Mr. Striker, transposing his interminable legs. "The same God made us."

"Surely," sighed Mrs. Hudson, but with a questioning glance at her visitor which showed that she had already begun to concede much weight to his opinion. Rowland hastened to express his assent to Mr. Striker's proposition.

Miss Garland looked up, and, after a moment's hesitation: "Are the Roman women very beautiful?" she asked.

Rowland too, in answering, hesitated; he was looking straight at the young girl. "On the whole, I prefer ours,' he said.

She had dropped her work in her lap; her hands were crossed upon it, her head thrown a little back. She had evidently expected a more impersonal answer, and she was dissatisfied. For an instant she seemed inclined to make a rejoinder, but she slowly picked up her work in silence and drew her stitches again.

Rowland had for the second time the feeling that she judged him to be a person of a disagreeably sophisticated tone. He noticed too that the kitchen towel she was hemming was terribly coarse. And yet his answer had a resonant inward echo, and he repeated to himself, "Yes, on the whole, I prefer ours."

"Well, these models," began Mr. Striker. "You put them into an attitude, I suppose."

"An attitude, exactly."

"And then you sit down and look at them."

"You must not sit too long. You must go at your clay and try to build up something that looks like them."

"Well, there you are with your model in an attitude on one side, yourself, in an attitude too, I suppose, on the other, and your pile of clay in the middle, building up, as you say. So you pass the morning. After that I hope you go out and take a walk, and rest from your exertions."

"Unquestionably. But to a sculptor who loves his work there is no time lost. Everything he looks at teaches or suggests something."

"That 's a tempting doctrine to young men with a taste for sitting by the hour with the page unturned, watching the flies buzz, or the frost melt on the window-pane. Our young friend, in this way, must have laid up stores of information which I never suspected!"

"Very likely," said Rowland, with an unresentful smile, "he will prove some day the completer artist for some of those lazy reveries."

This theory was apparently very grateful to Mrs. Hudson, who had never had the case put for her son with such ingenious hopefulness, and found herself disrelishing the singular situation of seeming to side against her own flesh and blood with a lawyer whose conversational tone betrayed the habit of cross-questioning.

"My son, then," she ventured to ask, "my son has really great — what you 'd call great powers?"

"To my sense, very great powers."

Poor Mrs. Hudson actually smiled, broadly, gleefully, and glanced at Miss Garland, as if to invite her to do likewise. But the young girl's face remained serious, like the eastern sky when the opposite sunset is too feeble to make it glow. "Do you really know?" she asked, looking at Rowland.

"One cannot *know* in such a matter save after proof, and proof takes time. But one can believe."

"And you believe?"

"I believe."

But even then Miss Garland vouchsafed no smile. Her face became graver than before.

"Well, well," said Mrs. Hudson, "we must hope that it is all for the best."

Mr. Striker eyed his old friend for a moment with a look of some displeasure; he saw that this was but a cunning feminine imitation of resignation, and that, through some untraceable process of transition, she was now taking more comfort in the opinions of this insinuating stranger than in his own tough dogmas. He rose to his feet, without pulling down his waistcoat, but with a wrinkled grin at the inconsistency of women. "Well, sir, Mr. Roderick's powers are nothing to me," he said, "nor no use he makes of them. Good or bad, he 's no son of mine. But, in a friendly way, I 'm glad to hear so fine an account of him. I 'm glad, madam, you 're so satisfied with the prospect. Affection, sir, you see, must have its guarantees!" He paused a moment, stroking his beard, with his head inclined and one eye half-closed, looking at Rowland. The look was grotesque, but it was significant, and it puzzled Rowland more than it amused him. "I suppose you 're a very brilliant young man," he went on, "very enlightened, very cultivated, quite up to the mark in the fine arts and all that sort of thing. I 'm a plain, practical old boy, content to follow an honorable profession in a free country. I did n't go off to the Old World to learn my business; no one took me by the hand; I had to grease my wheels myself, and, such as I am, I 'm a self-made man, every inch of me! Well, if our young friend is booked for fame and fortune, I don't suppose his going to Rome will stop him. But, mind you, it won't help him such a long way, either. If you have undertaken to put him through, there 's a thing or two you 'd better remember. The crop we gather depends upon the seed we sow. He may be the biggest genius of the age: his potatoes won't come up without his hoeing them. If he takes things so almighty easy as — well, as one or two young fellows of genius I 've had under my eye — his produce will never gain the prize. Take the word for it of a man who has made his way inch by inch, and does n't believe that we 'll wake up to find our work done because we 've lain all night a-dreaming of it; anything worth doing is devilish hard to do! If your young protajay finds things easy and has a good time and says he likes the life, it 's a sign that — as I may say — you had better step round to the office and look at the books. That 's all I desire to remark. No offense intended. I hope you 'll have a first-rate time."

Rowland could honestly reply that

this seemed pregnant sense, and he offered Mr. Striker a friendly hand-shake as the latter withdrew. But Mr. Striker's rather grim view of matters cast a momentary shadow on his companions, and Mrs. Hudson seemed to feel that it necessitated between them some little friendly compact not to be overawed.

Rowland sat for some time longer, partly because he wished to please the two women and partly because he was strangely pleased himself. There was something touching in their unworldly fears and diffident hopes, something almost terrible in the way poor little Mrs. Hudson seemed to flutter and quiver with intense maternal passion. She put forth one timid conversational venture after another, and asked Rowland a number of questions about himself, his age, his family, his occupations, his tastes, his religious opinions. Rowland had an odd feeling at last that she had begun to consider him very exemplary, and that she might make, later, some perturbing discovery. He tried, therefore, to invent something that would prepare her to find him fallible. But he could think of nothing. It only seemed to him that Miss Garland secretly mistrusted him, and that he must leave her to render him the service, after he had gone, of making him the object of a little firm derogation. Mrs. Hudson talked with low-voiced eagerness about her son.

"He 's very lovable, sir, I assure you. When you come to know him you 'll find him very lovable. He 's a little spoiled, of course; he has always done with me as he pleased; but he 's a good boy, I 'm sure he 's a good boy. And every one thinks him very attractive: I 'm sure he 'd be noticed, anywhere. Don't you think he 's very handsome, sir? He features his poor father. I had another — perhaps you 've been told. He was killed." And the poor little lady bravely smiled, for fear of doing worse. "He was a very fine boy, but very different from Roderick. Roderick is a little strange; he has never been an easy boy. Sometimes I feel like the goose, — was n't it a goose, dear?" and startled by the audacity of her comparison she appealed to Miss Garland, — "the goose, or the hen, who hatched a swan's egg. I have never been able to give him what he needs. I have always thought that in more — in more brilliant circumstances he might find his place and be happy. But at the same time I was afraid of the world for him; it was so large and dangerous and dreadful. No doubt I know very little about it. I never suspected, I confess, that it contained persons of such liberality as yours."

Rowland replied that, evidently, she had done the world but scanty justice. "No," objected Miss Garland, after a pause, "it 's like something in a fairy tale."

"What, pray?"

"Your coming here all unknown, so rich and so polite, and carrying off my cousin in a golden cloud."

If this was badinage Miss Garland had the best of it, for Rowland almost fell a-musing silently, over the question whether there was a possibility of irony in that clear, direct gaze. Before he withdrew, Mrs. Hudson made him tell her again that Roderick's powers were extraordinary. He had inspired her with a kind of clinging faith in his wisdom. "He will really do great things," she asked, "the very greatest?"

"I see no reason in his talent itself why he should not."

"Well, we 'll think of that as we sit here alone," she rejoined. "Mary and I will sit here and talk about it. So I give him up," she went on, as he was going. "I 'm sure you 'll be the best of friends to him, but if you should ever forget him, or grow tired of him, or lose your interest in him, and he should come to any harm or any trouble, please, sir, remember" — And she paused, with a tremulous voice.

"Remember, my dear madam?"

"That he 's all I have — that he 's everything — and that it would be very terrible."

"In so far as I can help him, he shall succeed," was all Rowland could say. He turned to Miss Garland, to bid her

good night, and she rose and put out her hand. She was very straightforward, but he could see that if she was too modest to be bold, she was much too simple to be shy. "Have you no charge to lay upon me?" he asked — to ask her something.

She looked at him a moment and then, although she was not shy, she blushed. "Make him do his best," she said.

Rowland noted the slow intensity with which the words were uttered. "Do you take a great interest in him?" he demanded.

"Certainly."

"Then, if he 'll not do his best for you, he 'll not do it for me." She turned away with another blush, and Rowland took his leave.

He walked homeward, thinking of many things. The great Northampton elms interarched far above in the darkness, but the moon had risen and through scattered apertures was hanging the dusky vault with silver lamps. There seemed to Rowland something intensely serious in the scene in which he had just taken part. He had laughed and talked and braved it out in self-defense; but when he reflected that he was really meddling with the simple stillness of this little New England home, and that he had ventured to disturb so much living security in the interest of a far-away, fantastic hypothesis, he paused, amazed at his temerity. It was true, as Cecilia had said, that for an unofficious man it was a singular position. There stirred in his mind an odd feeling of annoyance with Roderick for having thus peremptorily enlisted his sympathies. As he looked up and down the long vista, and saw the clear white houses glancing here and there in the broken moonshine, he could have almost believed that the happiest lot for any man was to make the most of life in some such tranquil spot as that. Here were kindness, comfort, safety, the warning voice of duty, the perfect hush of temptation. And as Rowland looked along the arch of silvered shadow and out into the lucid air of the American night, which seemed so doubly vast, somehow, and strange and nocturnal, he felt like declaring that here was beauty too — beauty enough for an artist not to starve upon it. As he stood, lost in the darkness, he presently heard a rapid tread on the other side of the road, accompanied by a loud, jubilant whistle, and in a moment a figure emerged into an open gap of moonshine. He had no difficulty in recognizing Hudson, who was presumably returning from a visit to Cecilia. Roderick stopped suddenly and stared up at the moon, with his face vividly illumined. He broke out into a snatch of song: —

> "The splendor falls on castle walls
> And snowy summits old in story!"

And with a great, musical roll of his voice he went swinging off into the darkness again, as if his thoughts had lent him wings. He was dreaming of the inspiration of foreign lands, — of castled crags and historic landscapes. What a pity, after all, thought Rowland, as he went his own way, that he should n't have a taste of it!

It had been a very just remark of Cecilia's that Roderick would change with a change in his circumstances. Rowland had telegraphed to New York for another berth on his steamer, and from the hour the answer came, Hudson's spirits rose to incalculable heights. He was radiant with good-humor, and his kindly jollity seemed the pledge of a brilliant future. He had forgiven his old enemies and forgotten his old grievances, and seemed every way reconciled to a world in which he was going to count as an active force. He was inexhaustibly loquacious and fantastic, and as Cecilia said, he had suddenly become so good that it was only to be feared he was going to start not for Europe but for heaven. He took long walks with Rowland, who felt more and more the fascination of what he would have called his giftedness. Rowland returned several times to Mrs. Hudson's, and found the two ladies doing their best to be happy in their companion's happiness. Miss Garland, he thought, was succeeding better than her demeanor on his first visit had promised. He tried to have some especial talk with her,

but her extreme reserve forced him to content himself with such response to his rather urgent overtures as might be extracted from a keenly attentive smile. It must be confessed, however, that if the response was vague, the satisfaction was great, and that Rowland, after his second visit, kept seeing a lurking reflection of this smile in the most unexpected places. It seemed strange that she should please him so well at so slender a cost, but please him she did, prodigiously, and his pleasure had a quality altogether new to him. It made him restless and a trifle melancholy; he walked about absently, wondering and wishing. He wondered, among other things, why fate should have condemned him to make the acquaintance of a girl whom he would make a sacrifice to know better, just as he was leaving the country for years. It seemed to him that he was turning his back on a chance of happiness — happiness of a sort of which the slenderest germ should be cultivated. He asked himself whether, feeling as he did, if he had only himself to please, he would give up his journey and — wait. He had Roderick to please now, for whom disappointment would be cruel; but he said to himself that certainly, if there were no Roderick in the case, the ship should sail without him. He asked Hudson several questions about his cousin, but Roderick, confidential on most points, seemed to have reasons of his own for being reticent on this one. His measured answers quickened Rowland's curiosity, for Miss Garland, with her own irritating half-suggestions, had only to be a subject of guarded allusion in others to become intolerably interesting. He learned from Roderick that she was the daughter of a country minister, a far-away cousin of his mother, settled in another part of the State; that she was one of a half-a-dozen daughters, that the family was very poor, and that she had come a couple of months before to pay his mother a long visit. "It 's to be a very long one now," he said, "for it 's settled that she is to remain while I 'm away."

The fermentation of contentment in Roderick's soul reached its climax a few days before the young men were to make their farewells. He had been sitting with his friends on Cecilia's veranda, but for half an hour past he had said nothing. Lounging back against a vine-wreathed column and gazing idly at the stars, he kept caroling softly to himself with that indifference to ceremony for which he always found allowance, and which in him had a sort of pleading grace. At last, springing up: "I want to strike out, hard!" he exclaimed. "I want to do something violent, to let off steam!"

"I 'll tell you what to do, this lovely weather," said Cecilia. "Give a picnic. It can be as violent as you please, and it will have the merit of leading off our emotion into a safe channel, as well as yours."

Roderick laughed uproariously at Cecilia's very practical remedy for his sentimental need, but a couple of days later, nevertheless, the picnic was given. It was to be a family party, but Roderick, in his magnanimous geniality, insisted on inviting Mr. Striker, a decision which Rowland mentally applauded. "And we 'll have Mrs. Striker, too," he said, "if she 'll come, to keep my mother in countenance; and at any rate we 'll have Miss Striker — the divine Petronilla." The young lady thus denominated formed, with Mrs. Hudson, Miss Garland, and Cecilia, the feminine half of the company. Mr. Striker presented himself, sacrificing a morning's work, with a magnanimity greater even than Roderick's, and foreign support was further secured in the person of Mr. Whitefoot, the young Orthodox minister. Roderick had chosen the feasting-place; he knew it well and had passed many a summer afternoon there, lying at his length on the grass and gazing at the blue undulations of the horizon. It was a meadow on the edge of a wood, with mossy rocks protruding through the grass and a little lake on the other side. It was a cloudless August day; Rowland always remembered it, and the scene, and everything that was said and done, with

extraordinary distinctness. Roderick surpassed himself in friendly jollity, and at one moment, when exhilaration was at the highest, was seen in Mr. Striker's high white hat, drinking champagne from a broken tea-cup to Mr. Striker's health. Miss Striker had her father's pale blue eye; she was dressed as if she were going to sit for her ambrotype, and remained for a long time with Roderick on a little promontory overhanging the lake. Mrs. Hudson sat all day with a little meek, apprehensive smile. She was afraid of an "accident," though unless Miss Striker (who indeed was a little of a romp) should push Roderick into the lake, it was hard to see the motive of her fears. Mrs. Hudson was as neat and crisp and uncrumpled at the end of the festival as at the beginning. Mr. Whitefoot, who but a twelvemonth later became a convert to episcopacy and was already cultivating a certain conversational sonority, devoted himself to Cecilia. He had a little book in his pocket, out of which he read to her at intervals, lying stretched at her feet, and it was a lasting joke with Cecilia, afterwards, that she would never tell what Mr. Whitefoot's little book had been. Rowland had placed himself near Miss Garland, while the feasting went forward on the grass. She wore a so-called gypsy hat — a little straw hat, tied down over her ears, so as to cast her eyes into shadow, by a ribbon passing outside of it. When the company dispersed, after lunch, he proposed to her to take a stroll in the wood. She hesitated a moment and looked toward Mrs. Hudson, as if for permission to leave her. But Mrs. Hudson was listening to Mr. Striker, who sat gossiping to her with relaxed magniloquence, his waistcoat unbuttoned and his hat on his nose.

"You can give your cousin your society at any time," said Rowland. "But me, perhaps, you 'll never see again."

"Why then should we wish to be friends, if nothing is to come of it?" she asked, with homely logic. But by this time she had consented, and they were treading the fallen pine needles.

"Oh, one must take all one can get," said Rowland. "If we can be friends for half an hour, it 's so much gained."

"Do you expect never to come back to Northampton again?"

"'Never' is a good deal to say. But I go to Europe for a long stay."

"Do you prefer it so much to your own country?"

"I won't say that. But I have the misfortune to be a rather idle man, and in Europe the burden of idleness is less heavy than here."

She was silent for a few minutes; then at last, "In that, then, we are better than Europe," she said. To a certain point Rowland agreed with her, but he demurred, to make her say more.

"Would n't it be better," she asked, "to work to get reconciled to America, than to go to Europe to get reconciled to idleness?"

"Doubtless; but you know work is hard to find."

"I come from a little place where every one has plenty," said Miss Garland. "We all work; every one I know works. And really," she added presently, "I look at you with curiosity; you are the first unoccupied man I ever saw."

"Don't look at me too hard," said Rowland, smiling. "I shall sink into the earth. What is the name of your little place?"

"West Nazareth," said Miss Garland, with her usual sobriety. "It is not so very little, though it 's smaller than Northampton."

"I wonder whether I could find any work at West Nazareth," Rowland said.

"You would not like it," Miss Garland declared reflectively. "Though there are far finer woods there than this. We have miles and miles of woods."

"I might chop down trees," said Rowland. "That is, if you allow it."

"Allow it? Why, where should we get our fire-wood?" Then, noticing that he had spoken jestingly, she glanced at him askance, though with no visible diminution of her gravity. "Don't you know how to do anything? Have you no profession?"

Rowland shook his head. "Absolutely none."

"What do you do all day?"

"Nothing worth relating. That 's why I am going to Europe. There, at least, if I do nothing, I shall see a great deal; and if I 'm not a producer, I shall at any rate be an observer."

"Can't we observe everywhere?"

"Certainly; and I really think that in that way I make the most of my opportunities. Though I confess," he continued, "that I often remember there are things to be seen here to which I probably have n't done justice. I should like, for instance, to see West Nazareth."

She looked round at him, open-eyed; not, apparently, that she exactly supposed he was jesting, for the expression of such a desire was not necessarily facetious; but as if he must have spoken with an ulterior motive. In fact, he had spoken from the simplest of motives. The girl beside him pleased him unspeakably, and, suspecting that her charm was essentially her own and not reflected from social circumstance, he wished to give himself the satisfaction of contrasting her with the meagre influence of her education. Miss Garland's second movement was to take him at his word. "Since you are free to do as you please, why don't you go there?"

"I 'm not free to do as I please now. I have offered your cousin to bear him company to Europe, he has accepted with enthusiasm, and I can't retract."

"Are you going to Europe simply for his sake?"

Rowland hesitated a moment. "I think I may almost say so."

Miss Garland walked along in silence. "Do you mean to do a great deal for him?" she asked at last.

"What I can. But my power of helping him is very small beside his power of helping himself."

For a moment she was silent again. "You are very generous," she said, almost solemnly.

"No, I 'm simply very shrewd. Roderick will repay me. It 's an investment. At first, I think," he added shortly afterwards, "you would n't have paid me that compliment. You distrusted me."

She made no attempt to deny it. "I did n't see why you should wish to make Roderick discontented. I thought you were rather frivolous."

"You did me injustice. I don't think I 'm that."

"It was because you are unlike other men — those, at least, whom I 've seen."

"In what way?"

"Why, as you describe yourself. You have no duties, no profession, no home. You live for your pleasure."

"That 's all very true. And yet I maintain I 'm not frivolous."

"I hope not," said Miss Garland, simply. They had reached a point where the wood-path forked and put forth two divergent tracks which lost themselves in a verdurous tangle. Miss Garland seemed to think that the difficulty of choice between them was a reason for giving them up and turning back. Rowland thought otherwise, and detected agreeable grounds for preference in the left-hand path. As a compromise, they sat down on a fallen log. Looking about him, Rowland espied a curious wild shrub, with a spotted crimson leaf; he went and plucked a spray of it and brought it to Miss Garland. He had never observed it before, but she immediately called it by its name. She expressed surprise at his not knowing it; it was extremely common. He presently brought her a specimen of another delicate plant, with a little blue-streaked flower. "I suppose that 's common, too," he said, "but I have never seen it — or noticed it, at least." She answered that this one was rare, and meditated a moment before she could remember its name. At last she recalled it, and expressed surprise at his having found the plant in the woods; she supposed it grew only in open marshes. Rowland complimented her on her fund of useful information.

"It 's not especially useful," she answered; "but I like to know the names of plants as I do those of my

acquaintances. When we walk in the woods at home — which we do so much — it seems as unnatural not to know what to call the flowers as it would be to see some one in the town with whom we were not on speaking terms."

"Apropos of frivolity," Rowland said, "I 'm sure you have very little of it, unless at West Nazareth it is considered frivolous to walk in the woods and nod to the nodding flowers. Do kindly tell me a little about yourself." And to compel her to begin, "I know you come of a race of theologians," he went on.

"No," she replied, deliberating; "they are not theologians, though they are ministers. We don't take a very firm stand upon doctrine; we are practical, rather. We write sermons and preach them, but we do a great deal of hard work beside."

"And of this hard work what has your share been?"

"The hardest part: doing nothing."

"What do you call nothing?"

"I taught school a while: I must make the most of that. But I confess I did n't like it. Otherwise, I have only done little things at home, as they turned up."

"What kind of things?"

"Oh, every kind. If you had seen my home, you would understand."

Rowland would have liked to make her specify; but he felt a more urgent need to respect her simplicity than he had ever felt to defer to the complex circumstance of various other women. "To be happy, I imagine," he contented himself with saying, "you need to be occupied. You need to have something to expend yourself upon."

"That is not so true as it once was; now that I 'm older, I 'm sure I 'm less impatient of leisure. Certainly, for these two months that I have been with Mrs. Hudson, I have had a terrible amount of it. And yet I have liked it! And now that I am probably to be with her all the while that her son is away, I look forward to more with a resignation that I don't quite know what to make of."

"It is settled, then, that you are to remain with your cousin?"

"It depends upon their writing from home that I may stay. But that is probable. Only I must not forget," she said, rising, "that the ground for my doing so is that she be not left alone."

"I am glad to know," said Rowland, "that I shall probably often hear about you. I assure you I shall often think about you!" These words were half impulsive, half deliberate. They were the simple truth, and he had asked himself why he should not tell her the truth. And yet they were not all of it; her hearing the rest would depend upon the way she received this. She received it not only, as Rowland foresaw, without a shadow of coquetry, of any apparent thought of listening to it gracefully, but with a slight movement of nervous deprecation, which seemed to betray itself in the quickening of her step. Evidently, if Rowland was to take pleasure in hearing about her, it would have to be a highly disinterested pleasure. She answered nothing, and Rowland too, as he walked beside her, was silent; but as he looked along the shadow-woven wood-path, what he was really facing was a level three years of disinterestedness. He ushered them in by talking composed civility until he had brought Miss Garland back to her companions.

He saw her but once again. He was obliged to be in New York a couple of days before sailing, and it was arranged that Roderick should overtake him at the last moment. The evening before he left Northampton he went to say farewell to Mrs. Hudson. The ceremony was brief. Rowland soon perceived that the poor little lady was in the melting mood, and, as he dreaded her tears, he compressed a multitude of solemn promises into a silent hand-shake and took his leave. Miss Garland, she had told him, was in the back-garden with Roderick: he might go out to them. He did so, and as he drew near he heard Roderick's high-pitched voice ringing behind the shrubbery. In a moment, emerging, he found Miss Garland lean-

ing against a tree, with her cousin before her talking with great emphasis. He asked pardon for interrupting them, and said he wished only to bid her good-by. She gave him her hand and he made her his bow in silence. "Don't forget," he said to Roderick, as he turned away. "And don't, in this company, repent of your bargain."

"I shall not let him," said Miss Garland, with something very like gayety. "I shall see that he is punctual. He must go! I owe you an apology for having doubted that he ought to." And in spite of the dusk Rowland could see that she had an even finer smile than he had supposed.

Roderick was punctual, eagerly punctual, and they went. Rowland for several days was occupied with material cares and lost sight of his sentimental perplexities. But they only slumbered, and they were sharply awakened. The weather was fine, and the two young men always sat together upon deck late into the evening. One night, toward the last, they were at the stern of the great ship, watching her grind the solid blackness of the ocean into phosphorescent foam. They talked on these occasions of everything conceivable, and had the air of having no secrets from each other. But it was on Roderick's conscience that this air belied him, and he was too frank by nature, moreover, for permanent reticence on any point.

"I must tell you something," he said at last. "I should like you to know it, and you will be so glad to know it. Besides, it's only a question of time; three months hence, probably, you would have guessed it. I'm engaged to Mary Garland."

Rowland sat staring; though the sea was calm, it seemed to him that the ship gave a great dizzying lurch. But in a moment he contrived to answer coherently: "Engaged to Miss Garland! I never supposed — I never imagined" —

"That I was in love with her?" Roderick interrupted. "Neither did I, until this last fortnight. But you came and put me into such terrible good-humor that I felt an extraordinary desire to tell some woman that I adored her. Miss Garland is a magnificent girl; you know her too little to do her justice. I have been quietly learning to know her, these past three months, and have been falling in love with her without being conscious of it. It appeared, when I spoke to her, that she had a kindness for me. So the thing was settled. I must of course make some money before we can marry. It's rather droll, certainly, to engage one's self to a girl whom one is going to leave the next day, for years. We shall be condemned, for some time to come, to do a terrible deal of abstract thinking about each other. But I wanted her blessing on my career and I could n't help asking for it. Unless a man is unnaturally selfish he needs to work for some one else than himself, and I'm sure I shall run a smoother and swifter course for knowing that that fine creature is waiting, at Northampton, for news of my greatness. If ever I'm a dull companion and over-addicted to moping, remember in justice to me that I'm in love and that my sweetheart is five thousand miles away."

Rowland listened to all this with a sort of feeling that fortune had played him an elaborately-devised trick. It had lured him out into mid-ocean and smoothed the sea and stilled the winds and given him a singularly sympathetic comrade, and then it had turned and delivered him a thumping blow in mid-chest. "Yes," he said, after an attempt at the usual formal congratulation, "you certainly ought to do better — with Miss Garland waiting for you at Northampton."

Roderick, now that he had broken ground, was eloquent and rung a hundred changes on the assurance that he was a very happy man. Then at last, suddenly, his climax was a yawn, and he declared that he must go to bed. Rowland let him go alone, and sat there late, between sea and sky.

H. James, Jr.

MONTE CASSINO.

Beautiful valley, through whose verdant meads
  Unheard the Garigliano glides along, —
The Liris, nurse of rushes and of reeds,
  The river taciturn of classic song!

The Land of Labor, and the Land of Rest,
  Where mediæval towns are white on all
The hill-sides, and where every mountain crest
  Is an Etrurian or a Roman wall!

There is Alagna, where Pope Boniface
  Was dragged with contumely from his throne,
Sciarra Colonna, was that day's disgrace
  The Pontiff's only, or in part thine own?

There is Ceprano, where a renegade
  Was each Apulian, as great Dante saith,
When Manfred, by his men-at-arms betrayed,
  Spurred on to Benevento and to death.

There is Aquinum, the old Volscian town
  Where Juvenal was born, whose lurid light
Still hovers o'er his birthplace like the crown
  Of splendor over cities seen at night.

Doubled the splendor is, that in its streets
  The Angelic Doctor as a school-boy played,
And dreamed perhaps the dreams that he repeats
  In ponderous folios for scholastics made.

And there, uplifted like a passing cloud
  That pauses on a mountain summit high,
Monte Cassino's convent rears its proud
  And venerable walls against the sky.

Well I remember how on foot I climbed
  The stony pathway leading to its gate:
Above, the convent bells for vespers chimed;
  Below, the darkening town grew desolate.

Well I remember the low arch and dark,
  The court-yard with its well, the terrace wide,
From which, far down, diminished to a park,
  The valley veiled in mist was dim descried.

The day was dying, and with feeble hands
  Caressed the mountain-tops; the vales between
Darkened; the river in the meadow-lands
  Sheathed itself as a sword and was not seen.

The silence of the place was like a sleep,
  So full of rest it seemed; each passing tread
Was a reverberation from the deep
  Recesses of the ages that are dead.

For more than thirteen centuries ago
  Benedict, fleeing from the gates of Rome,
A youth disgusted with its vice and woe,
  Sought in these mountain solitudes a home.

He founded here his Convent and his Rule
  Of prayer and work, and counted work as prayer.
His pen became a clarion, and his school
  Flamed like a beacon in the midnight air.

What though Boccaccio, in his reckless way
  Mocking the lazy brotherhood, deplores
The illuminated manuscripts that lay
  Torn and neglected on the dusty floors?

Boccaccio was a novelist, a child
  Of fancy and of fiction at the best;
This the urbane librarian said, and smiled
  Incredulous, as at some idle jest.

Upon such themes as these with one young friar
  I sat conversing late into the night,
Till in its cavernous chimney the wood fire
  Had burnt its heart out like an anchorite.

And then translated, in my convent cell,
  Myself yet not myself, in dreams I lay;
And as a monk who hears the matin bell,
  Started from sleep; — already it was day.

From the high window I beheld the scene
  On which Saint Benedict so oft had gazed;
The mountains and the valley in the sheen
  Of the bright sun, and stood as one amazed.

Gray mists were rolling, rising, vanishing;
  The woodlands glistened with their jeweled crowns;
Far off the mellow bells began to ring
  For matins in the half-awakened towns.

The conflict of the Present and the Past,
  The ideal and the actual in our life,
As on a field of battle held me fast,
  Where this world and the next world were at strife.

For, as the valley from its sleep awoke,
  I saw the iron horses of the steam
Toss to the morning air their plumes of smoke,
  And woke as one awaketh from a dream.

Henry W. Longfellow.

BANCROFT'S NATIVE RACES OF THE PACIFIC STATES.

It is well for the science of history that it ceased to be the mere picturing of fragments of yesterday, and rose to contemplate the phenomena and laws of all human progress, while primitive man still existed upon the earth.

A knowledge of the departure man has made from the archaic to the present time, a definite realization of what human culture is and is to be, require two points of comparison: the story of mediæval or even classic living and thinking, so fascinatingly revealed to us by modern historians, fails to push far enough back from the motives of the nineteenth century to furnish those broad, fundamental differences from which progressional laws may be most clearly seen. Primitive man, or man as remote as we may find him, furnishes us the desired datum point to bring into contrast with to-day.

Providentially for future knowledge, the vital need of this comparison of the beginnings of man with his after development has become fully apparent, and everywhere students are putting our ancestor on the witness stand.

They creep into his caves and lairs, and come out to the light of day laden with his flints, the *débris* of his primeval *entrées* and *rôtis*, the club which served for the chase or for defense, and sometimes settled inevitable domestic incompatibilities with the partner of his prehistoric joys. No restful grave, fathoms under Danish peat, is secure; no damp sub-lacustrine Swiss relic safe. Whenever and wherever an extinct race yields up, be it ever so faint a clew, instantly the sleep of ages is broken, and science never stays until it has collected the uttermost material and had its wrangle over the cranium of the long buried brother. No mystic island of the Columbia so loved for the centuries' sleep of its Indian dead, but an enterprising professor steps ashore from his canoe and twists off a complete suite of the venerated skulls.

Man and his belongings are inexorably dug from the earth wherever accident or pious care has consigned him, measured, classified, figured, and fitted into his proper nook in the great mosaic which God has designed and science is slowly, atom by atom, filling up —the mosaic of the origin and progress of man.

Invaluable and interesting as are the already gathered facts which enable us partially to share the life of extinct human families, to know their habits and trace their rude half-beginning of art, there is of necessity a limit all too readily reached in our realization of the character of the man himself. Beyond the baldest outlines of his physical life, howsoever we plead or question, extinct man is forever silent.

Science therefore turns with a keener interest, a more fascinated eagerness, to study living man in all the infinite gradation of his wild and aboriginal conditions.

There one may come into sympathetic understanding of primitive culture, enter tribal and family life, feel the sorrow and the dark struggle of the savage's soul toward God, or share the picturesque hours of his joy.

Every resource, every phase of his battle with nature, each custom and habit, primitive instincts, art, love, ethics; all the round of savage being lies open to the sympathetic student, whose good fellowship may unlock all those reserves which secretive savage nature closes against scientific curiosity.

Each research into the origin or culture of living savages is a service to knowledge which cannot long be made; for everywhere the vaporous vitality of primitive man melts and vanishes before the light of modern progress. However complex and subtle the cause of this strange, swift extinction, however guilty enlightened society may be, the fact remains. Civilization, flashing around

the world like the advancing sun, discovers a savage tribe, only that we may see it stagger under the blinding focus, fall to the earth, and perish.

Mr. Tylor, in his excellent Primitive Culture, and doubtless in the forthcoming Flint Period, has rendered signal service in this field of research; and now, with a fullness of conception and admirable breadth of method only to be realized by true students of his book, Mr. Hubert H. Bancroft, of San Francisco, has completed a study of the native races of western North America. It is fifteen years since Mr. Bancroft conceived a plan of this great work and began the exhaustive collection of his literary materials. He visited and ransacked Europe, and was able to bring together a library of sixteen thousand volumes, of which many are in original manuscripts. Written in a half dozen languages, good and bad material woven intricately together, and the whole almost unindexed, he had first out of this chaos of authorities to create an order. Organizing a corps of expert assistants, he made a complete index of the library as if it were one book. With this elaborate, this indispensable key, he is now able to enter the maze of material and assemble an encyclopedic collection of facts upon any subject in the natural and human history of the Pacific States. Having accomplished with enormous labor this unique index, the first task Mr. Bancroft has set for himself is a complete survey of the Native Races of the Pacific States. The first volume of this remarkable work is just given to the public, and the other four, now passing through the press, will all be issued within 1875. The subjects of these volumes are as follows: —

Vol. I. Wild Tribes; their Manners and Customs.

Vol. II. Civilized Nations of Mexico and Central America.

Vol. III. Mythology and Languages of both Savage and Civilized Nations.

Vol. IV. Antiquities and Architectural Remains.

Vol. V. Aboriginal History and Migrations. Index to Entire Work.

We propose to examine in this article the first of the series.

Twelve hundred authorities are used in the preparation of this book; their various works and the edition examined are given in an alphabetical list at the beginning.

In his preface Mr. Bancroft says: "To the immense territory bordering on the western ocean from Alaska to Darien, and including the whole of Mexico and Central America, I give arbitrarily, for the want of a better, the name Pacific States. . . . A word as to the nations of which this work is a description. . . . Aboriginally, for a savage wilderness, there was here a dense population; particularly south of the thirtieth parallel and along the border of the ocean north of that line.

"Before the advent of Europeans this domain counted its aborigines by millions, ranked among its people every phase of primitive humanity, from the reptile-eating cave-dweller of the Great Basin to the Aztec and Maya-Queché civilization of the Southern table-land; a civilization, if we may credit Dr. Draper, 'that might have instructed Europe,' a culture wantonly crushed by Spain, who therein 'destroyed races more civilized than herself.'

"Differing among themselves in minor particulars only, and bearing a general resemblance to the nations of eastern and southern America; differing again, the whole, in character and cast of feature from every other people of the world, we have here presented hundreds of nations and tongues, with thousands of beliefs and customs, wonderfully dissimilar for so segregated a humanity, yet wonderfully alike for the inhabitants of a land that comprises within its limits nearly every phase of climate on the globe.

"At the touch of European civilization, whether Latin or Teutonic, these nations vanished, and their unwritten history, reaching back for thousands of ages, ended. . . . Their strange destiny fulfilled, in an instant they disappear, and all we have of them beside

their material relics is the glance caught in their hasty flight, which gives us a few customs and traditions, and a little mythological history. To gather and arrange in systematic, compact form all that is known of these people, to rescue some facts, perhaps, from oblivion, to bring others from inaccessible nooks, to render all available to science and to the general reader, is the object of this work."

For the purposes of description, the tribes inhabiting this long strip bordering on the Pacific are divided into six groups: I. Hyperboreans; II. Columbians; III. Californians; IV. New Mexicans; V. Wild Tribes of Mexico; VI. Wild Tribes of Central America.

"It is my purpose," writes Mr. Bancroft, "without any attempt at ethnological classification or further comment concerning races and stocks, plainly to portray such customs and characteristics as were peculiar to each people at the time of its first intercourse with European strangers."

I. Hyperboreans. The first or Arctic group is divided into a chain of four littoral tribes: the Eskimo, who occupy the Arctic shore of North America from the mouth of the Mackenzie River to Kotzebue Sound; the Koniagas, who live from Kotzebue Sound across the Kaviak Peninsula, border on Behring Sea from Norton Sound southward, and stretch over the Alaskan Peninsula and Koniagan Islands to the mouth of the Atna River; the Aleuts, or people of the Aleutian Archipelago; the Thlinkeets, who follow the coast from the Atna to the Nass River. These four tribes, all often classed as Eskimo, are nearly related to each other.

Inland from this littoral chain of tribes, whose habitation rarely extends more than a hundred miles from the seashore, throughout the whole interior are scattered divisions of the great Tinneh or Athabascan Indian tribe. The picture drawn of these two families by Mr. Bancroft is full and interesting. It is beyond imagination to figure the conditions for a narrower or more gloomy life than the northmen must lead. A long, blazing day, under whose constant light and heat sudden Arctic vegetation crowds into being, an abundant animal life on sea and land, a season of gluttonous fullness, a harvest of winter supplies; then slowly gathers that mysterious darkness of northern night, when the earth seems to radiate her last wave of warmth into a vault of polar stars, when the very winds are frozen, and the motionless air is dumb with cold; a long reign of silent darkness relieved now and then by the icy flash of auroras. This shore-inhabiting Eskimo tribe is held by many authorities to be the only American people directly connected with the races of another continent. Behring's Strait offers to the inhabitants of both the Asiatic and the American coasts an easy canoe transit, nor can certain evident ethnological affinities be denied.

This strange northern man, whose cheerless life seems clinging to forbidding nature against such awful odds, is he not oppressed, saddened, and forever cast down by the bitter rigors of his environment? Can he have an instant's thought beyond food and warmth? Is it not all with him battle and sleep? Behold him, on the contrary, a sleek, fat, oleaginous fellow, with plenty of good nature, developing, beside the ordinary human courage and ingenuity in capturing his daily food, a few customs we are wont to deem the privileges of civilization. Eskimo government is patriarchal, and men become venerated as they distinguish themselves in bold pursuit of the whale. Blubber, as in New Bedford, lubricates the avenue to greatness.

To religion and marriage we may ever turn as to final expressions of the inner nature of man. His attitude toward the God whose unseen presence he can but feel, and his treatment of the mother of his children, at once fix his place in the scale of manhood and nobility.

The Eskimo and their littoral brothers to the south peer through their enveloping atmosphere of fatty content only a little way into the infinite and unknown. The southern members of this shore-

family delegate their moral and medical responsibility to a priestly personage called the Shamán, whose privileges and rites are revolting beyond description. The aged are neglected; the dead put in a box raised upon posts, howled and danced around, and abandoned forever. The wife is practically a slave, although treated with adipose good nature. Actual slavery, of both males and females, with its ordinary cruelties mitigated by the race's sluggish mildness, everywhere exists. Skill and patience in fashioning their boats, sleds, and implements; boldness and power in the chase, are everywhere shown by this singular tribe, but their life centres in the love of feasting and repose.

Of the Tinneh, the great division of Indians lying within this shore chain of tribes, Mr. Bancroft gives an equally full and valuable account. Food and raiment are chiefly derived from game, among which the reindeer furnishes the most important supply. Widely scattered and surrounded by extremely varied conditions as the Tinneh are, it is to be expected that great diversity of social and personal habits should obtain; accordingly we find the many subdivisions of the main tribe developing interesting local peculiarities. In general, religion rises no higher than dances and incantations addressed to certain birds and beasts. The dead are burned with weird ceremony, and here for the first time we find a reminder of East Indian suttee, in the forced grief of widows upon the cremation of their husbands. The brief account given by Mr. Bancroft illustrating this shocking barbarity we quote: —

"When the funeral pile of a Tacully is fired, the wives of the deceased, if there are more than one, are placed at the head and foot of the body. Their duty there is to publicly demonstrate their affection for the departed; which they do by resting their heads upon the dead bosom, by striking in frenzied love the body, nursing and battling the fire meanwhile. And there they remain until the hair is burned from their heads, until, suffocated and almost senseless, they stagger off to a little distance, then recovering, attack the corpse with new vigor, striking it first with one hand then with the other, until the form of the beloved is reduced to ashes. Finally these ashes are gathered up, placed in sacks, and distributed, one sack to each wife, whose duty it is to carry upon her person the remains of the departed for the space of two years.

"During this period of mourning the women are clothed in rags, kept in a kind of slavery, and not allowed to marry. Not unfrequently these poor creatures avoid their term of servitude by suicide. At the expiration of the time a feast is given them, and they are again free."

Among the Chipewyans, who in many respects represent the lowest members of the Tinneh tribe, the dead are left exposed where life forsakes them, without respect, care, or ceremonial. The Kenai, at the end of a year after cremation, hold a feast in honor of the memory of the deceased, after which his name may never be mentioned. Oblivion, rather than affectionate memory, seems to be the desire of the Tinneh, and this more than all else gives a clew to the indefiniteness of their conception of a future state.

Man rules supreme, woman is the obedient creature of his wants; yet here and there are to be found instances of respect, even tenderness, toward the gentler sex, and once over the Nehannes, a warlike and turbulent tribe, there ruled a woman of whom Mr. Bancroft writes: "Her influence over her fiery people, it is said, was perfect; while her warriors, the terror and scourge of the surrounding country, quailed before her eye. Her word was law, and was obeyed with marvelous alacrity. Through her influence the women of her tribe were greatly raised." It would be interesting to know if this queen were comely; whether she reigned as a Cleopatra or a Boadicea.

Courtship, involving a higher idea than abduction or barter, here and there makes its appearance. Among the arts the rudiments of pottery are practiced.

The Hyperboreans are numerous, because of a profuse natural food and clothing supply. The littoral family, steeped in fat, show an absence of warlike or even personally quarrelsome disposition. Religion and the family life are unspeakably low. Cunning, ingenuity, and the hungry boldness of the whale captor are their chief redeeming qualities. Hospitality is indeed a general virtue, and the Eskimo one and all possess a love of evening parties.

To the many who in civilized society consider a ball not only an *ennui* but a barbarity, it will communicate a thrill of satisfaction to find its exact counterpart in Arctic savage life. Each village has a *casino*, at once bath-house, rendezvous, and ball-room. Here, by the smoky light of train-oil lamps, gather the brave and the fair, decked in their best. Madame has her raven locks reinforced by false hair, the whole soaked in fat, and her complexion made hideous by cosmetics. Indigenous delicacies, such as fish fat and berries, are served, and the guests dance like maniacs to execrable music until improper hours. Civilization has substituted better theatrical properties, but the motive is painfully identical.

II. The Columbians. Following the southerly sweep of the Pacific coast from latitude 55° to the parallel of 43°, or nearly to the present northern boundary of California, the Columbians occupy a zone from a hundred to a hundred and fifty miles wide, with an extreme length of quite a thousand miles.

South of the Fraser River this territory widens inland almost as far east as the head waters of the Missouri. Nature has here relaxed her boreal austerity. The great Japan current, or Pacific Gulf Stream, of tropically warmed water impinges along nearly this entire coast, and rolls over the land its aerial companion-river of mild, fog-laden air. Extremes of cold or dryness are hence unknown, and under these constantly tempered conditions a superb and richly varied forest is sustained. Deep fjords indent the coast, in whose still, sea-green depths are mirrored towering crag, dark forest, and the flashing snow-crest of far granite peaks. Southward opens Puget Sound, margined with woodland, gemmed with green islands, and watched over by the lofty white cones of Baker and Tachoma; and still southward flows the Columbia, interesting alike to savage and civilized man. Thence to their lower boundary the Columbians possessed fair Oregon, with its wealth of fertile valley, oak-clad hill, and piny mountain. Gayety and color have become everywhere woven into the landscape. Climate is friend, not foe. Food is still plentiful and far more varied than in the chilly north. Man expands, his new condition begetting new faculties; freed from blubber and zero, his intelligence, as it were, thaws out, and more elevated feelings animate his career.

According to Mr. Bancroft's classification the division of Haidahs occupy Queen Charlotte's Island and the adjacent coast from 55° to 52° latitude; the Nootkas inhabit Vancouver's Island and the labyrinth of islets from the 52d parallel to the 49th; thence to the southern boundary of the division extend the Chinooks, while east of the Cascade Mountains, on the elevated cool plateau of the upper branches of the Columbia, dwell a series of families grouped under the name of Interior Tribes.

Among the Haidahs bordering on the northern division is still to be seen the revolting use of labrets, nose ornaments, and tattooing, and here also the whale is an object of pursuit; but otherwise a marked improvement has taken place. Dwellings, either for single families or built upon a communistic plan for the accommodation of several hundred souls, show improved construction, and are more or less artistically decorated with carved and painted figures of grotesque men and animals. Religious buildings, with elaborately carved, inlaid, and painted posts forty or fifty feet high, are described. Treaties solemnized with pomp and ceremonial are made between neighboring clans. Rank, nominally hereditary and usually derived from the mother's side, is in truth only held by men of eminence and individual

power, the imbecile or inactive noble lapsing into peasantry. They manage this more craftily in Europe. Large works of general value are accomplished by voluntarily associated labor. Marriage has often a ceremonial, and although the relation still possesses the elements of brutal tyranny on the one side and devoted submission on the other, the wife is usually shielded from the worst features of Eskimo dishonor. Death is no longer forgotten with vacant stupidity till the hour of its coming, but forms a subject of earnest contemplation and gives birth to a belief in infernal spirits, who, strange to say, are not feared for the after-life, but for their power to harm the living. The dead are reverently cared for, either laid in state in a canoe and lashed to the overhanging branches of a tree above a river, or burned.

Among the Nootkas and Chinooks still more progress may be noted. The idea of clan is developed and symbolized by the adoption of a crest, which is carved or painted upon all belongings, from canoe to coffin; moreover it is strictly forbidden for two persons bearing the same crest to marry. Such startling examples of highly developed intelligence, of enlightened forethought, are constantly discovering themselves to us in savage life, springing up as a sporadic growth, one plant at a time, as if latent in the very substrata of humanity were the seeds of all good, lacking only the coming of a moral summer to flower and bear fruit. Totems, dreams, endless superstition and myth-making, sorceries and incantations darken and confuse the poor soul, that straining and striving into the unknown finds itself met only by silence and darkness. To its wildest and loudest questionings comes only the spiritual echo whispering vaguely back again the problems of its own asking. Among the Chinooks the most noteworthy custom is the flattening of the head, a practice having its origin about the mouth of the Columbia River, and spreading more or less throughout the whole Columbia division. The compression of cranium, although grossly disfiguring, exercises no appreciable effect upon the mental faculties; no characteristic differences being observable between the flattened and the normal individuals.

The coast Columbians are of rather full, rounded physique, but of middle height. In their arts, all centring as they do upon physical wants, are observed certain elements of novelty, as the invention of a rude loom for weaving of blankets, and a basket-work of exquisite finish, artistically ornamented with geometrical patterns in color. Music has progressed from a monotonous chant to rather agreeable choral melodies.

East of the Cascades, the Interior Tribes are a taller, hardier, more elevated type. Possessed of horses and skin-lodges, they are nomadic, and of necessity warlike. Here vengeance sometimes rises into justice. Marriage, ordinarily a mere barter, is among the Flatheads a grave ceremony. The domestic life throughout all these Interior Tribes is often rendered admirable by scrupulous cleanliness and a sacred regard for the marriage-vow. Even in divorce, their superiority is shown in the equitable division of family property and the cession of the children to their mother.

The Columbians, then, have carried all their arts and ornaments higher than their northern neighbors; introduced the loom; invented cleanliness; made the pipe a symbol of peace and deliberation; expressed the idea of clan by a crest, and placed woman in a neat dwelling, guarding her against insult and wrong: yet, with all these phenomena of uplift and development, all this enlivening promise, the savages have actually stooped to the custom of after-dinner speeches. We have no right to criticise or blame them for the brutal practice of skull-flattening, so long as the ladies of our better civilization persist in deforming and lacing a far more vital part of the body.

III. Californians. Next in order of description Mr. Bancroft treats of the Californians, comprising, besides actual

dwellers within the political outlines of that State, the Shoshone family, who spread over a vast portion of the Great Basin, and push eastward for a thousand miles.

In California proper are found the finest physical conditions united in one spot upon the continent, unless, indeed, we must except the Mexican plateau.

Nature, in the scale and character of her manifestations, here culminates. The perfection of climate, together with a prodigal supply for all bodily wants, seems to prepare the way for human elevation. Here, one would say, with an animating air, with ample leisure, with freedom from hunger and cold, the Indian must expand, must burst the fetters of savagery. On the contrary, we find him sunk deeper in torpor and animalism than his northern neighbors. The Californian is perhaps most remarkable for his lacks, and the pointed manner in which his whole culture deviates from the general law that a singularly favorable *habitat* will produce correspondingly fine human development. Mr. Bancroft clearly points out that ease of life and absence of enforced struggle are not enough to account for the lowered type we find. We incline to believe that in recent local geology may possibly be traced the causes of this singular interruption of a regular progress of improvement traced from the Arctic Sea to Mexico. Since the Indian occupation of California (as Whitney has proved by the discovery of man and his implements in the pliocene beds), volcanoes, glaciers, and floods have wrought a far more general and terrible work than has been traced to the north or south. Development might well be arrested, if not destroyed, by such impressive catastrophes. It is enough to say of the Californians that they are repetitions of the Columbians, sunken a little lower in selfishness, and lacking those few culminating points of true character which, like snow-peaks, reflect a higher light and give distinction to the moral topography.

Peculiarities of savage law often obtain in single localities only, like the Modoc statute that a man may kill his mother-in-law with impunity. Elsewhere, the woman who has reared and nurtured the queen of a man's affections is only punished for it by being made to serve as the target for sneer and gibe in polite fiction.

Among the Californians are seen a characteristic Indian love of elaborate finery, delicate art in ornamenting, the old fondness for annual feasting and dancing sprees, with riotous excesses, melodramatic oratory, and pantomime; but in no one stroke of experimental intelligence, no single effort of moral perception, do they betray the presence of that divine unrest which is the motor of all true progress. Polygamy, slavery, and a burden of shadowy myth-born fears rob daily life of all dignity. With some the belief in a material heaven is firmly fixed; and an idea of vicarious propitiation finds expression in the penances of the medicine-man. This personage still unites the offices of physician and high-priest, belief in whose pretensions varies in different places, some tribes retaining full faith in a divine responsibility behind his tricks and incantations, while others, like the Mojaves of the Colorado, sharpen professional wits by decreeing that when a medicine-man makes his tenth mistake in prognosis, off goes his head.

Not many years since, Eagle-Sky, a venerable Mojave doctor, having made, during a long professional career, his nine allowable mistakes, became deeply concerned when a virulent form of measles fell like a scourge upon his tribe. With what Matthew Arnold humorously calls a "blood-thirsty clinging to life," this crafty practitioner examined each patient whom he was called to attend, and invariably informed the family that the sick man could not possibly recover. Obedience from the patient is rigid etiquette on the Colorado as well as elsewhere: when the measles reached a critical point, Eagle-Sky ordered his patients to plunge into the chilly river; his dark prognosis invariably came true, and the sly fellow avoided his fatal tenth mistake.

Thus brutal savages limit the man whom they intrust with their dearest possession, life, to but ten fatal examples of malpractice. What if the actual knowledge of our civilized doctors were thus put to the crucial test? Charity distinguishes enlightened peoples, and we of the higher culture, while permitting the barbaric mystery to enshroud our medicine-men, concede them the high privilege of blundering to their hearts' content.

IV. The New Mexicans. Here Mr. Bancroft has pictured a region and unveiled a phase of savage life of peculiar interest. A desert dotted now and then with natural or artificial oases, its dreary monotony interrupted (wherever the topography lifts itself into the higher strata of moist air) by stretches of forest-clad upland; a climate always dry, yet subject to annual extremes of intense heat and cold.

Valleys, cañons, and lacustrine basins are either dry as tinder, or possess in their few springs and shrunken rivulets the mere echoing reminder of a powerful and abundant water supply. You ride down great cañon beds once brimming with affluent rivers, and only the arid sand whispers under the footsteps of your thirsty horse.

Strange, garish-colored rock walls, like remnants of a huge architecture, rise above the plateaux, and afar are summits with perpetual snow. Excepting the healthful purity of air, all conditions would seem combined to repress, even to extinguish, human advancement; yet here, in this forbidding desert, are found rudiments of a civilization, a true, creative start into higher life.

Here occur two totally distinct savage types: a brave, pitiless, carnivorous family of nomadic tribes, embracing the Apaches, Navajoes, and Comanches; and the mild, tranquil group of agricultural people called Pueblo Indians from their remarkably constructed pueblos or towns. In their arts, beliefs, and whole mode of living the latter are notably superior to their bolder enemies. The nomads have but one passion in life — assassination; one bequest from father to son — the tiger love of human blood; one mental activity — treachery. As observed by early Spanish students, the Apache differs in no wise from the astonishing devil whose lodge is to-day decked with the bloody scalps of last year's pioneers. He is the same whom we have lately seen in the person of Cachise, demurely drawing down the grin of hell into the oily counterfeit of a brotherly smile, and "swapping" platitudes with a certain child-like general, while his picked warriors only a few miles away danced a veritable *can-can d'enfer* around a writhing soldier whom they grilled for pastime. Strategy, which, shorn of its martial halo, is only a craftily acted lie, seems their dominant faculty, as murder is the single *idée fixe*. The Comanches, it is true, bear a reputation for superiority, which only means that their cruel energies are not so brilliantly developed as the Apaches', and that a certain Arab dignity and dim idea of hospitality gloss over their brutishness, just as beaded and brilliantly-wrought garments cover the dirty hide.

Among the mild and bucolic Pueblos may be observed certain civilized arts which have grown up under the fostering influence of clean, comfortable, fixed abodes, and even such graces of character as are caused to bud and bloom by that humble but irresistible civilizer, a pumpkin factor in diet. The pueblos or communistic buildings of residence are large structures counting as many as seven stories of firmly mortared stone, built by the joint labor of men and women, and so planned in terraces, so flanked by mural defenses, as to give each family a sunny outlook, combining at the same time the advantages of a stronghold impregnable against their perpetual enemies, the Navajoes.

Living in unique structures, with flocks and gardens outspread beneath their watch, with an intelligent system of artificial irrigation, with a providence in laying up annual supplies, these Indians have found time to reach considerable proficiency in ornamented pottery and in the weaving of tasteful fabrics.

The estufa, or sweat-house, which exists as a sacred or medical institute everywhere down from the Arctic regions, here plays the double *rôle* of Russian bath and temple, uniting the ideas of cleanliness and godliness. Among a people who wash and pray we need not be surprised to find the sentiment of love rising higher than with previously noted tribes. Here, too, for the first time, we observe a solicitous care for the morals of the young and habits of family decorum. But, as if tacitly admitting man's fallibility and his inexorable need of a safety-valve spree, an annual festival is given, in which religion is dragged down to riot with baser emotions, as sometimes occurs in civilization.

Among the amenities of Pueblo life is this: a maiden falling a victim to the tender passion has here the coveted privilege of making the *premier pas;* her father negotiates with the parents of the unconscious youth, and often leads a coy bridegroom to his expectant daughter's home.

So, with the pumpkin diet, with fields and flocks, it seems in keeping to find a love-sick swain serenading with a reed flute. With characteristic savage patience he toots forth his love for hours and even days, till the dear girl is glad to buy a little silence at the price of marriage.

The Indians of the peninsula of Lower California are degraded below all other tribes, presenting but the one redeeming trait of love of country.

Comprised within this subdivision are also the tribes of extreme Northern Mexico.

V. Wild Tribes of Mexico. Within limits marked by the twenty-third and eighteenth parallels of latitude and the two oceans, Mr. Bancroft groups and describes aboriginal Mexicans who at the time of the Spanish Conquest were still savages, who, if possessing any affinity with the civilized Aztec, showed only traces of that powerful reflex action which higher advancement always sheds around it.

The configuration of the country produces three types of climatic region: a highland, or *tierra fria;* those lower mountain slopes and sierras embraced under the term *tierra templada;* and hot lowlands bordering the two oceans, known as *tierras calientes.* Humanity shows this diversity; warlike, cruel, active Indians occupying the tierra fria, and a race of gentler, more sensuous, and gayer people living under tropical palms in the lowlands. The arts and manufactures are far higher than among northern nations, great skill being shown in modeling clay figures and in the ornamentation of pottery, textile fabrics, and gold jewelry. Weaving and embroidery especially are carried to artistic excellence, and the use of colors in dress is effected with positive success. It is interesting to find coast tribes obtaining from a *murex* the same royal purple dye for which Tyre was once famous.

Superstitions are more tinged with terror: black spirits, battle gods, and evil genii crowd upon the savage imagination and lend a sombre view to life, beside stimulating excess of intemperance and other vices. Mysteries in divine providence, all the tangled web of trials and disappointments, all the thousand cruel blows of fate,—of which human life everywhere, in all time, in whatever status, is so largely made up, —seem to the Mexican savage the work of malignant spirits. Death is met bravely, as it is by all Indians, and the departed is speeded on his journey by covering the grave with garlands of fragrant flowers and repasts of savory viands. Not a few such suggestions of Mongolian customs are observed.

In sickness certain tribes consult a sacred crystal, whose clear light is supposed to influence the patient for good.

The Mexican gave his whole mind to the subject of drinks, and certainly succeeded in inventing many delicious compounds. Cookery also rose into the realm of a domestic art, where it surely belongs. Omelets, delicate maize tortillas, cups of refined chocolate, and *ragoût* of game piquantly enlivened with fragrant pepper, were, strange to say, not enough to elevate the lives of this

benighted people. Perhaps they even smothered the higher sensibilities with such demoralizing delicacies as *sauce à la chile*. In New England, where the noblest average type of morality obtains, there is nothing in the prevalent *cuisine* to allure the Pilgrim mind from its most ascetic moods.

VI. Wild Tribes of Central America. The Mexican plateaux and sierras narrow and concentrate to the southward into a single water divide, which is prolonged throughout all Central America, following closely the Pacific coast and leaving a broad area of tropical lowlands between the Cordilleras and the Atlantic. Mountain or templada country occupies less and less area toward the Isthmus. Warm savannas alternate with luxuriant forests. Vegetation is at once varied and magnificent. Splendid flowers wreathe and drape the trees with veils of viny growth ; enormous leafage lines the river banks; blazing orchids, stately palms, bend toward the sea. In this primeval forest, tropic night broods with a deep, impressive silence; the heavy air soothes brain and nerve, and sleep is the deepest, the most dreamless oblivion. Here, when the Indian lies down at night, it is to rest as the northman with his high nerve tension never can. Every atom sleeps, every fibre relaxes; each morning finds him full of *verve*, yet calm and reposeful as the Sphynx. Men and women are often models of symmetry and grace. Whoever has strolled at dusk where palm groves lean to the shore, and watched the Indian women sauntering in the cool of evening with a gait in which a ripple of grace undulates — whoever has seen their soft, dark eyes, and read the expression of tenderness and pathos which is habitual on their faces, can but feel that here simple nature has done all she can for woman. Mr. Bancroft describes a marvelous richness of customs, an all but endless variety of social phenomena.

The Central Americans are supplied with ample food, the minimum of labor providing for all their wants. The arts, especially pottery, are carried to a high finish; decorated vases and jars, rivaling the finer Etruscan, are frequently met. The hammock, the palm-leaf mats woven in elegant patterns, carved calabashes, rich and tasteful use of colors, mark a certainty and spontaneity of taste which belong, we believe, to people who have not yet wholly emerged from primitive culture. A Greek temple and a Guatemalan vase are creations. A modern picture, however fine, is only a more or less successful plagiarism from nature.

Lyric poetry, founded on heroic deed or mythical idea, is a phase of the artistic impulse in the Central Americans; and a sort of archaic *opera bouffe*, satirical of governments and leaders, exists in spite of the general veneration for constituted authority. Complicated wooden musical instruments are used for accompaniments, with fair artistic effect, during their character dances and choruses.

Incense of fragrant gums is burned in solemn conclave of warriors before setting out for battle. Caste and hereditary rights find place among nearly all tribes. Man here is not always lord of the family life, whole tribes and clans being subject to petticoat rule. Polygamy and slavery are the darkest phases of society, as myth-terror is of individual life. The old merging of the offices of priest and doctor is observed, with the added barbarity of enforcing celibacy upon the priesthood. Infallibility seems not to have been promulgated here. Head-flattening is effected as among the Columbians. Gold jewelry, with pearls and gems, is highly valued, and from prehistoric times has been prominent in their arts.

With all the marvels of diversity Mr. Bancroft has traced from Eskimo to Isthmian, with all the shadings of development, all the sporadic and isolated upspringings of progressive impulse, there is a marked community of general type. An Indian, whether he sits down to make his breakfast of a banana or of a whale, is still never more nor less than an Indian.

In the most vague and sketchy man-

ner, we have followed Mr. Bancroft's fertile research into these interesting tribes, the narrow limits of a review absolutely preventing more than a hint at the wealth of material he has brought together. Scholarly in method, sagacious in the balancing of oft-conflicting authorities, conscientious in keeping the data of science pure and unvitiated by the special pleading of theorists, he has achieved a conspicuous success.

In this, the least fascinating of the series, students will find a museum of human facts, all ticketed and classified upon a geographical basis. In the following volumes, as we know from advance sheets, may be studied for the first time with full material the most absorbingly interesting problems of primitive America.

Beside a certain scientific generalship in the command of his army of authors, and beyond all the patient labor in marshaling details, Mr. Bancroft shows also a sound, healthy literary judgment. Possessing a cool, clear style, he adapts it with excellent taste to the uses of a book for the most part simple, direct, and low-toned; there are, however, passages of singularly happy description, where a few vivid touches, made with the decision of a master's sketch, bring out the aspect of a region in admirable distinctness. Excellent also are the rare passages where he cannot help a philosophic reflection, or prevent a ray of thoughtful wit.

Perhaps a true literary workman is known as well by his foot-notes as by the page; a frankness in citing arguments or opinions contrary to his own conclusion, and a well-considered abundance of data for the special uses of certain classes of scholars, are among the good qualities of the ample notes of this work.

Whether we judge his work by comparison with the finest investigation into aboriginal culture, or from the point of view of personal acquaintance with Indians, or whether we estimate it by the constantly expressed wants of modern scholars, Mr. Bancroft has assuredly compelled our respect and even our gratitude.

It is not a little noteworthy that so monumental a literary labor should have been accomplished in a new country, far from all scholastic atmosphere, remote from the daily association with fellow-investigators, by the perseverance of one courageous student.

Clarence King.

THE OLD BURYING-GROUND.

PLUMED ranks of tall wild-cherry
And birch surround
The half-hid, solitary
Old burying-ground.

All the low wall is crumbled
And overgrown,
And in the turf lies tumbled
Stone upon stone.

Only the school-boy, scrambling
After his arrow
Or lost ball, — searching, trampling
The tufts of yarrow,

Of milkweed and slim mullein, —
The place disturbs;
Or bowed wise-woman, culling
Her magic herbs.

No more the melancholy
Dark trains draw near;
The dead possess it wholly
This many a year.

The head-stones lean, winds whistle,
The long grass waves,
Rank grow the dock and thistle
Over the graves;

And all is waste, deserted,
And drear, as though
Even the ghosts departed
Long years ago!

The squirrels start forth and chatter
To see me pass;
Grasshoppers leap and patter
In the dry grass.

I hear the drowsy drumming
Of woodpeckers,
And suddenly at my coming
The quick grouse whirs.

Untouched through all mutation
Of times and skies,
A by-gone generation
Around me lies:

Of high and low condition,
Just and unjust,
The patient and physician,
All turned to dust.

Suns, snows, drouth, cold, birds, blossoms,
Visit the spot;
Rains drench the quiet bosoms
Which heed them not.

Under an aged willow,
The earth my bed,
A mossy mound my pillow,
I lean my head.

Babe of this mother, dying
A fresh young bride,
That old, old man is lying
Here by her side!

I muse: above me hovers
    A haze of dreams:
Bright maids and laughing lovers,
    Life's morning gleams;

The past with all its passions,
    Its toils and wiles,
Its ancient follies, fashions,
    And tears and smiles;

With thirsts and fever-rages,
    And ceaseless pains,
Hoarding as for the ages
    Its little gains!

Fair lives that bloom and wither,
    Their summer done;
Loved forms with heart-break hither
    Borne one by one.

Wife, husband, child and mother,
    Now reck no more
Which mourned on earth the other,
    Or went before.

The soul, risen from its embers,
    In its blest state
Perchance not even remembers
    Its earthly fate;

Nor heeds, in the duration
    Of spheres sublime,
This pebble of creation,
    This wave of time.

For a swift moment only
    Such dreams arise;
Then, turning from this lonely,
    Tossed field, my eyes

Through clumps of whortleberry
    And brier look down
Toward yonder cemetery,
    And modern town,

Where still men build, and marry,
    And strive, and mourn,
And now the dark pall carry,
    And now are borne.

J. T. Trowbridge.

A CARNIVAL OF VENICE.

THE Honorable Mrs. Harrington was thirty-two years old, and had been a widow for ten years. Her chief characteristic was romance; therein lay the source of her principal merits and defects; thence had arisen the decisive mistakes of her life; thereon rests the groundwork of the following story. As Laura Winton, only child and heiress of a rich fox-hunting squire, the master of the Tintara hounds, she had been noted for nothing but her silence, her shyness, and her horsemanship. She had been brought up with unusual strictness even for an English girl; she was the last of many children, who had all died in infancy, and at her birth her mother died. Her training was confided to a maiden sister of Mr. Winton's, older than himself, an epitome of all the old-fashioned principles and prejudices of half a century ago. The Wintons were genuine country people of the bygone sort: they never had a house "in town" (*i. e.*, London); they never crossed the Channel; to the squire and his two sisters, one of whom, rather late in life, had married a clergyman, a Frenchman was a synonym for levity of manners, depravity of morals, insanity in politics, and uncleanliness in personal habits; Italians and Spaniards were confusedly regarded as a distant and improbable race who wore round cloaks and played on the guitar; if they thought of Americans at all, it was as of a semi-civilized nation of fourth-rate importance, who all carried bowie-knives down their backs, picked their teeth with a fork, and were constantly fighting Indians and flogging negroes. Miss Winton provided a governess after her own heart for her niece, and Laura's education was all of a piece, and flawless, unless the squire's one point of difference from his sister on the subject of female education may be said to have caused a flaw: he approved of his daughter's riding, nay, of her hunting, and took her with him after the hounds on her pony, to the grave annoyance of Miss Winton, who was sure that harm would come of it. And harm did come of it, to her melancholy satisfaction. Riding was the one vent this romantic and solitary young girl found to whatever of youthful longing and repressed inner life stirred unquietly in her nature. The exhilarating exercise; the occasional glimpses of wild and open country, captivating by contrast with the trim formality amid which lay her daily walks; the striking groups which dogs, horses, and men in scarlet sometimes formed against a background of russet wood or blue moorland or gray sky, ministering to an unconscious love of the picturesque; and the presence of a number of good-looking young men, made the hunting-field a realm of delight to Laura, and hunting-days the red-letter days of her life.

Laura liked good-looking young men extremely, though she gave no outward sign and was inwardly ashamed of it. Even the vainest of the Tintara hunt never suspected the flutter which arose in Miss Laura Winton's innocent breast when he reined up his horse to say a few words to her at the meet or the death, or rode beside her for a mile or two on the long run. Laura was not one of those women for whom every man has a certain attraction, nor was she a coquette; but all good-looking young men who rode well were to her possible heroes of a romance of which she naturally was the heroine, and for which what fitter scene could there be than the hunting-field with its perilous pleasures? But beyond the hearty admiration which her perfect riding never failed to excite, the young men found her most uninteresting, and wondered whether there was another girl in the United Kingdoms whose presence would add so little charm to the hunt. Not that she was plain; she had a kind

and degree of good looks very common in her class and country: a well-shaped, well-set head, a fresh complexion, clear eyes, with dark brows and lashes, sunny fair hair, of which she had a great wealth peculiar to herself; her straight, slender figure and sloping shoulders looked very well in her dark habit. But there was nothing striking in this, and it was impossible to get more than a monosyllable from her. In short, she had no interest for them except as the richest heiress of the county, and that was neutralized by the well-known understanding between her father and the Earl of Westover that she should marry Lord Foxhaugh, the earl's eldest son. The squire was neither a snob nor a worldly man, and his blood was as good as the earl's, if not better; but he had an orthodox English respect for rank, and a sound English faith in the benefits of settling one's children well in life, especially the girls; he had no intention of forcing Laura to marry against her inclinations, but no idea that her inclinations would not dutifully take the path he chose for them when the proper time should come, which was not yet, as she was not seventeen. The future husband, indeed, was thirty-five, but a year or two would not make him less fit for such a marriage, while it might make her fitter.

Not a word had ever been said to Laura by her natural guardians on this subject, yet she was as well instructed about it as if it had been part of her catechism. Neither Miss Winton nor the governess, Miss Wright, would have so transgressed the rules of propriety as to touch upon such a topic with a girl not out of the school-room. Possibly Laura's old nurse or one of the maid-servants might have told her that she was to be a countess some day; perhaps there is a subtle instinct which warns the simplest girl when schemes of this sort are in the air; at any rate she knew all about it as well as the gentleman did, and he and his father had talked the matter over long before, in that plain, practical way which does honor to English common-sense. Lord Foxhaugh had frankly come into the plan, sowing his wild oats in season, and afterwards going into Parliament in a satisfactory way, while waiting until his future bride should be of age to be wooed. Now the bridegroom elect was thick-set and red of face, with blunt features and buff hair and whiskers; he looked ten years older than he was, being one of those men who become middle-aged very early. The second brother was in orders and had the family living; the third was in the navy; the youngest in the guards. This last, Ralph Harrington, was as handsome as man can be; tall, slender, and perfectly proportioned, with large, limpid blue eyes full of calm, patrician insolence, chestnut curls, chiseled features, and an infrequent smile of singular sweetness, which showed a set of even, narrow teeth, as unlike his eldest brother's double row of ivory squares as possible. He was twenty-three, not boyish, but with a grace as of perpetual youth about him; he would not seem as old at fifty as Lord Foxhaugh did at thirty-five. Nobody rode better than his lordship, but he sat his horse like a bag of beans, as the farmers said, and grew redder every minute. Ralph seldom came to the Tintara hunt, but he rode like a knight at a tournament, Laura thought. In short, — for it is not with this part of her history that we are concerned save by way of needful introduction, — just when the squire, the earl, and his heir began to think that it would soon be time to open the matrimonial discussion, while Miss Winton protested against anticipating Laura's seventeenth birthday and her coming out at the county ball, the young lady herself was falling so violently in love with the guardsman that even Ralph, with his head full of gambling-debts and other women, could not help being struck by it. He suddenly perceived a way out of many difficulties, and without loss of time persuaded her to run away with him. Without loss of time, but not without trouble, for he had to conquer first her shyness and then her conscience; she did not feel bound to marry

Lord Foxhaugh to please her father, but she did feel herself to be a wicked and undutiful girl to marry against his will, without his knowledge, when he had always been so good to her, and she loved him better than anybody in the world save one; it was shameful, shocking, and she wept many hot tears on the sleepless night which decided her fate. The next morning, however, she rode to the meet with a beating heart but her mind made up, and galloped off with her handsome lover in the confusion of the first run.

There was a great row, of course, but the squire forgave her, and Lord Foxhaugh married the daughter of a man who had a patent for shoe-blacking, three times as rich as Laura; Ralph's father-in-law paid his debts, and the young fellow kept clear of entanglements thenceforward, and was rather fond of his wife, especially when she gave him a boy, although one might suppose that a younger son would take no more pride in a boy than a girl; and for five years all went well enough. Then the child fell ill and died of scarlet fever, and the father caught it from him and died also. Laura went home to her father's, where, indeed, she had spent much of her married life; but in a year or two the squire died, and she was left alone with her aunt.

The days which followed were so like one another that in looking back to the few events which occurred in her neighbors' lives, — in her own there were none, — Laura found it impossible to remember in what year one had married, another sold his house, a third succeeded to a title. She had few resources to fill the time; the ordinary old-school education knew nothing of music, painting, or modeling; she had been taught French and Italian, but had no knowledge of either literature beyond the dreary selection known to drawing-room culture of fifty years ago as "the classics;" her reading in English had been exceedingly restricted in her girlhood, and during her married life it had been desultory and without thought; once more in her old home, she was out of the way of new books altogether. Her husband had objected to her hunting, and their unsettled life had broken up the habit of riding; during her early widowhood she had resumed it with her father, but after his death the association became painful and she gave it up. She looked after the place, she visited the parish-school, read to poor old sick women, saw her bailiff and gamekeeper, received letters from her agent and solicitor, went to county dinners where she always met the same people, exchanged an annual visit of about a week with her aunt, the clergyman's widow, and paid one apiece of about the same length to her married brothers-in-law, Lord Foxhaugh, — now Earl of Westover, — and the Hon. and Rev. Smythe Harrington, in different parts of England. All this was done in regular routine, by the hour of day or the day of the week or the time of year; for Miss Winton's authority, though tacit, was still active, and the habit was too strong on both sides to be broken. In Laura's many and long visits to her early home during her married life, she had always come as a guest; when she returned thither as a widow, she was too broken by recent grief to assume the charge of it; after her father's death, when she became mistress, she was still too passive to make changes, and the old order continued unquestioned, the pressure of her aunt's influence inducting her into the duties of lady of the manor as it had formerly regulated her study and exercises. She had no pleasure or interest in any of it, but she had nothing else to do, and felt a need of occupation consequent on the life-long habit of being occupied. During this period she received more than one offer of marriage, for a rich young widow with no child, well-born and well-favored, is more attractive to a cold-blooded man than a young girl. All Mrs. Harrington's admirers were cold-blooded, and moreover commonplace, so that their addresses only gave her annoyance without the pleasing disturbance of refusing an agreeable man. Everybody had predicted that she would remarry;

her father had taken it for granted and worded his will accordingly, and her aunt was in quiet but constant expectation of seeing her niece relax towards some one of the worthy gentlemen who wished to bestow their tediousness upon her; in fact, they all took it as a matter of course, as people do everywhere, especially in England. But Laura was protected by many outworks. She was as shy as ever, and quite as silent; she was incased in passive indifference and a morbid melancholy, resulting from her peculiar life and sudden and repeated losses. Marriage had brought her disappointment and disillusion, for her husband had never been in love with her for a quarter of an hour, which she had not been very long in discovering. Also, though more slowly, she found out how very different the man she had married was from the paladin of her imagination. Her unworldliness saved her from suspecting his real motives in marrying her; she sadly and with shame set it down to compassion, as she had heard of men marrying women for pity, which was credible, while marrying for money was not. How much she had felt his death she did not know, for it was merged and identified with the profound grief she had suffered for her child, and she had mourned them as one loss which had destroyed her life. Withal she was as romantic as ever, and had sentimental notions about first love and second marriages which only events could put to rout. If she had only known it, she had a better chance of happiness in any of the later matches which presented themselves than in her first wild venture; not one of the men who sought her hand but was more interested in her than Ralph Harrington had been, and for herself, where there was no giddy height there could be no fall. But even had she been capable of such considerations, she was incapable of acting upon them.

Thus many years went by. But Laura's thirtieth birthday, a serious occasion with most women, marked a new epoch. She began to think over her life, how incomplete and fragmentary it had been; how she had married from the school-room without even enjoying the fullness of girlhood; how her married life had been a series of unpleasant surprises, and how she had hardly reached the calm and consciousness of womanhood before the loss of husband and child had seemed to end everything forever; for what was left? But the truth was she had begun to live again. Her sorrows had come so early and so close together that they had taken the first fruits but not the prime of her affections and powers, while the seclusion and monotony of her subsequent existence had kept in her a wonderful freshness and youth of feeling. She had drunk deep once of excitement and emotion, but the draught had left her unsatisfied, and now that she was reviving, and to a condition of completeness which she had never known before, a feverish thirst for the same springs made her restless, though she did not understand the cause. Yes, everything was ended, she said to herself many times; she was thirty, she was an old woman, but still with a great many years to live, probably, and were they all to be as dull, as monotonous, as dreary, as the last seven or eight? She did not see very well how she could change the order of things in which she moved, or make them better, but she gradually came to that state of mind when a change for the worse would be a relief. But the force of habit and of deference to her aunt was second nature; she had taken but one decisive step for herself in her life; she had none of what is called initiative. So she endured the growing disquiet and disgust for a long time before they became intolerable, and then the only thing she could think of to do was to take a house in London for the season.

In London she exchanged the quiet routine of her country home for the distracting whirl of town, which is routine too, after all. She had neither taste nor talent for society; she went to dinners where she did not speak a word, and to balls where nobody spoke to her; she was frightened to death daily when

she had to present herself alone amid a room full of gay folk, at five o'clock tea; after three months she was jaded and depressed, and glad to go back to the country. But she was not more contented than before, and having played her only card she did not know what to do next. She became moody and irritable for the first time in her life, lost her appetite, and could not sleep. Her aunt, in some distress of mind, persuaded her to send for a doctor. The doctor, not finding much amiss, ordered her to Brighton, whither she disconsolately went. Brighton answered no better than London; the symptoms increased, and Miss Winton, in real anxiety, urged their consulting a London physician of great fame. Accordingly they went up to town and saw Sir George T——, who ordered Mrs. Harrington abroad for six months. Whether he understood the case, or whether his prescription was the aristocratic equivalent for a country apothecary's bread pills, we cannot say; Laura was instantly aware that the remedy had been found. The bustle, the alarm, which such a move occasioned, brought a host of active emotions with them, and the very trepidation she felt was agreeable. All sorts of necessary arrangements, which other people would have thought a bore and a nuisance, were delightful to her from their novelty. In short, she improved so rapidly before the time came to set out that Miss Winton suggested that the journey seemed unnecessary; but her niece had had a little foretaste of liberty, and, remembering that she was her own mistress, adhered to the scheme. Laura's elopement had destroyed Miss Winton's confidence in her once for all, and the idea of a journey in foreign lands where people do not speak English seemed fraught with risk for a young woman whose discretion could not be depended upon. That she should accompany her niece was unhappily not to be thought of; after seventy years of an orderly, decorous life, the unfitness of abandoning all her practices and proprieties to go to strange countries, where the English tongue and Protestant faith are unknown, was greater than that of allowing Laura to go without her. But neither was it to be thought of that the Hon. Mrs. Harrington should go abroad alone; the courier and two servants counted for nothing, and Miss Winton recommended her niece to take her former governess, Miss Wright. Laura was ready enough to consent to this arrangement, into which the poor old spinster, who was getting past her work, gladly entered. So, early in the autumn of 186–, she set out with a maid, a man-servant, a courier, and a companion, as ladies of quality used to take the "grand tour" after the downfall of Bony.

They were to spend the winter in Venice, whither by slow stages they repaired. Laura was full of wonder, enjoyment, excitement, and an indefinite sense of expectation. She had none of the difficulty in asserting herself against Miss Wright which she felt with her aunt. She was rather hampered and hindered in her sight-seeing by her ignorance of what was to be seen and her constant fears of doing something that she ought not to do; but they did not make her unhappy, and she looked forward in a vague way to greater freedom when she should be settled at Venice.

They reached their journey's end after a long, dusty day in the railway, which had been warm, despite the lateness of the season. Issuing from the station they found themselves on the broad marble steps which descend to the wide canal, where a black squadron of gondolas lay waiting, and an army of beggars made pretense of being useful by keeping them moored with hooked sticks. A fresh salt breath rose from the clear, green water; the topmost towers burned in the ruby glow of the invisible sunset, while all below was slightly veiled in a pale lilac obscurity. The travelers stepped into a gondola, which was soon gliding through the narrow canals under overhanging balconies, beneath the dark arcs of numberless bridges, by mysterious archways, round sharp corners, where the boatman erect in the stern gave a strange, melancholy

call of warning like the cry of a sea-bird (sometimes answered by another, and then the black form of a gondola would pass them close but noiselessly); then out again into broader ways where the silent stroke of the oar sent the tiny reflections of lights, that were already twinkling here and there, dancing along the glassy surface of the water. At length they arrived at one of the hotels on the south side of the Grand Canal, and saw opposite to them the domes and volutes of the church of the Salute, dark against the still red sky. As in a dream Laura stepped upon the little quay, and the old sense of romantic possibility of the hunting-field took instant and entire possession of her. A little later, when all light had vanished except the stars in the clear night-sky and the star-like gleams which glided or darted by on the darker heaven of the water, she opened one of the long windows of her drawing-room and went out upon the stone balcony. At that moment a chorus of men's voices broke into song just below: leaning over, she saw several figures standing in an open boat, whose dark outline was decorated with strings of bright-colored lanterns like big, semi-lucent bubbles. The melody had a rocking rhythm which took the ear; the only words she could distinguish were *voga*, *onda*, *bella*, *sospiri*, and other sweet syllables; it was a cradle-song of the sea. And this was her first hearing of Italian from Italian lips.

The few following days all passed under the same spell; in thinking of those days she always remembered the trembling golden chain-work on her ceiling, thrown there by the sun from the water below, the first thing she saw on waking. Then Miss Wright suggested that they should see Venice systematically. So they set forth every morning with guide-books, and opera-glasses, and a courier, and broke their necks in trying to see the ceilings of the Doge's palace, put their eyes out in looking at pictures in the darkest corners of dark churches, and fell victims to all the sextons, *custodes*, and *cicerones;* and their prudery suffered agonies. They also went to the Piazza San Marco, and saw the fluttering battalions of pigeons come flocking to be fed at the first stroke of the great clock. and hovering eagerly above the hand which any stranger held out full of corn; and Mrs. Harrington bought armfuls of trash at the little shell and jewelry and coral shops under the colonnades, and was stared out of countenance by the loungers smoking before the *cafés*. The sight-seeing soon became rather tiresome, for Miss Wright knew as little of art as her former pupil did, and although she had the requisite acquaintance with historical facts and dates, she could tell her nothing about Bianca Cappello or the Brides of Venice. Then came a week of rainy weather; the gorgeous colors vanished, and left poor, patched, ragged, bedrabbled Venice looking as shabby as Cinderella after twelve o'clock on the night of the ball. It is not to be denied that in bad weather the canals look muddy and the gondolas hearse-like, and that there is an excess of wet everywhere. Laura beheld this dismal metamorphose from her windows, and began to be as melancholy as though she were in Wiltshire. Miss Wright suggested that Mrs. Harrington felt the want of regular occupation and proposed her taking Italian lessons, to which she agreed rather despondently.

Just then the Countess of Westover came to Venice, on an autumn run through Europe. Nobody enjoyed playing the countess more than this lady; she also took so much satisfaction in patronizing, that she never went anywhere or did anything except with a touch of condescension, and for somebody's alleged benefit. Thus, she was going to Venice "to see Ralph's widow, you know, poor thing, who won't have done moping about him." She had likewise a mania for knowing everybody, and appeared to travel with a circular letter of credit to all the noble houses on the Continent. The two propensities led her to the studios of the principal artists wherever she went: "Gives him a lift, you know," she said, whether she ordered anything or not; and she would

have said it of Schwanthaler and Meissonier.

Laura, dull and solitary, was not sorry to see her sister-in-law, and willingly abandoned herself to be dragged the round of the churches and galleries and shops again. These exhausted, Lady Westover announced that she was going to the studio of Arnauld, a French painter of great promise, who she heard was in Venice. They started as usual in great state in Mrs. Harrington's gondola, with the courier and two gondoliers, for whom the countess had persuaded their passive mistress to order a smart sailor's dress, such as no real Venetians ever wear; the gondoliers and all the hotel people called her Miladi, which she secretly liked, not because it was a title but because it had a strange, unaccustomed sound, which suited her life in this strange place. They wound in and out among a labyrinth of narrow canals which might be called the slums of Venice, stopped at a door in a moldy wall, which let them into a dark, damp little court, and sending the courier on to announce them, began to grope and clamber up a steep and narrow staircase. Laura had rather rebelled at having her name scratched on Lady Westover's card, but no heed was paid to her remonstrances. As they were breathlessly toiling up the fourth flight the courier came stumbling back to say that Monsieur Arnauld had nothing to show and begged to be excused. "Stuff!" said her ladyship, and finding herself upon the right landing she knocked sharply at the first door. It opened, and in the bright light streaming from within stood a man of singular and striking appearance: he was below middle height and strongly, squarely built, with unusual breadth and depth of chest; his features were rather small, but irregular and marked, the eyes very dark, deep-set, and overhung with thick, black brows; a mass of tangled black locks fell forward over his low forehead, and the lower part of his square, sallow face was almost hidden in a dark confusion of beard and mustache; he was dressed in a loose brown velvet suit, with a blood-colored scarf of soft silk twisted carelessly round his throat below the limp roll of shirt collar. He stood with his palette and brushes in one hand and the other on the latch of the door, and bowed gravely.

"There is a mistake, ladies, I fear," he said quietly, in a low but deep-toned voice.

"Mistake? oh, no!" replied Lady Westover, who was not deterred from speaking French by her very bad accent. "You are Monsieur Arnauld."

"That is my name; I sent word by the courier that I was desolate to be unable to receive the honor of Madame la Comtesse's visit, but that I have nothing to show her." All this was said in the same voice, grave, quiet, cold, and he stood in the same attitude, as though expecting his unwelcome visitors to withdraw.

"Monsieur," replied the countess, undaunted, "don't tell fibs! I see charming things everywhere;" and she brushed by into the studio towards the easel at which he was working.

Up to this point Laura had enjoyed the novelty and smack of adventure of such a visit; now her impulse was to retreat, but she was incapable of making the move herself, and mechanically followed her companion, until she stood for the first time amidst the captivating confusion of a studio. Wherever she turned her eyes she saw rich hangings of gold-brocaded stuff or mellow old Gobelin tapestry, bits of armor, curious old weapons and musical instruments, such as she had seen in pictures, flower-shaped vases of Murano glass, great majolica dishes with splashes of warm color and pearly shell-like reflections, Eastern cushions and rugs, antique furniture with elaborate carving and worm-eaten padding, and scattered everywhere the appurtenances of the artist's craft, a litter of brushes, and oil-color flasks, rags, half-finished studies, fresh canvases, empty frames. Her eye rested finally upon a picture standing on another easel, a little aside, and she felt a sudden shock of pleasure such as music sometimes gives; her nerves

thrilled, and the blood rose to her temples. The canvas contained three figures about half the size of life: one a woman, sitting on a rock beside the sea as on a throne, naked but for some loose folds of drapery drawn from beneath her carelessly across her lap; her beautiful body, in the shapely fullness of womanhood, nearly confronting the spectator, but the head, with its wavy golden locks wound in heavy plaits, turned away and giving the face in profile only: up from the waves rises a form of immortal, youthful beauty, crowned and cinctured with thickly-woven vine-leaves, in one hand a heavy bunch of grapes, in the other a ring which he holds towards the woman; as he bends forward, his beardless face, shadowed by clustering curls and leafage, glows with ardor, languor, and the passion of a god: floating above them a female figure of celestial lightness and grace, girt with a transparent, sheeny scarf, leans to place a circlet of stars on the nymph's head. The ease, grace, and power of the figures, the wonderful, transparent warmth of the flesh-tints, subdued by the brown of leaves, branches, rock, shadow, and the cool glimpses of the sea, above all the expression of divine enthusiasm in the vine-wreathed countenance, filled Laura's perception like the birth of a new sense; she was entranced in the revelation of beauty, joy, and the poetry of Pagan myth; all the calm, happy irresponsibility of the immortals stole over her, unanalyzed, but pervading her semi-consciousness like a magic potion. Until this moment she had looked at paintings with the indifference of ignorance; none had given her the slightest pleasure: now she was in a glow and tremor of delight; she gazed as one watches and listens to running water, until she could not tell whether she had stood there minutes or hours.

Meanwhile Lady Westover was chatting with great glibness to the painter, who stood beside her, replying courteously but briefly and a little dryly. Not being to the manner born, her ladyship with all her assumption of ease was sometimes worsted in her attempts to get the upper hand, and this now befell her; she found herself growing uncomfortable, and to carry it off raised her eye-glass and walked over to where Mrs. Harrington stood rapt.

"What has gorgonized you now, Laura? Oh! the Bacchus and Ariadne; what a charming copy! Dear me, that is capital, really, you know; I should like to have it myself; what will you let me have it for?"

The countess's first words had recalled Laura to herself. She started as if awaking; a crowd of confused sensations came upon her with such a rush as she had never known before; she felt that the man who had painted that picture had a power over her that no one had ever possessed; she looked at him with a quick, poignant interest, which was almost pain. His eyes were fixed on Lady Westover, and Laura could note the repressed force and fire in his steady but burning glance, and the lines of his rugged face, which looked as if they might be hardened lava. At the last question she thought that a dark gleam shot from under the shaggy brows, but he still answered coldly and composedly: —

"The picture is not for sale."

Lady Westover insisted.

"It is sold," he said, abruptly this time. Her ladyship was more uncomfortable than before, and though loath to beat a retreat, saw nothing else to do. "Well, Laura, we must be off, we 've a thousand things to do; do come and see us; we 're at the Albergo della Salute, of course; good day." The artist bowed; she held out her hand English fashion and shook his heartily. Laura, from mere inability to do differently, gave hers, for which, being the second, he was ready; she felt it tremble within his; the blood rushed to her face and the tears to her eyes; she dropped her eyelids, courtesied slightly, and followed her companion out as she had followed her in. She had not opened her lips during the whole interview. The painter looked after her with a little passing curiosity: "*Tiens,*

c'est drôle," said he to himself. "She was trembling." Then with an anathema on visitors, and women, and English people, he shut the door and went back to his interrupted work.

The picture and the man possessed Laura's imagination. Certainly a wonderful change had been wrought in her, for it was as if scales had fallen from her eyes, and she looked at all paintings as if she had been blind before. But none spoke to her as that had done; she was beset with the desire to see again the picture and the man who in a moment had unwittingly gained such hold upon her. But although she devised a thousand plans for returning to the studio, she did not believe that she should ever see either again. He left two cards at the hotel the day after their visit, and that she supposed was the end of it. Lady Westover, however, was an involuntary ally; she could not bear to sit down under defeat; she had a private disinclination to leave Venice until she had in some way got the better of the man who had routed her. Accordingly she proposed a second descent upon the studio, alleging as her excuse that she wished him to make a copy of a Paul Veronese to which she had taken a fancy. Mrs. Harrington was eager to go, but she felt so little mistress of herself that she tied a veil of heavy Spanish lace over her bonnet as a screen. Lady Westover would not send up her card this time, but presented herself boldly at the studio door, while Laura shrank behind her veil. Arnauld opened with an exclamation of: "Ah! here you are, at last."

"Yes, here I am again," said her ladyship, entering; the painter fell back a step in evident surprise, and a look of extreme annoyance crossed his sedulously composed face. "A thousand pardons," he said; "I am expecting a sitter."

"Then we are in luck to come first, for I want to have a little talk with you."

"I should be too happy and too much honored, but my sitter is already late and will be here in a moment."

"Very well, I 'll go when she comes," said Lady Westover, throwing herself into a chair. Laura was looking timidly for her picture. It was not to be seen, but in its place was another: a single figure this time, life size, seated in a high-backed, carved chair, a woman dressed in white satin, herself as white as ivory, with faint touches of color like a blush camellia; heavy bands of ebony black hair lay waving slightly across her forehead; large, dark, inscrutable eyes looked tranquilly forth from below slender penciled dark brows, and the chiseled mouth was close shut, telling no secret; from the transparent white lace of the sleeves the slight wrists and slender hands rested upon the knees in listless grace; a collar of great pearls was clasped loosely round the slim white throat; from a jeweled coronet a veil of silvery gauze floated round the shoulders. The attitude and expression were of supreme repose; the face said nothing; the various whiteness of the different textures accorded marvelously, like many-toned voices singing in unison; the picture seemed all made up of mists and moonlight. Laura looked at it until it swam before her eyes; sometimes the face seemed vanishing, then it waxed clearer again; the evanescent rose-tints flushed and paled under her gaze; it was like a woman seen in a dream, yet she knew instinctively that it was a real woman. Nearly a quarter of an hour went by while she heard not a word of what the others were saying; at length Lady Westover rose with an angry rustle and Laura again awoke.

"I really congratulate you on being so very busy," her ladyship began in a tone of irritation; but at the same moment the white lady of the picture caught her eye. "Dear me! what is that?" she exclaimed, going up to it.

"A portrait."

A sickening, jealous pang shot through Laura's heart, though she had known it before; that beautiful vision was a real woman, and had sat to him.

"Who is it?" she asked before she knew what she was saying; it was the first time she had spoken.

"The Princess Ca' Doro."

Lady Westover eyed it for a moment, and then returned to the charge with an air of good-humored condescension. "Well, then, since you will not sell me a picture, nor make me a copy, you shall paint me."

"Too much honor; I neither paint pictures to sell nor to show, and I do not make portraits *to order*," replied Arnauld with a slight emphasis on the last words. Lady Westover reddened and left the room with a motion of the head which was as much a toss as a bow; the painter held the door open for them to pass; Laura made a slight inclination, which he gravely and silently returned.

Lady Westover's letters of introduction had not been of much use, as the season had not begun, and but few of the great Venetians had come back to town. One invitation only had been the result, and that was for a *conversazione*, on the evening of their second visit to the studio. Her ladyship, very much out of humor, declared her intention of leaving Venice the next day, but would not miss the party. Laura, whose cards the countess had sent with her own, despite all protests, for the mere pleasure of having somebody in tow, had also received an invitation, which she was not allowed to decline. The incidents of the morning had depressed her, but as she stepped into the gondola between the two little crimson lamps, and lay back on the great cushions, her spirits rose a little with the unwonted charm of going to a party in such a strange fashion; the excitement increased as they swept up the broad marble staircase of the grand old Palazzo Dandolo, clinging to the massive balustrade. As the English servant announced "The Countess of Westover and the Hon. Mrs. Harrington," their handsome hostess came forward with eager cordiality, as if they were the very people she had been waiting for; with a profusion of expressions of pleasure at seeing them, she took each by the hand and led them to the upper end of the magnificent saloon, where she installed them in arm-chairs and left them. Laura looked about with curiosity. The many-colored, inlaid marble floor was uncovered, although it was December; only a Turkish carpet was thrown over the end where they sat. Wherever she looked she saw marble, glass, and gilding; columns of porphyry and *verde antique* supported the gilt and sculptured beams and rosettes of the lofty ceiling; the frescoed walls were paneled with mirrors set in heavy elaborate frames, where gilded Cupids struggled with knots and fillets, and chaplets of fruit and flowers; tables of malachite and *lapis lazuli*, resting on graceful golden monsters of the Renaissance, stood in formal array between the columns; a row of chandeliers of old Venetian glass hung down the middle of the room, filled with wax candles, the light broken and reflected by every beautiful, fanciful form of flower, shell, or crystal chain in all the vivid, delicate tints of that early lost art.

"Ugh! makes one all goose-flesh," said Lady Westover. "Fancy five o'clock tea in such a place!"

But Laura, whose latent feeling for beauty had developed rapidly of late, thought that it was like an enchanted hall in the Arabian Nights, and continued to look about with satisfaction. As her eyes were measuring the length of the vast apartment, she saw advancing from the other end the most strangely beautiful woman she had ever beheld: she was dressed in black velvet, with no ornament but a diamond comb and a diamond clasp in the black velvet band round her throat, yet Laura instantly recognized the white lady of the picture; there was the same heavy ebon hair, the same creamy skin, the same elongated oval face, with its set, chiseled features and enigmatical eyes, the same slender, stately form. The hostess was not so near the door as when the English ladies had entered, and the newcomer walked slowly up the saloon trailing her train after her with negligent grace, her willowy yet commanding figure reflected by the mirrors on either side as she passed. Laura's heart sank lower at each step that the

beautiful woman made towards her; as she came nearer the lovely rose-tints were faintly visible; the dark eyes sought the hostess composedly. After their greetings the princess was moving towards a chair, when from an inner room, which Laura had not before perceived, but where she now saw a number of men, Arnauld came to meet the lady, pushed an ottoman a little out of the circle, and sat down beside her. Laura's heart beat so violently that she feared she should lose her self-command and burst into hysterical crying; she clasped her hand tightly on her closed fan and looked round for help, which came in the shape of a servant with ices. At the same moment a well-dressed young man emerged from the inner room and came up to Lady Westover. It was Arcy, a young diplomatist; he was delighted to find some one who could give him the last London gossip in exchange for ample information about everybody in the room. In the course of inquiry they came to the princess, whom her ladyship had not recognized in the black gown.

"That 's the Ca' Doro. Italian? Oh no, Pole, widow of the Austrian governor; her own people dropped her for marrying an Austrian, and the Venetians dropped her present lord for marrying *her;* but since 1866 that don't matter — too great a swell, too much tin, they can't stand it."

"Does she go in for the literary and artistic style of thing?"

"Lord, no; what made you think so?"

"That painter, Arnauld; they seem as thick as thieves."

Arcy laughed a little. "Quite so."

"Ow!" ejaculated her ladyship.

"It was a bargain, they say; he has painted her, you know; best thing he ever did, great hit, so he is paid in kind."

"Paid pretty openly," observed the countess.

"Yes, that 's the worst of it; that sort of thing is reduced to a system here, but there are ways of doing things: now Arnauld does *afficher* the affair so, — regular bill-sticking; shocking low form, but that 's his itching French vanity. He 's monstrous clever, though; he 's been studying the Venetians to get at their color, and by way of test has made a copy of that Tintoret in the Anti-Collegio, as he thinks it looked when fresh; it 's a wonderful thing, really, you know."

"Yes; I saw it at his studio and wanted it, but he said it was sold."

"Sold! Yes, like his soul, poor beggar; he 's one of Goupil's men."

"What in the world do you mean?"

"Oh, don't you know? Goupil, the picture dealer, buys up all the clever fellows for a year, or three years, or ninety-nine; everything they do belongs to him; he pays them well, I hear; then all their pictures go to Paris and he sells them for twice as much."

"Really?" said the countess, somewhat mollified at finding the key to Arnauld's obduracy. "But how did he manage about painting the princess, then?"

"He calls that a present, you know."

"Ow!"

Mrs. Harrington had been eating her ice by small spoonfuls and listening to these disclosures; her composure had returned, save for a slight shiver, which might be due in part to the chilly compound she was swallowing so perseveringly. Arcy and Lady Westover went on talking about other people, and she ceased to listen, chewing the bitter cud of what she had heard. Suddenly she was addressed: —

"Laura, how can you freeze your insides with that stuff? it 's only fit for a Polar bear; I wish I had some toddy to thaw me, in the middle of all this stone and glass."

Mrs. Harrington looked round and smiled, and then looked back at the couple who were absorbing her attention. Certainly the Frenchman's manner was "shocking low form;" he leaned back on his ottoman with his head against a pillar, talking to the alabaster lady with an air of the utmost intimacy; she answered with rather an absent or indifferent expression, looking about the

room at the people assembled and arriving.

"Who is that?" asked Arcy in a low voice; he had not been aware before that Lady Westover had a companion.

"Ralph's widow, poor thing; ten years ago, you know, and she 's not left off her weeds yet, you may say. She 's here for the winter—health—and I stopped to cheer her a bit, it 's so dull for her, you know."

Arcy surveyed the poor thing with some approbation; Laura was at her best as to looks at this period: her figure was still slight but had grown rounder; her sedentary habits had cost her the bright color of early days, but there remained a clear, fresh paleness in which her gray eyes were singularly telling, while her beautiful, sunny hair was as rich as ever; the secluded life which had left her heart so fresh and foolish had fixed the youthful expression upon her face; she looked ten years under her actual age, and her countenance and aspect were almost girlish. Ralph had been hypercritical as to women's dress and she had acquired the habit of paying great attention to her own; consequently she had far more elegance of appearance than is common in her countrywomen. She was too much taken up in watching the painter and his princess to know that she was herself being watched; Arcy's practiced eye noted her good points, and he recollected that Ralph Harrington had married money and left no child.

"She looks nice," he said.

"Oh, very nice, quite a dear, but nothing at all in her; so shy that whenever a man speaks to her I expect to see her suck her thumb."

"Do present me and see if she will," said Arcy, laughing. Accordingly the presentation was made, and he began talking to Laura, much to her distraction. Just at this moment a tall, striking man, covered with orders and decorations, but with a bald, blonde head no larger than a snipe's, advanced through the long, glittering room; after exchanging a few words with the hostess, he fixed a glass in one of his eyes and looked round the room with his nose in the air; as soon as he perceived Madame Ca' Doro he went up to her with a profound bow, which embraced her companion. The Frenchman rose, almost started up, returned the salaam with a gravity which contrasted with the abruptness of his motions, and turned away.

"Who is that?" inquired Laura involuntarily, looking at the tall stranger.

"The Duke of Kieff, Russian ambassador at Vienna. The Ca' Doro has competitive examinations; the duke tried, but Arnauld's portrait got him the place." Lady Westover laughed, but Laura colored to the roots of her hair and dropped her eyes. Arcy thought it charming to see a woman of her age blush so easily. The Frenchman in passing exchanged a friendly nod with the diplomatist, then recognizing the women, made them a ceremonious bow; but her ladyship's interest in him had doubled since she knew him to be the hero of a high scandal, and she addressed him and forced him to stop. Laura in vain tried to hear what they said. Arcy's amusing chat was lost upon her save for the purpose of preventing her listening where she would. But the evening was over; Lady Westover remembered that she must start early the next day; indeed, the lateness of Venetian hours had left her but about four hours to sleep; so she departed. Arcy, who wished to keep near Mrs. Harrington, went away at the same time and put them into their gondola. The footman was waiting in the antechamber with their cloaks; but although the courier ran down the endless stairs to call the boatmen, it was some minutes before they could be reclaimed from the *osteria* where they were drinking, on the little quay at which the boat was moored. While Lady Westover was abusing them, and the English servants for allowing them to be out of the way, Arnauld came slowly down the palace stairs and called for his boat. The countess saw him and gave him one more challenge, which brought him un-

willingly to her side; when the gondola came up, Arcy stepped in after her, the better to receive Mrs. Harrington; but Arnauld, mistaking the action, instinctively offered his hand to her to help her into the unsteady bark; she had not put on her glove since taking it off to eat the ice, and her cold, trembling fingers again met his warm, firm palm, and gave him a slight shudder. So ended the evening which to Laura seemed so eventful.

Lady Westover left Venice the next day, but the good — or evil — she had done lived after her. Arcy felt entitled to pursue the acquaintance with Mrs. Harrington, which he followed up with assiduity; as the Venetians gradually returned to town and reopened their *salons*, the letters of introduction and cards which the countess had scattered about among Byzantine palaces or musty fourth-story apartments bore fruit in the shape of invitations, which Laura, to Miss Wright's unspoken amazement, accepted with alacrity. But this is anticipating, for the only immediate result of her ladyship's passage was the affair with Arnauld, if so it may be called, which Laura pursued in a peculiar manner. Her first step was to go back to the Doge's palace and look at the Bacchus and Ariadne; it had made no impression whatever upon her when she had been there before; now she thought it, with its faded and discolored hues, far inferior to the copy, as indeed an ignorant person might be forgiven for doing; nor did it strike her that the merit of the conception and composition must entitle it to greater praise than a copy. Arcy, whom by much innocent craft she led to speak of the painter, said that he was indefatigable in trying to fathom the secret of the Venetian coloring and atmosphere, and was constantly at work in the galleries or churches. As soon as she learned this she began her sight-seeing a third time, and as Arnauld was then copying a picture in the Academy of Fine Arts, she soon discovered where he had set up his easel, and began her own art studies at the same school. She was horribly ashamed of herself, and afraid of his suspecting what brought her there, but comforted herself with the hope that among so many strangers she might not be noticed. He was at work in the great room where Titian's Presentation of the Virgin hangs, with so many other masterpieces; Murray's guide-book told her how much that was noteworthy was to be found there, and also recommended Ruskin and Crowe and Cavalcaselle as hand-books. So, muffled in her furs and velvet, and provided with a bulky volume, she stood on the stone floor of the vast chilly hall day by day, before one great canvas after another, consulting her authorities, while poor Miss Wright caught nips of rheumatism and ceaseless colds in the head. As the Academy is almost deserted at that season, Arnauld did remark them, with an inward sneer at the inartistic English as he observed the big book of reference and slow, systematic progress through the room; he described them and their proceedings to his friends until they became a standing joke, and he always spoke of them as *mes anglaises.* He soon recognized Laura as the companion of the woman who had made herself so odious to him. In her shyness and consciousness she never looked at him, and he set that down to British stiffness and superciliousness. Although she had begun her round in the very further corner of the room from that in which he was painting, she at length inevitably reached his neighborhood, until as she examined the picture before her she heard the light stroke of his brush on the palette and canvas. She was in great hope and fear that he would remember her and speak to her, which indeed came about, and in this wise. One day poor Miss Wright's cold was so very bad that Laura did not go to the Academy; she was restless and impatient all day, however, and at night felt that she had lost a day. On the morrow her companion was no better, and Laura boldly resolved to go alone. What terrors and tremors this cost her, nobody who is not naturally shy and accustomed to seclusion

can possibly guess. It was the middle of January. The air in the Academy was deadly cold, the stone floor was like solid ice beneath her feet; her frozen breath rose like a little column of cloud. There were two Germans in the room when she entered, bawling their æsthetic ideas to one another, and stamping to keep themselves warm; they soon loudly declared that they could stand it no longer, and stamped themselves off with steps that resounded far down the corridor, the bang of a door proclaiming their final exit. Then Laura found herself alone in the room, alone in the building with this stranger, this foreigner, who hardly knew her by sight, she supposed, and who was her one interest in life. She was standing very near him where he sat muffled to the chin in a fur coat, a round fur cap drawn down to his brows; a brazier of live charcoal stood beside the easel, and under his feet was one of those little *scaldini* which the Italians carry about with them like muffs.

He was surprised to see her there in such weather, and wondered for a moment if this Englishwoman with her buckram manners and hand like a frog could really care for art, but dismissed the idea with contempt, and set her coming down to routine. Laura was wondering how she could withdraw from this oppressive *tête-à-tête*, and whether it would be worse to cross that vast space alone, every step echoing through the stillness, or to stay until Arnauld should put up his painting and go away. Between cold and nervousness she shook so excessively that her dress rustled spasmodically, and attracted the painter's attention; he saw that the woman was almost frozen, and leaving his little stool he raised his cap and begged her courteously to warm herself at the brazier. She was grateful, for her teeth were chattering; she assented by a bow, and drawing her numb fingers from her muff held them over the coals. He begged her to sit down upon his stool and put her feet on the *scaldino*, but this she declined by a shake of the head. She was dying to talk to him, but she could not open her lips. She hoped that he would speak to her, yet when presently he said, "Madame is very fond of painting, then?" she was more frightened than ever, and replied, "No," without knowing what she said. Arnauld was ready to laugh immoderately, and ask what brought her there; but as he ascribed her brevity to arrogance and resentment of the liberty he had taken in addressing her, he shrugged his shoulders undisguisedly and went back to his work with a mental imprecation on insular ill-breeding and ignorance of the world. Laura bit her lips with vexation, feeling that by her own stupidity she had made further words impossible; the tears rose to her eyes; she forced them back, and bowing to Arnauld moved away from the brazier. He lifted his little cap with almost military formality. She saw that he was offended, and biting her lips anew left the room. She did not return to the Academy until Miss Wright was well; by that time Arnauld had finished his copy and was no more to be seen.

Laura somehow drew from Arcy a fuller explanation of Arnauld's obligations to Goupil, which she had not understood from the few words he had dropped to Lady Westover; on finding how matters stood, not being as inexperienced in business as in other things, she saw that she might be the possessor of the beautiful copy from Tintoretto. She made her bankers write to Paris, and in the course of a few weeks Arnauld received a note by virtue of which the picture was transferred from his studio to Mrs. Harrington's rooms in the Albergo della Salute. She had made just sufficient impression upon him, with her stiff manner, her monosyllables, downcast eyes, and cold hands, for him to know who his purchaser was, when the order came. She was to him only one type of Englishwoman, the old-fashioned sort, prudish, cold, conventional, yet ignorant of the first principles of good-breeding; Lady Westover was his type of the new style. He smiled a little in his black beard at the idea of that frigid image of propriety being the possessor of

such a picture, and then sighed slightly at the thought of the thousands of francs which would go into Goupil's pocket instead of his own; then with an Italian "*Ci vuol pazienza*" went on with his work, and told his comrades at the café as a good joke that one of *mes anglaises* had bought the Tintoretto.

His *anglaise* was deeply distressed by the thought of his slavery to the picture-dealer; she did not know what proportion of the large sum she had paid for her fancy had gone to the painter, but from what Arcy said, she guessed that it was not much more than half. The diplomatist had seen the large canvas in her drawing-room not without surprise; Laura, flushing and conscious, felt as if he must see her secret at a glance; but so wild a notion did not enter his head.

"Such a pity you can't sit to him, you know," said he.

"I?" replied Laura. "I never sat in my life."

"All the more reason," returned her admirer, for such Arcy now distinctly was, in his own mind at least. "And this is just the nick of time; you never could have been such a good subject before. It 's a horrid pity Arnauld can't do it."

Laura thought it must be very disagreeable to sit and be looked at steadily, but as it was impossible that she should sit to Arnauld, her thoughts revolved round the notion incessantly. His obligations to Goupil continued to be a still greater preoccupation, and the desire to find some way in which he might be freed from this engagement, that his fame and gains might be all his own, always haunted her.

Although she no longer saw him copying in the galleries, they sometimes met in society. Mrs. Harrington went whithersoever she was asked, for the chance of meeting him, although he never spoke to her, not choosing to expose himself to a rebuff, as he considered her conduct at the Academy. Very few people spoke to her except Arcy and another fellow-countryman, an old antiquarian, who thought her an unusually sensible and agreeable young woman because she let him talk by the half-hour while she watched Arnauld or Madame Ca' Doro, who was always at these assemblies whether he were or not. As the winter wore on Laura noticed that the Duke of Kieff was oftener about the fair Pole, that she treated him with more affability, that when Arnauld was beside her she sometimes looked absent-minded and inattentive, sometimes annoyed and out of temper; the reflection of these moods on her proud, impassive face was as breath on a mirror; but Laura's eyes were keen under their white lids and long lashes. She felt that a drama was going on in which these three people were the actors, but she could not foresee the development. One evening the princess yawned twice while the Frenchman was talking to her; it was strange how much grace there was even in her way of doing that; she only half closed her eyes and rested her fan handle against her slightly parted lips for a second, yet it was a yawn. The second time a brown shadow spread over Arnauld's pale face; it was as though he had blushed bistre instead of red; he stopped short in what he was saying, made a low bow, and walked slowly away, leaving her alone. The princess's slender eyebrows arched and then contracted almost imperceptibly, while the delicate lines of her nostrils and upper lip took thinner curves. Laura had an instinct that this was a crisis; but how outside of the plot she was; how many scenes there must be that she did not see and could not guess at; how removed she was from them all! Yet the thought that a break between Madame Ca' Doro and Arnauld would overthrow one of the innumerable, insurmountable barriers between him and herself darted through her brain like fire.

It was March, and the Carnival had come; the poor, deadly-dull Carnival, a sort of blind Belisarius of a festival, going about in beggarly wise where it had once stalked in splendid state. To a stranger, however, the first sight of so many people in fancy-dress and masks, accosting everybody right and left, the

laughter, the pelting, the movements, are novel and amusing, and even exciting; and Laura, who had grown a little habituated to the charm of Venice, found all the ardor of her first days there reviving, and wished to spend the whole day on the Grand Canal in her gondola. She was rather afraid of the Piazza San Marco, with its crowd and contact, but in her floating castle she could go into the midst of the fray without anybody's coming too near her. Miss Wright mildly protested against their doing what she called "disguising themselves," but a mask and domino were found to be indispensable protections against the *confetti.* Mrs. Harrington, for simplicity's sake, ordered white ones, and of course the courier to whom the purchase was confided chose the most expensive that could be found. In society these ten days were the gayest of the winter, and there was a ball on every holiday night. Laura was invited to but one of these, for the eve of the *Martedi grasso*, or last day of the Carnival. It was a fancy-ball. She had never worn a costume or figured in a *tableau vivant*, or appeared in any but her natural character in her life, and the idea of seeing herself as somebody else was as strange and stimulating as an actress's first appearance on the boards. She chose the dress of Sophia Primrose, which was executed with some difficulty in Venice, chiefly by her own maid; it was very becoming, and as she surveyed herself in her glass she shyly thought herself looking very pretty, and hoped that Arnauld might see her. The masks were not laid aside until the German cotillon began, her usual time for withdrawing; so she told Arcy, who had got into a way of hanging about her towards the end of the evening, that he might put her into her gondola, and she would stay a little longer and see them dance; she looked round eagerly for Arnauld, but he was not there. Madame Ca' Doro was, however, dressed as Catarina Cornaro; not in the gorgeous robes of the Queen of Cyprus, but as she is seen in another picture by Titian, in a rich dress of white and lace and gold net. There could not be a greater contrast than the ebon-haired, pallid, slender Polish beauty, and the golden-tressed, fresh, fair *embonpoint* of the famous Venetian; but the dress was singularly becoming to the princess, and recalled that of Arnauld's portrait. The Duke of Kieff was there in a magnificent uniform, a striking, showy figure, very marked in his devotion to the princess; he did not dance, but drew a seat close behind her chair in the circle of the cotillon.

"Ha!" said Arcy to himself, in an "I-thought-as-much" tone, on perceiving this manœuvre. A young Frenchman standing near, hearing the exclamation, nodded and observed:—

"Oh, yes; *un fait accompli;* she has planted her painter."

"Let us hope that he will come up laurels and not a weeping-willow," responded Arcy, whose conversation in foreign languages was different from the style he affected in the vulgar tongue.

"He will console himself as soon as his vanity is healed," continued the Frenchman; "it has been an affair of vanity and not of the heart, on both sides."

"So I should think," returned Arcy. "The Ca' Doro must have done with affairs of the heart for some time past."

They were standing within ear-shot of Laura, who heard and understood; he was free, then, free from that beautiful woman; was he any nearer *her?* She rose like one in haste, and left the ball-room. She was wrapped in her ball-cloak, and descended the stairs so quickly that Arcy, who had some trouble in finding his hat and overcoat, did not overtake her until she was stepping into the gondola; he asked her in a low voice if he could see her the next day; past experience might have warned her what that meant, but absorbed in her own dreams she answered hurriedly that she expected to be out all day, and the boatmen pushed off. Something in her manner struck Arcy as strange, and he was in doubt for some time whether she had understood him and meant this as an answer; but he was too much bent upon marrying her to take it as such.

She, with but one idea, a new one, had felt guilty as she spoke, fancying as usual that he must have divined; but *her* idea was that somehow she would marry the painter.

Marry a man with whom she had not exchanged twenty words, who hardly knew her by sight, whose language she could scarcely speak, a foreigner, an artist, a nobody, a man who but yesterday was in love with another woman, —worse, that woman's lover: all these suggestions chased each other through her brain all that restless night; was not the notion mere insanity? But by morning she had a plan. She would go to Arnauld and beg him to paint her portrait, to arrange it with Goupil; or failing that, she would ask him to give her drawing-lessons; perhaps in time he would fall in love with her; then they would be married and her fortune would enable him to paint when and what he liked; he would be his own man and could work his way to the highest honors of his art without calling any one master. Such in all its crudity was her scheme, and having formed it she was in a fever until she could take the first step towards carrying it out.

The last day of the Carnival was a summing up of whatever gayety had had birth since it began. The weather made a holiday of itself, and the Grand Canal was so stirred by rapid strokes that its smooth sheet was lashed into a little sea, in which the boats rocked so gayly that Miss Wright was made very uncomfortable, and Laura mercifully took her back to the hotel. The courier told her that there was to be an illumination in the evening, and what is called in Venice a *fresco*, or *promenade sur l'eau:* a boat with music goes up the Grand Canal from the Royal Gardens to the Rialto, or even higher, and then down again, while all the other gondolas follow to listen to the serenade. Nothing is so difficult as to ascertain in Venice whether a thing will be done or not; the procession of boats, if it came off, would take place at Laura's dinner-hour, and in the absence of positive information, when she set Miss Wright down she bade her not to wait if she were not there to dine at the usual time; she would have a cup of chocolate at Florian's for lunch, and "high tea" whenever she should reach home. There was something so contrary to Mrs. Harrington's habits in eating at odd hours and going out without a definite intention of returning, that Miss Wright was seized by a vague presentiment of coming evil, and wondered for a moment if her former pupil could be going to elope again. Whatever her fears, however, she could not venture to remonstrate, and she was too seasick to remain at her post; so, with a "Do be careful of yourself, my dear," which sounded unnecessarily plaintive, she went in, wondering what Miss Winton would think if she knew that her niece was not coming home for luncheon or dinner. It is odd how often our formless fears point in the right direction, how we "burn," as the children say in their games, without knowing where to look for the hidden snare.

Laura drew a breath of relief as she felt herself for the first time in her life free and unaccountable for an entire day. She spent what remained of the fore-luncheon time amid the noise and movement, the shrill laughter and *falsetto* Carnival voices, the splash of water and collision of boats, and throwing of pellets and bouquets on the Grand Canal. She did not venture upon the Piazza, but sent her courier to Florian's to fetch her a cup of chocolate and some of the crisp, sweet biscuits called *baicoli*, which she ate as she sat in her boat. But as the afternoon advanced she grew weary of the incessant clamor, and possessed by her idea she dismissed the courier and ordered her gondoliers to pull towards the lonely little church beyond the town, St. George in the Sea-weed, where one sees the sun set behind the Euganean Hills. It was very difficult to extricate themselves from the tangle of boats meeting and crossing in every direction, jamming the issues of the *rii* or small canals, locking the steel hatchets at the prow until the gondola would rise from the water like a rear-

ing horse, while the frantic gesticulations and objurgations of the gondoliers confounded confusion; by degrees, however, they made their way through narrower watery by-ways into the vast, deserted, lake-like canal of the Giudecca, where the cries and calls of the babel they had left behind reached them more faintly every moment, and gradually died into silence. The boat shot through the water with a smooth, swift progress. On the right was the Zattere, or old lumber men's quarter, with its row of little wine-shops and their vine-trellised porches opening on the wide sunny quay, broken by an occasional bit of blank garden wall, over which were seen the tender green of young fig leaves, the pink and white of almond and peach trees in bloom, mingled with the dark, burnished foliage of great magnolias and myrtles; and deep among their perfume and shade the pleasure-house of some doge or senator of centuries long past — houses built for delight, with flat, balustraded roofs and stucco fronts of pale pink, or blue, or yellow, fancifully frescoed, but discolored and peeling in great patches under generations of sun and storm, and given over to dilapidation and decay. On the left was the dreary and sordid Giudecca, or former Jews' quarter, with mean, moldy houses, and rags and potsherds and old iron lying wherever there was room for a rubbish heap, and clumsy, shabby boats moored to rotting piles, beyond the ignobler buildings. All was silent and deserted; neither the cheerful wine-shops of the Zattere nor their wretched neighbors across the wide canal showed any sign of life. Everybody was out keeping Carnival. As the gondola turned into a narrow canal which carried them into the Lagoon, Laura looked from her little window up and down the broad vista, and thought she had never seen Venice so beautiful. The afternoon sun streamed from a sky of the softest azure, and bathing the rough brick work and stained stucco, gave them magic hues of rose and ruby; a tattered red cloth, hanging from a window, took gorgeous tones like a kingly mantle; far down towards the Molo clustered white domes, and slender, square bell-towers rose against the blue, and the saffron sails of a little fleet of Adriatic fishing-boats, drifting across below the custom-house, struck a new note in the marvelous, intricate harmony of color. It was but a glimpse, but it left an indelible picture on her memory. In a few minutes the city was left behind, and they were in the wide, melancholy Lagoon. The still waters were streaked with endless ropes of rich, bronze-brown sea-weed, matted together into floating islands here and there; the tall posts set to mark channels among the shoals threw long shadows, whose slight trembling heightened the dead calm. The marble causeway three miles long which joins Venice to the main land, with its broad parapets and hundreds of arches, looked like a bridge built for some royal progress to that city of palaces. Before them lay San Giorgio in Alga, a desolate church of a remote century, with its convent and cloisters and outer wall rising from the waters, sad and solitary as the temples of a forgotten faith; beyond, the Euganean Hills, like mountains of lapis-lazuli, closed the horizon with a serrate wall on whose peaks the snow still lay softly against the sky. There was not a sound, a breath, a ripple, a motion, save the faint quiver of the lengthening shadows across the languid ebb of the tide. The gondoliers, who knew their lady's custom, stopped rowing and let the gondola rest on the water, giving their oars a single turn from time to time, to prevent her from drifting. The sunlight had gathered such intensity that the blue was merged in the gold which seemed to flood heaven's utmost vault; flakes of transparent cloud like thin veils stole into the west and hung there, spreading insensibly, while the glow changed slowly into a flush which suffused heaven and earth, pervading the water, and deepening by degrees until sky and sea were fused into a sphere of glory in which the gondola floated like a dark bird in mid-air. The charm grew stronger every instant,

until the rafts of sea-weed, the lonely church, the marble viaduct, the violet, snow-powdered range, took the universal sunset splendor and toned it to the color in which each looked most lovely. The lustre would have been intolerable but for its surpassing softness. One felt as if silently and without warning the last great change had come, the birth of a new heaven and a new earth, and that this was no light that would fade, but the dawn of an everlasting day.

Laura lay back on the cushions in an ecstasy which until a few months before had never expanded her straitened being. The scene might well have absorbed all emotion except the rapture of adoration, but her pulses were beating with that intense personal life which is stronger than death itself, and the wonder and beauty around her only uplifted her into higher and more concentrated consciousness. Like many persons who are at once timid and determined, she had a practice of bringing her faltering purposes to bay by some artificial limit. She had said to herself that before the Carnival ended she would take some decisive step towards bringing Arnauld and herself together. But what, what should it be? She lay back in her gondola and gazed and thought, while the sunset glowed around and above her.

Meanwhile the object of her thoughts, oblivious of her existence, was passing a stormy afternoon in his studio. He had not seen Madame Ca' Doro for several days; a thing of not infrequent occurrence, but which took a peculiar significance from their recent interviews, and from a note which he found on coming in from his midday breakfast. If handwriting be an indication of character, the fair lady's bore most unfriendly testimony against her; it was small, thin, crooked, and had something mean and cramped in its character; yet with the tinted note-paper, exhaling all the perfumes of Araby the blest, the fantastic monogram, and the coronet, it was an interesting-looking little document which rested on a ledge of the easel. It was only a request, rather curtly worded, that Arnauld would send her portrait home. She had never written him a love-letter; her notes had always been so phrased that no harm could come of them; but Arnauld felt that this was quite unlike any other he had ever received from her. Perhaps it was because he had been aware of a coming change, that this now seemed like a straw showing which way the wind blew. He had never been in love with the princess, yet his connection with her had not been the result of mere vanity; apart from her singular beauty, she had ancient and noble lineage and high rank, both of which have an inexplicable charm for some imaginations, and everything which surrounded her heightened the effect, even to her hereditary jewels, her superb furs, and exquisite lace; she was the daughter of a nation which has contrived to inspire all other people with the romance it cherishes for itself. The best proof that his feeling for her had risen to enthusiasm was that she had inspired the finest picture he had produced. He could not think of giving her up without real emotion, and the idea of being supplanted roused a tempest of passion. He had been working on a large interior of the church of San Giovanni e Paolo, a new sort of subject for him, and had been out of the way of seeing or hearing what was going on for a couple of weeks. He had now brought the canvas home, meaning to put a group of figures into it, about which he was still undecided. He took a loose sheet and tried to sketch something that would answer — peasants and priests; but he could find nothing that satisfied him, and could not fix his mind to the work. If there was to be an end of everything, how would it come? A rupture, stormy scenes, or cold dignity and withering sarcasm? And afterwards? Venice would be very dull without this excitement, and his position there by no means so agreeable; the same houses would be open to him, it is true, but he would enter them on a very different footing. He would go to the East;

he would go to Spain; he would go to Paris. So he went on to himself like the Frenchman that he was, making futile strokes on his paper and working himself up into a fury, until the light faded away. He had been sitting in the dark for some time when a friend burst in, a fellow-countryman, full of the national notions on the point of honor. He came in a high state of indignation to tell Arnauld what half Venice knew, — that the princess and the Duke of Kieff were at that moment in the Piazza San Marco together. Instantaneously the tempest in Arnauld's breast rushed into a whirlwind; he caught up his slouch hat and flung himself down-stairs in his studio dress, and out to hail the nearest gondola. But it was not easy to find a gondola on the evening of Martedi Grasso; it was not till after dashing in and out of the narrow, paved passages, which even more than the canals make Venice a labyrinth to a stranger, and out upon a dozen gondola-stations, that he at last got a boat. His first flash of rage had burnt out, but his irritation had only increased in the vexation of delay; he was more master of himself, and therefore more fit for an encounter.

The Grand Canal showed a wonderful spectacle as his gondola emerged into it. The balconies and windows of the old Byzantine and Gothic palaces were outlined in light against the sombre mass of their *façades*, the fantastic and exquisite details of the architecture coming out as they never can by day; the arches of the gloomy bridges were traced in light, and there was an answering arc of trembling brightness on the blackness below. A great barge, gilded and decorated like the famous Bucentaur, and hung with garlands of little lamps, passed majestically down the stream with a gay chorus of maskers in old Venetian costume on the deck, singing joyously: "Bella Venezia, sposa del mar!" while in its wake a flotilla of gondolas blocked the broad water-way from side to side; from some the heavy awning had been removed, disclosing glimmering groups of dominoes; others kept their hearse-like covers, but these had torches stuck at the prow, which flashed upon the steel prows and glared redly on the figure of the gondolier, like the light on the demons of the storm in Giorgione's famous picture. The surface of the water was shivered into a thousand glittering lines; the reflection of a wavering, golden net-work was thrown upon the black palace fronts and bridges; yet the solid darkness held its own against the broken array of light which assaulted it on every side. Arnauld paid no heed, as he chafed at the difficulty in getting on, but his eye took note unconsciously, and the scene suggested more than one picture which he wrought out in calmer moments. As they passed the Royal Gardens the long unbroken mass of the Libreria Vecchia was in heavy shadow, but far above it the symmetrical shaft of the campanile lifted its arched crown against the dark blue night sky, all roseate with the reflection of some invisible radiance.

"See, signore!" cried the gondolier, pointing to the tower: "the campanile shows like a beacon! The Piazza is illuminated *a giorno*." They reached the marble steps of the landing, and Arnauld, bidding his boatman wait for him, sprang ashore between the columns of St. Theodore and St. Mark, and strode through the Piazzetta, until the Piazza suddenly broke upon his sight, almost blinding him; it was illuminated "like day," as the gondolier had said, with gas, lamps, candles, and lanterns, until the whole vast area between the colonnades — themselves as light as day — was like a great ball-room, where gay crowds in domino or fancy-dress stood and sat and strolled, almost drowning the music of the military band with the merry din of their voices. The background of this brilliant scene was the magnificent, mosque-like, dusky front of St. Mark's, its gorgeous Oriental colors forced from their obscurity by the blaze which fell upon them, solemn depths of violet and tawny brown, relieved here and there by gleams of white and gold as the light struck a salient angle or

boss, while the shadows of the porches looked like the mouths of a cavern.

As soon as Arnauld appeared in this picturesque bedlam, he was beset by maskers with every imaginable jest and question and challenge. He pushed through them as rudely as if he had been an Englishman, those whom he jostled most roughly saying "*Scusi*" in a gentle voice, as if they were the aggressors. As fast as he got free from one set, another surrounded him, until he was exasperated to sheer frenzy; but he gradually worked his way down the Piazza until he espied a tall couple in black silk dominoes and masks, at sight of whom he started and paused; they were walking up and down arm-in-arm among the crowd, and he recognized the Princess Ca' Doro's peculiar gait, careless, graceful, commanding. He broke through those who separated him from the pair, and stood before them. "Two words with you, madame!" he cried, his deep voice guttural with passion: a curious circle closed round them instantly and shut them in. "You did me the honor to write me a note to-day telling me to send home your portrait. You remember that picture was not a purchase, but a bargain. I wish to keep it, and I will send you a check for it." Here the Duke of Kieff made a sudden step towards him; he was taller by a head than the Frenchman; a stiletto instantly flashed in Arnauld's hand, and the Russian recoiled. "I am at your orders always, Monsieur le Duc; you know where to find me. Madame, I have the honor to bid you farewell. First an Austrian, then a Russian; it needs but a Prussian, and the new partition of Poland will be complete."

He turned on his heel and burst through the by-standers, who, released from the amazement which had kept them silent, broke into a chorus of exclamations and ejaculations, like a tribe of musical monkeys. He elbowed his way back to the Piazzetta, and, not finding his boat at once among the fleet which lay there, sprang into the nearest and ordered the gondolier to row him home. He had given vent to his rage and it was gone; he felt that come what might he was even with Madame Ca' Doro; he would probably have to fight the Duke of Kieff, but he would like nothing better; besides, he had given his Highness a stab which was worth several bullets and sword-cuts; it was an additional satisfaction to reflect that among the witnesses of the scene there must have been enough who understood French to give it publicity; by the morrow everybody in Venice would know that he had avenged himself. That his revenge was not a chivalrous one did not occur to him; it was complete, and he was content. Still the pain, the mortification, the jealousy, were not dead, and though full of morose exultation he was restless and agitated. His excitement gave him an impetuous power of work; he lighted all his lamps and candles, until his studio was almost as bright as the Piazza: he turned to his canvas, certain of finding the idea which had eluded him all the afternoon. He began to draw rapidly and with a sort of fury, and soon had sketched a very striking group of priests. He was too much absorbed to hear the sound of footsteps on his stair, or the rustle of garments outside the door, but a knock roused him. He strode across the room to open, not doubting that one of his comrades had already come to congratulate him on his feat; but as he threw back the door only a woman's figure in a white domino was visible. His first thought was the princess, and he started back with his heart in his throat; but the stranger asked in Italian, with an unknown voice and strong foreign accent, if she might come in, and he saw his mistake. He supposed that it was some ordinary Carnival adventure, for which he was in no humor, and the interruption irritated him. The visitor sat down.

"Can I be of any use to you, madame?" asked Arnauld, impatiently.

"I wish you to paint me," replied the mask.

"Paint you, fair lady!" he said with a short laugh. "In your mask and domino?"

"Yes."

"My faith!" he rejoined, laughing again with a cadence which his visitor thought very disagreeable. "That is original, at least. But I really fear I can't obey you unless you take off your mask."

"No, no!" she exclaimed in trepidation, and put her hand to her face. The tone and gesture struck the painter's practiced eye and ear as belonging to a lady, and a slight interest began to struggle with his impatience.

"Well, then, the domino, at least; otherwise it will be impossible." She rose and reluctantly unloosed her domino, whose rich Eastern stuff was fastened by knots of white ribbon; she threw back the hood and dropped it from her shoulders. She was dressed in silver-gray silk; her figure was very pretty, her whole appearance elegant, but there was nothing to make a picture of except for a *genre* painter.

"Hum," said Arnauld, surveying her from head to foot; his eye rested on the heavy knot of fair hair. "*Con permesso*," said he in a careless tone, and without waiting for the permission he drew out her comb, and the greater part of her hair fell, unrolling itself over her shoulders and far below her waist. She shrank back with a slight exclamation. "Undo the rest yourself, then; I must have something to paint besides a gray gown."

She drew out a few hair-pins; the well-shaped head was free and the whole bright mass loose, the waves catching the light. "Hum," said the painter again. "Still I hardly see what I can do; sit down at that glass with your back to me, and I will paint you as a lady at her toilet. No, that will not do; suppose," he went on in the same tone of careless impertinence, drawing aside a curtain, "suppose you take off your dress; with bare neck and arms, and that white drapery, I could paint you as a Magdalen. You can arrange yourself in that recess."

"No," she replied in a stifled voice.

"Oh, reassure yourself. All my models — sitters, I mean — use it as a dressing-room. I dare say you know that lady," pointing to the Princess Ca' Doro's picture, and despite himself his voice grew dull and hoarse. "She has done so frequently; you conceive she could not go abroad in that attire."

"I will not be painted as the Magdalen."

"As you please; perhaps you will be good enough to say how you will be painted. Stop!" he cried, as she began to draw the domino about her shoulders. "I see, I have it! I will put you in that group," pointing to the rough sketch he had just finished, "as a novice taking her vows; they are about to cut off her hair; I will make a separate study of you first. A novice, — it is old, it is insipid, — but what would you have?" He hastily prepared an easel and canvas, put his lights in another position, and pushed forward a low platform on casters. "Kneel on that, if you please." She obeyed. "Now I will arrange you." He threw the domino over her, disposing the folds to his fancy; then he lifted the long, soft tresses of her hair and shook them out like a cloud. She drew back, but it was over. "Now, turn a very little more this way; what shall we do with the hands? Oh, bury the face in them as if in deep prayer; so, very good."

He began to sketch; her attitude was excellent, the effect of shadow very happy; he felt that the study would be successful, and worked with the rapidity and ardor which such a certainty inspires. He forgot that it was hours past his usual dinner-time, and that he had tasted nothing since noon; nervous excitement strung him to an extraordinary pitch. He was unusually pale; his sunken eyes burned like live coals from the black, shaggy tangle of hair and eyebrows; his face was aglow with creative fire, but beneath it was the cynical expression of his worst mood; he looked dangerous. His visitor, meanwhile, began to feel that she had undertaken more than she could carry through. Now that it had come to be fact, her romantic scheme appeared to her only a vulgar escapade which could lead to nothing but shame and confusion

for herself. How would all this bring her one step nearer her object? If she remained masked, what had she gained? If she disclosed herself she could never look him in the face again. What must he think of her? His manner showed too plainly what he thought. How different from the gravity and reserve she had always found in him, when his very sarcasm was respectful. She had never dreamed of him like this, and she was frightened and repelled by his new aspect. If her coming there should be known she would be compromised, and twenty people might know of it. What would her father have thought of her? What did she think of herself? Tears which she could no longer restrain rushed to her eyes; tears more bitter than had ever scalded her eyelids before, even when her child died. She suddenly saw that she had been pursuing a phantom; she loved, she knew not what or whom, but not the man before her. And how should she get away? She must offer some explanation, — what could she say? Poor Laura! she had planned it all beforehand, just what she would say and do, but things had turned out so differently from what she had fancied, that it all forsook her now. The fatigue of remaining so long in an unnatural position began to be felt; she trembled, slightly at first, then shook all over, and her tears thickened into sobs; she rose from her knees. Arnauld laid down his brush in astonishment.

"Are you ill, madame? What is the matter?"

"I must go," she said, stepping down from the platform.

"Oh, impossible! The sketch is but well begun; give me at least another half-hour. Let me offer you a glass of wine." He did not believe in her tears and agitation, and was more convinced than ever that it was a Carnival prank. He had strong reason for skepticism and ill-humor towards her sex, and his disgust for the woman who had just betrayed him tempered his curiosity about the woman before him; but he was making a fine study and he was bent on finishing it. She shook her head.

"Will you have water, then? Is it too hot? I will open a window. Sit down and rest." He drew forward a seat. It was the carved Gothic armchair of the princess's picture; she shuddered convulsively and pushed it away.

"No, I must go," she repeated. Arnauld, convinced that she was trifling with him, besought, remonstrated, urged, but with so much familiarity and freedom that every word strengthened her desire to get away. She was disenchanted by this exhibition of the Bohemian, a species of the human family unknown to her even by name; she was not wholly disenthralled, however, for the man had a puissant individuality which was equally manifest in all his moods; she felt her will so unequal to his, his power over her so great, that only the force of fear could have carried her through the conflict. She gathered her hair up as well as she could, and fastened her domino. He saw that she meant to go, and could not understand it.

"You 'll come back to-morrow then?"

She shook her head.

"When?"

"I cannot come back at all."

"Oh, Body of Bacchus, fair lady, this is too much! Then let me see your face before you go, that I may know whose portrait I have had the honor of beginning." She shook her head again and turned towards the door; he intercepted her by one quick step and catching her by the arm raised his hand towards her mask.

"Stop!" cried Laura in English, and with a gesture full of dignity she raised it from her face and revealed her gray eyes dilated and shining, her cheeks deep pink and wet with tears, her mouth crimson and quivering. For a second the painter did not recognize her; the next he almost staggered backwards in his surprise. "Madame Harrington!"

"Yes," she said, wrought up far beyond shyness, shame, or fear. "I came here because I loved you — because I have loved you since the first day I saw you and your wonderful picture, which I have. But I did not come for myself; I had heard that you were not free, that

you are too poor to run the risk of not selling your pictures at once, and so you paint them all for a man who gets much more for them than he gives you. I am rich, and I thought — I thought" — here her voice grew unsteady — "if you could love me I might help you, I might give you my life and fortune in exchange for your name and talent, and you could work for fame alone. But there was some one else," she went on, glancing towards Madame Ca' Doro's portrait; "some one so far beyond me in everything that I could not hope, until" — and even in her intense passion of excitement she unconsciously lowered her voice, fearing to give pain — "I heard that it was broken. Then I came. I don't know what I expected. I thought it might come about somehow; but it is all over now. I am disgraced in my own eyes. I could never see you again. Good-by." She had spoken slowly, so that he had had time to collect himself, though more and more amazed at each word.

"Madame," he said in his grave voice, steadying himself against a table, for he felt that he too was trembling, "can I believe what I hear? You love me?"

"No," said Laura, with a gush of tears. "I loved you an hour ago, but my own folly has cured me."

"I am very unfortunate," he returned. "And you would have been my wife?" She bowed her head. "And why is that impossible now?"

"Because I could never look at you without shame; and because you are not the man I fancied that you were, and it has given me a shock. Do not make excuses; I had no right to your respect when I came in such a way. I never could have it after this explanation, nor my own, which is worse, and that would make life intolerable; I felt it all as I knelt there, and so I said to myself it must end; and now good-by again." There was something firm and final in her gentle voice, which notwithstanding all her agitation left no room for doubt or hope. There was a pause; at length he said: —

"You have done me infinite honor, and I am all too unworthy. Let me ask one only favor."

"Yes."

"Give me half an hour more for that sketch. It is not late; it is not ten o'clock, and the Carnival will last for three hours more; you can return to your hotel without exciting any remark. I have seen a pure and noble-hearted woman for the first time since I left my mother, and I want a memento of her. It is a small exchange," he added, in a lower tone, "for the happiness which might have been mine."

Without a word Laura again loosened her domino, let down her hair, and knelt again; he arranged her as before. "Yes, madame," he said, "my heart will always hold that hidden face, but no other mortal shall know whose it is." She felt that she could trust him. He painted for about twenty minutes more, bringing the sketch to sufficient completeness; at length, seeing her form begin to sway slightly again from weariness, he laid down the brush.

"That is enough, I will not tax you any more." He was loath to let her go, but he watched her quietly as she made her preparations for departure; when they were finished, she was no longer flushed and tearful, but looked at him from her white hood with a sweet, serious face, like a nun's, and held out her hand.

"Stay one moment more," he said; he took a palette knife from his easel, and walking over to the Princess Ca' Doro's picture cut it across twice. Laura uttered a faint cry. "But for *that* woman *this* one might have been mine," he said; "both are lost to me now, but this will be my good angel forever." He knelt and took her hand and kissed it with such gentleness and reverence that she did not withdraw it. "The recollection of your goodness and graciousness will do more for me than all the benefits you meant. God has let me see the heart of a good woman, and I shall be a better man for it as long as I live."

THE SKULL IN THE GOLD DRIFT.

What ho! dumb jester, cease to grin and mask it!
  Grim courier, thou hast stayed upon the road!
Yield up the secret of this battered casket,
  This shard, where once a living soul abode!
What dost thou here? how long hast lain imbedded
  In crystal sands, the drift of Time's despair;
Thine earth to earth with aureate dower wedded,
  Thy parts all changed to something rich and rare?

Voiceless thou art, and yet a revelation
  Of that most ancient world beneath the New;
But who shall guess thy race, thy name and station,
  Æons and æons ere these bowlders grew?
What alchemy can make thy visage liker
  Its untransmuted shape, thy flesh restore,
Resolve to blood again thy golden ichor,
  Possess thee of the life thou hadst before?

Before! And when? What ages immemorial
  Have passed, since daylight fell where thou dost sleep!
What molten strata, ay, and flotsam boreal,
  Have shielded well thy rest, and pressed thee deep!
Thou little wist what mighty floods descended,
  How sprawled the armored monsters in their camp,
Nor heardest, when the watery cycle ended,
  The mastodon and mammoth o'er thee tramp.

How seemed this globe of ours when thou didst scan it?
  When, in its lusty youth, there sprang to birth
All that hath life, unnurtured, and the planet
  Was paradise, the true Saturnian Earth!
Far toward the poles was stretched the happy garden;
  Earth kept it fair by warmth from her own breast;
Toil had not come to dwarf her sons and harden;
  No crime (there was no Want!) perturbed their rest.

How lived thy kind? Was there no duty blended
  With all their toilless joy — no grand desire?
Perchance as shepherds on the meads they tended
  Their flocks, and knew the pastoral pipe and lyre, —
Until a hundred happy generations,
  Whose birth and death had neither pain nor fear,
At last, in riper ages, brought the nations
  To modes which we renew who greet thee here.

How stately then they built their royal cities,
  With what strong engines speeded to and fro;

What music thrilled their souls; what poets' ditties
  Made youth with love, and age with honor glow!
And had they then their Homer, Kepler, Bacon?
  Did some Columbus find an unknown clime?
Was there an archetypal Christ, forsaken
  Of those he died to save, in that far time?

When came the end? What terrible convulsion
  Heaved from within the Earth's distended shell?
What pent-up demons, by their fierce repulsion,
  Made of that sunlit crust a sunless hell?
How, when the hour was ripe, those deathful forces
  In one resistless doom o'erwhelmed ye all:
Engulfed the seas and dried the river-courses,
  And made the forests and the cities fall!

Ah me! with what a sudden, dreadful thunder
  The whole round world was split from pole to pole!
Down sank the continents, the waters under,
  And fire burst forth where now the oceans roll;
Of those wan flames the dismal exhalations
  Stifled, anon, each living creature's breath;
Dear Life was driven from its utmost stations,
  And seethed beneath the smoking pall of Death!

Then brawling leapt full height yon helmèd giants;
  The proud Sierras on the skies laid hold;
Their watch and ward have bidden time defiance,
  Guarding thy grave amid the sands of gold.
Thy kind was then no more! What untold ages,
  Ere Man, renewed from earth by slow degrees,
Woke to the strife he now with Nature wages
  O'er ruder lands and more tempestuous seas.

How poor the gold, that made thy burial splendid,
  Beside one single annal of thy race,
One implement, one fragment that attended
  Thy life — which now hath left not even a trace!
From the soul's realm awhile recall thy spirit,
  See how the land is spread, how flows the main,
The tribes that in thy stead the globe inherit,
  Their grand unrest, their eager joy and pain.

Beneath our feet a thousand ages molder,
  Grayer our skies than thine, the winds more chill;
Thine the young world, and ours the hoarier, colder,
  But Man's unfaltering heart is dauntless still.
And yet — and yet like thine his solemn story:
  Grope where he will, transition lies before;
We, too, must pass! our wisdom, works, and glory
  In turn shall yield, and change, and be no more.

Edmund C. Stedman.

TWO GIRLS THAT TRIED FARMING.

Dorothea Alice Shepherd and Louise Burney *v.* Fate.

Yes, that was the way the case stood. We were making the fight.

We often wonder now that we dared. But success is enervating. Our needs gave us requisite intensity then.

I suppose fate and folks thought we were very well off as we were — Louise as housemaid in a family where she was "as good as anybody," and I as district school-teacher; at least, I know that in the first of the struggle the sympathy was all on the wrong side. It is a very fine thing, now that we have succeeded; but there were days and times when — well, never mind! it is little matter since we have succeeded, have accomplished nearly everything which they predicted we never could do.

I was a district school-teacher, and Louise a hired girl, as I said. People who have become interested in us since our success say we are each the other's complement. Perhaps. Ever since we were tiny school-girls we had owned in joint proprietorship many Spanish castles, where we chiefly stayed when together, as neither of us had any other *bona-fide* home. But the time came when, instead of reading and romancing together, we spent our hours in scolding over our lot. I suppose, indeed, that had we been members of the International, or the Commune, instead of a pair of harmless Yankee village girls, we could not have discussed the problems of work and property much more fiercely than we did. We wanted a home, we wanted to be our own mistresses, we wanted a living that should be independent of the likes, dislikes, and caprices of others.

We read up the subject of labor, talked over every branch we had known women permitted to try. We turned from all the traditional industries of our sex; we knew those ancient avenues were crowded. Louise would have liked to take a step up. "I should prefer something that would take us among books, should n't you, Dolly? If we only had money we would begin a little store: books on one side, with a nice news counter, and on the other side bottles and drugs. Don't you think so, Dolly, some day?"

But Dolly knew two ladies, tired-out teachers, who were doing just that; and she knew the amount of debt incurred in addition to the capital invested.

Then, in her desperation, Louise would resolve she must save her wages and educate herself as a teacher of mathematics, while I should perfect my French and drawing. "If I could, don't you think we might get hired in the same school, Dolly?"

My poor Louise! there has always been something the matter with her head where figures are concerned. When she sets the basket of eggs in the wagon I always inquire if the "little pencil" is in the pocket-book. It always is, for — careful little soul — she would n't be the one to peril our precious gains by trusting to a mental calculation of eleven dozens at thirteen cents per dozen.

But finally, when a good plan and capital to carry it out both seemed impossible, both the plan and the capital suddenly "turned up."

A maiden sister of Louise, who as housekeeper had saved up eight hundred dollars, died and left the sum intact "to us," as Louise was pleased to say. And one day soon after, she laid down the New York Tribune, and said, "Let us go West!"

It was meant as a merry jest; but it was a breeze to blow the tendril of a vague fancy of mine round a "happy thought" which I suppose many other women have tried to clamber up by.

"Lou, why not?" I exclaimed at once. "Why not go West and buy a

bit of land and raise small fruits for the markets?"

In a few moments we had talked ourselves brave and eager, not so much over the work as over the happiness; the plan presented itself to us as idyl, pastoral, holiday, picnic. "That would be home and independence beyond any of the other plans," said Lou. "Just you and I, and nobody to deal with but Dame Nature!"

I went back to my boarding-place. I read and reflected. Unfortunately for our project, I had a genius for details, and now it came into baleful activity. I stayed away from Louise until there was not a shred of our bright plan left. Friday she sent me a note, and Saturday night I went up to see her.

She took me up into her room, turned me round, looked me attentively in the face. "Dolly, what have you turned down the lights for? Are n't we going to raise small fruits? or did I dream it?"

"Lou, do you know how long it takes to bring strawberries into profitable bearing, and raspberries too?"

"I believe strawberries bear in June, and raspberries some time in July — why?" answered she innocently. "I suppose we should set them early in spring."

"Lou Burney, we should have to wait as good as two years!" I cried. "Yes, and then, unless we were supernaturally early in market, the bulk of our crops would go at ten cents per quart. I 've searched market reports through old papers until I 'm perfectly certain the markets everywhere must be overstocked. It is not safe to stake our interests in such an enterprise. We should have to produce enormous crops to make it a business worth while. And it is n't likely two ignorant girls could do that, — not at first; and since, meantime, two ignorant girls must live, they had better beware."

"Oh, Dolly! do you mean to say all our talk the other night has gone for nothing? And you were so sure! How could you?"

"I hope you don't blame me for looking round!" I replied, rather crossly, for I was as badly disappointed as she.

Men say we have no business instinct. Louise and I are far more inclined to believe that now than at first. It is woman-like to seize blindly hold of somebody's happy thought and endeavor to realize it under the most absurd circumstances. If you could only hear the plans that lone, energetic women have submitted to us! Still, we don't think it the fault of sex, so much as of training. For just one century give the generations of women the active life of men, and we shall not make these mistakes.

Louise looked up at last so regretfully. "I believe I 'd rather we had n't found out, and gone on and tried it, it was such a nice plan: you and I with a house of our own — it was next thing to being birds and living in a nest. I would rather have tried it, and lived so a while, even if we failed at last. Oh, Dolly, can't we? it could n't take much just for you and me — just two girls; how could it?"

"For one day it would n't take much; but for a year, even one year, have you any idea what it would cost?"

"No, Dolly, I have n't, that I know of. But you have, I see. I understand that look; you 're going to bear down on me now with a column of figures!"

Yes. In my pocket I had a newspaper slip whose figures and statistics might well deter one from waiting for berries to grow. It was a compilation from the Report of some Labor Commission, giving the average cost of living of the individuals of ordinary families.

One hundred and thirty-two dollars and thirty-three cents.

"Two hundred and sixty-four dollars and sixty-six cents!" she exclaimed. "No, Dolly, we could n't live while we waited, if this is correct. The berry-plan must be for women who have something to subsist them while they wait; we must have something to sell right away."

She took up the slip again, and looked over the items. "How much the small

things cost! those which people who have them never count among the expenses of living — milk and eggs and butter and vegetables. I was thinking of only meats and flour. Dear me, Dolly, we could n't, for we should have nothing in the world left after we bought any sort of a place. To accomplish anything, we ought to have all such things without buying. Why don't you say something, Dolly?" she asked me at last.

"I can't. Not now. I 'm thinking. I 'll come again in three days. Then, I believe, I shall have plenty to say."

Lou caught me by both hands. "You mean things when you look like this, Dolly Shepherd; what is it?"

But I broke away from her, not letting too much hope creep into my smile either. I felt, indeed, that now I had seized upon what Castelar calls "the Saving Idea." But I always like to dissect a flash. Until I had studied it in detail I could not tell. My mind was in confusion, with my thoughts all circling round a central idea: Could we go West and buy a farm, a real farm, a man's farm?

It was a startling thought to me — a girl who never had planted a hill of corn, or hoed a row of potatoes in her life, and who had a hacking cough, and a pain in her side. Still I felt strangely daring. Out-of-door life was what I needed, and home, and freedom from anxiety concerning my daily bread. For the first time I could find a certain good in the fact that I was all alone in the world. There was nobody, either for Lou or me, to interfere with our devoting ourselves to the solution of a problem. If we failed, there was nobody to be sorry or mortified.

Louise did not wait for my mysterious three days to expire. The afternoon of the second she came down to the school-house. It was just after I had "dismissed."

"Now!" demanded she.

Well, I had gone through the new plan in detail, had thought and thought, read and read, had found there was no sex in brains; for out of the mass of agricultural reading I saw that even I, had I the strength, could reduce whatever was pertinent to practice. I resolutely cast money-making out of the plan, but I believed we could raise enough for our own needs, and I thought, "Oh, Lou Burney, if we should be able to establish the fact that women can buy land and make themselves a home as men do, what a ministry of hope even our humble lives may become!"

In my earnestness I had tried various absurd little experiments. In my out-of-door strolls I think I had managed to come upon every farming implement upon the place. Out of observation I had lifted, dragged, turned, flourished, and pounded. I had pronounced most of them as manageable by feminine muscle as the heavy kettles, washing machines, mattresses, and carpets that belong to woman's in-door work. I had hoed a few stray weeds back of the tool-house, a mullein and a burdock (which throve finely thereafter), and found it as easy as sweeping, and far daintier to do than dinner-dish-washing.

I felt prepared to talk. "Well, Lou," I said, "we will try it very much as we talked. We will even have some berries. Only we will make our bread and butter the chief matter, and do whatever else we can meanwhile. We will take our moneys" — I had three hundred of my own — "and go up into the great Northwest and make the best bargain we can for a little farm, which, however, shall be as big as possible, for even at first we must keep a horse and a cow, and a pig and some hens. Keeping a cow, you know, will enable us to keep the pig, and therefore it means smoked ham and sausage for our own table, lard, milk, cream, and butter. As you said, we must have something to sell right away. There will be, as I have planned it, a surplus of pork, butter, eggs, and poultry with which to procure groceries, grains, and sundries. We shall also raise our fruits and vegetables. We can grow corn to keep our animals, and for brown bread for ourselves. We will set out an orchard and a grape arbor, and have a row of bee-

hives. Meanwhile, having secured the means of daily life, I have other and greater plans for a comfortable old age."

These I disclosed. She made no comment upon them, but reverted gravely to the animals. "I should think we might, Dolly, only the horse; do we need a horse? Be sure now, Dolly, for it would be a great undertaking. You know we would have to keep a nice one if we kept any, not such a one as women in comic pictures always drive. Be sure, now."

"Yes, I am. We must cultivate our own corn and potatoes. I can see that in small farming hiring labor would cost all the things would come to. Besides, how could we ever get to mill, or church, or store? Only by catching rides; our neighbors would soon hate us."

"Well, then," said Lou, "let us go."

Accordingly, we came up into Michigan to cousin Janet's. Making her hospitable house our head-quarters, we proceeded to "look land" like other Eastern capitalists: that is, cousin Janet's husband took us in his light wagon to see every farm that was for sale within ten miles. And it was such fun — we little midgets to go tripping over magnificent estates of two or three hundred acres, and spying about with only a thousand dollars in our pockets!

Of course, we could not buy them; and we did think, so long as we were "only two girls," there was no need for such wide-spread consternation when we finally made our choice. However, Lou and I were of one mind. We had resolved to keep ourselves to the plan of "mixed farming;" and when the whole of that rubbishy, neglected thirty-five acres was offered to us by its non-resident owner for a sum quite inside our means, instead of turning up our noses at it, we felt it to be a bit of outspoken friendliness on the part of Providence, and to the astonishment of the neighborhood we bought it without delay.

But we have been obliged thus to rely, almost wholly, upon our own judgment from the beginning, — so many things which we lack are necessary in order to carry out a man's advice: money, strength, hired men, horses. Still we believe that these very lacks, compelling us as they have to certain close economies and calculations, have helped us to our success.

Our scraggy acres were a contrast, to be sure, to the handsome orchards and wheat fields we had visited. But from the day on which we "drew writings," Lou and I never have looked upon the spot without seeing it, not only as it is, but as what it is to become, and is becoming. Every stone picked up, every fence corner cleared, every piece of thorough plowing, every rod of fence built, every foot of trellis, every rose-bush and grape-vine and shade tree planted, has been to us as one brush-stroke more upon the fair idyllic picture we saw in the beginning.

On our way home from the village we again passed our place. John rather maliciously asked if we would not like to look at it "as a whole," and stopped the team.

As a whole, it was a narrow, hilly stretch outlined by a weak skeleton of a fence; a forbidding surface of old stubble ground and wild turf, the distant hill-tops crowned with tall mullcins. There was not a sprig of clover on the place, and though there was an old brown house and barn, there was not an orchard tree, nor a reminiscence of garden.

John discoursed again of the poor soil as we sat there. He warned us that we could never expect to raise wheat. Wheat! I had seen little save wheat since we came into the State. I did n't believe in so much wheat, on account of a few principles in chemistry, and I told him so; and let him laugh at my "school-ma'am farming" while I jumped out and crept through the bars and ran up to make sure the old house was locked. What an old house! It had grown dear to us already, as being our very own: but in reality it was as brown and straggling, and as lonely and unpicturesque, as an old bird's nest

— "torn with storms and rain."

With a strange new sense of security which only the possession of a bit of real estate can give one, we flitted away to prepare to come again in the spring with the first robin. I went back to cousin Janet's and hired out, not to her, but to cousin John; while Louise took up her old business of housework at a wealthy farmer's near us — cheerily, both of us. We had paid for our farm, and there remained to us funds for the purchase of horse, wagon, and cow. Lou, being supposed coolest in case of fire, took charge of the precious deed, and of the money, promising to add thereto, before spring, fifty dollars; "And that will buy your clover seed, Dolly."

"But you know *you* believe in clover, Lou, and several cows and sheep?" I did not fancy shouldering alone the responsibility of my theories.

"Oh, yes, dear Dolly, if you are certain you do."

I was pretty certain.

Lou had her two dollars each week. What I earned was twelve dollars per month, experience, and health. Of course they wanted to keep the sick girl in the house. But at the outset I made for myself some short dresses, — I am small and slender, and it was not at all such an outrage upon the æsthetics of dress as you may fancy, — and thus lightly and conveniently attired, and beginning moderately, I worked out-of-doors every day with cousin John and the boys.

I found everything hard, but nothing *impossible*.

Little Rob and I cut up half a dozen acres of corn unassisted. Unassisted I husked the same, bound my bundles, and well, too. At first I was greatly discouraged over this same "binding," as all women are: for cousin said he could n't sacrifice too much to our experiment, and that he would n't have me in the husking unless I could bind my stalks as I went. I promised, but it tore and wore my hands cruelly, and then the bundles upon which I had spent so much time would fall in pieces while I was carrying and setting them up. But one day, when I was at quite a loss what to do, I espied two German women in the neighboring field occupied like myself, and I climbed the fence and called upon them, as very properly I might, they being the later comers. They, I found, had availed themselves of woman's proverbial wit; they showed me some balls of coarse twine.

"Go puy youself some palls of leetle rope, and not tear you shmall hands mit twisting stalks and marsh hay. It do take more time to twist him, than it do to earn de leetle rope."

I returned triumphant, and after that bound my stalks, woman-like, with "leetle rope."

After the first few days, I could work early and late. Cousin Janet said I should surely finish myself up now; and Louise was afraid I would, too. But day after day I appeared in my cornfield, where I worked after a fashion of my own. I did n't fancy wet stalks, and bugs, and mice nests, and perhaps a snake, in my lap. But the vigorous motions required to strip and break the ear from the husks, and the exercise of binding and carrying, expanded my chest as thoroughly as the motions of the movement cure, and marvelously strengthened shoulder and wrist. My cough ceased. The sunlight of the lovely, vaporous Indian summer weather, and the sweet air, proved at once a balm and a tonic for my irritated stomach, and, together with the exercise, invigorated my appetite. I used to run down to dinner as hungry as the boys, and bark gleefully "like a wolf" in Janet's ears, to show her how ravenous I was, until at last the hired man — an old Scotchman — said one day to John, who was lecturing me, "Hoot, mon! let the lass alone! gie her oatmeal pairritch for her breakfast and let her work; them as likes wark can wark their fill on that!"

So they can. Louise and I know that. A cup of strong, pure, well creamed coffee, with a dish of oatmeal mush dressed with cream and sifted sugar, has been our daily breakfast for years. The old Scotchman's hint has been a fortune

to us in the matter of solid muscle and healthy thought.

While I grew brown and strong out in the sunny fields, I was daily learning my business working alongside cousin John. I learned the easy way, the "man's way," of holding the plow and turning a furrow, and it was a proud time for me when Rob and I were trusted to plow out the potatoes when potato harvest came. I "thanked my stars" every day then, as every day since, that I had had the energy and the sense thus to fit myself to carry out our enterprise. I was taught how to make a proper stack of the cornstalks — one that would shed rain — and how to build a load. I *would* persist: if I slid off the load, as often I did, I would clamber back; for if I was as slim as a willow whip I was also as lithe. I picked apples day after day, until no possible height on the ladder could turn me giddy. I drove the mower to cut the seed clover; I could, in my short, scant skirts. I learned to harness, to milk fast and clean, how to feed and care for stock, and how to swing an ax and file a saw; and if I did sometimes quite wear out John and old Donald with my questions, and with being in the way, and with the general bother of a girl mixed up with the work, Lou and I don't know that we care: man, as a race, owes us a great deal. I would "tag round" all day at cousin's heels with his little boys, who thought it great fun to go out and work with Dolly, and who between them taught me almost as many things as their father did; and at night I sat in the rocking-chair and questioned John about sheep and wool and lambs and hay-making, and then compared what he had said with the Rural and the Agriculturist.

Cousin paid me my wages by going over to our farm and plowing up every rod of it save the door-yard and wood-lot. He protested against the nonsense of "fall plowing;" but I insisted, talking "cut-worms" and the magic harrows of the winter frosts. He protested still more loudly because I bargained for every load of barn-yard compost which the farms for ten miles around would sell and deliver spread upon our plowed land — to "winter waste," they said; and he called me a "headstrong girl" because after making the land so rich I would not "take a wheat-crop off" when I "seeded it." But Lou and I knew a wheat-crop was an affair of money, men, and teams from beginning to end; besides, we meant to save the entire strength of the soil for our future meadows.

Many a sly dig did I get about my stubbornness.

"Have ye bought yer team yet, Miss Shepherd?" Thus a friendly neighbor.

Miss Shepherd is saved the trouble of reply. "A team? Dolly an't a-goin' to buy no team; she 's a-goin' to work her farm with *idees*."

Well, why not? — if I can.

So, pursuant to John's theory of "idees," I question and question until I have learned the routine of the main farm crops, the number of days' work per acre of both men and horses, cost of seed, and probable average and market value of yield. I also learn the daily amount of food consumed by each of the meat-making animals, together with the usual market prices of the different meats.

When winter came, I returned to my ancient employment. My school-keeping wages paid my debts to the farmers; and with the surplus I bought out cousin's hennery entire, — the fowls and the guano, — together with a pretty pair of Poland pigs. Lou had purchased grass and clover seed, and had learned to drive; and as I knew how to milk, and April was near at hand, we bought a load of hay, handsome horse Pampas and gentle cow Maggie, cultivator and spades, gathered up all the old tools cousin had given us, even to a draw-shave, and went down home.

And here a blessing upon the gray heads of cousin Janet and cousin John is surely in order; for a portion of everything in their house was sent with us, from a bag of flour and a ham down to a tiny sack of salt and the residue of my oatmeal, from a load of nursling

fruit trees down to a bundle of currant bush and a peony root; and, last of all, a lovely little cat, "to purr and sit in your laps and make it seem like home in the evening." That was what little cousin Jamie said as he reached up and put it in my arms after we were in the wagon.

Well, it was a bare little home after we had done our very best with it; and had it not been our own we could not have stayed there. We had spent all our money on the land, and there was nothing left for the house. There was not one bright thing in it except the crackling fire, and Louise with her golden hair and crimson cheeks. Such a home-made home as it was! I had braided a great rug, and that turned out to be the only bit of carpet we had for four years. Our window-shades were of newspapers scalloped and adorned with much elaborate scissors-work. We had three chairs, antiquated specimens that I had brought down from cousin's wood-house chamber, cushioned and draped; and the trouble we had, to be sure, because we could not step up on any one of them to reach things! We used a stand in place of a table, for which Lou contrived a leaf; and we slept upon an old-fashioned post-bedstead which Janet had given us. We owned three plates and a platter, as many knives and forks, cups and saucers; John said if we had company Lou and I could wait, which we did. The rest of our in-door possessions consisted of some odd kettles, a score of shining new milkpans, a couple of pails, a broom, a small pile of books in blue and gold, a trunkful of magazines, — unbound but precious, — an etching of Evangeline, and a splendid engraving of Longfellow sitting in a rocking-chair: that, truly, was everything we had to put into that great, rambling old house.

However, we still think it was better to have bought the clover seed.

The first evening was strange enough to us. I remember just how oppressive the silence became after everything was done and we sat down. Lou cried, and I laughed. Then we felt how absurd it was to be afraid in our own house; and we cheered ourselves with the pussy and the fire, and said we would subscribe for a newspaper. After that all went well.

Only, every morning Lou would ask me, "Dolly, you *never* will go off and leave me, will you?"

"No, that I won't! And you never will either, will you?"

"No, indeed!"

And that is our "good morning" still.

In due time cousin John came again, and gang-plowed the fields we had devoted to clover. Then he lent us his team, and Lou and I harrowed and harrowed. Then we sowed our clover and timothy and orchard grass, so thickly, too, that John was fain to swear at our wastefulness. But I did n't believe, even then, that there was need for such spotted meadows as I had observed — the clover growing in distinct patches and tufts, the grasses coarse, sparse, and wiry; I wanted some fine, sweet grasses. I will say here that I was rewarded for my faith in liberal seeding; for owing to that, and to the plentiful winter dressing, and the fine seed-bed we made of all the fields, our pretty trefoil came up all over like wheat, or a lettuce-bed, and our grasses *are* fine, thick, and sweet. Of course clovering upon such an extensive scale obliged us to hire pasturage for Pampas, and to "soil" gentle Maggie; but we found the latter plan, though troublesome, one of our most profitable experiments.

And then, waiting for May days and corn-planting, we began work in earnest. In our convenient short dresses, in which Louise said she felt "so spry," rejoicing in loose bands and in shoulder-straps and blouse waists to a degree that would have delighted Miss Phelps, we shouldered our axes and our dinner-pails, *à la* lords of creation, and went over to our bit of forest to get up "the year's wood," after the manner of the model householder.

I will allow you for a moment to fancy us vainly attacking huge logs, and then tell you we were simply thinning out the young trees. It was not a difficult task to fell them. Afterwards we constructed a couple of rude, strong saw-bucks, and sawing diligently, day after day, we at last had a supply for months piled neatly in the green recesses.

After that came fence-mending, yes, and fence-*making*, for we were obliged to have sixty rods of entirely new fence. We found that our own woods had been thoroughly denuded of "rail timber," and, further, that even in this comparatively new country, a board fence was already cheaper than one of rails, when it came to buying outright.

This was the result of Lou's inquiries at the village lumber yards. "And," added she, "the fences, even at these rates, will cost almost as much as the land did. There is a country saw-mill three miles up north, of which fact a man would take advantage."

"And why not we?"

The next day, in our new, gay little wagon we set off over the hills. There was a quizzical light gleaming in the black eyes of the proprietor of the mill as he came forward to listen to our inquiries; but it mattered little to us. He soon found that we meant "cash down," and we found that by buying logs and hiring them sawed we should compass a saving of fifteen dollars.

"And now, Dolly," said Louise on the way home, "I shall draw those boards myself. Those mill-men look good-natured — they will load for me. You and I together can lift off the wagon-box, and I have studied out how to lengthen the reach with a false one. I can ride nicely on the reach going, and on the boards coming back. Nothing shall be wanting on my part, Dolly."

It is not pertinent to the history of this experiment how people stared to see little Louise riding by upon a wagon-reach. She took care, wisely, to look very pretty, and I believe it was thought rather "cunning" than otherwise; she and her yellow-striped wagon and her spirited roan horse were all upon such a little scale, "and all of us sandy-complexioned," she laughingly said as they started.

I worried greatly for fear she would fall off; but by noon she was safely back with her little load of boards. Encouraged by her brave smile I thought we might unload. And we did. "No harder than dancing several hours, Dolly," she said cheerily. "And saving our money serves much the same purpose as the music."

Next day ditto, and the next, and the next.

"There!" said the little teamster, as she surveyed the boards scientifically scattered up and down the lines of future fence. "There, Dolly, we have saved the twenty dollars with which becomingly to accept the inevitable — a woman *cannot* dig post-holes and set posts!"

The post-setting accomplished, we bought our fence-nails, and with our hammers and saws went out to build fence. We built it, too, notwithstanding masculine wisdom assured us we could not. We lifted the boards by uniting strength, I held them against the post close to Lou's accurate red chalk marks, — it is Lou who has the correct eye, — and she drove the nails. During which we found that the fifteen dollars saved was the margin for straight edges, uniform width, freedom from bark, immunity from knot-holes, and the general superiority of art over nature, town over country.

We also took down and relaid the entire roadside fence, not accomplishing all this, of course, without countless resting-spells; the fibre that endures, the power of giving blow and bearing strain, is of painfully slow growth.

The fence-mending done, we attempted another bit of thrift. We harnessed Pampas to the little wagon, for which we ourselves had constructed a light extra box to place atop the other, and then we drove up and down our estate, — Lou practicing in the art of standing to drive, the while, — through the woods and through the grubby residue which

John could n't plow, cutting our wagon-roads as we went, often both jumping out to roll aside a log, rolling and blocking, rolling and blocking, until we had conquered, and thoroughly "picked up" the place, bringing back to the door load after load of sticks and limbs and chips for summer wood.

There were three acres of this unavailable residue. While we were loading, we often paused to contemplate it. It was covered by a growth of white oak grubs; old stumps and knotty logs had been rolled down upon it, and it had been made a dumping ground for stones and the mountainous piles of brush from former clearings.

"Here, Dolly dear, is our knitting work!" Lou said one day.

Just that it was for two years. When no other work pressed, we "logged." That is, we cut down grubs — trimming up the tallest to mend fence with — and piled the brush, old and new, around the logs, dragging the stumps into piles of two and three; many a summer night have we tended our big bonfires over there; twice have we had the whole place on fire and the neighborhood out to save the fences and put out the flames. In fact, our daily life those first years was so truly primitive, and seemed such a bit of delightful outlawry from the conventional housewife of our sex, that Louise often said, "We might as well be gypsies, Dolly, and live in the hedge!"

Meantime other things were happening. We had tried a bit of the newspaper gardening: Louise and I had agreed we would try almost everything. Underneath a thin coverlet of straw, and the shelter of some loose cornstalks, down the sunny south side of the selected garden site, we had lettuces and peas and onions growing greenly, right in the midst of snow-storms. It was a pretty sight, after a light April snow, to take a peep in and see them smiling up at us with such a live, cheery, undaunted look, as if to say, "We are *very* comfortable, thank you, and as busy as we can be!" It made *us* cheery. We were like two children. We hovered every day about this first gardening, this premature bit of summer which we had evoked as from fairyland. It was such a wonderful thing to us, as wonderful as the telegraph, to ask a question of Nature, — a question wrapped up in a tiny brown seed, or a brown bulb, or a little withered, wrinkled bean, — and be answered thus.

Another development in our affairs was not so encouraging. Pampas, upon acquaintance, was proving to be an extreme conservative, who liked things to run on in the old ruts. He had been born in the purple; and so soon as he learned that he had probably become involved for life in the problem of woman's independence, his discontent threatened us serious trouble. Having been accustomed to a town carriage-house he did not take kindly to our rustic accommodations, although his good breeding while he supposed himself merely on a visit led him to accept them courteously; but of late we had been wakened, and lain trembling to hear him pawing and knocking his stable in the dead of night — *our* horse — what were *we* to do with him?

"I will whip him for that," Louise said at last.

He had never drawn anything save a light phaeton, or worn any but the daintiest trappings, and he hated our harness and never would accept the bits without a protest; and of late he had shown his contempt for our pretty wagon by a series of short runs back and forth whenever he was put in the thills; and now he was resorting to sudden jumps, and to standing straight upon his hind feet in his desperate struggles to free himself.

"And I will whip him for that!" finally said Louise one day, after dismounting for the seventh time from the load of wood which he had vainly tried by rearing and plunging to overturn. I looked at his ugly mouth champing the bits so restively, and at his unloving eye, and I fancied little short Louise whipping him! I should have laughed had I not been so anxious.

One day when he would n't "back," she kept her word.

She led him out into an open space, told me to come along, and throwing off her sun-bonnet, took the whip. "Now back, Pampas! back!"

Not a step. Nothing but that fierce champing.

"Back, I say! back!" She tries to force him back with all her strength — and her white, firm arm and shoulder have strength. But Pampas champs and plants his feet, and then tries to make a little run at her, and I cry out. She crushes him back, the veins standing out on the little brown fist like cords.

She is white enough now: "Get into the wagon, Dolly, and pull on the lines!"

I clamber in, and, while she tries again, I pull, and cry "Back! back!" with all my weak voice. It is an excited feminine shriek, and it sounds as if I were afraid and were about to break down and cry, when in reality I am as brave and angry as Louise.

She tells him once more. Then she forces the bits back, and she raises the whip, and she brings it down upon his breast fiercely and fast, and cries, "Back, Pampas!" Pampas rears; that taint of mustang blood shows itself now; he raises her clear from the ground, but he can neither knock her down nor shake her off.

The whip comes swift and fierce. "Back! back there! back!" And I am as angry as she. I don't care if we both do get killed, and I pull, and she cries to him, and all at once he does back — runs back swift and hard. She holds fast. "Brace yourself if you can!" and then we bring up against the fence, and I sit down suddenly, and am thrown forward upon the dash-board. He plunges, but little Lou holds him there. She *can* hold him. Then, after a little, she lets him come forward, a few steps at a time, breathing hard and stepping high. He stands and paws, and looks, oh, how furious!

Lou takes breath a moment. "This never 'll do!" she says, and tells me to get out. She springs in while I try to hold him as she did; he evidently thinks he can trample *me* down. "Now, don't be frightened! The harness is strong, and I can hold him; let go now!"

I try to let go, and he gives a plunge, nearly knocking me over, and shoots out at the open gate, as Lou meant. Up the road they go, Lou bare-headed, her golden fleece of hair floating straight behind her. I can see her whipping him up the long hill. He plunges, kicks, breaks into a run again, and the next minute they are out of sight, and the Kromers all come out to the gate to look. I can hear them for a little while over on the other road, the wagon rattling and bounding once or twice, and then there is nothing more to be heard.

They are gone an hour. I try to get dinner, but I cannot see, for tears. I let one of our plates fall and break. I let the meat burn. I wring my hands and walk the floor. I am just tying on my sun-bonnet to go and see what I can find, when suddenly I think I hear wheels. I run to the door. I did hear wheels. And it is Louise coming from the other way. Pampas is walking meekly. He is covered with sweat and foam — such a sorry-looking beast! Lou sits on the seat, serene, but white and large-eyed.

She smiles as they pause in the gateway. She composedly backs him a little. Then they come on again a few steps, then she stops him. She backs him again. "See! don't he know his master?"

He looks so meek and sorry. I think he would like to lay his nose against my cheek, but she will not let me pet him, not ever so little.

How we congratulate ourselves! for the neighborhood has for the last fortnight plainly been of the opinion that "them two girls have no business with a horse!"

But the next morning at breakfast, we hear the old ringing hoof-blows upon the side of the barn. Louise jumps up and takes down the whip, and I follow her. It is dreadful to me that we two gentle, intelligent girls, cannot coax and win

and govern a horse according to theory. I hear Pampas start with a jump as Lou unlatches the stable door. He sees her, sees the whip, and he — yes, he actually falls upon his knees. Lou nods at him meaningly, lays down the whip, tells him to get up, which he does, tells him to go to eating, which he does.

"There, old fellow!" she says.

Pampas trembles when he hears her coming, for nearly a week. Once more he has to be shown the whip at a time when his memory bids fair to fail him concerning the art of backing, and then it is all over with; and I am permitted to pet him again. He is a good horse for a year at a time, and very dear to the hearts of his small mistresses. Then, usually, he and Louise have to make some few fresh arrangements concerning good behavior; but it is never now a serious affair.

By this time the money capital of the enterprise had become entirely exhausted, and we were left dependent upon the butter and eggs of our plan. During our first week at cousin Janet's we had found that they were not going to bring us the prices we had counted upon. We could only trust that there might be such a thing as making good the deficiency in prices by the production of larger quantities. We experimented with the feed of our poultry, and at last we did succeed in bringing what Louise called "a perfect storm of eggs."

Knowing it costs no more to keep the good cow than the poor one, we had paid an extra price and had secured one of extra excellence, upon whom our meal and "middlings" were not wasted: gentle Maggie, with her little Maggie of still more precious blood in the stall adjoining. She was all that a short-horned, yellow-skinned, slender-footed, black-nosed little cow can be; and we never blamed *her* because our butter brought us only twenty-five, twenty, eighteen, fifteen, twelve and a half cents per pound; that is the descending scale from March to June.

We make, I fancy, the veritable "gilt-edged" butter of the Boston and Philadelphia markets. It is sweet, fragrant, sparkling, golden-tinted, daintily salted, and daintily put up; but even from the most fastidious private buyers we never have received above thirty cents per pound, and during the greater portion of the summer have sold it for fifteen cents and twelve cents, the same price which Mrs. Kromer receives for her soft, lardy-looking rolls; perhaps *that* is the most aggravating part of it! The finer grades of butter, it seems, are not appreciated by the Western citizen and his family. Making inquiries in Detroit and Chicago, we learn there is no trade in these extra grades, and that, if offered, they could not be placed at anything like Eastern prices.

And while Eastern families are accustomed to pay from thirty to forty cents per dozen for eggs, we have never, even in winter, secured over twenty-five cents for the fresh-laid, while in the plenteous summer time we sell for ten cents.

In due time also we found that our blackcap raspberries would really go for ten cents per quart, and the bulk of our strawberries for the same. We abandoned forever the "small fruits" item of our plan. We have our thrifty purple canes, and our Wilson and Jocunda beds, where, with many a back-ache and many a dizzy headache, we grow those great, rich-hearted, scarlet and crimson berries which are chronicled as marvels by grateful editors, berries that one must needs slice for the table; but they are never for sale, thank you!

Therefore, enterprising little women, if you can secure land there, remain East with your dainty Jersey cows, your Leghorns and Dorkings. Stay by the good markets. Your labors will be no more arduous, while the returns will be double.

However, by cheerfully ignoring several of the items mentioned by the Labor Commission as among the necessities of the ordinary family, we did, week by week, make both ends meet. For our very own personal needs, the little Arcadian income would really have sufficed; but there always came up something to be purchased which we had not

made account of: the pound of nails, the pane of glass, the feed for our fowls, a horseshoe to be set, a bit of repair upon wagon or tools, the road tax, the pleasant little expenses for company. It was, indeed, quite a close affair those first years. Even in the early weeks we dismissed the idea of smoked ham and dainty sausage, and devoted "Pincushion" and "Roly-poly" to the payment of taxes and the discharge of debt for hired labor. Since, however, we conjugated the Spartan verbs, "To save" and "To scrimp;" and the new year never did find us in debt. They were good days, full of discipline and wisdom; we would not have missed them.

It was the busiest of all the springs; a home has to be begun in so many directions at once — meadow, field, garden, orchard, flowers, and shrubbery. Ah, that setting of trees! With us "arbor day" stretched through a week, what with pear, apple, peach, and cherry, evergreen, lilac, rose, and locust, to say nothing of the vines and canes. I confess to hours when we toiled side by side in silence, digging those holes. Nature is no gallant. She has inexorable laws which woman, in common with man, must meet. The spade in delicate hands must be driven as deep as the horniest palm can thrust it. Protect your white hands as you will, if you labor out-of-doors there will come upon them brownness, redness, and freckle; there will be cracks, torn flesh, "slivers," what not, and upon your soft, pink palms, callous, blister, and soreness unendurable; a brown, enlarged, useful, and strong hand will be one of the penalties of your independence. Also, my graceful sisters, your slender shoulders will broaden, you will affect a roomy bodice, and your arms will lose their tapering contours. As compensation, you will possess an exquisite perception of the purity of atmospheres, a comfortable disregard of changes in the weather, an appetite for fruits and vegetables and nourishing steaks, and an indifference to poisonous seasonings and flavorings. You can walk, lift, carry, and undertake fresh independence.

Our tree-setting and early gardening well out of the way, came corn planting. In consideration of certain "suits" made for his little boys, cousin John sent over his horses, plow, and old Donald. Him we coaxed to sit under a budding tree, and ourselves took possession of the horses and plow. I had been longing to show Lou what I could do; and, truly, at cousin John's I had not thought plowing so very terrible. But I found our stony, hilly field somewhat different from his soft, level, garden land. To my surprise and hers, instead of walking quietly along my straight, loamy furrow, as I had meant and had led her to expect, Lou beheld me pulled this way, then that, dragged over clods, forced into long strides, the plow now lying upon its side, now leaping along the surface, until the trained team paused in mute inquiry.

We *can* plow, as I said, but do not think it advisable. Dozens of farmers do not scorn to do something outside, and by a job of carpentering, masonwork, threshing-machine, or the like, furnish themselves with many comforts otherwise unattainable. So I trust that we are none the less legitimately farmers because by a bit of dressmaking, or, rather, fine sewing, we hire our plowing and mowing and whatever other work we please.

We dragged and marked the four acres without assistance. Then we proceeded with another item of "that newspaper foolery," which, according to John, no farmer can afford. We had so often been assured that our land would n't grow corn, we did n't know but it might be so, and thought it well to assist the soil to the extent of our means. With our determined and persistent hoes we composted the guano of the hennery with plaster until it was fine, dry, and inodorous. Such a task as that was!

Lou would stop and lean her forehead, wet and red, upon her hoe-handle,

and utter a bit of the current but kindly neighborhood sarcasm.

"'*Two girls!*' don't you think so, Dolly?"

I did think so, sometimes.

Then, with a pail in one hand, and a wooden spoon in the other, we each went over the field and deposited a modicum of this home-made fertilizer wherever a hill of corn was to grow.

This preliminary work was, of course, tedious. But it made a difference, we think, if the opinions concerning the state of the soil were correct, of at least forty bushels per acre; for the field yielded us, upon an average, ninety bushels to the acre. And let me say that in most instances, as in this, it has paid us to "*work our farm with idees.*" Our superior melons and turnips, savoys and strawberries, as well as our corn crops, are the result of special work upon special plans, assisted by special fertilizers; not the costly ones of commerce, but home-made and carefully adapted by means of many experiments.

The fragrant May days passed. Our corn shot up its delicate pointed blades, our currant and berry settings puffed and ruffled themselves from top to toe with their little frilled leaves of exquisite green, and each morning there was some miraculous development at the garden beds. It was a pretty sight of a mid-May morning: our "variegated foliage" beets, peas finger high, onion beds rank upon rank of green lances, lettuces fit for salad and mayonnaise, tomatoes needing trellis, potatoes so high, thick and green, all freshly hoed and sparkling with dew. Ah, it is worth while to make garden! Not that ours has ever been particularly early, not that we could ever compete with a dozen Irish women we know, who raise "truck" for the markets. Oh, no! any season one can buy cucumbers when our vines are just starring themselves with their little yellow blossoms, and the groceries are full of red, ripe tomatoes when ours are only "beginning to turn," and so on; and we have quite our share of hand-to-hand fight with cut-worm, potato-bug, striped-bug, ants, and the onion fly, frost, and drought; but still we have always had plenty and perfection in the end, and a world of simple pleasures by the way.

"Cultivating corn" we found to our relief to be entirely practicable, although Pampas at first made cousin John's instructions of none effect. Nothing could induce him, that first season, to cross the field at less than his road pace, his naughty, handsome head held aloft; and every few moments he would break into a trot. After experimenting with him during one forenoon, we took him down to the stable, and I donned my long dress and went up to Mr. Kromer's. There I succeeded in lending him to take Mr. Kromer a journey, and in borrowing in return steady old Jane, who would walk up and down the rows with me at my own pace.

We are kept thus busy with hoe and cultivator all the summer long. We spend few daylight hours in the house, and look on to a snug winter in-doors with a zest indescribable. The autumn months come on apace, bringing still harder work and greater hurry. We cut up our corn, husk it, build a homely crib of poles, draw our stalks and stack them, dig our potatoes, store our vegetables, and rejoice like two squirrels as we heap up our winter cheer.

As the long, cold winter finally closes, we look cheerily from our windows out upon the world. Of course some strange, abnormal labors fall to our lot; there are paths to be shoveled through the snow, Pampas and the Maggies to be led forth to water, stables to be kept in wholesome order. But we do it, therefore others can.

The in-door coziness rewards us for it all. There is no enjoyment quite like that which comes as the lot of thrift and industry. We have avoided all debt save that which in due time the well-fattened Polands cancel. Maggie, feeding through the fall upon our golden pumpkins, enables us to fill the winter flour barrel, and a surplus of potatoes

purchases a store of groceries. Eggs, week by week, supply "items." A day's work of picking apples "upon shares" in the Kromer orchards has filled the apple-bin. During the long leisures, various pieces of fine sewing provide hay for Pampas. Spring finds us hopeful and not in debt.

Year after year we live on in this fashion, tugging away at great labors and knowing few leisures, but kept cheery by the thought that we have already lived so comfortably so long, that we are not in debt, that our early plan bids fair of success; until we begin to hear, on this hand and on that, "Why, how prosperous those girl-farmers are! Did you ever see the like?"

Then we pause, and look about us, and find it *is* so. The time has come. We ourselves see what a green, grassy, leafy nest the once despised little farm is, with its gardens and fruit yards, and rosy clover meadows, and rich upland pastures.

We have been "true to the early dream." The "golden foot of the sheep" is on our once barren hill-tops. Durham Maggie and Maggie II. and Maggie III. and Jersey Daisy feed luxuriously upon the sweet grasses and the honeyed clover-blossoms, while the cream-rising and the money-making go on together in the cool, shadowy milk-room day by day. The butter shipped in tubs, the choice mutton sheep, the fleeces in a load, are not representative of a ruinous and aggravating amount of labor, and give us our money in that profitable shape, "the lump."

Of course the nights and mornings of the entire year are as busy as ever; and there is a deal of hard work and hurry in haying time and sheep shearing. But if one must work for a living, and likes a rural life, and can be content to live in a manner so simple and unvarying, the care of small flocks and herds is an easy, gentle, womanly occupation. We like their friendship and their company, and I dare say spend much unnecessary time with them. Lou carries her neatness and love of order into their quarters, until the sheep-cote is a pleasant place to visit. I often tell her that the sheds, so clean and warm and strawy, are as nice as the house, and that I don't see why, for hundreds of overworked women, the Arcadian time of shepherdesses might not profitably come again.

"I know it, Dolly," answers Louise. "I have thought of it so much. And now that men are coming more and more to share their occupations with us, I do wish the thousands who are tired and restless and discouraged, and have n't head enough to become doctors and lawyers, and yet need money just as badly, could see what a pleasant way of living this is. I wish we could tell them in some way, Dolly, just how we do. *We* raise nearly everything we consume, you know, but wheat. I wish you *could* tell them, Dolly!"

And Lou's wish is the *raison d'être* of my story.

D. A. Shepherd.

A WAIF.

What is it to the fair New England shore
  The dancing, sparkling, singing wavelets bring,
Vexed with the winter's woe and wrath no more,
  And laughing in the radiant face of spring?

Oh many a crimson leaf and shell of gold
  Tossed in a mist of silver-falling spray,
Rich, curious shapes of beauty manifold
  Fringe the long, shimmering beach with colors gay.

And lightly cast to land with smile and song,
  With graceful flowing forms and brilliant tints,
Something lies dark the scattered wrack among,
  And to the morning's joy a sorrow hints:

A bottle, with dull surface crusted o'er
  With barnacle and shell and battered weed;
Passive it lies upon the shining shore,
  Waiting for pitying eyes its woe to read.

Well has it kept a secret dark and drear!
  Broken at last by human hands, behold
Its time-stained record: to the listening ear
  Steals life's last, bitter sigh of pain untold.

A few faint words, the ship's name and the date, —
  The Arctic Sea! "Last night the captain died;
Alone I perish." Ah, how long to wait
  Ere men should hear this anguished voice that cried!

Death, the all-merciful, twelve years ago
  With welcome touch released this wretched soul;
His message of despair tossed to and fro
  Twelve years, slow drifting from the frozen Pole.

The spinning planet turned from sun to shade,
  From shade to sun, while o'er its spaces vast
Of desolate sea the silent message strayed
  In storm or calm, and here it speaks at last.

Nor is the clear May sun less bright, the day —
  Divinely fair! — less beautiful because
This shadow has crept down the trackless way
  And reached our feet, and here, at last, must pause.

Poor fellow-man! The pity thou didst crave
  Springs keen and warm; 't is thine indeed to-day!

But what avails it? Lonely is thy grave
In that fierce silence, vast and cold and gray.

Yet in the midst of nature's glad appeal
To know her sweet, to recognize her fair,
Though my whole soul responds, I still must feel
Thy pain, must hear the voice of thy despair.

Celia Thaxter.

OLD TIMES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

II.

A "CUB" PILOT'S EXPERIENCE; OR, LEARNING THE RIVER.

WHAT with lying on the rocks four days at Louisville, and some other delays, the poor old Paul Jones fooled away about two weeks in making the voyage from Cincinnati to New Orleans. This gave me a chance to get acquainted with one of the pilots, and he taught me how to steer the boat, and thus made the fascination of river life more potent than ever for me.

It also gave me a chance to get acquainted with a youth who had taken deck passage — more 's the pity; for he easily borrowed six dollars of me on a promise to return to the boat and pay it back to me the day after we should arrive. But he probably died or forgot, for he never came. It was doubtless the former, since he had said his parents were wealthy, and he only traveled deck passage because it was cooler.[1]

I soon discovered two things. One was that a vessel would not be likely to sail for the mouth of the Amazon under ten or twelve years; and the other was that the nine or ten dollars still left in my pocket would not suffice for so imposing an exploration as I had planned, even if I could afford to wait for a ship. Therefore it followed that I must contrive a new career. The Paul Jones was now bound for St. Louis. I planned a siege against my pilot, and at the end of three hard days he surrendered. He agreed to teach me the Mississippi River from New Orleans to St. Louis for five hundred dollars, payable out of the first wages I should receive after graduating. I entered upon the small enterprise of "learning" twelve or thirteen hundred miles of the great Mississippi River with the easy confidence of my time of life. If I had really known what I was about to require of my faculties, I should not have had the courage to begin. I supposed that all a pilot had to do was to keep his boat in the river, and I did not consider that that could be much of a trick, since it was so wide.

The boat backed out from New Orleans at four in the afternoon, and it was "our watch" until eight. Mr. B——, my chief, "straightened her up," plowed her along past the sterns of the other boats that lay at the Levee, and then said, "Here, take her; shave those steamships as close as you 'd peel an apple." I took the wheel, and my heart went down into my boots; for it seemed to me that we were about to scrape the side off every ship in the line, we were so close. I held my breath and began to claw the boat away from the danger; and I had my own opinion of the pilot who had known no better than to get us into such peril, but I was too wise to express it. In half a minute I had a wide margin of safety intervening between the Paul Jones and the ships; and within ten seconds more I was set aside in disgrace,

[1] "Deck" passage — *i. e.*, steerage passage.

and Mr. B—— was going into danger again and flaying me alive with abuse of my cowardice. I was stung, but I was obliged to admire the easy confidence with which my chief loafed from side to side of his wheel, and trimmed the ships so closely that disaster seemed ceaselessly imminent. When he had cooled a little he told me that the easy water was close ashore and the current outside, and therefore we must hug the bank, up-stream, to get the benefit of the former, and stay well out, down-stream, to take advantage of the latter. In my own mind I resolved to be a down-stream pilot and leave the up-streaming to people dead to prudence.

Now and then Mr. B—— called my attention to certain things. Said he, "This is Six-Mile Point." I assented. It was pleasant enough information, but I could not see the bearing of it. I was not conscious that it was a matter of any interest to me. Another time he said, "This is Nine-Mile Point." Later he said, "This is Twelve-Mile Point." They were all about level with the water's edge; they all looked about alike to me; they were monotonously unpicturesque. I hoped Mr. B—— would change the subject. But no; he would crowd up around a point, hugging the shore with affection, and then say: "The slack water ends here, abreast this bunch of China-trees; now we cross over." So he crossed over. He gave me the wheel once or twice, but I had no luck. I either came near chipping off the edge of a sugar plantation, or else I yawed too far from shore, and so I dropped back into disgrace again and got abused.

The watch was ended at last, and we took supper and went to bed. At midnight the glare of a lantern shone in my eyes, and the night watchman said:—

"Come! turn out!"

And then he left. I could not understand this extraordinary procedure; so I presently gave up trying to, and dozed off to sleep. Pretty soon the watchman was back again, and this time he was gruff. I was annoyed. I said:—

"What do you want to come bothering around here in the middle of the night for? Now as like as not I 'll not get to sleep again to-night."

The watchman said:—

"Well, if this an't good, I 'm blest."

The "off-watch" was just turning in, and I heard some brutal laughter from them, and such remarks as "Hello, watchman! an't the new cub turned out yet? He 's delicate, likely. Give him some sugar in a rag and send for the chambermaid to sing rock-a-by-baby to him."

About this time Mr. B—— appeared on the scene. Something like a minute later I was climbing the pilot-house steps with some of my clothes on and the rest in my arms. Mr. B—— was close behind, commenting. Here was something fresh — this thing of getting up in the middle of the night to go to work. It was a detail in piloting that had never occurred to me at all. I knew that boats ran all night, but somehow I had never happened to reflect that somebody had to get up out of a warm bed to run them. I began to fear that piloting was not quite so romantic as I had imagined it was; there was something very real and work-like about this new phase of it.

It was a rather dingy night, although a fair number of stars were out. The big mate was at the wheel, and he had the old tub pointed at a star and was holding her straight up the middle of the river. The shores on either hand were not much more than a mile apart, but they seemed wonderfully far away and ever so vague and indistinct. The mate said:—

"We 've got to land at Jones's plantation, sir."

The vengeful spirit in me exulted. I said to myself, I wish you joy of your job, Mr. B——; you 'll have a good time finding Mr. Jones's plantation such a night as this; and I hope you never *will* find it as long as you live.

Mr. B—— said to the mate:—

"Upper end of the plantation, or the lower?"

"Upper."

"I can't do it. The stumps there are

out of water at this stage. It 's no great distance to the lower, and you 'll have to get along with that."

"All right, sir. If Jones don't like it he 'll have to lump it, I reckon."

And then the mate left. My exultation began to cool and my wonder to come up. Here was a man who not only proposed to find this plantation on such a night, but to find either end of it you preferred. I dreadfully wanted to ask a question, but I was carrying about as many short answers as my cargo-room would admit of, so I held my peace. All I desired to ask Mr. B—— was the simple question whether he was ass enough to really imagine he was going to find that plantation on a night when all plantations were exactly alike and all the same color. But I held in. I used to have fine inspirations of prudence in those days.

Mr. B—— made for the shore and soon was scraping it, just the same as if it had been daylight. And not only that, but singing —

"Father in heaven the day is declining," etc.

It seemed to me that I had put my life in the keeping of a peculiarly reckless outcast. Presently he turned on me and said: —

"What 's the name of the first point above New Orleans?"

I was gratified to be able to answer promptly, and I did. I said I did n't know.

"Don't *know?*"

This manner jolted me. I was down at the foot again, in a moment. But I had to say just what I had said before.

"Well, you 're a smart one," said Mr. B——. "What 's the name of the *next* point?"

Once more I did n't know.

"Well this beats anything. Tell me the name of *any* point or place I told you."

I studied a while and decided that I could n't.

"Look-a-here! What do you start out from, above Twelve-Mile Point, to cross over?"

"I — I — don't know."

"You — you — don't know?" mimicking my drawling manner of speech. "What *do* you know?"

"I — I — nothing, for certain."

"By the great Cæsar's ghost I believe you! You 're the stupidest dunderhead I ever saw or ever heard of, so help me Moses! The idea of *you* being a pilot — *you!* Why, you don't know enough to pilot a cow down a lane."

Oh, but his wrath was up! He was a nervous man, and he shuffled from one side of his wheel to the other as if the floor was hot. He would boil a while to himself, and then overflow and scald me again.

"Look-a-here! What do you suppose I told you the names of those points for?"

I tremblingly considered a moment, and then the devil of temptation provoked me to say: —

"Well — to — to — be entertaining, I thought."

This was a red rag to the bull. He raged and stormed so (he was crossing the river at the time) that I judge it made him blind, because he ran over the steering-oar of a trading-scow. Of course the traders sent up a volley of red-hot profanity. Never was a man so grateful as Mr. B—— was: because he was brim full, and here were subjects who would *talk back.* He threw open a window, thrust his head out, and such an irruption followed as I never had heard before. The fainter and farther away the scowmen's curses drifted, the higher Mr. B—— lifted his voice and the weightier his adjectives grew. When he closed the window he was empty. You could have drawn a seine through his system and not caught curses enough to disturb your mother with. Presently he said to me in the gentlest way: —

"My boy, you must get a little memorandum-book, and every time I tell you a thing, put it down right away. There 's only one way to be a pilot, and that is to get this entire river by heart. You have to know it just like A B C."

That was a dismal revelation to me; for my memory was never loaded with anything but blank cartridges. How-

ever, I did not feel discouraged long. I judged that it was best to make some allowances, for doubtless Mr. B—— was "stretching." Presently he pulled a rope and struck a few strokes on the big bell. The stars were all gone, now, and the night was as black as ink. I could hear the wheels churn along the bank, but I was not entirely certain that I could see the shore. The voice of the invisible watchman called up from the hurricane deck: —

"What 's this, sir?"

"Jones's plantation."

I said to myself, I wish I might venture to offer a small bet that it is n't. But I did not chirp. I only waited to see. Mr. B—— handled the engine bells, and in due time the boat's nose came to the land, a torch glowed from the forecastle, a man skipped ashore, a darky's voice on the bank said, "Gimme de carpet-bag, Mars' Jones," and the next moment we were standing up the river again, all serene. I reflected deeply a while, and then said, — but not aloud, — Well, the finding of that plantation was the luckiest accident that ever happened; but it could n't happen again in a hundred years. And I fully believed it *was* an accident, too.

By the time we had gone seven or eight hundred miles up the river, I had learned to be a tolerably plucky upstream steersman, in daylight, and before we reached St. Louis I had made a trifle of progress in night-work, but only a trifle. I had a note-book that fairly bristled with the names of towns, "points," bars, islands, bends, reaches, etc.; but the information was to be found only in the note-book — none of it was in my head. It made my heart ache to think I had only got half of the river set down; for as our watch was four hours off and four hours on, day and night, there was a long four-hour gap in my book for every time I had slept since the voyage began.

My chief was presently hired to go on a big New Orleans boat, and I packed my satchel and went with him. She was a grand affair. When I stood in her pilot-house I was so far above the water that I seemed perched on a mountain; and her decks stretched so far away, fore and aft, below me, that I wondered how I could ever have considered the little Paul Jones a large craft. There were other differences, too. The Paul Jones's pilot-house was a cheap, dingy, battered rattle-trap, cramped for room: but here was a sumptuous glass temple; room enough to have a dance in; showy red and gold window-curtains; an imposing sofa; leather cushions and a back to the high bench where visiting pilots sit, to spin yarns and "look at the river;" bright, fanciful "cuspadores" instead of a broad wooden box filled with sawdust; nice new oil-cloth on the floor; a hospitable big stove for winter; a wheel as high as my head, costly with inlaid work; a wire tiller-rope; bright brass knobs for the bells; and a tidy, white-aproned, black "texas-tender," to bring up tarts and ices and coffee during mid-watch, day and night. Now this was "something like;" and so I began to take heart once more to believe that piloting was a romantic sort of occupation after all. The moment we were under way I began to prowl about the great steamer and fill myself with joy. She was as clean and as dainty as a drawing-room; when I looked down her long, gilded saloon, it was like gazing through a splendid tunnel; she had an oil-picture, by some gifted sign-painter, on every state-room door; she glittered with no end of prism-fringed chandeliers; the clerk's office was elegant, the bar was marvelous, and the bar-keeper had been barbered and upholstered at incredible cost. The boiler deck (*i. e.*, the second story of the boat, so to speak) was as spacious as a church, it seemed to me; so with the forecastle; and there was no pitiful handful of deck-hands, firemen, and roust-abouts down there, but a whole battalion of men. The fires were fiercely glaring from a long row of furnaces, and over them were eight huge boilers! This was unutterable pomp. The mighty engines — but enough of this. I had never felt so fine before. And when I found that the regiment of natty servants respectfully

"sir'd" me, my satisfaction was complete.

When I returned to the pilot-house St. Louis was gone and I was lost. Here was a piece of river which was all down in my book, but I could make neither head nor tail of it: you understand, it was turned around. I had seen it, when coming up-stream, but I had never faced about to see how it looked when it was behind me. My heart broke again, for it was plain that I had got to learn this troublesome river *both ways*.

The pilot-house was full of pilots, going down to "look at the river." What is called the "upper river" (the two hundred miles between St. Louis and Cairo, where the Ohio comes in) was low; and the Mississippi changes its channel so constantly that the pilots used to always find it necessary to run down to Cairo to take a fresh look, when their boats were to lie in port a week, that is, when the water was at a low stage. A deal of this "looking at the river" was done by poor fellows who seldom had a berth, and whose only hope of getting one lay in their being always freshly posted and therefore ready to drop into the shoes of some reputable pilot, for a single trip, on account of such pilot's sudden illness, or some other necessity. And a good many of them constantly ran up and down inspecting the river, not because they ever really hoped to get a berth, but because (they being guests of the boat) it was cheaper to "look at the river" than stay ashore and pay board. In time these fellows grew dainty in their tastes, and only infested boats that had an established reputation for setting good tables. All visiting pilots were useful, for they were always ready and willing, winter or summer, night or day, to go out in the yawl and help buoy the channel or assist the boat's pilots in any way they could. They were likewise welcome because all pilots are tireless talkers, when gathered together, and as they talk only about the river they are always understood and are always interesting. Your true pilot cares nothing about anything on earth but the river, and his pride in his occupation surpasses the pride of kings.

We had a fine company of these river-inspectors along, this trip. There were eight or ten; and there was abundance of room for them in our great pilot-house. Two or three of them wore polished silk hats, elaborate shirt-fronts, diamond breastpins, kid gloves, and patent-leather boots. They were choice in their English, and bore themselves with a dignity proper to men of solid means and prodigious reputation as pilots. The others were more or less loosely clad, and wore upon their heads tall felt cones that were suggestive of the days of the Commonwealth.

I was a cipher in this august company, and felt subdued, not to say torpid. I was not even of sufficient consequence to assist at the wheel when it was necessary to put the tiller hard down in a hurry; the guest that stood nearest did that when occasion required — and this was pretty much all the time, because of the crookedness of the channel and the scant water. I stood in a corner; and the talk I listened to took the hope all out of me. One visitor said to another: —

"Jim, how did you run Plum Point, coming up?"

"It was in the night, there, and I ran it the way one of the boys on the Diana told me; started out about fifty yards above the wood pile on the false point, and held on the cabin under Plum Point till I raised the reef — quarter less twain — then straightened up for the middle bar till I got well abreast the old one-limbed cotton-wood in the bend, then got my stern on the cotton-wood and head on the low place above the point, and came through a-booming — nine and a half."

"Pretty square crossing, an't it?"

"Yes, but the upper bar's working down fast."

Another pilot spoke up and said: —

"I had better water than that, and ran it lower down; started out from the false point — mark twain — raised the second reef abreast the big snag in the bend, and had quarter less twain."

One of the gorgeous ones remarked: "I don't want to find fault with your leadsmen, but that 's a good deal of water for Plum Point, it seems to me."

There was an approving nod all around as this quiet snub dropped on the boaster and "settled" him. And so they went on talk - talk - talking. Meantime, the thing that was running in my mind was, "Now if my ears hear aright, I have not only to get the names of all the towns and islands and bends, and so on, by heart, but I must even get up a warm personal acquaintanceship with every old snag and one-limbed cotton-wood and obscure wood pile that ornaments the banks of this river for twelve hundred miles; and more than that, I must actually know where these things are in the dark, unless these guests are gifted with eyes that can pierce through two miles of solid blackness; I wish the piloting business was in Jericho and I had never thought of it."

At dusk Mr. B—— tapped the big bell three times (the signal to land), and the captain emerged from his drawing-room in the forward end of the texas, and looked up inquiringly. Mr. B—— said: —

"We will lay up here all night, captain."

"Very well, sir."

That was all. The boat came to shore and was tied up for the night. It seemed to me a fine thing that the pilot could do as he pleased without asking so grand a captain's permission. I took my supper and went immediately to bed, discouraged by my day's observations and experiences. My late voyage's note-booking was but a confusion of meaningless names. It had tangled me all up in a knot every time I had looked at it in the daytime. I now hoped for respite in sleep; but no, it reveled all through my head till sunrise again, a frantic and tireless nightmare.

Next morning I felt pretty rusty and low-spirited. We went booming along, taking a good many chances, for we were anxious to "get out of the river" (as getting out to Cairo was called) before night should overtake us. But Mr. B——'s partner, the other pilot, presently grounded the boat, and we lost so much time getting her off that it was plain the darkness would overtake us a good long way above the mouth. This was a great misfortune, especially to certain of our visiting pilots, whose boats would have to wait for their return, no matter how long that might be. It sobered the pilot-house talk a good deal. Coming up-stream, pilots did not mind low water or any kind of darkness; nothing stopped them but fog. But down-stream work was different; a boat was too nearly helpless, with a stiff current pushing behind her; so it was not customary to run down-stream at night in low water.

There seemed to be one small hope, however: if we could get through the intricate and dangerous Hat Island crossing before night, we could venture the rest, for we would have plainer sailing and better water. But it would be insanity to attempt Hat Island at night. So there was a deal of looking at watches all the rest of the day, and a constant ciphering upon the speed we were making; Hat Island was the eternal subject; sometimes hope was high and sometimes we were delayed in a bad crossing, and down it went again. For hours all hands lay under the burden of this suppressed excitement; it was even communicated to me, and I got to feeling so solicitous about Hat Island, and under such an awful pressure of responsibility, that I wished I might have five minutes on shore to draw a good, full, relieving breath, and start over again. We were standing no regular watches. Each of our pilots ran such portions of the river as he had run when coming up-stream, because of his greater familiarity with it; but both remained in the pilot-house constantly.

An hour before sunset, Mr. B—— took the wheel and Mr. W—— stepped aside. For the next thirty minutes every man held his watch in his hand and was restless, silent, and uneasy. At last somebody said, with a doomful sigh.

"Well, yonder 's Hat Island — and we can't make it."

All the watches closed with a snap, everybody sighed and muttered something about its being "too bad, too bad — ah, if we could *only* have got here half an hour sooner!" and the place was thick with the atmosphere of disappointment. Some started to go out, but loitered, hearing no bell-tap to land. The sun dipped behind the horizon, the boat went on. Inquiring looks passed from one guest to another; and one who had his hand on the door-knob, and had turned it, waited, then presently took away his hand and let the knob turn back again. We bore steadily down the bend. More looks were exchanged, and nods of surprised admiration — but no words. Insensibly the men drew together behind Mr. B—— as the sky darkened and one or two dim stars came out. The dead silence and sense of waiting became oppressive. Mr. B—— pulled the cord, and two deep, mellow notes from the big bell floated off on the night. Then a pause, and one more note was struck. The watchman's voice followed, from the hurricane deck: —

"Labboard lead, there! Stabboard lead!"

The cries of the leadsmen began to rise out of the distance, and were gruffly repeated by the word-passers on the hurricane deck.

"M-a-r-k three! M-a-r-k three! Quarter-less-three! Half twain! Quarter twain! M-a-r-k twain! Quarter-less"—

Mr. B—— pulled two bell-ropes, and was answered by faint jinglings far below in the engine-room, and our speed slackened. The steam began to whistle through the gauge-cocks. The cries of the leadsmen went on — and it is a weird sound, always, in the night. Every pilot in the lot was watching, now, with fixed eyes, and talking under his breath. Nobody was calm and easy but Mr. B——. He would put his wheel down and stand on a spoke, and as the steamer swung into her (to me) utterly invisible marks — for we seemed to be in the midst of a wide and gloomy sea — he would meet and fasten her there. Talk was going on, now, in low voices: -

"There; she 's over the first reef all right!"

After a pause, another subdued voice: —

"Her stern 's coming down just *exactly* right, by *George!* Now she 's in the marks; over she goes!"

Somebody else muttered: —

"Oh, it was done beautiful — *beautiful!*"

Now the engines were stopped altogether, and we drifted with the current. Not that I could see the boat drift, for I could not, the stars being all gone by this time. This drifting was the dismalest work; it held one's heart still. Presently I discovered a blacker gloom than that which surrounded us. It was the head of the island. We were closing right down upon it. We entered its deeper shadow, and so imminent seemed the peril that I was likely to suffocate; and I had the strongest impulse to do *something*, anything, to save the vessel. But still Mr. B—— stood by his wheel, silent, intent as a cat, and all the pilots stood shoulder to shoulder at his back.

"She 'll not make it!" somebody whispered.

The water grew shoaler and shoaler by the leadsmen's cries, till it was down to —

"Eight-and-a-half! E-i-g-h-t feet! E-i-g-h-t feet! Seven-and" —

Mr. B—— said warningly through his speaking tube to the engineer: —

"Stand by, now!"

"Aye-aye, sir."

"Seven-and-a-half! Seven feet! *Six*-and" —

We touched bottom! Instantly Mr. B—— set a lot of bells ringing, shouted through the tube, "*Now* let her have it — every ounce you 've got!" then to his partner, "Put her hard down! snatch her! snatch her!" The boat rasped and ground her way through the sand, hung upon the apex of disaster a single tremendous instant, and then over she went! And such a shout as went up at Mr. B——'s back never loosened the roof of a pilot-house before!

There was no more trouble after that. Mr. B—— was a hero that night; and it was some little time, too, before his exploit ceased to be talked about by river men.

Fully to realize the marvelous precision required in laying the great steamer in her marks in that murky waste of water, one should know that not only must she pick her intricate way through snags and blind reefs, and then shave the head of the island so closely as to brush the overhanging foliage with her stern, but at one place she must pass almost within arm's reach of a sunken and invisible wreck that would snatch the hull timbers from under her if she should strike it, and destroy a quarter of a million dollars' worth of steamboat and cargo in five minutes, and maybe a hundred and fifty human lives into the bargain.

The last remark I heard that night was a compliment to Mr. B——, uttered in soliloquy and with unction by one of our guests. He said: —

"By the Shadow of Death, but he 's a lightning pilot!"

Mark Twain.

THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN OF JOHN BROWN.

II.

HIS RECONNOISSANCE IN KANSAS.

THERE can be no doubt that Captain Brown regarded his three guerrilla summers in Kansas (1856–58) as a series of reconnoissances in force against the enemy he was so long contriving to attack more decisively. It has already been stated with what purpose he went to Kansas during the autumn of 1855, and his first year's work there has been briefly noticed. But something more than this is due to his great services at a most critical period of the struggle against slavery, when to maintain the cause of the Northern settlers in Kansas was in fact to check the growth, and so, inevitably, cause the decay of the now prostrate slave-power. Looking back upon the contest we can see this now, plainly enough; nor did it escape notice at the time. A South Carolina youth, Warren Wilkes by name, who commanded for a while an armed force of Carolina and Georgia settlers in Kansas, wrote to the Charleston Mercury in the spring of 1856: —

"By consent of parties, the present contest in Kansas is made the turning point in the destinies of slavery and abolitionism. If the South triumphs, abolitionism will be defeated and shorn of its power for all time. If she is defeated, abolitionism will grow more insolent and aggressive, until the utter ruin of the South is consummated. If the South secures Kansas, she will extend slavery into all territory south of the fortieth parallel of north latitude, to the Rio Grande, and this, of course, will secure for her pent-up institutions of slavery an ample outlet, and restore her power in Congress. If the North secures Kansas, the power of the South in Congress will be gradually diminished, and the slave-population will become valueless. All depends upon the action of the present moment."

To this reasoning men like Brown assented, and were ready to join issue for the control of Kansas upon this ground alone. But Brown had another and quite different object in view; he meant to attack slavery by force, in the States themselves, and to destroy it, as it was finally destroyed, by the weapons and influences of war.

John Brown has been so often called "the last of the Puritans" that the phrase has grown threadbare. It describes him, however, better than any that could now be invented. He was

not only of direct Puritan ancestry (descending, as he loved to remember, from Peter Brown of the Mayflower), but he cherished the Puritan faith in foreordination and direct inspiration, the Puritan contempt for riches and indifference to art, and that stubborn sense of duty, which, combined with its tendency toward democracy, has made Calvinism so potent as a political force. Believing that the downfall of slavery was predestined in the councils of the Almighty, and that he was an appointed agent in that work, Brown gave himself thereto with a courage and a slow perseverance that are even yet but imperfectly understood. The Kansas warfare was to him but an opening skirmish, and the thought of revenging himself on the South for the sufferings of his family in Kansas, as has already been said, seldom occurred to him. His soul was intent on the national sin and curse; for removing this, he was willing to venture his life and that of all his household; and when his sons fell, he viewed their death more as a sacrifice, than as a murder to be avenged. His own execution appeared to him in the same light. When he said in his last speech, "If it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children, and with the blood of millions in this slave country, whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments, I submit; so let it be done," — this was no flourish of rhetoric, but the plain utterance of his Puritan soul. He believed that "without shedding of blood there is no remission of sins" such as America had committed, and he was as willing to shed his own blood for his country as any martyr for the faith. It had been revealed to him from heaven that he should promote the emancipation of the slaves; while he thought that fighting was his best course, he fought valiantly, and when he came to believe (as he finally did) that dying was his best course, he died cheerfully, even gladly.

Brown's mode of warfare in Kansas was, of course, quite different from that which he proposed to himself in Virginia, but it is very evident that he contemplated something more like his Virginia campaign than circumstances ever permitted him to carry out; unless his incursion into Missouri in the winter of 1858–59 may be considered a foretaste of his main undertaking. There is in my possession a copy of the rules drawn up by Brown for the government of his "Kansas Regulars" of 1856, which indicate that he then had in mind a long warfare, during which he and his men would maintain themselves in a hostile country. I believe these have never been printed before; certainly never with the names of soldiers and the other information appended to them; and they are therefore given below in full,[1] for comparison with the "Provisional Constitution" drawn up in anticipation of his Virginia campaign.

[1] They are contained in a pocket memorandum book, six inches long by four wide, where they occupy seventeen pages; the rest of the book being left blank. I received this book from Brown in the first year of my acquaintance with him, its first page being thus inscribed: —

"Article of Enlistment, and By Laws, of the Kansas Regulars, made and established by the commander in A. D. 1856: in whose hand writing it is: & by whom it is most respectfully presented to F. B. Sanborn, Esqr: of Concord, Mass, by his *highly obligated* and admiring Friend.

"Springfield, Mass, April 16th, 1857.

"JOHN BROWN."

It has seemed best to copy this whole title-page, notwithstanding the undeserved compliment with which it ends, because it fixes a date, and describes tolerably well the contents of the book. I had seen it during one of Brown's visits to Concord in the spring of 1857; and it is unquestionably the book which Thoreau mentioned in his Plea for Captain John Brown, read to the citizens of Concord in the vestry of the parish church, October 30, 1859, while Brown was undergoing his trial in Virginia. "When he was here some years ago," says Thoreau, "he showed to a few a little manuscript book — his 'orderly book' I think he called it — containing the names of his company in Kansas, and the rules by which they bound themselves; and he stated that several of them had already sealed the contract with their blood. When some one" (Thoreau himself, no doubt) "remarked that, with the addition of a chaplain, it would have been a perfect Cromwellian troop, he observed that he would have been glad to add a chaplain to the list if he could have found one who could fill that office worthily."

Kansas Territory, A. D., 1856.

We whose names are found on these and the next following pages, do hereby enlist ourselves to serve in the Free State cause under John Brown as Commander: during the full period of time affixed to our names respectively and we severally pledge our word and our sacred honor to said Commander; and to each other, that during the time for which we have enlisted we will faithfully and punctually perform our duty (in such capacity or place as may be assigned to us by a majority of all the votes of those associated with us: or of the companies to which we may belong as the case may be) as a regular volunteer force for the maintainance of the rights & liberties of the Free State Citizens of Kansas: and we further agree; that as individuals we will conform to the *by Laws of this Organization* & that *we will insist* on their regular & punctual *enforcement*, as a first & last duty: & in short that we will observe & maintain a strict & thorough Military discipline at all times untill our term of service expires.

Names, date of enlistment, and term of service on next Pages.

Term of service omitted for want of room (principally for the War).

Names and date of enlistment.

Aug. 22d.[1] Wm. Patridge (imprisoned), John Salathiel, S. Z. Brown, John Goodell, L. F. Parsons, N. B. Phelps, Wm. B. Harris.

Aug. 23d. Jason Brown (son of commander; imprisoned).

Aug. 24th. J. Benjamin (imprisoned).

Aug. 25th. Cyrus Taton, R. Reynolds (imprisoned), Noah Frazee (1st Lieut.), Wm. Miller, John P. Glenn, Wm. Quick, M. D. Lane, Amos Alderman, August Bondie, Charles Kaiser (murdered Aug. 30th), Freeman Austin (aged 57 years), Samuel Hereson, John W. Troy, Jas. H. Holmes (Capt.).

Aug. 26th. Geo. Patridge (killed Aug. 30th), Wm. A. Sears.

Aug. 27th. S. H. Wright.

[1] 1856.

Aug. 29th. B. Darrach (Surgeon), Saml. Farrar.

Sept. 8th. Timothy Kelly, Jas. Andrews.

Sept. 9th. W. H. Leman, Charles Oliver, D. H. Hurd.

Sept. 15th. Wm. F. Haniel.

Sept. 16th. Saml. Geer (Commissary).

Bylaws of the Free State regular Volunteers of Kansas enlisted under John Brown.

Art. 1st. Those who agree to be governed by the following articles & whose names are appended will be known as the Kansas Regulars.

Art. 2d. Every officer connected with organization (except the Commander already named) shall be elected by a majority of the members *if above a Captain;* & if a Captain; or under a Captain, by a majority of the company to which they belong.

Art. 3d. All vacancies shall be filled by vote of the majority of members or companies as the case may be, & all members shall be alike eligible to the highest office.

Art. 4th. All trials for misconduct of Officers; or privates; shall be by a jury of Twelve; chosen by a majority of Company, or companies as the case may be. Each Company shall try its own members.

Art. 5th. All valuable property taken by honorable warfare from the enemy, shall be held as the property of the whole company, or companies, as the case may be: equally, without distinction; to be used for the common benefit or be placed in the hands of responsible agents for sale: the proceeds to be divided as nearly equally amongst the company: or *companies* capturing it as may be: except that no person shall be entitled to any dividend from property taken before he entered the service; and any person guilty of desertion, or convicted of gross violation of his obligations to those with whom he should act, *whether officer or private:* shall forfeit his interest in all dividends made after such misconduct has occurred.

Art. 6th. All property captured shall be delivered to the receiver of the force, or company as the case may be; whose duty it shall be to make a full inventory of the same (assisted by such person, *or persons* as may be chosen for that purpose,) a coppy of which shall be made into the Books of this organization; & held subject to examination by any member, on all suitable occasions.

Art. 7th. The receiver shall give his receipts in a Book for that purpose for all moneys & other property of the regulars placed in his hands; keep an inventory of the same & make copy as provided in Article 6th.

Art. 8th. Captured articles when used for the benefit of the members: shall be receipted for by the Commissary, the same as moneyes placed in his hands. The receiver to hold said receipts.

Art. 9th. A disorderly retreat shall not be suffered at any time & every Officer & private is by this article fully empowered to prevent the same by force if need be, & any attempt at leaving the ground during a fight is hereby declared disorderly unless the consent or direction of the officer then in command have authorized the same.

Art. 10th. A disorderly attack or charge; shall not be suffered at any time.

Art. 11th. When in camp a thorough watch both regular and Piquet shall be maintained both by day, & by Night: and visitors shall not be suffered to pass or repass without leave from the Captain of the guard and under common or ordinary circumstances it is expected that the Officers will cheerfully share this service with the privates for examples sake.

Art. 12th. Keeping up Fires or lights after dark; or firing of Guns, Pistols or Caps shall not be allowed, except Fires and lights when unavoidable.

Art. 13th. When in Camp neither Officers shall be allowed to leave without consent of the Officer then in command.

Art. 14th. All uncivil ungentlemanly profane, vulgar talk or conversation shall be discountenanced.

Art. 15th. All acts of petty theft needless waste of the property of the members or of Citizens is hereby declared disorderly: together with all uncivil, or unkind treatment of Citizens or of prisoners.

Art. 16th. In all cases of capturing property, a sufficient number of men shall be detailed to take charge of the same: all others shall keep in their position.

Art. 17th. It shall at all times be the duty of the quarter Master to select ground for encampment subject however to the approbation of the commanding officer.

Art. 18th. The Commissary shall give his receipts in a Book for that purpose for all moneys provisions, and stores put into his hands.

Art. 19th. The Officers of companies shall see that the arms of the same *are in constant good order* and a neglect of this duty shall be deemed disorderly.

Art. 20th. *No person* after having first surrendered himself a prisoner shall be *put to death:* or *subjected to corporeal punishment*, without *first* having had the benefit of an impartial trial.

Art. 21st. A Waggon Master and an Assistant shall be chosen for each company whose duty it shall be to take a general care and oversight of the teams, waggons, harness and all other articles or property pertaining thereto: and who shall both be exempt from serving on guard.

Art. 22d. The ordinary use or introduction into the camp of any intoxicating liquor, *as a beverage:* is hereby declared disorderly.

Art. 23d. A Majority of Two Thirds of *all the Members* may at any time alter or amend the foregoing articles.

List of Volunteers either engaged or guarding Horses during the fight of Black Jack or Palmyra, June 2d, 1856.

1. Saml. T. Shore (Captain). 2. Silas More. 3. David Hendricks (Horse Guard). 4. Hiram Mc Allister. 5. Mr. Parmely (wounded). 6. Silvester Harris. 7. O. A. Carpenter (wounded). 8. Augustus Shore. 9. Mr.

Townsley (of Pottawatomie). 10. Wm. B. Hayden. 11. John Mewhinney. 12. Montgomery Shore. 13. Elkana Timmons. 14. T. Weiner. 15. August Bondy. 16. Hugh Mewhinney. 17. Charles Kaiser. 18. Elizur Hill. 19. William David. 20. B. L. Cochran. 21. Henry Thompson (wounded). 22. Elias Basinger. 23. Owen Brown. 24. Fredk. Brown (horse guard; murdered Aug. 30th). 25. Salmon Brown. 26. Oliver Brown. 27. This blank may be filled by Capt. Shore as he may have the name. JOHN BROWN.

List of names of the wounded in the Battle of Black Jack (or Palmyra) and also of the Eight who held out to receive the surrender of Capt. Pate and Twenty Two men on that occasion. June 2d 1856.

1. Mr. Parmely wounded in Nose, & Arm obliged to leave. 2. Henry Thompson dangerously wounded but fought for nearly one Hour afterward. 3. O. A. Carpenter Badly wounded and obliged to leave. 4. Charles Kaiser, murdered Aug. 30th. 5. Elizur Hill. 6. Wm. David. 7. Hugh Mewhinney (17 yrs. old). 8. B. L. Cochran. 9. Owen Brown. 10. Salmon Brown. Seriously wounded (*soon after by accident*). 11. Oliver Brown — 17 years old.

In the Battle of Osawatomie Capt. (or Dr.) Updegraph; and Two others whose names I have lost were severely (*one of them shockingly*) wounded before the fight began Aug. 30th 1856.

JOHN BROWN.

In these lists appear a few of the men who afterwards fought under Captain Brown at Harper's Ferry; but only a few, for most of them seem to have been settlers in Kansas who would fight to protect themselves, but not to attack slavery at a distance. The dates given in the list, when this man or that was "murdered," denote the day on which Brown's greatest engagement — that of Osawatomie, August 30, 1856 — was fought. In this battle he held in check, with about thirty men, a force of several hundred armed Missourians, whose loss in killed and wounded considerably exceeded Brown's whole company. The fight at Black Jack or Palmyra on the 2d of June, 1856, was no less remarkable, though the whole force engaged on both sides was less than eighty. I have more than once heard Captain Brown describe this fight, which was one of his earliest, but cannot find that he has left any written account of it, as he has of the fight at Osawatomie. I will therefore relate the story of the capture of Pate and his men, as Captain Brown used to tell it; using my words, rather than his own, which, if they had been noted down, would have been far more forcible.

Brown had taken to the prairie for guerrilla warfare against the Missourians and other Southern invaders of Kansas, about the 23d of May. On the 25th of May, while he was in another neighborhood, more than twenty miles distant, the so-called "Pottawatomie murders" took place; that is, the killing of the five pro-slavery partisans, Wilkinson, Sherman, and the Doyles, in the Pottawatomie district, by friends of Brown, though without his knowledge. This exasperated the Missourians, who again made an incursion into that part of Kansas, and among their leaders was Captain Pate, a Virginian, who succeeded in capturing, about the end of May, two of the sons of Captain Brown, — John Brown, Jr., and Jason Brown, both now living in Ohio. These prisoners, heavily ironed, were kept by Pate in his camp for a day or two, and then handed over to the United States dragoons, who marched them in chains to the northward. During this march John Brown, Jr., became insane, and remained so for weeks. Meantime Captain Brown, hearing of the capture of his sons, pursued Pate, and came up with him on Monday, the 2d of June, at his camp on the Black Jack Creek (so called from the black oak growing on its banks), within the present limits of Palmyra, now a town of twenty-five hundred inhabitants, but then a hamlet of only half a dozen log-houses. The town is about

half-way between Lawrence and Osawatomie, and in Douglas County, of which Lawrence is the chief place. The fight occurred within a fortnight after the sacking of Lawrence by the Missouri "Border Ruffians." Pate's force numbered in all fifty men, while Brown's company contained then but twenty-seven men.

When Captain Brown came in sight of the enemy, he found Pate and his Missourians posted in a strong position, with their wagons in front of them, forming a kind of breastwork. Brown at once divided his twenty-seven men into two parties, and commenced the attack with one, while the other moved round to get a better position. In passing from one of his parties to the other, along the slope of the ravine, Captain Brown, to avoid the enemy's fire, crept for some distance on his hands and knees; and he mentioned to me a curious circumstance in that connection, which shows the extreme simplicity of his prairie life and prairie warfare that summer. In creeping along, as above mentioned, Brown wore holes in the knees of his thin summer trousers; and these holes remained unpatched until after the battle of Osawatomie on the 30th of August, so that Brown was recognized and shot at, in that battle, because he wore the same ragged dress that had distinguished him nearly three months before. Brown began the attack, directing his men to lie down in the grass behind the slope of the ravine, so that only their heads and shoulders were exposed to the enemy's fire. They were ordered not to waste their shots, but to fire, with the best aim they could, through and under the wagons, at the Missouri men. After a straggling fire of this sort had been kept up for two or three hours, and nearly half Captain Pate's men had run away, the latter hoisted a white handkerchief as a sign of truce, and asked for a parley. At first he sent his lieutenant to treat with Captain Brown, but finally went himself, and was told that no terms would be listened to except the unconditional surrender of his whole force. Pate assented and Brown walked back with him to his position, where, with eight of his own men, Brown received the surrender of twenty-two of his opponents. Twenty-one of these were unwounded, and well able to continue the fight; but they yielded without a blow to Brown and his eight remaining followers. Eight more of Brown's men came up soon after, making sixteen in all; but as there were twenty-three prisoners, twenty-three horses, a number of wagons, with arms, ammunition, etc., there were scarcely men enough in the victorious party to take care of their prisoners and booty.

It was the fight at Osawatomie, August 30, 1856, that gave Captain Brown his *sobriquet* of "Old Osawatomie," by which he was long known. When one of his questioners at Harper's Ferry said, "Are you Osawatomie Brown?" he modestly answered, "I tried to do my duty there." How he did it will appear from his own account of the fight, written a few days afterwards, at Lawrence, whither he went with his little band, after the Missouri forces, three or four hundred strong, had retreated.

THE FIGHT OF OSAWATOMIE.

Early in the morning of the 30th of August, the enemy's scouts approached to within one mile and a half of the western boundary of the town of Osawatomie. At this place my son Frederick (who was not attached to my force) had lodged, with some four other young men from Lawrence, and a young man named Garrison, from Middle Creek.

The scouts, led by a pro-slavery preacher named White, shot my son dead in the road, whilst he — as I have since ascertained — supposed them to be friendly. At the same time they butchered Mr. Garrison, and badly mangled one of the young men from Lawrence, who came with my son, leaving him for dead.

This was not far from sunrise. I had stopped during the night about two and one half miles from them, and nearly one mile from Osawatomie. I had no organized force, but only some

twelve or fifteen new recruits, who were ordered to leave their preparations for breakfast, and follow me into the town as soon as this news was brought to me.

As I had no means of learning correctly the force of the enemy, I placed twelve of the recruits in a log-house, hoping we might be able to defend the town. I then gathered some fifteen more men together, whom we armed with guns; and we started in the direction of the enemy. After going a few rods, we could see them approaching the town in line of battle, about one half a mile off, upon a hill west of the village. I then gave up all idea of doing more than to annoy, from the timber near the town, into which we were all retreated, and which was filled with a thick growth of underbrush, but had no time to recall the twelve men in the log-house, and so lost their assistance in the fight.

At the point above named I met with Captain Cline, a very active young man, who had with him some twelve or fifteen mounted men, and persuaded him to go with us into the timber, on the southern shore of the Osage, or Marais-des-Cygnes, a little to the northwest from the village. Here the men, numbering not more than thirty in all, were directed to scatter and secrete themselves as well as they could, and await the approach of the enemy. This was done in full view of them (who must have seen the whole movement), and had to be done in the utmost haste. I believe Captain Cline and some of his men were not even dismounted in the fight, but cannot assert positively. When the left wing of the enemy had approached to within common rifle shot, we commenced firing; and very soon threw the northern branch of the enemy's line into disorder. This continued some fifteen or twenty minutes, which gave us an uncommon opportunity to annoy them. Captain Cline and his men soon got out of ammunition, and retired across the river.

After the enemy rallied, we kept up our fire; until, by the leaving of one and another, we had but six or seven left. We then retired across the river.

We had one man killed — a Mr. Powers, from Captain Cline's company — in the fight. One of my men, a Mr. Partridge was shot in crossing the river. Two or three of the party, who took part in the fight, are yet missing, and may be lost or taken prisoners. Two were wounded, viz., Dr. Updegraff and a Mr. Collis.

I cannot speak in too high terms of them, and of many others I have not now time to mention.

One of my best men, together with myself, was struck with a partially spent ball from the enemy, in the commencement of the fight, but we were only bruised. The loss I refer to is one of my missing men. The loss of the enemy, as we learn by the different statements of our own, as well as their people, was some thirty one or two killed, and from forty to fifty wounded. After burning the town to ashes, and killing a Mr. Williams they had taken, whom neither party claimed, they took a hasty leave, carrying their dead and wounded with them. They did not attempt to cross the river, nor to search for us, and have not since returned to look over their work.

I give this in great haste, in the midst of constant interruptions. My second son was with me in the fight, and escaped unharmed. This I mention for the benefit of his friends

Old preacher White, I hear, *boasts of having killed my son. Of course he is a lion.* JOHN BROWN.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, *September* 7, 1856.

Soon after this affair,[1] Brown aided in

[1] There was living not far from Osawatomie in 1855–60, a worthy Quaker, Richard Mendenhall by name, who knew Brown well, and admired him, as many of the Quakers did, notwithstanding his deeds of war. In a letter from Mendenhall to a friend in New Jersey, written December 11, 1859, there are some interesting particulars respecting Brown, which have probably never been published. The brother-in-law of Brown mentioned in this letter was Rev. S. L. Adair, of Osawatomie, to whose care I sometimes addressed my own letters, sent to Brown under the name of "Nelson Hawkins," which was one of his Kansas aliases. Mr. Mendenhall wrote, —

"I first saw John Brown soon after he came to Kansas; the next time was at a public meeting at

the defense of Lawrence, again threatened with attack by a thousand armed men from Missouri. This was in the autumn of 1856. He was out of Kansas after that until the summer of 1857; then he took the field there once more, and a third time in the summer of 1858. Towards the end of that year, he made his incursion into Missouri, which has been received as a sample of what he would have done in Virginia. His own brief account of this matter may be quoted here. It was in the form of a letter to the New York Tribune or other friendly newspaper, as follows:

JOHN BROWN'S PARALLELS.

TRADING POST, KANSAS, *January*, 1859.

GENTLEMEN: You will greatly oblige a humble friend by allowing the use of your columns while I briefly state two parallels, in my poor way.

Not one year ago, eleven quiet citizens of this neighborhood, viz.: William Robertson, William Colpetzer, Amos Hall, Austin Hall, John Campbell, Asa Snyder, Thomas Stilwell, William Hairgrove, Asa Hairgrove, Patrick Ross, and B. L. Reed, were gathered up from their work and their homes by an armed force under one Hamilton, and without trial or opportunity to speak in their own defense, were formed into line, and all but one shot — five killed and five wounded. One fell unharmed, pretending to be dead. All were left for dead. The only crime charged against them was that of being Free State men. Now, I inquire what action has ever, since the occurrence in May last, been taken by either the President of the United States, the Governor of Missouri, the Governor of Kansas, or any of their tools, or by any pro-slavery or Administration man, to ferret out and punish the perpetrators of this crime?

Now for the other parallel. On Sunday, December 19, a negro man called Jim came over to the Osage settlement, from Missouri, and stated that he, together with his wife, two children, and another negro man, was to be sold within a day or two, and begged for help to get away. On Monday (the following) night, two small companies were made up to go to Missouri and forcibly liberate the five slaves, together with other slaves. One of these companies I assumed to direct. We proceeded to the place, surrounded the buildings, liberated the slaves, and also took certain property supposed to belong to the estate.

We however learned, before leaving, that a portion of the articles we had taken belonged to a man living on the plantation, as a tenant, and who was supposed to have no interest in the estate. We promptly returned to him all we had taken. We then went to another plantation, where we found five more slaves, took some property and two

Osawatomie, called for the purpose of considering what course should be pursued relative to submitting to the 'Bogus Laws' (of Governor Shannon's Territorial legislature), more especially the payment of taxes under them. I was very unexpectedly chosen chairman of the meeting. John Brown was present and made a very earnest, decisive, and characteristic speech. For the action of that meeting in taking a bold stand against the Bogus Laws, we were all indicted, but the warrants were never served. I next met John Brown on the evening before the battle of Osawatomie. He, with a number of others, was driving a herd of cattle which they had taken from pro-slavery men. He rode out of the company to speak to me, when I playfully asked him where he got those cattle. He replied, with a characteristic shake of the head, that 'they were good Free State cattle now.' In the tenth month, 1858, John Brown and two others, one of them Stevens, came to my house and stayed several days, being detained by high water. I found him capable of talking interestingly on almost every subject. He had traveled a good deal in Europe on account of his business, and he imparted to me some valuable hints on different branches of business. A half-sister of Brown lives here, whose husband is a Congregational minister. I once heard a stranger ask him if he knew what John Brown's principles were, and he replied that his relations to John Brown gave him a right to know that Brown had had an idea impressed upon his mind from childhood that he was an instrument raised up by Providence to break the jaws of the wicked; and his feelings becoming enlisted in the affairs of Kansas, he thought this was the field for his operations. Last winter, when Brown took those negroes from Missouri, he sent them directly to me; but I had a school then at my house, and the children were just assembling when they came. I could not take them in, and was glad of an excuse, as I could not sanction his mode of procedure." Nevertheless Richard Mendenhall added, much in the spirit of John A. Andrew's phrase ("Brown himself was right"), "Men are not always to be judged so much by their actions as by their motives. I believe that John Brown was a good man, and that he will be remembered for good in time long hence to come."

white men. We moved all slowly away into the Territory for some distance, and then sent the white men back, telling them to follow us as soon as they chose to do so. The other company freed one female slave, took some property, and, as I am informed, killed one white man (the master), who fought against the liberation.

Now for a comparison. Eleven persons are forcibly restored to their natural and inalienable rights, with but one man killed, and all "hell is stirred from beneath." It is currently reported that the Governor of Missouri has made a requisition upon the Governor of Kansas for the delivery of all such as were concerned in the last-named "dreadful outrage." The Marshal of Kansas is said to be collecting a posse of Missouri (not Kansas) men at West Point, in Missouri, a little town about ten miles distant, to "enforce the laws." All pro-slavery, conservative Free State, and doughface men, and Administration tools, are filled with holy horror.

Consider the two cases, and the action of the Administration party.

Respectfully yours,
JOHN BROWN.

It happened to me to be in Iowa and Nebraska a month or two before Captain Brown made his retreat from Kansas in 1856; but though often hearing of him I did not meet him. It was not till the following January, eighteen years ago, that I made his acquaintance. I was sitting in the office of the State Kansas Committee in Boston, of which I acted as secretary, when, one winter morning, there appeared the most noteworthy person (as I then thought, and now know) with whom Kansas affairs had made me acquainted. A tall old man, slightly bent and walking with a measured, heavy step, entered the room, and handed me a letter of introduction, which notified me that my visitor was Captain Brown of Kansas. Of course, as I talked with him I watched him closely; and his dress and manner became as deeply impressed on my memory as did the salient points of his character. He had laid aside in Chicago the torn and faded summer garments which he wore throughout his campaigns, and I saw him at one of those rare periods in his life when his garb was new. He wore a complete suit of brown broadcloth or kerseymere, cut in the fashion of a dozen years before, and giving him the air of a respectable deacon in a rural parish. But instead of collar he had on a high stock of patent leather, such as soldiers used to wear, a gray military overcoat with a cape, similar to that worn in the Confederate army, and a fur cap. His beard was shaven close; his hair was tinged with gray, though far less so than at the time of his death. His form was angular and lean, his face thin, his mouth large and firmly shut, his eyes not large but piercing, and grayish-blue in color. I was not long in perceiving that this hero, at least, was genuine and to be trusted. His errand was to obtain the means for raising and arming a company of mounted men in Kansas, with whom to keep the peace there, and, if necessary, to make reprisals in Missouri. He intimated nothing of his purpose to act against slavery elsewhere, but he wished it distinctly understood that whatever money was contributed should be left to his discretion in the spending; he would not be responsible to any committee or party for what he should do with it.

Within a few days the proposition of Captain Brown was laid before the State Kansas Committee, of which Mr. George L. Stearns was chairman, and Dr. S. G. Howe, Dr. William R. Lawrence, Judge Russell, Dr. Samuel Cabot, and others were members. In the main it was approved, and Captain Brown was promised the custody of certain rifles belonging to the committee, which were then stored in Western Iowa. He was also allowed a considerable sum of money to transport these arms to the place where he should need them. So well satisfied were the committee with what he had done and proposed to do, that these votes were passed, if I remember rightly, with no

opposition, early in the month of January, 1857.

But a difficulty at once sprung up, of which, indeed, Captain Brown had warned us. The organization known as the "National Kansas Committee," which was elected at Buffalo in 1856, and had its head-quarters at Chicago, had received these arms in the previous autumn, and the active members of this committee were distrustful of Captain Brown. He was too radical for them. It was doubtful, therefore, if they would honor the request of the Massachusetts Committee to transfer the arms to him. As it happened, a general meeting of this National Committee, which was made up of one or more members from each free State, had been called to assemble in New York on the 22d of January, 1857. At this meeting, which took place at the Astor House, and remained in session two days, Captain Brown was present, urging his plan to organize a company of mounted rangers for service in Kansas and Missouri. I was there as a delegate (by proxy) from Massachusetts, and caused a resolution to be introduced, transferring the custody of the Massachusetts rifles to our own State Committee. This was passed without much opposition; but another resolution, introduced, I think, by the delegate from Vermont, and appropriating $5000 or $10,000 to Captain Brown for his special purposes, was vehemently opposed by Mr. Henry B. Hurd of Chicago, and a few others, — among them Mr. Arny of Illinois, who had taken Abraham Lincoln's place on the National Committee. The reasons given by these gentlemen were, that Captain Brown was so ultra and violent that he would use the money, if voted, in ways which the committee would not sanction; and I remember that Mr. Hurd, when Captain Brown had withdrawn, urged this argument very earnestly. The views of the more radical Eastern members prevailed, however, and the money was voted, although only $150 of it was ever paid over to Captain Brown.

Returning from New York and reporting to the Massachusetts Committee in Boston, I soon had the pleasure of notifying Brown that the two hundred rifles were at his disposal. These were the weapons which, nearly three years afterwards, were captured by Colonel Robert Lee[1] at Harper's Ferry. Though originally purchased for the protection of the Northern settlers in Kansas, few of these rifles were ever carried into that Territory. They remained in Western Iowa, not far from Kansas, for a year or two, and were then sent eastward to be used against slavery in Virginia. All through the year 1857 and the early part of 1858, however, none of Brown's Massachusetts friends knew that he had any designs against Virginia. How that came to their knowledge will be explained in a subsequent chapter, wherein also the organization and function of the Kansas committees of 1856–57–58 will be more fully treated.

F. B. Sanborn.

[1] The same officer who, as General Lee, was the Hector of the siege of Richmond.

RECENT LITERATURE.[1]

There is something in Mr. Bret Harte's poetical work which goes over or under, or at least past, the critical sense, and reaches the humanity of his reader by direct course; and the oddest part of this is that the reader who most keenly feels the good in his performance is most annoyed by the bad in it. Since he began to be widely known, we should say that Mr. Harte's workmanship — we will not call it his art, for it must be that his art is still good — has grown worse. His verse is more slovenly and seems more wantonly careless, slighting the niceties of rhyme and accent, and as to the matter of it, we have again and again the same great-hearted blackguards and heroic topers; the same old mine keeps caving in and crushing its habitual victim; here is that unhappy lady in men's clothes for the third or fourth time; here are the dying agonies of persons who have loved and lost, or played and lost, in Mr. Harte's poetry any time this last five years. They talk that cockneyfied Yankee Pike of which he seems to have the patent, with a lift now and then into a literary strain worthy of the poet's corner; and when they do not perish untimely by violence or unaccountable sickness, they leave the poems in which they are celebrated so subtle of sense that one gives it up in despair after a certain number of guesses; — or perhaps this ought to be said rather of those difficult Spaniards of either sex who masquerade in Mr. Harte's verse. Here also as in former books are frank copies or flying suggestions of divers modern poets, including Mr. Harte himself, whom one beholds travestied, as it were, in some of the pieces, after a fashion peculiarly bewildering.

What remains? Simply that Mr. Harte's work still abounds in that something which may be called charm, for want of another word; without which the virtues are dead, but having which other matters are trifles in the way of your pleasure. There is a certain warmth, a nameless stir and pulse, in it all, before which you cannot continue unmoved. Somehow you are coaxed into enjoyment against which your criterions and principles severally and collectively protest; and while you lament that this genius should not be better ruled, you feel that it *is* genius, and yield yourself to it. It may not be of equal force for another generation; we think it will not; but it is potent now; and we own that with all his lapses and trespasses, each new book of his is a new pleasure for us. We make sure of much real humor along with the false; there is wit nearly always; if we are shy of the pathos, we are still often touched by it; in the very heart of the theatricality are springs of genuine drama. We amuse ourselves moreover with the notion that Mr. Harte knows that now and then a poem in this volume, like Truthful James to the Editor, or The Ghost that Jim Saw, or Guild's Signal, is pure self-parody, or open commonplace, or solicited emotion, as well as we know it; and that when he tries to

[1] *Echoes of the Foot-Hills.* By Bret Harte. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

The Emigrant's Story, and Other Poems. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

A Rebel's Recollections. By George Cary Eggleston. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1875.

Honest John Vane. A Story. By J. W. De Forest. New Haven: Richmond and Patten. 1875.

A Winter in Russia. From the French of Théophile Gautier. By M. M. Ripley. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1874.

A Ramble Round the World, 1871. By M. le Baron de Hübner, formerly Ambassador and Minister, and author of Sixte-Quint. Translated by Lady Herbert. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

Life and Labors of Mr. Brassey. 1805–1870. By Sir Arthur Helps, K. C. B. With a Preface to the American Edition, by the Author. With a portrait on steel, and other illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874.

A Free Lance in the Field of Life and Letters. By William Cleaver Wilkinson. New York: Albert Mason. 1874.

A Theory of the Arts. By Joseph Torrey. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1874

German Universities: A Narrative of Personal Experience, together with Recent Statistical Information, Practical Suggestions, and a Comparison of the German, English, and American Systems of Higher Education. By James Morgan Hart. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1874.

Oriental and Linguistic Studies. Second Series. The East and West; Religion and Mythology; Orthography and Phonology; Hindu Astronomy. By William Dwight Whitney, Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in Yale College. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1874.

The Genesis of the New England Churches. By Leonard Bacon. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1874.

Life and Literature in the Fatherland. By John F. Hurst. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1875.

give an air of familiar ease to the situation by speaking of

"Old commuters along the road,"

he understands better than any one can tell him the worth of his attempt. Apparently, he chooses to chance it with the republication of these things; or he may be yielding to the necessity of making out a certain number of pages, a case which shall be sacred from our reproach.

There are several poems in this last book which merit no reproach. Grandmother Tenterden would be one of these, but for the too great vagueness of the close, in which the reader is vexed with diverse conjecture whether it was the living or the dead son come back to upbraid the mother, or whether living or dead he meant to upbraid her; and we have nothing but liking for the truly fine poem with which the book opens. The reader of The Atlantic will recall the beautiful story of Concepcion de Arguello, and how tenderly Mr. Harte has told it. There was matter in it for a much longer poem, which we should be disposed to quarrel with him for not making, if we were not so well content with the touching ballad as it is. The story is that of the daughter of the Spanish Comandante at San Francisco and of the Russian count who once came to look at California with a view to buying it for his master the Czar. The young people promise themselves to each other, and the count, going to get his master's approval, never returns, while his faithful, despairing Concepcion passes out of the world into a convent, and is an old woman when one day she learns that her lover was killed by falling from his horse on his way to St. Petersburg. We believe the tale is true; if it is not a fact, still Mr. Harte has made it true in telling it. The most poetic part of the poem is that descriptive passage by help of which the sense of Concepcion's long waiting is conveyed: —

"Day by day on wall and bastion beat the hollow empty breeze, —
Day by day the sunlight glittered on the vacant, smiling seas;

"*Week by week the near hills whitened in their dusty leather cloaks,* —
Week by week the far hills darkened from the fringing plain of oaks;

"Till the rains came, and far-breaking, on the fierce southwester tost,
Dashed the whole long coast with color, and then vanished and were lost.

"So each year the seasons shifted: wet and warm and drear and dry;
Half a year of clouds and flowers, — half a year of dust and sky.

"Still it brought no ship nor message, — brought no tidings ill nor meet
For the statesmanlike Commander, for the daughter fair and sweet.

"Yet she heard the varying message, voiceless to all ears beside:
'He will come,' the flowers whispered; 'Come no more,' the dry hills sighed.

"Still she found him with the waters lifted by the morning breeze, —
Still she lost him with the folding of the great white-tented seas;

"Until hollows chased the dimples from her cheeks of olive brown,
And at times a swift, shy moisture dragged the long sweet lashes down."

The unchangingness of the scenes here described embodies all the monotony of longing, hopeless waiting, as nothing else could. There is a mighty fine Spanish feeling in that line which portrays the hills "that whitened in their dusty leathern cloaks," and so makes old Castilians of them; and the winterless Californian year was never, and can never be more perfectly said than it is in the verse, —

"Half a year of clouds and flowers, — half a year of dust and sky."

In fact, this line is the highest point of achievement in the poem. What follows next is also as good as need be of its kind: nothing could be sweeter, or more paternally helpless in the case than the Comandante's efforts, when he

"Comforted the maid with proverbs, — wisdom gathered from afar;

"Bits of ancient observation by his fathers garnered, each
As a pebble worn and polished in the current of his speech."

And the sympathetic reader will find the effect only the more touching from the charming irrelevance of several of the consoling adages. All this part of the poem is very tenderly and delicately managed; and in continuing the same strain of narration there is another descriptive passage almost as fine as that we have quoted, in which the old, dull, dead Spanish California lives again: —

"Yearly, down the hill-side sweeping, came the stately cavalcade,
Bringing revel to vaquero, joy and comfort to each maid;

"Bringing days of formal visit, social feast and rustic sport;
Of bull-baiting on the plaza, of love-making in the court.

"Vainly then at Concha's lattice,— vainly as the idle wind
Rose the thin high Spanish tenor that bespoke the youth too kind;

'Vainly, leaning from their saddles, caballeros, bold and fleet,
Plucked for her the buried chicken from beneath their mustang's feet;

"So in vain the barren hill-sides with their gay serapes blazed,
Blazed and vanished in the dust-cloud that their flying hoofs had raised."

The climax of the poem is good, though a trifle too expected, perhaps; but it seems as if Mr. Harte might have given us lines less commonplace than

"All to honor Sir George Simpson, famous traveler and guest,"
"And exchanged congratulation with the English baronet."

This is a really small matter, however, and they were doubtless meant to be just as prosaic as they are upon some theory.

The best parts of For the King are the opening stanzas giving the interior of the New Mexican church, with some graphic strokes that our readers cannot have forgotten. It is interesting throughout, and must be numbered among the most successful of Mr. Harte's non-dialect poems. Of the dialect pieces in this volume, Luke is easily first. In argument it is as thoroughly unreal as Tasso's Aminta, or any dream of the *bell' età de l'oro;* but the character is forcibly realized, and much of the humor is exquisite. You say, If it were possible that such a delicate, refined girl should have been smitten with that great, burly, ignorant fellow, Luke, it would be a pretty thing to consider; and before the end — such is the authority that anything excellently done carries with it — you find yourself inclining to believe that it might have happened, or to wish that it had, for the charm's sake.

— At this time, when nothing is so remarkable in poetical literature as a community of ease and grace and general pleasingness, it is a distinguished achievement on the part of Mr. Trowbridge to have identified a certain kind of dramatic study in verse with his name. It is scarcely a story that he sets about telling, though you find yourself possessed of a story before he has done, in such pieces as The Vagabonds, Dorothy in the Garret, Old Simon Dole, One Day Solitary, and Sheriff Thorne, all of which are as characteristically his as any of the "dialect" poems are Mr. Harte's, while they are more faithfully wrought, and with a livelier artistic conscience. Old Simon Dole, for example, is as honest vernacular as that of Hosea Biglow; and it is interesting to observe the differences in the two kinds of Yankee parlance, Mr. Trowbridge's being the Yankee of the New Englander who has emigrated and lived a generation in New York State, or the other parts that used to be Out West; and being none the less genuine for the difference, but more so. However, the good dialect is the least merit of the poem; the character and the situation are as true as that, and we do not know where we should go for a solider bit of tragedy. It is an admirable portraiture of that sordid rustic selfishness which seems more hopelessly besotted than any other sort of selfishness; the unconsciousness with which Old Simon Dole touches in all the ugly traits of his hard, niggard soul is in high degree artistic. This old wretch (whom it is small relief to call names) is so vivid a presence, that he seems to materialize — if we may borrow a happy phrase from the spiritualists — before our eyes, and we have him in his chair "tipped back agin the sink," with his grotesque best clothes on, his cheap ready-made frock-coat, his heavy cowhide boots, smelling of the barn-yard, and his horny, trembling old hands holding his hat in his lap, as he tells his sister how he wore the life out of his wife and the love out of his children. Nothing is said of the sister's character, but you are made to feel that she is as hard as he, and is as far from seeing anything wrong in his history; but that she will not care to have him make a very long visit.

"Ah, wal, poor Mary!
She made a good wife, though she wa'n't re'l strong.
You never looked into a hon'somer dairy!
An' she wuz as pleasant 's the day wuz long,
With jes' the pertyis' kin' of a v'ice.
I never had reason to rue my ch'ice.

"I got a wife an' a farm to boot;
Ye could n't ketch me a-nappin' there!
Thinks I, 'Now, s'posin' the wife don't soot?
The farm 'll be suthin' to make that square;
No resk 'bout that! An' where 's the harm,
If the wife turns out as good as the farm?'

"She 'd nat'ral larnin', — bright 's a dollar!
It runs in the Grimeses, — she wuz clear Grimes.

I 'm 'mos' sorry I did n't foller
Her counsels more 'n I did, sometimes,
The' wa'n't nothin' but what she understood;
An' her jedgment in mahtters wuz ollers good.

" It might 'a' be'n well if I had, — do'no'.
'T wa'n't never my way to be led. I hate
A woman 'at wears the breeches; an' so,
Mobby, by tryin' to stan' too straight,
When she 'd have bent me a little, I fell
Over back now an' then, — do'no'; can't tell."

He tells how he balked all her hopes and plans for the children's education, and how when one of his daughters married

" the wheelwright's son, an' went
Out West, — smart chap, but had n't a cent,

" I might 'a' gi'n 'em a thousan' dollars,
To buy 'em some land; 't would tickled mother!
They 'lotted on 't; but then she wuz ollers
Forever a-teasin' fer this un an' t' other;
I 'd got so use ter sayin' no,
I forked out fifty, an' let 'em go."

It is quite in character that this miser should be rather vain of his son's well-educated and expensive wife: —

" Sim, he done well, — Square Ebbitt's dotter;
They gi'n her a hon'some settin'-out!
I fixed 'em a house, an' her folks bot her
The biggis' pyaner in town, about.
'T would do for *her*. Sounds kin' o' nice!
She 'll play! You 'd think her fingers wuz mice!"

His old overworked wife falls into a decline, and he is told by the neighbors that she ought to have rest and society.

" I 'xpect I answered 'em kin' o' gruff;
Though I must own I wuz gin'ally loth
To have comp'ny much, — it 's a perfick moth.

" I *s'pose* I wuz wrong, — the best is li'ble
To miss it, — an' yit I tried to do right.
I kep' the Sabbath, an' read the Bible,
An' prayed in the fam'ly marnin' an' night, —
'Thout 't wuz in hayin'-time, now an' then,
When wages wuz high, an' we 'd hired men.

' We had the doctor to her; but she
Did n't seem to have no settl' disease.
' 'T an't 'zac'ly the lungs, Mis' Dole,' says he.
' Can't be,' says I, ' the butter an' cheese!
An', doctor,' says I, ' how *could* it come
F'm lonesomeness? I 'm ollers to hum!' "

It is a sort of comfort to know from his hints and complaints that when his wife is dead, and his farm is rented, his tenants bully him and his children give him a cold welcome to their homes. This Old Simon Dole is a new creation, or rather an invention; for he had but to be found out. He abounds in rustic life, of which we think the heartless phases have been too little painted. Here once for all they are, though, in a picture that cannot be matched in its way. It is as real, as natural, as a stone wall, or a bit of sour meadow-land, and is perhaps the most thoroughly detestable American type there is.

We believe we should place next to it the poem One Day Solitary, in which the newly sentenced convict broods upon his past and future. It is not at all sentimentalized, but is simply the case of the reprobate, not hopelessly hardened, whom his sins have overtaken, and who falls from a boisterous bravado in his soliloquy, through hate and deadly anger to a despair that no comment on the poem can give again. It is a touching and thrilling piece of divination, of which every one must feel the truth, and of which we hope many will perceive the consummate skill. Sheriff Thorne, which is also good, will not compare with these two poems for a satisfactory completeness wrought out from within the characters imagined; but the differently managed study of old age, in Rachel at the Well, almost persuades us to give it equal praise. It is at any rate a beautiful poem, tenderly and sweetly felt, and most sincerely meditated.

We cannot help thinking The Emigrant's Story rather long, though there is no want of interest in it, and it is as honest as the rest of the poems. The hexameter, which is preëminently fitted for such stories, is not so well used as it might be. We object to lines ending in the sign of the infinitive verb, or an adjective qualifying a noun that begins the next line; and we think that Mr. Trowbridge has employed the dactyl too sparingly, and has otherwise not sufficiently studied the structure of the verse.

Some pieces of a different sort, perhaps less characteristic, like At my Enemy's Gate, Trouting, The Missing Leaf, and The Phantom Chapel, please us greatly in this book, which we are on the whole very glad of, and should be well content to see the like of far oftener than we do.

— When a man sets about any autobiographical work, he ought to remember that he cannot be too personal: egotism then becomes a virtue, as a crime committed against a heretic or an infidel changes its nature. The fault we should find with Mr. Eggleston is that he does not sufficiently recognize this fact in his Rebel's Recollections. He is at some pains, we fancy, to suppress his own feelings, and to impersonalize his experiences just where we should like him to be most garrulous about himself. Something is to be forgiven to the

modesty of a soldier, but modesty should not be excessive in its claims. No doubt it would have been difficult to state, to the sort of audience for which Mr. Eggleston wrote, certain things fully; and no doubt he felt the burden of this difficulty; as it is, he has dexterously addressed himself to people whose sympathies were all against the cause for which he fought, and has probably not increased the number of its enemies. On the contrary, we incline to believe that he has helped our readers to understand that those opposed to the Union in the late war were as sincere as its friends, and were moved by a patriotism which differed from ours only in being mistaken. It is hard for us of the North to conceive of Americans who were primarily Virginians or South Carolinians, but it is quite necessary to do so in order to look at the past with a true historical sense. Whilst the reader is arriving at this view, he will be very agreeably entertained in Mr. Eggleston's book. He has added to the papers which appeared in the magazine a chapter on odd characters which is curiously interesting, and there were already some amusing sketches of queer people. His ideas and observations in regard to the rebel leaders have that certain value which always belongs to the testimony of a keen-sighted eye-witness; and his criticisms of the feeble and wandering state-craft of the rebel political leaders ought to be consoling to us who at times believed that all the incapacity was on our side.

Mr. Eggleston's manner is as good as his spirit, and he has given us a book of peculiar interest, one of the pleasures of which is its frank and clear style. One thoroughly likes the author after reading it.

If good taste were more common in the printing and binding of American books, we should not feel it necessary to praise the blameless workmanship of this. As matters are, however, it is a duty to do so.

— The interest of so good a bit of human nature as Mr. De Forest's Honest John Vane should not pass away with the public interest in the now half-forgotten frauds that first suggested it to the author; for fortunately, or unfortunately, you have but to change names and dates a very little, and you have the Congressional Washington of 1874–75 as clearly portrayed in the book as that of 1871–72. In this country, at least, there has never been so good a political satire as this; but its excellence as a political satire is only one of many excellences in it. The principal persons, John Vane and his wife, are presented with the sharpness and depth of delineation which one finds in all of Mr. De Forest's best work, and which is peculiar to him. The malleable, blubberly good-intention of the hero, who weakens by stress of circumstances into a prosperous rogue, is very keenly appreciated, with all the man's dim, dull remorse, his simple reverence for better men than himself, his vulgar but efficient cunning with men as bad or worse; you more than half pity him, feeling that if such a soul as his had been properly trained, it would by no means have gone to the devil.

Olympia Vane, for some reasons, we should be inclined to think a still better work of art. Her gradual expansion from the vulgar belleship she had enjoyed among her mother's boarders, from her "tough flirtations" with the under-graduates of a university town, into the sort of unhappy social success of her Washington life, is graphically traced. Her sort of rich, undelicate handsomeness affects you like something you have yourself seen; and her unscrupulous vanity, illogical, pitiless, and cowardly, verifies the type throughout. She is to be added to that line of women in the painting of whom Mr. De Forest — never weak in the presentation of character — would be recognized by a more discerning public than ours, as having shown the skill and force of a master. Whether they are pleasant people or not is quite beside the purpose. One feels them to be true, and that is enough; and if there is a lesson for one sex in the experience of John Vane, Olympia Vane ought to be full of warning and expostulation for quite as numerous a class of the other sex.

Darius Dorman is a character which, if forced at times, is nevertheless a vigorous conception, with a touch of fantasticality truly fresh and fascinating. Other people in the book strike us more as caricatures; but this is well enough in a satire.

— M. Gautier, with judicious leisure, begins his Russian winter at Berlin, and occupies some sixty-five out of his three hundred and fifty pages with getting to St. Petersburg; but, once there, he entertains us as agreeably as in his book about Constantinople, translated in England many years ago. We say "about," because Gautier does not write *on* the countries he has visited: he is eminently a cultivated loiterer, lingers upon the borders of his subject, allows us a glimpse here, a glimpse

there, and succeeds, by dint of suggestion, in keeping our appetite alert for local color, till we have obtained a very satisfactory and sufficiently detailed impression of the whole. He displays a pleasant scorn of statistics, but contrives to give to whatever he mentions the air of being the only thing worth noticing at the time. This, indeed, is an excellent trait, and has its advantages: he himself reminds us that, but for him, we should never have discovered that at Hamburg they have flesh-colored omnibuses. His mood varies agreeably, however, and he becomes very solid and systematic in his long description of St. Isaac's, at Petersburg. Still, he is most at his ease when simply occupied in reflecting or transmitting the first and volatile impression from picturesque scenes or objects. Certain passages describing the wintry aspects of the northern capital surpass in pictorial quality anything of the sort which it has been our fortune to meet hitherto. His pages sparkle like a frosted pane. The gleam of gold and silver and the deep glow of gems, so lavishly displayed in church and convent, attract him, and fill his story with their radiance. Here and there he smiles at his own childish enjoyment of these things, and hints that he is indeed an Asiatic barbarian, a man who experiences wild yearnings after an unfettered life, far away on snowy wastes or deep in dewy forests, among Samoyeds or Tzigani. But you know perfectly well that in such a situation he would be miserable; and so, after going through enough artistic description, and visiting with him the house of Zichy (the Russian Doré, and more than Doré), after witnessing his enthusiasm over the Vassili Blagennoi, at Moscow, and there examining at the Museum of Carriages the extraordinary chariots of the Catherines, which contain toilette and card tables and gilded porcelain stoves, your friendly solicitude for this fascinating idler is well satisfied at seeing him transported in a *téléja* across the frozen plains, seated upon two ropes swung transversely from beam to beam of the two which compose the wagon's body, and finally deposited by rail in Paris, where he assures us that he was received by old friends and pretty women, at a smoking supper, and his "return was celebrated gayly until the morning."

— Baron Hübner has written one of the most interesting books of travels of the past year, in the volume which records his impressions in this country, and in Japan and China. His intention at starting was merely to observe whatever was new or curious, and to record every evening the principal events of the day. This plan he has carried out with great success; he has omitted all trivialities, but he has forgotten no matters apparently trifling but which are indications of principles of real importance. In what he writes about this country he notices, among other things, the omnipotence of the hotel-clerk, and the slavish obsequiousness of the traveling public before him; he comments also on the demoralizing effects of family-life in hotels; he mentions once more the fondness Americans have for titles: but if he is keen-sighted, he is never ill-natured. He gives a good deal of space to an account of his stay at Salt Lake City, and to the impressions made upon him by what he saw of Mormonism. He was by no means so favorably impressed by that religion as have been some recent travelers, who seem to regard a strong paternal government as the surest proof of the divine origin of the accompanying religion.

In California he made the usual round of the tourist, and thence he sailed for Japan and China. Descriptions of Japan are certainly not a novelty, but we hardly know one more interesting than this of Baron Hübner's. In that country not only did he have peculiar opportunities granted to his rank, or more frequently won by his own boldness, to visit unexplored regions, but he also made very good use of those opportunities. He saw that the varnish of Occidental civilization which the Japanese have acquired in many cases is not more than skin-deep, and not even that always. He says, "In the streets of Yedo one meets people wearing silk hats; others, congress boots; or *paletots*, which have the advantage of showing the legs naked to the waist. Some of them who are dressed entirely in European fashion have kept their wooden patten-sandals, and their caps of lacquered paper. What disfigures them all, however, is the way they try to do their hair, which, being naturally coarse and hard, will not divide or brush like ours, so that they resort to oiling it and tying it with a ribbon. . . . Certainly, nothing is more praiseworthy than an ardent desire for progress — a wish to better one's self and to adopt the inventions of nations more civilized than our own. But I am afraid these good impulses are often badly di-

rected; and that they may produce great disturbance in men's minds, and perhaps some day a strong and bloody revolution." Continually he regrets, as every traveler of taste must, seeing a false European taste driving out what was distinctively Japanese. It is not that he frowns upon the efforts of that race to reach a higher scale of civilization; far from it: it is merely that he distrusts some of the methods employed, fears too hasty a change and too confident belief on the part of the rulers that by judicious edicts they can alter the whole nature of their people. Almost equally interesting are the pages devoted to China. Indeed, the whole volume will be found to be very entertaining.

The translation is generally good, but it could have well endured a little more supervision. The foreigner who on arriving in New York looks for the Prevost House, to see if it is really as good a hotel as Baron Hübner says, is doomed to uncertainty. There is obscurity, too, in the remark, "At seven o'clock we are passing at a foot's space across the Mississippi, on a bridge of recent and novel construction;" and again, "In these savage regions, those who are by way of representing civilization do not generally shine in point of civilization." These faults are rare, however.

—Sir Arthur Helps's latest book differs in style and in substance from all that he has heretofore given to the world. It is biographical in form, but the biographical chapters are far from being its most interesting portion.

The author was but casually acquainted with Mr. Brassey, whose life and labors he describes, and this fact deprives the book of the greatest element of interest. He gives the whole story at second-hand, in the words of thirty or more people who were workers under Mr. Brassey and testified for the purposes of this volume, before a short-hand reporter, concerning their knowledge and opinions. The fact that the book was manufactured in this perfunctory way accounts for another peculiarity—that Mr. Helps so frequently mentions the processes involved in its production. He begins, indeed, by assuring us that he intends to put himself in good relation with us, and that "if he fail in doing this he fails in a most important point." He next proceeds to establish cordiality between himself and us by saying that he has undertaken a work for which he has no special qualifications. He then gives us further information about what he purposes doing and how he intends to do it, all of which strikes us very much as if Miss Cushman were to attempt to interest us in her Lady Macbeth by taking us into the greenroom, and there explaining the means by which effects were to be produced upon us.

Sir Arthur's second-hand mode of composition has led him into error, as when he is comparing the Argentine Republic with Russia; he says that the two countries are "equal in extent," and that the population of Russia is about 75,000,000 and that of the Argentine Republic is only about 1,000,000. Upon this statement he remarks, "How stupidly, or at least how unfortunately, the world has hitherto been peopled!" The truth is that the territory of European Russia is a little over 2,000,000 square miles, and its population about 61,000,000, while the Argentine Republic only covers 827,000 square miles, and has a population of 1,500,000. Sir Arthur is quite astray here, in his proportions, and, of course, in his rhetorical deduction.

The volume is adorned with a fine portrait of Mr. Brassey, which presents us a man of good nature, not careful of details, having a bright, intelligent eye, but not possessing the marks of a man of culture or of a man of "family," as the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table expressed it.

Turning from the picture of Mr. Brassey to the pages of Sir Arthur, we learn that while Mr. Brassey sprung from a very ancient Cheshire family, in which there was undoubtedly some culture, his early advantages were few, and he was at the age of sixteen articled to a land-surveyor. The celebrated carriage-road from Shrewsbury to Holyhead was the first great work upon which he was employed. He was there associated with the well-known Thomas Telford. The Menai suspension bridge was a portion of this enterprise, and we have no doubt that the genius displayed in its construction, as well as in the building of the entire road, which Mr. Telford considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of his life, exerted a molding influence upon the young learner. It is pretty safe to conclude that the master-passion of Mr. Brassey's life—the determination to be a great contractor, a builder of great national works—dated from his contact with Mr. Telford. In 1834, when the young surveyor was twenty-nine years of age, he met another notable man, John Stephenson, whose influence, in the same

direction, was added to that already exerted by Mr. Telford.

Sir Arthur describes the ruling passion of Mr. Brassey as a desire "to win high reputation for skill, integrity, and success in the difficult vocation of a contractor for public works; to give large employment to his fellow-countrymen; and by means of British labor and British skill to knit together foreign countries, and to promote civilization, according to his view of it, throughout the world." We hardly think, however, that this ideal was conceived by Mr. Brassey until his labors had become large, and his sphere of operation extensive.

We do not care to follow the story told by Sir Arthur's reporters. It relates to the building of nearly seven thousand miles of public works, mainly railways, under about one hundred and seventy-five contracts, in England, Scotland, France, Spain, Norway, Italy, Moldavia, India, the Crimea, South America, Canada, and Australia. The story tells how these contracts were obtained and honorably carried out, and how some resulted in profit, and some in loss. It gives Brassey's dealings with sub-contractors, and their management of workmen of many nationalities. It presents comparisons of the working powers and the economic advantages and disadvantages of these laborers.

Throughout the whole there is apparent a patriotic effort to present England in a favorable aspect as an inventive and manufacturing country, but the author is obliged to give America high praise for "very ingenious and successful modes of facilitating labor by machinery," and he praises the French for their system of government control of railways — for the superior comfort of their carriages, the excellence of their stations, and the general amenities of railway traveling in their country. In these respects Sir Arthur reluctantly rates America and France above England.

— The subjects Mr. Wilkinson discusses in his volume are George Eliot's Novels, Mr. Lowell's Poetry and Prose, Mr. Bryant's Poetry, the Character and the Literary Influence of Erasmus, and the History of the Christian Commission as a Part of Church History — a list which would seem to show that the author's lance is freer in the field of letters than in that of life. That he should have given us a book wholly devoted to literary subjects is in itself a claim on our gratitude; work of this sort is by no means over-common in this country, and if Mr. Wilkinson does not tell his readers a great deal that is new, he shows interest in some important literary qualities. The most striking of the essays is that in which he picks flaws in Mr. Lowell's prose writing; this he does sometimes with success, at times with captiousness, and once or twice with willful misunderstanding. That is to say, he has gone over Mr. Lowell's Among my Books and My Study Window, picking out stray pronouns, unfamiliar words, and phrases which offend strict grammatical propriety, and has made an array of errors which would delight the soul of a proof-reader. It cannot be denied that much good may be done by this close verbal criticism, that it tends to save writers from falling into habits of carelessness. But such criticism, to be valuable, must be above quibbling, and it is very one-sided if no credit is given to the value of those utterances which may be violently twisted into examples of false grammar. For example, when Mr. Lowell, in one of the best of his excellent essays, writes of Shakespeare, "In our self-exploiting nineteenth century, with its melancholy liver-complaint, how serene and high he seems! If he had sorrows, he has made them the woof of everlasting consolation to his kind; and if, as poets are wont to whine, the outward world was cool to him, its biting air did but trace itself in loveliest frost-work of fancy on the many windows of that self-centred and cheerful soul," such comment as this, which Mr. Wilkinson makes, seems, to put it mildly, singularly inadequate. "We do not think that poets are wont to 'whine' that the outward world was cold to Shakespeare. Nor do we think that the world was cold to Shakespeare, or is, or is ever likely to be, to him, or to any of his kind. Shakespeare is of the world, and the world always loves its own. Nor again, to take Mr. Lowell now as he means, and no longer as he says, can it be truly charged against 'poets' that they 'are wont to whine' of the 'world' as cold to them? Here and there a poet 'whines,' no doubt, often with good reason, too, of the world's coldness to his claims. But more poets, against good reason, refrain from whining. 'Whining' is not characteristic of their class. Whatever may be the truth as to this, it is a disagreeable, a peevish, a morbid note interjected here to speak of the century's 'melancholy liver-complaint,' and of the poets' 'whine,'" etc. Is that all Mr.

Wilkinson can find to say? His remarks probably comply with grammatical laws, but all that is needed for a critic's education is not to be found between the covers of Lindley Murray. Mr. Wilkinson, however, is not wholly dogmatic contradiction; he is not without a gay vein of sprightly humor; for example: —

"One experiences several successive 'degrees,' as the medical men say, of effect from the influence of Mr. Lowell's company when he is exercising his office of critic. The first degree is a certain bewilderment. Follows a rallying surprise and shock. Then for a while one feels his spirits constantly rising. One could take critical excursions forever with Mr. Lowell. There is such a delightful sense of escape. The attraction of gravitation is abolished, and we are careering away at large on the wings of the wind, in the boundless country of the unconditioned. In fact, we are going up in a balloon. It is glorious. But we grow a little light-headed. We remember Gambetta. Gambetta went up in a balloon. One would not like to resemble Gambetta. Our elation gives way. We pray for a return to the domain of law. We sigh like Ganymede, like Europa, for the solid ground," etc.

Fortunately there is but little of this levity. Mr. Wilkinson's usual style is very solemn; he is grammatical but dull, "faultlessly null." In the essay on George Eliot's novels he sometimes buries his meaning under a cloud of words. He says of that remarkable woman, "She is a prime elemental literary power. . . . She is a great ethical teacher; it may be not an original, but at least a highly charged derivative, moral, living force." In general, however, what he says is true enough. He praises that great novelist for her admirable style, her keen observation, her analysis of character, her dramatic skill, and all her wonderful power; and the impression of hopeless melancholy her readers get from reading her book he explains by her lack of a personal experience of religion. In his enthusiasm he makes some bold statements; for instance: "Now George Eliot within her range — and her range, though, unlike Shakespeare's, it may have definite determinable limits, is still very wide — George Eliot, I say, within her range is every whit as dramatic as Shakespeare." Again, "The knowledge of the human heart that George Eliot displays is not an acquired knowledge. It is born with her and in her. It is genius. It is a gift which is Shakespearean in quality — one might, perhaps, as well be frankly true to himself and out with his thought — it is *finer* than Shakespeare. In quantity it is less, but in quality it is more."

It would seem as if in the ardor of admiration Mr. Wilkinson had been betrayed into rash assertion; more frequently, however, he keeps in the beaten path. That he is able to lose his head at times can be seen by the reader who will take the trouble to turn to page 287 of this book, where the author asks what was the motive which underlay the Christian Commission, and answers it by saying, "It was a supernatural love of Christ." The whole passage deserves reading for the curious light it throws upon the author. In more ways than one he lacks the temper of a critic.

— The modest volume entitled A Theory of the Arts comprises the course of lectures on æsthetics delivered by the late Prof. Joseph Torrey before the senior class in the University of Vermont. In these days of the (so-called) popularization of art, the accomplished author's mode of treatment may be thought a trifle formal and old-fashioned, but the lectures exhibit a refinement of taste and comprehensive range of reading and reflection on art-matters, fully worthy of one whose name and work are an honor to American scholarship. Two thirds of the volume will be found occupied by an account of previous theories of the fine arts in general, and a statement of the author's own theory. In the remainder, Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, Music, Oratory, and Poetry are successively examined, and thus arranged in an ascending scale of dignity and importance. Professor Torrey's views are not particularly original, but they are set forth with clearness and grace, and are well worth the consideration of those who are interested in the metaphysics of art.

— Mr. Hart's book on German Universities will be received with special favor by the large and rapidly increasing number of young men who look forward to a year or two of study abroad, with great hopefulness and with considerable uncertainty about the experience that awaits them in foreign parts. For information they can be recommended to no better authority than this book. They will find in it not only a complete account of what German universities are, and of the respects in which they

differ from American colleges, but also the answers to the thousand little questions which are so apt to puzzle the new-comer and to be overlooked by those who are familiar with the habits of a strange land. Mr. Hart's method of conveying this information is by means of a very exact record of what he himself saw, thought, felt, and did when studying abroad. The advantage of this frankness is obvious; it satisfies the reader's curiosity on every point; the author's thoroughness leaves almost nothing untouched. On the other hand, we occasionally come upon revelations of matters of transitory interest which might well have been omitted; such, for instance, is the account of the violent cold from which the author suffered in the autumn of 1862. It "seemed to be satisfied with nothing short of running through the entire system. Every organ was affected more or less, the head, eyes, ears, stomach. By the end of the month, after suffering in every conceivable way and congratulating myself on the prospect of recovery, symptoms of rheumatism showed themselves. I became lame and unable to walk," etc., etc. This form of illness is common to a very large extent of the earth's surface. The author's naïve exultation in the getting of his degree is equally noticeable. His tone, indeed, is one of great enthusiasm, whether it is the merits of German scholarship, the difficulties of Roman law, or the discomforts of water on the knee that he is describing. Apart from these objections, however, there is a great deal that is good in the book. Mr. Hart's method of learning German might well be, or rather must be, followed by all who care to get a thorough knowledge of the language. The short chapter devoted to it deserves to be read and remembered.

The author's experience was tolerably wide, and his account of German university life is very good. He adds to the record of his own life some chapters of general remarks, in which he makes very clear what is really the merit of a German university, namely, that it "has one and only one object: to train thinkers," and that it tends "to produce theologians rather than pastors, jurists rather than lawyers, theorizers in medicine rather than practitioners, investigators, scholars, speculative thinkers rather than technologists and school-teachers." The way in which this admirable design is carried out is fully explained. The system by which the *Privatdocenten* supplement and rival the professors, the great principle of freedom in learning and teaching, the full lists of subjects taught by the professors, make a showing by the side of which English and American universities look incomplete. Although the aim of the German university is not a practical one, it has certainly the most efficient practical aids. It is no place for hoary routine to assume the air of wise and venerable tradition. It is managed on the only true principle, that of giving the best instruction, and it is no wonder that Germany holds so high a position in the field of thought.

In conclusion, Mr. Hart draws a comparison between the German and the English and American universities, respectively. It is singular to notice the way in which those of England have fallen out of the lists, so far as tempting ambitious Americans is concerned. Mr. Hart's book comes to show that the time for Mr. Bristed's Five Years in an English University is past. For one student who leaves this shore for England, ten or perhaps twenty leave for Germany. Without decrying the English, it is enough to say that the reason is very plain. One need only look at the list of lectures given at Leipsic, in order to sympathize fully with those who regard scholarship as something more than a step towards writing smooth Latin and Greek verses.

— Professor Whitney's volume is composed of a series of essays of varying interest. The first two, entitled The British in India, and China and the Chinese, respectively, in no respect differ from hosts of solid review articles; the republication of the notice of Alford's Queen's English seems hardly called for, since time has done more gently the work the critic designed to accomplish by his onslaught, and the book is deservedly forgotten: but the others are worthy of attention and study. Those fit to judge the paper on the Lunar Zodiac of India, Arabia, and China are few, but they will be grateful for the thorough examination Mr. Whitney has given the subject. The conclusion to which he arrives, at the end of a tolerably long and cautious investigation, is, he says, "almost purely negative. We have only examined and found untenable every theory yet proposed respecting the derivation of any one of the three forms of the system from either of the others. We have done nothing more than clear the ground; the way is left open to any one to prove, by

good and sufficient evidence, that either the Hindus, the Chinese, or the Arabs, or that some fourth people, different from them all, may claim the honor of being inventors of an institution so widely diffused, and forming a cardinal element in the early astronomical science of the most important and cultivated races of Asia. . . . For myself, I have little faith that certainty upon the subject, or even confident persuasion, will ever be attained."

The essay on the Elements of English Pronunciation is of great value. Mr. Whitney first gives his readers a full description of the different sounds of the English language, taking his own pronunciation as a standard, and then determining by a series of interesting experiments the frequency of utterance of each of these sounds. For this purpose he made a selection of "ten passages, five in poetry and five in prose, from as many authors, of various periods, and separated and counted the individual sounds as met with in each, until the number of 1000 sounds was reached." This gave him some most interesting results. The proportion of vowels to consonants in English he found to be as 37.3 to 62.7. The percentage of vowels is a trifle less in German, in French over 40, 42 in Sanskrit, 44 in Latin, and 46 in Greek. The average number of syllables to a word he found to be 1.358, that of sounds to a word 3.642. Another curious fact he ascertained was that the percentage of hissing or sibilant sounds is rather larger in French than in English, which is badly enough off with 9.5. In ancient Greek it was over twelve per cent.; in German it is about six per cent.

In addition to this valuable paper we find an article on the Sanskrit accent; one entitled How Shall we Spell? the republication of notices of Max Müller's Chips from a German Workshop, and Mr. G. W. Cox's Mythology of the Aryan Nations; an essay on the Relation of Vowel and Consonant; another on Bell's Visible Speech.

There is no safer volume than this both for the regular student and for the many amateur observers of language who stand in special need of a sure guide.

—Dr. Bacon's Genesis of the New England Churches might also be described as a history and a defense of the principle of republicanism in church government. It belongs to the order of "popular" histories, being unincumbered by foot-notes, and poorly illustrated. In his preface, indeed, the author distinctly disclaims having had access to any recondite sources of information; but the book is written with great vigor and ability, and is crowded with interesting information. The scope of the volume is perhaps best indicated by its closing sentences: "It is a history of tendencies and conflicts which have come to the result that now, every American church forms itself by elective affinity and the principle of Separatism. We shall find that it is the history of Christianity working toward its own emancipation from secular power; and that it is at the same time the history of the state, learning slowly, but at last effectually, that it has no jurisdiction in the sphere of religion, and that its equal duty to all churches is the duty, not of enforcing their censures, but only of protecting their peaceable worship, and their liberty of prophesying." Dr. Bacon begins by roundly denying the doctrine of Apostolic Succession, and shows with much force and probability that the primitive churches in Jerusalem and Antioch could not, in the nature of things, have had anything like an aristocratic or episcopal constitution; that the bishops of the early time were no more than parish pastors, and the presbyters brethren with an aptitude for exhortation. The practical affairs of those first *ecclesiæ*, or assemblies, he thinks were administered much like those of the Methodists at the present time. Dr. Bacon confesses himself unable satisfactorily to bridge the chasm between the first century and the year 312, the date of the conversion of Constantine, when hierarchy is found firmly established; but he has his own theory of differentiation to account for the change, and his dogmatism, be it observed, is not of an offensive order, but rather refreshing in its reminiscence of that still recent time when divines, as a class, were wont to teach "as those having authority and not as the scribes."

Passing lightly over the long ages when sacerdotalism reigned supreme, Dr. Bacon shows that it was one Francis Lambert, a fugitive from Avignon, who first, in 1526, prepared for the reformed churches of the principality of Hesse a "scheme of ecclesiastical order which was almost a purely Congregational platform," but which never went into operation there. He then traces minutely the history of the English Reformation, and undertakes to show that from the very outset the principle of Separatism, or complete ecclesiastical independ-

ence, contended with that of Protestant episcopalianism there. The memorials of the earlier and more obscure martyrs of Separatism, Copping and Thacker, John Greenwood, the polished but impracticable Henry Barrows, and the fiery Welshman, Penry, or Ap Henry, whose beautiful letter of farewell to his wife from prison is given at length, are all fresh and affecting; while the more familiar story of the church in William Brewster's house, the stately manor of Scrooby, and ultimately the almost incredibly heroic struggle for existence here, are so told as to lose none of their old interest. The distinction between Pilgrims and Puritans is of course strongly insisted on; yet how unessential that distinction really was, is shown plainly enough by the readiness with which Plymouth Pilgrims and Salem Puritans coalesced and came to substantial accord, under the exigencies of their common exile. Nay, in these days of well-marked reaction from what then proved the ascendant spirit, we fancy that the majority, even of Dr. Bacon's readers, will find their sympathies most strongly enlisted by Mr. Higginson, who, "when they came to the Land's End, calling up his children and other passengers unto the stern of the ship to take their last sight of England, said, 'We will not say, as the Separatists were wont to say at their leaving of England, Farewell, Babylon! Farewell, Rome! but we will say, Farewell, dear England: farewell, the church of God in England, and all Christian friends there! We do not go to New England as Separatists from the church of England, though we cannot but separate from the corruptions in it; but we go to practice the positive part of church reformation, and propagate the gospel in America.'"

In the chapter on The Sojourn at Leyden, copious extracts are made from the Essays or Observations Divine and Moral, of the angelic John Robinson. It would seem a pity that this book should not be made easily accessible in days when the Christian preacher, under whatever polity, must feel that his function and his traditional methods of appeal are so fast becoming discredited.

— Dr. Hurst's account of life in Germany is very much the sort of book one would expect from a doctor of divinity, with very genuine liking for Germany, and with such knowledge of the country as one gets from a few years of residence. The amount of information collected is not very great, nor is there much in it that is startlingly novel. There is a certain amount of gossiping chat about the universities, or rather about the different theological schools, and the theological professors. Another section of the book is devoted to an account of the literary life in Germany, speaking among other things of the large publishing-houses, and of the rich public libraries. Another part describes briefly the Tyrol. There is nothing in the volume calling for special comment; it reads as if it were a collection of letters home, so unambitious is the book in design, and so not exactly trivial, but unimportant in execution. The author never goes very far into any subject that he chooses for discussion; he always contents himself with the brief record of his impressions. Some of these are of a sort that cannot command universal agreement, as when, for example, in one of his numerous digressions he speaks of seeing at the Paris Exposition of 1867 a building containing "a miniature Jewish tabernacle, and plans of the architecture of all the Bible lands. This was one of the best-prepared and most valuable objects to be seen at the Exposition. . . . The Evangelical Hall was to me, however, by far the most interesting object of the entire Exposition."

The book reminds us very strongly of the addresses made to awe-stricken Sunday-school scholars by elders just back from Europe. There is the same wonder at things different from what is to be seen in this country, and the same expression of the traveler's simple tastes.

Other Publications.

Harper and Brothers, New York: David, King of Israel: His Life and its Lessons. By the Rev. William M. Taylor, D. D., Minister of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York city. — The Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius. The First Book and Selections. Edited for Schools and Colleges. By F. A. March, LL. D. With an Introduction by A. Ballard, D. D., Professor of Christian Greek and Latin in Lafayette College; and Explanatory Notes by W. B. Owen, A. M., Adjunct Professor of Christian Greek. — The Treasure Hunters; or, The Search for the Mountain Mine. A Novel. By George Manville Fenn, Author of Ship Ahoy, etc. — Jack's Sister; or, True to her Trust. A Novel. — The King of No-Land.

By B. L. Farjeon. Illustrated. — Wild Animals. The Life and Habits of Wild Animals. Illustrated from Designs by Joseph Wolf. Engraved by J. W. and Edward Whymper. With Descriptive Letter-press, by Daniel Giraud Elliot, F. L. S., F. Z. S. — Nursery Noonings. By Gail Hamilton. — The Little Lame Prince. By the Author of John Halifax, Gentleman. Illustrated. — Politics for Young Americans. By Charles Nordhoff. — Aileen Ferrers. A Novel. By Susan Morley. — The Love that Lived. A Novel. By Mrs. Eiloart. — In Honor Bound. A Novel. By Charles Gibbon. — Jessie Trim. A Novel. By B. L. Farjeon. — A Hero and a Martyr. A True Narrative. By Charles Reade.

James R. Osgood & Co., Boston: Ten Days in Spain. By Kate Field. Illustrated. — The Circassian Boys. Translated through the German, from the Russian of Michael Lermontoff. By S. S. Conant. — Broken Chains. Translated by Frances A. Shaw. From the German of E. Werner, Author of Good Luck, etc.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: Geometry and Faith. A Fragmentary Supplement to the Ninth Bridgewater Treatise. By Thomas Hill. Revised and Enlarged Edition. — Winter Homes for Invalids. An Account of the Various Localities in Europe and America suitable for Consumptives and Other Invalids during the Winter Months, with Special Reference to the Climatic Variations at each Place and their Influence on Disease. By Joseph W Howe, M. D.

Dodd and Mead, New York: Grace for Grace. Letters of Rev. William James. — The Life and Adventures of Rear Admiral John Paul Jones. By John S. C. Abbott. Illustrated.

Albert Mason, New York: Critical and Historical Essays. Contributed to the Edinburgh Review. By Lord Macaulay. Authorized Edition.

W. J. Widdleton, New York: Poems by Edgar Allan Poe. Complete. With an Original Memoir, by R. H. Stoddard, and Illustrations.

Roberts Brothers, Boston: Dress-Reform: A Series of Lectures, delivered in Boston, on Dress as it affects the Health of Woman. Edited by Abba Goold Woolson. With Illustrations. — F. Grant & Co.: or, Partnerships. A Story for the Boys who "Mean Business." By George L. Chaney. — Stories for Children. By Eleven Sophomores. — Speaking Likenesses. By Christina Rossetti. With Pictures thereof by Arthur Hughes. — The Fletcher Prize Essay: The Christian in the World. By Rev. D. W. Faunce. — The Poetical Works of William Blake. Lyrical and Miscellaneous. Edited with a Prefatory Memoir by William Michael Rossetti.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: Far from the Madding Crowd. Leisure Hour Series. By Thomas Hardy.

Little, Brown, & Co., Boston: Memoir of the Life of Josiah Quincy, Junior, of Massachusetts; 1744–1775. By his son, Josiah Quincy. Second Edition. — Speeches of Josiah Quincy. Speeches delivered in the Congress of the United States. By Josiah Quincy, Member of the House of Representatives for the Suffolk District of Massachusetts, 1805–1813. Edited by his son, Edmund Quincy.

By Authority: John Ferres, Government Printer, Melbourne: Geological Survey of Victoria. Prodromus of the Palæontology of Victoria; or, Figures and Descriptions of Victorian Organic Remains. Decade I. By Frederick McCoy, F. G. S., Hon. F. C. P. S., etc., etc., etc.

Macmillan & Co., London and New York: Polarization of Light. (Nature Series.) By William Spottiswoode, M. A., LL. D., F. R. S., etc.

Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, New York: The Four Gospels. With One Hundred and Thirty-two Etchings on Steel. By the most Eminent French Engravers, after the Original Designs of M. Bida. Part I.

E. L. Freeman & Co., New York: Treasure Trove.

Lockwood & Co., London: A Synoptical History of England. With the Contemporaneous Sovereigns and Events of General History, from the Earliest Records to the Present Time. By Llewelyn C. Burt, Barrister-at-Law. Second Edition.

French and German.[1]

Goethe, in complaining of the inferiority of German fiction, a subject to which he was often recurring, said once of Sir Walter Scott that his charm was due to the superiority of the three kingdoms of Great

[1] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

Die letzte Reckenbürgerin. Roman. Von Louise von François. Berlin: 1873.

Britain, and the inexhaustible variety of their history; whereas, in Germany there was no fertile field for the romancer between the Thuringian Forest and the sand plains of Mecklenburg, so that he himself in his Wilhelm Meister was obliged to make use of the most worthless material imaginable, — such as strolling actors and wretched country nobility, — simply to breathe life into his pictures. This seems a singular remark when we consider that part of Scott's great merit consisted in the excellent way he drew just such wretched country-people, and that Goethe lived in the Germany not unknown to history. But to this explanation he frequently returns. That good novels are rare in Germany, however, would seem to be much more due to the lack of good novelists than to that of either society or history. In fact, no country is less well provided with both of these than our own; but yet if their absence forbade positively all fiction, our literature would be noticeably poorer than it is even at present. Society in Germany is a much more complex matter than it is with us. The presence of a nobility not without scorn for the plebeians, of pushing plebeians, of struggling tradespeople, gives at once a set of characters which those who write American novels in vain try to imitate by introducing accomplished graduates of West Point or of the Naval Academy, — unfailingly noble specimens of valor, — or students of Harvard College, for instance, brilliant with easily-borne erudition. For European castles our novelists substitute farms cleared by the heroine's grandfather, or manor-houses on the banks of the romantic Hudson. At other times we have the hoary antiquity of Chicago and Boston before their fires. A purely society-novel is almost impossible in America, so shifting and uncertain are the social lines; we are always as much in doubt of the standing of the people as we are of our fellow-passengers in the railway car. Yet we have American novels that are read, and Germany, with all its advantages, has very few. The real reason of its inferiority, however, has not yet been found, unless it be what is suggested above.

A novel that has recently appeared, Die letzte Reckenbürgerin, deserves warmer praise. It is not the familiar *Tendenz Roman*, which discusses fanciful characters in impossible situations; it is, rather, a study of very vividly drawn characters in very possible and well described circumstances.

In construction the book is somewhat faulty. We have first several pages of narration, and then for the explanation of the puzzle to which the reader is brought, it is necessary to go back and read the history of the same time, which throws light on the obscurity. This is, however, a fault which can be readily pardoned. The author's style is not brilliant, but it is strong and impressive.

The autobiography of the last Baroness of Reckenburg, which forms the greater part of the book, carries us back to the end of the last century, to the time of the French Revolution, when Freiherr and Freifrau von Reckenburg were living on a paltry income in a little Saxon town, rigidly keeping up their meagre state. Their daughter, Eberhardine, is a plain, sensible girl, of a strong character and almost entirely without charm or attraction. She is the exact opposite of Dorothée Müller, a very impulsive, clinging, affectionate creature, who is warmly devoted to Hardine, and very much under her influence. When the two girls are hardly fifteen, Dorothée becomes engaged to Faber, a young surgeon, for whom she feels very little affection, and who is about to leave her to join the army for many years. Hardine goes away to spend the winter with her aunt, the Countess of Reckenburg, a miserly old lady, who had been the wife, by a left-handed marriage, of a prince who had squandered her fortune and deserted her finally. This grim countess is admirably described; she lives at Reckenburg, hoarding her money for the son of this prince by another marriage, whom she intends in her innermost heart for Hardine's husband. Meanwhile, however, Hardine has to show her fitness for this promotion by very zealous attendance upon her aunt.

This son of the prince finally makes his appearance at Hardine's home. He is a young, reckless scapegrace, exceedingly indifferent to the fulsome attentions of his flatterers, not over attached to Hardine, but, on the other hand, very much attracted by Dorothée. Then the tragedy begins. He wins her love, but he is called away to join the army and leaves her to become the mother of his child without being his wife. He is killed in battle. Just before he leaves home, Hardine meets him, and she is persuaded to promise him that she will provide for Dorothée. This promise she keeps faithfully. The child's mother is a foolish, irresponsible creature, incapable of any feeling except timidity, and very ready to

neglect all motherly duties. Hardine, however, provides for the child until it is lost sight of for many years. When a man, and one who has suffered a great deal in life, he makes his appearance at Hardine's castle just as she is celebrating her betrothal, at the age of fifty, to a neighboring friend, and calls her mother. The scandal of this affair she never tries to dispel by proof. She is too proud for that; she watches by the deathbed of Dorothée's son, makes his daughter her heir, and, before she dies, sees her happily married. In that way the last Reckenbürgerin dies after a life of rigid obedience to duty and stern self-sacrifice. However distasteful some of the incidents may appear, the reader can feel easy; the dignity of the author keeps her from treating them in an offensive way.

The merit of the writer lies in her keenness of observation and admirable power of describing. She is not a humorist; there is too much tragedy in the book, and too moral a tone in the way the facts are set before us, to admit of such alleviation; the tone of the whole story is very serious. It contains some very striking passages, however. The whole life of the little Saxon village is well told: there is the same observation of detail which makes half the force of a humorous writer, but it is part of the grimness and conscientiousness of the writer of the imaginary autobiography that she looks on everything not as a means of amusement, but with regard to its moral value. There are, too, several very dramatic scenes in the book. The reappearance of the mysterious soldier at the castle of Reckenburg; the listlessness of the young prince at the ball in his honor at Hardine's home; and his sudden interest in Dorothée, are all well told. Indeed, the seeming paradox is true that the unrelieved merit of the story makes it a rather severe strain upon the reader. The writer is so full of her subject that she crowds incident after incident on the reader's attention, without regard to his being accustomed only to the feebler dilution of most novels, and it is not without a certain feeling of duty that one reads this severe, unflinching record of suffering lives. It is as free from morbidness, however, as from sentimentality, but one cannot help wishing that it might have had some relief from the prevailing sombreness. The way to read the book is to take it a few pages at a time. This will give one opportunity to reflect upon the rich material it offers for thought, and to admire the strenuous purpose of the author.

Die letzte Reckenbürgerin differs from almost any German novel we know. It has moral value, and it describes real people; and this is a combination not always to be found in the fiction of any country. We call the attention of our readers to it, not so much for their idle entertainment as for their study and admiration.

ART.

To the Editor of The Atlantic Monthly:

As your critic, in his remarks upon my letter which was published in your October number, seems to have misapprehended my statements, and to have made some of his own that tend to place the affairs of the Academy before the public in a wrong light, I hope you will give space for such corrections as I will endeavor to make.

If your critic will again refer to my first communication, he will find that the statement I made as to the Academy's financial affairs simply went to show that it is not "on the very verge of bankruptcy," rather than that it was "rich and prosperous."

The property of the Academy — with the exception of $50,000 bequeathed it by the late James A. Suydam, N. A. — is in real estate and pictures, which yield no income. Since the revival of the schools, the expenses of the Academy have been, with the utmost economy, in excess of its income arising from the Suydam fund and the profits on the exhibitions.

Such financial embarrassments as the Academy has had, have been brought about simply because of the establishment and maintenance of its free schools; and if it can be shown that these schools have been efficiently conducted, I think your critic will admit that in this regard, at least, the Academy has done its duty and given to the public even more than its means would warrant.

The members of the Academy, I think I

may safely say, are not inclined to arrogate to themselves on this account. They merely wish to do their utmost for the advancement of art, and confidently expect that, as the public is as greatly interested in the matter as they are, their efforts will find an appreciation and support commensurate with the wisdom of their direction and the beneficence of their results.

As to the efficiency of the Academy school, without any desire whatever to detract from the older ones of Europe, after a recent visit to the most famous of them I am fortified in the opinion that in so far as ours goes, it has been as fruitful in good results as any. I saw nowhere better drawings from the antique, and I will be seconded in this opinion, I think, by Mr. Perkins and Mr. Ware of your own city, as well as by Herr Rosencranz, one of the most eminent artists of the Munich school, a pupil of Piloty's, who visited the exhibition of our school a year ago and spoke to Professor Wilmarth of his surprise at the excellence of the work shown. To his brother artists in Munich he has made our schools the subject of frequent conversation, and has repeatedly told them that there was no such thorough work done in their own school, and that he looks upon the results of our efforts here as the obvious beginning of a great American school of art.

Having done so much with the inadequate means at our disposal, I think your critic, as well as the public, will see that if the necessary funds are given us to develop our life and painting classes, we may at a not very distant time bring the school in all respects to the rank of the École des Beaux Arts, of Paris, or the Munich Academy, which, with all due deference to your critic's seeming opinion to the contrary, are the only ones worthy of emulation.

I beg to remind your critic, that during the last four years the Academy has had courses of free lectures by William Page, N. A., James R. Brevoort, N. A., and Dr. Rimmer, as well as by Professor Waterhouse Hawkins; also lectures by Prof. Ogden R. Rood, Messrs. William J. Hoppin, Parke Godwin, Russell Sturgis, Jr., and C. P. Cranch, N. A. As to the value of the lectures of these gentlemen, I will not presume to decide.

I beg also to state that the Academy *does* publicly bestow both medals and prizes every year, consisting of two silver and two bronze medals, and two money prizes of fifty dollars each.

While the exhibition of last spring was *not* "an exceptional pecuniary success" to the Academy (the receipts for admission being $5840, against an average of $8411.87 from six previous exhibitions, since the occupancy of the present building) I think its general excellence will have been the means of exciting an amount of public interest that will increase the receipts of future exhibitions, and artists will have encouragement in their determination to send their best works, in the now demonstrated fact that pictures can be sold from the exhibitions.

If to be fashionable is to be successful in New York, I am still not alone in the belief that there are other ways to a much nobler success than will be got by pandering to fashion; and I think it is the duty of the artist and the critic alike to try to make a more healthful avenue to the public than can be found through the manipulations of fashionable society. However it may seem on the surface, it is, I sincerely believe, the desire of the body of the Academy's members to make of it an institution that will nurture and direct what germs of a nobler art we have amongst us; and if we are helped in this matter by the public and the press, your critic will not much longer have reason to complain of the "low-water" state of culture in America.

An Academician.

New York, *November* 15, 1874.

We have so little willingness to put even a pebble-stone in the path of those who are devoting their time and skill to the establishment of free drawing-schools in connection with the National Academy of Design, that we cheerfully leave the field in the possession of its defender, "An Academician." We wish, to be sure, he had not claimed so much — more for the reason that it is always better for us to think we are climbing the hill of attainment, than that we have reached the top, and better for us to be dissatisfied with our work than to be satisfied with it. But after all, when the balance is struck, there does not seem to be much difference between us and our Academician on the matter of the financial condition of the Academy, and it certainly is sincerely to be wished that since the heads of the institution are doing their utmost to make the schools efficient, there might be some means found of filling the treasury, and so enabling them to do much more. A word, in pass-

ing, as to the lectures. We think a great deal might be done by lectures, but it is unfortunately true that there are very few persons in our community who are able to lecture to any profit on the subject of art. Several able gentlemen — men of mark in their profession — have lectured before the Academy, but, so far as art is concerned, their lectures have left the public pretty much where it found them. In our opinion, what is wanted at present is courses of familiar lectures by professors, on Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, with abundant illustrations, and with a direct aim at instruction, the imparting of information, and with criticism of a sensible, objective kind, making no attempt at eloquence or originality. The illustrations are of great importance, and it is also important to have a lecture-hall properly arranged, both as to the lecturer's needs and as to the needs of the audience. The Academy is absolutely unfurnished in this respect. The public very much needs, and, what is more to the purpose, very much desires to have more information about these matters than it has now any means of getting. It would flock to such lectures as we have spoken of above, and would sustain them liberally, but it has never had them in this country, either in New York or anywhere else. Perhaps, however, we do not do well to say much about the need of lectures, considering how great is the need of the schools, and how little is done for them. They need much larger accommodation, more and better models, and more teachers; and they need, more than all, what money will not give, the cordial moral support of the community. The community at large knows little about them, and cares less. And if we were not afraid of getting another letter from An Academician, we would say that, so far as the women's school is concerned, it has much to suffer from the objection of the artists themselves, particularly from those who are scientifically classed as "the old artists;" not the old masters, but the old "artists." These gentlemen have carried prudery and what are called "American" ideas to such a point that a lively fight is all the time waging on the subject of nude models, and the female students are subjected by these inquisitors to the most irksome rules and the silliest interferences, under the plea of serving propriety. These artists represent the great bulk of the well-to-do people of New York, and their teasing, half-hostile attitude toward the school is merely the attitude of the general public in a concrete form; and the fact explains partly why the school has to struggle so for a bare existence. There are, besides, the difficulties that the school has too few teachers, and that its works appeal to judges not well enough informed to make their judgment feared or respected. Still, these things will help themselves. Mr. Wilmarth, the head of the school, is an excellent teacher, one who ardently loves his profession and is well fitted for it, and he is training pupils who will help him efficiently as his field of labor grows larger. For the first time, too, since it was established, the drawing-school of the Cooper Institute is becoming, under the direction of Mrs. Carter, a valuable ally of the National Academy, and if the Academy could only find a Cooper, an Anderson, or a Lick, who would give it a generous helping hand, we believe that its drawing-schools would soon become of solid importance, and that art would begin to have a meaning for our community that thus far it has not had.

— A correspondent writes us from New York: —

"In one of the galleries of that stately old house where the Metropolitan Art Museum is now installed, there has just been placed the Semiramis of Story. She lies half reclined upon a cushioned seat, the left shoulder being thrown back a little, while the right leg crosses the left at the knee, and her right arm is flung, long and careless, across her lap. The face is unique, but hardly beautiful. The mold of the forehead is square and strong; the eyebrows are almost straight, and the eyes exceptionally large. These are contrasted with a straight, sufficiently sensitive nose, and a small mouth, and small, soft chin. Strongly marked lines between the eyes contribute to the brooding and puzzled, expectant expression of the face. There is as much that is American in her face, as Eastern. However, it is not necessary that one should look at her only as Semiramis. I could find only one point from which this figure was at all effective; in all other views it was — to my eyes, at least — bald and unattractive. Nor could I enjoy the draperies, which were arid and angular. We have a woman here magnificently made, in many respects; but, so far as I can discover, there is nothing sympathetic about her. Ought not a statue to possess some especially penetrating and volatile quality, being in itself

so solid an object, so bold an advance upon the senses, a material mass so hard to get rid of if it is not beautiful and does not hold itself ready, as it were, to dissolve in delicious emotions? But you must take my opinion only on trial, with liberty to exchange for another from higher authorities. Meanwhile, I shall soothe myself with the contemplation of Margaret. I was about to say *a* Margaret, but cannot recall any other upon canvas who is so entirely Margaret as this of Cabanel's. Kaulbach's Gretchen, to be sure, is a lovely creature, but she has been to the life-school and admires the academic style. If Cabanel's has been there, she has forgotten it. As we see her now, at Schaus's, she is standing alone by a casement, half opened and showing her long arm, that holds it, through small, greenish panes. She wears her dove-colored dress; the low opening over her breast is bordered by a muslin modesty-piece; and the cuffs turn back in a band of pure orange-color. The sleeve is blue, and all over it is worked the glimmering shapes of marguerites — what we call daisies. She makes no appeal, is not conscious of the poetry of her woe; she *is* poetry. She leans her head dreamily against the sash that she has opened, and we read all the story in her eyes, and guess it in those pathetic draperies of her body, that she instinctively holds so close. As for the *technique*, if we must descend to that, much could be said in praise of the relations of color and the sparing use of the pigment. Cabanel is one who 'feels his material,' not by getting it so thick that he could n't do otherwise than feel it, but by valuing highly every particle of paint, and economizing it."

EDUCATION.

Continuing our review of the School Reports of the country, we come to those of the Middle States, among which we shall include also that of their nearest Western neighbor, since in the three great commonwealths of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio lies the centre of gravity of our Union. As they sway or rest, so sways or rests the national policy, and how they are educating their youth is therefore of truly national importance. We have no report from the State of Delaware, and of the city reports we have only those of New York and Brooklyn, the latter of which we have already noticed. As it is the custom with the school boards of the larger cities and towns to make separate reports to their own citizens, and as there seem to be no abstracts of these throughout the State reports under consideration, our remarks must not be taken as applying to such important centres as Cincinnati, Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, Albany, Troy, Pittsburg, and the like, for the data in regard to the method and extent of their public instructions are not before us.

The expenditure of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Ohio for free education during the year 1872–73 was over $29,000,000; but as the number of school-children enrolled was over twenty-seven hundred thousand, this apparently immense allowance gives after all but about $10.50 a year to every child.[1] This covers the cost of buildings, repairs, fuel, and apparatus, so that in fact only about $5.00 a year is spent in tuition for each pupil enrolled in the public schools of all grades in those enormously rich communities. To this it may be objected that as the average attendance is far below the enrollment, there is really spent much more than $10.00 a year on every child. But this is merely to say that if a coarse and ill-cooked meal be prepared for a hundred children, and only fifty or sixty partake of it, then these have really been as well fed as though one half the cost of the meal had gone to making it better in quality. At present prices it is doubtful whether satisfactory educational results can be obtained for anything less than an expenditure of $25.00 a year for each child enrolled.

With two or three millions of children under their charge, and with ten times these millions in money to render an account of, we cannot be surprised at a certain staid and sober and almost depressed tone observable in the authors of the re-

[1] In New England, exclusive of Massachusetts, the average to every enrolled child is about $11.

ports we are now considering, and which is in marked contrast to the cheerful confidence which pervades those from New England. The only exception is in the report from the superintendent of Pennsylvania, which, amid the tame monotony of these weary pages, comes in like a fresh breeze, bold, earnest, bracing, and strong. He wants to rouse up the Pennsylvanians, and truly there seems to be need of it. More than one third of their school buildings are without proper out-houses, and many hundreds have none at all! Over one sixth are reported as having only furniture "injurious to health," nearly one half are "without apparatus worth mentioning," and only one tenth have grounds "neatly fenced and freed from rubbish." "Of the 15,003 teachers receiving certificates to teach during the year, only 374 were found to have a thorough knowledge of reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and grammar, and that practical preparation for the profession which insures success. If to this number there be added all who hold professional and normal school diplomas, it will be found that out of 19,057 teachers we have only about 2500 fully qualified for their work." In Pennsylvania there are seventy-five thousand children growing up in ignorance, and the superintendent thinks that a compulsory law could not be passed and would not be obeyed. Yet he recommends as feasible a law of which the essence seems to us as compulsory as any. The law prohibiting the employment of children under thirteen "is a dead letter," and the manufacturers declare that if they are forced to employ adults to do the work now performed by children, their factories must close. Only five per cent. of the youth of Pennsylvania study anything beyond the elements, and "out of a population of four millions there are only twenty-five hundred in college." The nerves of the Pennsylvania women ought to be in sound condition and their health vigorous, for there is no State high school system to stimulate and exhaust them, and only fourteen hundred and fifty girls, in over half a million enrolled, are in female colleges or collegiate academies.

Mr. Wickersham praises highly the organization and efficiency of the schools in Pittsburg, but he finds that those of Philadelphia lack adequate supervision. More high schools are also needed in that city, which now has only one for boys, and for girls nothing but a girls' high and normal school, — a wretched combination which Boston has lately had the good sense to abandon, and in its place to establish for girls a high school and a normal school both. Mr. Wickersham seems to favor coeducation, and from the fact that various separate high schools for the sexes are being consolidated into mixed schools, it is evidently growing in popularity throughout the State. In some school districts of Pennsylvania, women are paid as much as men for doing the same educational work, and since this report was published they have been made eligible by law to every educational office in the State, even including that of State Superintendent. This is the more remarkable in that the preference for men over women teachers has until recently been so decided that even yet the number of teachers of both sexes is nearly equal. Huntingdon County reports that "the prejudice against women teachers still exists, but is vanishing;" which is not surprising when we find those of the other sex reproved for "spending their vacations in lounging about the country stores." One young pedagogue is recorded who "could not remember that he had ever read a book." Mr. Wickersham advocates industrial education more fully and courageously than perhaps any other superintendent. He thinks that not only should industrial drawing be taught in all the public schools, but that separate schools for artisans, and also departments for technical instruction in connection with high schools, should be established in all the larger towns of the State. In view of the fact that of criminals only twenty per cent. are illiterate, while "over eighty per cent. have never learned any trade or mastered any skilled labor," this is the most important recommendation for the diminution of crime that we have yet seen.

The superintendent of New York begins by saying that "the large sum of money raised and spent in our schools (over $10,000,000) should not too hastily be taken as the measure of efficiency." Over 324,000 youth of the State are not attending any school, and though the school enrollment is seventy-nine per cent. of the whole population of school age, the average daily attendance is only thirty-three per cent. There are over 28,000 teachers in the State, of whom three fourths are women. Sixteen seventeenths of them are licensed by local officers, the remainder by normal schools and the State superintendent, and one third of them

are new every year. The cost of the teachers' institutes averaged $1.81 for each teacher attending them, a sum so small that the amount of knowledge gained as its equivalent must be microscopic indeed. In the normal schools 6377 teachers were trained during more or less of the school year, at an expense of about $195,000 — the cost of instructing 1040 students at Harvard College for the same time being about $425,000. The appropriation for these normal schools was opposed in 1872 by those who were interested in sustaining the private academies which undertake to have "teachers' classes." To the just disapprobation of the superintendent, $125,000 was voted to these latter, although they charge tuition fees, and although they do their work so wretchedly that the commissioner for Saratoga County says, "I do not say that all these academies are bad. Simply I do not know one that is good. They fill the teachers' ranks with those who are incompetent, and whose displays of ignorance, even upon the most elementary subjects, are astounding." The State thus "virtually supports two systems: the common schools, which are open to all, and the academies, which are private and sectarian, and kept for private profit." But as long as New York does not sustain a high school system, it seems to us that it will have to continue this anomaly to save its own self-respect. The State superintendent does not approve of taxing the people of a State for anything except the elements of education. In New York, any district which wishes a high school has to bear the whole additional expense itself. Consequently only eighty-one out of twelve thousand districts have organized high or academic schools, and the population is therefore left to the make-shifts of private institutions. It is true that only about one in ten of the lower grade pupils ever takes a high school course, but it is just that tenth one who carries forward the civilization of his community. High schools, moreover, are the only nurseries for teachers that can ever approximate to supplying the demand, and this for the reason that young people can attend them while boarding at home, which for many in the normal schools cannot be the case. With eight State normal schools to twelve thousand districts, it is no wonder that, as the board of the normal school at Buffalo puts it, "the hope of sending a trained teacher into every district, of even a single county, seems desperate." Young people, it says, would be "frightened at the suggestion of spending two years' time in preparation for such schools as they propose to teach." But we are persuaded that it is not so much the "two years" as the $200 a year for board and washing that frightens them — $200 a year for the struggling classes whence these teachers come being equivalent to $2000 a year to the classes above them. The New York superintendent alludes, as do all others, to the "vital importance of thorough supervision to the success of any system of public instruction," but he is satisfied with the arrangement which gives him one hundred and four commissioners chosen by popular election. He has found the large majority of them "able and faithful men," but they "should be required to give their undivided attention to the duties of their office." The commissioner for Saratoga County differs from him. "Remove commissioners," he says, "from political influence. Place them where they cannot run their office with a view to future election, and better examinations and supervision will at once follow."

The superintendent of the State of Ohio finds that "the educational effort of the State during the year has been attended with gratifying results." The total of expenditure was over $7,400,000, and yet there was a balance on hand of $2,712,707, which, it will occur to the reader, might better have been spent than hoarded. There are no State normal schools in Ohio, only private institutions where those intending to teach are supposed to be able to receive training for it. The result is probably not more satisfactory than in the State of New York. There is no high school system proper in Ohio. The schools are divided into primary and high, but the latter are probably only the New England grammar schools with some advanced classes added. A very interesting and valuable table is given among the Ohio statistics of the number of pupils engaged in each study. It is the only instance of the kind we have met with, and should, we think, be imitated by all the other States; for better than anything else, this would afford an accurate idea of the education which is being given to the youth of the country. We wish we could enlarge upon it, but our space will not permit. Suffice it to say that out of 505,709 children who study reading, 432,423 study arithmetic, 200,260 study geography, 148,542 study English grammar, 123,812 study singing, 64,415 study drawing, 45,984 study

map-drawing (!) while but 16,704 study United States history, and only 449 general history! Truly, a cheering prospect for the political intelligence and patriotism of a universal suffrage country! The classics and the natural sciences are almost equally nowhere. In short, the only hopeful sign on the list we find to be that 18,085 study German, and but 223 French. The State superintendent has a thoughtful essay upon what is the education the State should permit in order most to benefit society and the individual. Unfortunately, he ends his answer by saying that his "proposed curriculum of studies will not and cannot be pursued by most of those who attend our public schools, but it formulates the minimum of acquirement which every conscientious teacher should seek to obtain;" and so the question of what the *masses* should learn is left as much in the dark as ever. It may be remarked, however, that not even for the teacher does this superintendent propose any knowledge of history other than that of the United States. In Ohio, expulsion can only take effect during one term, and no text-book is changed for three years after adoption. The number of pupils in private schools in Ohio decreased in 1872–73 over three eighths, and this, in our opinion, is as it should be. With the mighty resources of a whole State behind them, the public schools should be so superior that private schools could not compete with them. On the other hand, unless the public school system is enlightened and flexible enough to adapt itself to individual gifts and tendencies, it must become a fearful Procrustean bed for the youthful intellect, and national mediocrity must be its inevitable result. Co-education is growing in popularity in Ohio as in Pennsylvania, and with the approval of its superintendent. Like Mr. Wickersham, also, he earnestly desires that the line might be drawn between real colleges and colleges that are such only in name, and that the former might be brought to some common or approximate graduating standard. The experiment in Cleveland and Dayton of appointing women as special superintendents of primary instruction, and as principals in other public schools, gives the highest satisfaction, the movement having "proved even more prolific of good than was anticipated." In Ohio there are nearly forty thousand school officers, which, as in Vermont, sufficiently accounts for the crude state of its public school system.

The superintendent of New Jersey gives the best arrangement of a statistical summary that we have seen. It should be taken as a model, and if could be added to it the number of teachers who were teaching each branch, and, as in Ohio, the number of scholars who were studying them, together with the number of school-grounds improved, and of school-rooms furnished with apparatus and decorated, it would be perfect. Three fourths of the school moneys are raised by a tax of two mills, and "this does not meet with one tithe of the opposition that the old plan of township taxation always encountered." A capital essay on school-houses appears in this report, and the superintendent desires a law which shall enable school officers to seize land suitable for school-houses when owners without adequate reason refuse to sell. In general, the status of the New Jersey schools appears to correspond to that of the schools of her great neighbors, New York and Pennsylvania. We confess to an astonishment that for the first or highest grade of teacher's certificates, *no* knowledge of general history is required, and that candidates of sixteen years old are permitted to apply for certificates of the third grade.

When we turn to the reports of the local officers of the Middle States upon their public schools, we do not find that insight into their defects which the longer and greater prevalence of academic education in southern New England has conferred upon the school committees and superintendents of that section. "The schools are improving," or "Our schools are flourishing," or "Upon the whole, —— County will probably rank as well as any of her sister counties in education," are the frequent verdicts. And as the commendation is very similar, so may the complaints of one be said to be the complaints of all: 1st. The teachers are poorly qualified. 2d. They are changed too often. 3d. The attendance of pupils is irregular. 4th. Text-books are not uniform. 5th. Parents are neglectful. 6th. State taxes should be apportioned according to the percentage of attendance, and not in proportion to the number of taxables.

Graded schools and a compulsory attendance law are almost universally advocated, and uniformity of text-books is much dwelt upon; but, as New England has found out, the shortest way to arrive at this latter is for each town to confer the use of text-books free. Then each locality will possess its

own, and teachers will not be, as now, tormented with the heterogeneous text-books brought by the poorer children, while the volumes themselves can be preserved, it is found, from the pollutions now too often scribbled over them by thoughtless or vicious owners.

In Pennsylvania, the school authorities are yet so busy with the great want of decent school-houses, that nothing else much shares their attention. Occasionally, however, we have a sharp comment. "The salaries of the teachers, like all salaries pertaining to the system, barely sustain life." "It is a very simple sum in proportion. Double the salaries and you double the efficiency of the teachers." "One hindrance to the cause of common education is the lack of freedom to teachers in the control of their schools." "Arithmetic takes up more time than all other studies put together." "Upon testing our educational customs it becomes apparent that a very large number of children receive precisely the kind of training which has been bestowed upon a learned pig." "It is unpleasant to have a cord of wood or a ton of coal in the school-house, yet some teachers prefer it to digging these articles from the snow." "There is no class of persons so badly paid as teachers."

From Ohio we hear that "local examinations work badly, and certificates are often given to worthless and sometimes to immoral teachers." "Teachers have no general information." Teachers are poor; they are young and inexperienced, and their pay is too small for us to hope for better."

The New York county reports abound in appeals to parents to visit the schools. Corporal punishment appears to be growing in unpopularity throughout the State, notwithstanding the doubtful benefit of its abolition in New York city. "The wages of rural schools are so low that normal school graduates will not teach in them." "At $5.00 a week it is in vain to lecture to young teachers on the vast responsibility of their calling." "At $5.50 wages a week, of which $2.50 or $3.00 must go for board, what, in the name of common-sense, is left which should induce a competent teacher to work for such pay?" "Young persons are allowed to teach at too early an age." The commissioner of Saratoga County is very explicit on this point. "A limit," he says, "ought to be placed by law to the age of teachers. No person is fit to teach a district school under twenty, and very few over fifty. I can safely say I have never known a teacher do well under age." This gentleman paints the educational picture in gloomy colors. "I find myself compelled with pain and humiliation to admit that the schools under my jurisdiction are in a deplorable condition. Extensive travel in nearly every part of the State during my term of office, intimate acquaintance with other commissioners and with large numbers of professional educators, with persistent inquiry in all available directions and upon all opportunities, force upon me the conviction that as a rule the schools throughout the State are in an equally bad condition. . . . The great reason why our schools are so poor is that the teachers are poor; and they are so from two main causes: 1st. They are not professionally educated. 2d. They are not thoroughly examined and supervised by the commissioners. Our teachers are taught wrong. They have a smattering of too many things, and a profound knowledge of too few things. A mastery of the elementary branches taught in common schools they never have."

In New Jersey, only sixty per cent. of the children could find seats in the school buildings provided they all wanted to go, and the town which has the largest average attendance is the one which has also the largest proportional accommodation. In that State it is "a matter of frequent comment, that while there are as many or even more families than in former years, there are fewer children." "Our schools as at present conducted are not suitable places for children under seven or eight years of age." "It is a hardship to make little children go to school a mile or two in winter. The schools are then crowded with the older ones, and they get no benefit. The winter schooling should be for the older children, and the summer for the younger, since in summer a large proportion of the former are kept at home by the avocations of the farm." "How is it that clergymen so seldom visit the schools? In five years I have had only two visits from clergymen in my school, unless by invitation. Religion and education must go together." Doctors and clergymen being the natural guardians of the public health and morals, our own view is, that if the settled pastors and the practicing physicians of good standing in each community, together with its ablest teachers of both sexes, could sit on the school boards *ex officio*, we should then, in the simplest possible way, enlist for the

continual perfecting of our public school system the best effort of our most responsible citizens.

To sum up: the study of German is far more prevalent throughout the Middle States than in New England. Music and drawing, though not obligatory, are taught, or at least practiced, in many schools. Mental arithmetic and English grammar still hold their pernicious places, though the drill in them is not perhaps so *malignant* as with us, and the absurdities of "local" history and geography are being given over. (Fancy being set to study the History of Vermont or the History of Maine, while wholly ignorant of the history of the human race!)

In short, the Middle States, if they have more to learn with regard to public school education than New England, have probably also less to unlearn, for the childish mind is better off, *i. e.*, in a healthier state, with no analysis of rules at all, than with the analysis run mad which has so much inspired what may not disrespectfully be termed the Yankee pedagogy.

— A French-German Dictionary is not a book that will be of very great service to a large number of the readers of this magazine, but any who have occasion to use one will be glad to have their attention turned to Dr. Charles Sachs's Dictionnaire Français et Allemand. In many ways this dictionary is a very remarkable work. It is very complete; under almost every word we find proof that the author has pursued his own investigations, instead of copying blindly from other dictionary-makers; and the system of arranging his material is most ingenious. In the first place, indication of the way in which the word is used is given by a very simple method: a small comet expresses that the word is rare; an open book, that it is a scientific word; a gallows shows that the word is slang; a cross, that it is antiquated; an asterisk, that it is new; three crosses, that it is incorrect; crossed swords, that it is used only in military words, etc. The etymology of every word is given, and then come the German equivalents in the usual way, only in rather better order. The volume after all consists of less than sixteen hundred pages. It will be good news to many that the same publishers are intending to get out a similar German and English dictionary. It was the author's intention to include every French word; below, we give a list of the words and phrases for which he can find no meaning.

A jambes rebindaines, avoir le calus de scrobage aux genoux, rostage, satanite, sexterée, tasque, tanflute, tasserolles de viu muscat, tamne, varangue, le dernier des trestaillons, jouer à la fayousse, fée Farfouille, lardeyre, jeu de Cachardy, coconnas, couleur d'Antheaume, Aymerillot, Bestay, Jean d'Arcet, Besquas, ces saillies originales de flahut en gaieté, Cunier, Emma Lyonna, poudre de Godernau, la Michodière, freguillerie (Lanterne 27), achour, achrone, aéroplane, *s. m.*, aldéhise, alifane, sous-sol en alios, ancon, bonase, cachia, cafétaux, filles calaganes (Pascal, Lettre II.), filles asacrementaires (*ibid.*), papier ténéotique (Littré), renouée de Siébold, droit de setterage, danses des piquantes et des timtirimbas du Pérou, rivet de l'eau, harengs égavés, h. pleins, virgule à la Mazarin, carcaveau, carmentran, jambon au cincarat, tarole, tarbouche, danseuse brillant plus par le taqueté que par le parcours et le ballon, les tartailles (V. Hugo, L'Homme qui rit, 2, 84), ce que les Capitulaires de Charlemagne appellent des tempestaires (Souvestre, Paysans, 17), il disait avec le professeur sébusien, que les bonnes choses sont pour les bonnes gens (Phys. du Goût, Méditation 29), Schubry (héro d'un Vaudeville). Le plafond était de forme tambou (Homme, etc., 3, 280), spélican (Villon), toiles vélines (pour faire les billets de banque), vatterungues (*m.* ou *f.*), le Comte Sissonne, le père Tripoli, tradillon (une étoffe), triveline de soie (V. Hugo, Homme, etc., 2, 276), tracanas, tricotez (ancienne danse, Grondeur) soupireau (et fournier), les vaudes (Rev. 15 Nov. 1867, p. 463), vaudéisme, drap d'Usseau, suédois de fruits glacés, vaudeville poursuite, ventregoulette anglaise (habit d'homme).

Any one who can throw any light on these dark words and phrases will aid in the completion of an excellent dictionary, as well as secure the gratitude of its compiler, by sending the information to the office of this magazine, whence it will be transmitted to Dr. Sachs.

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HISTORICAL PORTRAITS LATELY EXHIBITED IN PARIS.

It is customary to call the French people frivolous and vacillating. But they are showing at present a feeling which seems to be genuine and promises to be lasting. I mean their sympathy with those inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine who remain faithful to France. The chief organ of this sympathy is a society established for the protection of the Alsace-Lorraine loyalists, and especially to promote their emigration to Algeria. A great exhibition of works of art, under the auspices of this society, was opened on the 23d of April last in the building which is commonly called the Palais Bourbon. It was entirely a loan collection, and embraced a large number of objects which were never before exhibited to the public. The list of contributors contained the names of many private persons who, unless under the stimulus of great interest in the cause, would never have been willing to submit their household treasures to vulgar eyes. The result was a collection of exceptional interest and importance. There were sixteen large halls and galleries, some of which were entirely furnished by single individuals or families. It is said that one of these, which was supplied by Madame de Rothschild and her son, alone contained statues, old furniture, and bric-a-brac, the value of which was estimated by experts, for the purposes of insurance, at several millions of francs. This great exhibition has now been closed and its contents dispersed, never again to be seen as a whole by the public.

It is with reluctance that I limit my remarks to a single department of it. I therefore pass over what are technically called the *objets d'art* — the tapestries, the bronzes, the plate, the porcelain, the *faïence*, the jewels, the ivories, the enamels, the miniatures, the terra-cottas, the Palissy ware, the majolica, the autographs, the armor, the illuminated manuscripts, the statuettes, and the thousand and one other curiosities which are more admired and more eagerly sought after now than at any previous period in the history of art. I am strongly tempted to say a word about some of these which have a historical value, such as the red jasper cups of Lorenzo the Magnificent, the dinner service of Madame du Barry, the orchestral *bâton* of Mozart and his autograph score of Don Giovanni, the scissors and the writing-table of Marie Antoinette, the parasol of Diane de Poitiers, the Livre d'Heures of Anne de Bretagne, and the watches of Louis XV. and of Queen Hortense. It is still more difficult to avoid dilating upon objects of this class which have an artistic value in addition to that arising from their associations or their extreme

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rarity: such, for instance, as some of the illuminations, which, falling within the province of the bibliographer rather than of the art critic, have not always, it seems to me, had justice done to their excellence in point of drawing, expression, composition, and color.

I shall also pass over the great mass of the pictures, although some of these were so choice and had usually been so carefully secluded from the public that it was a great privilege to find them here. Among the more precious of these was the famous Virgin by Raphael, which was originally in the Regent's Gallery, and afterwards passed through those of Aguado and Delessert into that of the Duc d'Aumale, its present owner, who is also the owner of many others of the most valuable pictures exhibited. Here were the Joconde of Luini, an Ecce Homo of Mazzolini of Ferrara, a striking Tribute Money by Van Dyck, a March of Silenus by Rubens, and several admirable Hobbemas and Ruysdaels. Here also was a remarkable Christ, by Rembrandt, in which the artist has attributed to his subject hair and beard and eyes so darkly brown as to be virtually black. The forehead is very low, and the fine expression of suffering in the face, and the dark ringlets, reminded me of the head of Joseph Meyer, who took this character in the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play of 1871.

The exhibition was particularly rich in works of the French artists, and gave perhaps almost as good an opportunity for study and comparison in this department as that of the Louvre, because here the pictures were fresh to the eyes, and thus their peculiarities were more salient and striking. The Classic and Romantic schools were each fully represented, and there were several of the best productions of the modern Realistic school, which has carried French art, in a technical point of view, to the height attained by Terburg and Metzu.

Of the one thousand and sixty-one numbers in the catalogue, more than one third were portraits; and of these about two hundred and fifty were of the French school. These French portraits were most curious and valuable, and it is of them that I shall have most to say.

Of the Italian school I was struck by a noble portrait by the Florentine Bronzino, a three-quarter length, of a young man, standing, dressed in black, with a black cap. The simple, manly beauty of the face and the natural grace of the posture are admirable, notwithstanding the conscience of the artist did not permit him to leave out the untidy condition of the finger nails of his subject, which probably, however, did not shock the connoisseurs of the sixteenth century. And this neglect of the toilet was also seen in a portrait of Luther by Cranach — one of the twenty-seven attributed to that artist. The great reformer has a soiled face. He had no time for shaving, and the stubble of the beard is apparent. There is a great deal of humor in the expression of the mouth, underneath the obstinacy which seems to have been its chief characteristic. There was also a beautiful portrait of a young man, attributed to Raphael; one of an old man, laughing, by Rembrandt; and two superb canvases by Van Dyck: one of a counselor, which for modeling and flesh tints was marvelous, and the other of Michel Le Blon, the Swedish agent in England (belonging to Baron Hottinguer), a man in a bluish black mantle with his right hand crossing his breast. I must dwell a little longer upon Franz Hals, the precursor of Rembrandt and the friend of Van Dyck, whom perhaps he excelled in genius. This is a master whose wonderful excellence seems to have only within a few years been fully appreciated. He is interesting to us in America because we have a capital specimen of his work in the Art Museum of New York. In the Alsace-Lorraine Gallery there were eleven of his portraits, several of them first-rate. They are executed in the manner of the New York picture, in streaks and splashes of paint without any blending or softening, but each touch so exact and indispensable that what seems close at hand to be a confused heap of jack-straws show at

a little distance the perfection of flesh modeling. Here, for instance, was a collection of unblended dashes which resolved itself into a man in black with a large muslin collar and tall hat, sitting in a chair and looking as if he could rise and speak to you. In these pictures not one stroke is superfluous, not one touch is wanting to complete the effect. There are no timid *pentimenti*, no tentative, experimental lines. Hals knew from the first exactly what he intended to do, and he did it as if he were creating instead of imitating. I have no space here to speak of the Cardinal Fisher, by Hans Holbein the younger; of two superb works by Sir Antonio Moro, with colors as fresh as they were three hundred years ago; of a man sitting, by Rembrandt, which is life itself; of a Fornarina, by Giulio Romano, of wonderful grace and beauty: but I must stop for a moment before John De Witt, the Grand Pensionary of Holland, by Terburg. It is of cabinet size, but is so admirable in drawing, modeling, character, and color, that it seemed to me to be more valuable than the famous Congress of Munster in the British National Gallery by the same master, for which the Marquis of Hertford paid thirty-six thousand dollars. The Grand Pensionary is represented at full length, in a brown peruke and a straight black coat with arms short at the elbows, showing the full white shirt sleeves below. He wears a sword attached to a broad baldric, and rests his right hand on a cane. This figure is life itself. It looks directly out of its eyes into your own, and in perfection of detail it anticipates the best works in photography, with a vast deal more power and character.

I leave, however, these works of the other Continental schools, and pass to the two hundred and fifty French portraits, which were most of them of the greatest interest and value to historical students, and which, as I have already stated, will never probably again be united in a single exhibition.

These portraits included a period from the beginning of the sixteenth century to the present day. They embraced likenesses of Claude the wife of Francis I., of the Duc de Guise, of Francis of Lorraine, by Clouet; of Henry IV., by Dumoustier; of the famous physician Ambroise Paré, and of Marie de Medicis, by Porbus; of Colbert, of Turenne, of Henrietta the wife of Charles I. of England, of Madame Guyon, and of Cardinal Richelieu, by Philippe de Champagne; of Molière, of Madame de Montespan, and of Madame de Sévigné, by Mignard; of the poet Corneille, by Charles Le Brun; of Madame de Sévigné in pastel, and of Molière, by Nanteuil; of Thomas Corneille, by Jouvenet; of Regnard the comic poet, and of Mlle. Duclos the actress, by Largillière; of the Duc de Broglie, of Louis XV. as a boy, of Samuel Bernard the rich banker, of Philip V. of Spain, and his wife, of Le Notre the famous landscape gardener, by Rigaud; of Louis XIV. receiving the Persian Ambassadors, by Troy; of several French princesses and fine ladies, by Nattier; of Rousseau, of Pompadour, and of Louis XV. again as a child, and of Adrienne Lecouvreur, by La Tour; of Louis Philippe the fifth Duke of Orleans as a baby, by Boucher; of Marivaux the novelist, by Van Loo; of Louis XVI., of Gluck, and of Marie Antoinette, by Duplessis; of Wille the German engraver, of Louis XVI. again, of Voltaire in pastel, and of several distinguished beauties, by Greuze; of Le Kain the actor, by Le Noir; of Madame de Pompadour and other ladies of the court, by Drouais; of the dancer Guimard, by Fragonard; of old Joseph Vernet, by Lépicié; of Marshal Macdonald, of the dramatic poet Sedaine, of the actress Joly, of the Marquise d'Orvilliers, of the Countess de Sorcy, and of the great Napoleon, by David; of Baron Trenck, by Garneray; of Louis XVI., by Callet; of the Queen, of the Duc de Berri the first Dauphin, and many ladies of social distinction, by Madame Vigée Le Brun; of Talleyrand and Gros, by Prud'hon; of Madame de Staël, of the King of Rome, of the actresses Georges, Duchesnois, and Mars, and of the famous beauty Madame Récamier, by Gérard; of De

Tracy the philosopher, of Lamennais, of Arago, and of Cavaignac, by Scheffer; of the late Duke of Orleans, and of M. Bertin, by Ingres; of Rachel the actress, by Gérôme, and also by Müller; and various other most curious and interesting portraits of Madame de Maintenon, of Francis I., of Louis XIII. as a child, of Louis XIV., of Charles V. of Spain, of Henry IV., of the daughters of Louis XV., of Charles I. and James II. of England, of Louis XVII., of Madame Elizabeth, of Marie Antoinette, and of Robespierre, by unknown artists.

I do not intend to speak of all these portraits in detail. I mention them (and I might add many others) to show what a very interesting collection this was. I shall ask the attention of my readers only to such of them as from their rarity, their merit, or some other circumstance deserve especial consideration. Perhaps the least tedious way to do this will be to divide them into groups according to the classes of character they represent.

I will begin with the women, and I will speak first of a personage who from her beauty, her rank, and her misfortunes is entitled to more attention than any of the others. I mean Marie Antoinette, the ill-fated wife of Louis XVI. There were at least eight portraits of her in this collection. Several of these were hung together and exhibited the queen at various periods of her life, from her childhood, while she was yet an Austrian princess, up to the time of her captivity and death. One of the earliest is by Charpentier, and was painted in 1768, when she was only thirteen years old, and two years before her marriage. She looks here like a pert girl, in her narrow, tight bodice. She is very much rouged, and wears blue ribbons and a blue robe matching her deep grayish blue eyes. Another is by Duplessis, an oval painted in 1775, which is less flattered than the others and shows more individuality and a little of the characteristic Austrian lip. It is still very pert and girlish, but full of *esprit* and *insouciance*. Blue evidently was her favorite color. She wears a blue bodice trimmed with white gauze, ornamented with gold. Her eyes are deep blue, her cheeks are rouged, her lips are very red, and her hair is powdered. This is a lovely portrait, and represents her at about the time when she was seen by Burke. The most important portraits of the queen were made by Madame Vigée Le Brun. There is one in this collection representing her in a red bodice trimmed with fur, a red cap with *aigrette* and plumes, and a pearl necklace, which is ascribed to Madame Le Brun, and is said to have been given to the Comte de Vaudreuil in 1778. But as Madame Le Brun did not paint the queen until 1779, this is probably a mistake, and the picture was either of later date or painted by another artist. But there are two undoubted portraits by this lady. One is a very valuable sketch of the head, which I think must have been made for the great picture at Versailles. It represents the hair dressed very high, and is extremely dignified and noble in expression. The other comes from the collection of the Marquis de Biencourt, and is still more important and interesting. It is a three-quarter length, showing the queen in a large muslin cap trimmed with crimson ribbons, a crimson velvet bodice bound with fur, and a gold-colored skirt. Her hair is powdered, and her face is turned to the spectator. Her body is in profile, and her hands, holding a book, rest on a blue velvet cushion. This is a most lovely portrait, and more pleasing to me than the great full length at Versailles.

Madame Vigée Le Brun in her Souvenirs gives a delightful description of the queen as she appeared at that time.

"It was in the year 1779," she says, "that I painted for the first time the portrait of the queen, then in all the freshness of her youth and beauty. Marie Antoinette was tall, admirably well-made, and sufficiently stout without appearing to be so. Her arms were superb, her hands small and perfect in shape, and her feet charming. Of all the women in France she was the most

graceful walker. She carried her head very high, which showed she was the sovereign in the midst of all her court, but did not detract in the least from the sweetness and benevolence of her aspect. Her features were not regular. She inherited from her family that long, narrow, oval face which was peculiar to the Austrians. Her eyes were not large; their color was almost blue (*presque bleu*). Her expression was gentle and lovely, her nose refined, and her mouth not too large, although the lips were a little coarse. But what was most remarkable in the face was the *éclat* of her complexion. I have never seen one so brilliant; and 'brilliant' is the word, for her skin was so transparent that it did not take shadows, so I could never render it to my satisfaction. My colors failed to represent that freshness and those tones, so delicate that they seemed to be peculiar to her charming face, and which I have never found in any other woman."

In addition to the portraits of the queen which I have already mentioned, there is a striking sketch by Kucharsky, an artist whose history I have been unable to ascertain, but who painted both the queen and the Dauphin. These sketches are sometimes more valuable than finished works because they record the fresh impressions of an artist. Another curious likeness here was a *plaque* of metal said to have been chiseled or hammered out by Louis XVI. himself, assisted by his friend, the locksmith Germain. It is a profile in bas-relief, with an immense *tête* ornamented with flowers and feathers. It represents the nose as large and aquiline and quite unlike the flattering description given by Madame Vigée Le Brun. Finally, without enumerating all the portraits of the queen, let me come to one of the most interesting. It is a small cabinet piece, and it is described as having been made at the Temple after the death of the king, and given to the Comtesse de Béarn by the Duchesse d'Angoulême, the only daughter of Marie Antoinette. It comes from the collection of the Prince de Béarn, and its authenticity, therefore, may be taken for granted. It represents the queen with gray hair, in a white cap trimmed with a broad black ribbon which descends and is crossed over the breast. She wears a black robe and a white muslin *fichu*. There is an expression of tears in the eyes and of disdain in the mouth. The background is the stone wall of the cell. Delaroche, in his famous picture of the queen going to the guillotine, has evidently availed himself of this portrait, which is one of the most touching and interesting I have ever seen.

But I pass from the queens of the court to the queens of society; to the women who have always ruled France from the beginning by letters patent more authentic, perhaps, than any issued by heralds or kings at arms. These portraits are curious illustrations of the manners of their times. It is impossible to avoid noticing the immodesty of many of them, especially those which were painted during the Regency and in the time of Louis XV. The want of scruples in the matter of costume, whenever the point was to display the picturesque or the classic, was not shown for the first time by Pauline, the sister of Napoleon, when she sat to Canova. It is said that Boucher, the fashionable painter of the court, was permitted by the Duchesse de Chartres to finish after nature his famous portrait of her as Hebe offering the cup of nectar to Jupiter's eagle, in which a garland of flowers and a light gauze were the only drapery worn by the goddess. There were several portraits in the Alsace-Lorraine Gallery representing fine ladies in all stages of the toilette, from that of the bath-room to that of the *salon*. One of them, by Watteau, was in the character of a river nymph, and was not encumbered by any drapery whatever. Another, Madame de Ludres, from the collection of the Duchesse de Fitz-James, had absolutely no clothing above the waist.

Another striking feature in all collections of female portraits of the eighteenth century is the influence of rouge and powder in giving what seem to be unnatural contrasts in flesh painting:

any one who has seen the galleries of Versailles and the pastel rooms at Dresden will remember this, and the great works of Gainsborough and Reynolds in England are not free from the same drawback. It is curious to compare the portraits of the men and the women of those days. While the skin of the men is treated with great truth and naturalness, that of the women by the same artists appears forced and unreal. They look like dolls, and sometimes even like clowns in a pantomime, so violent is the contrast of the reds and the whites. May it not have been the necessity which this preposterous habit occasioned, that induced painters like Greuze and others to employ too much blue as a compensation in the half-tints? In some cases this was carried so far that his sitters look as if they had been under a medication of the nitrate of silver. Some women did not wear rouge, and among these was the famous Madame du Barry. Madame Le Brun was opposed to these artifices, and in 1786, when she was painting the queen, begged her to leave off powder and to part her hair over her forehead. The queen said: "I shall be the last to do this; people will say that I invented the fashion to conceal the height of my forehead."

There were several portraits of princesses in this collection by the famous Nattier. One of them, a daughter of Louis XV., is beautifully drawn with a broad, firm touch. She is a full length, seated, in a white robe with a grayish purple velvet mantle, her bare feet in sandals. She is deeply rouged, and there is a background of classic architecture with an altar in the distance, upon which I suppose the vestal flame is blazing. This picture belongs to Sir Richard Wallace. Another, from the gallery of the Duc d'Aumale, represents a Duchess of Orleans as Hebe — very *décolletée*, in a single white garment with blue drapery, which fails, however, to hide her bare limbs. She holds a pitcher in her right hand and a cup in her left. She is seated on a cloud and very much rouged. There were several others in the same style, but it is unnecessary to describe them. There were two portraits of the Pompadour, one in pastel by La Tour, very engaging, and a study perhaps for his great work in the Louvre, and the other in oils by Drouais, representing his subject as highly rouged, in a chintz dress, a lace cap tied under her chin, and looking out of her beautiful blue eyes in a most gracious, self-satisfied way.

I have just mentioned La Tour. Perhaps some of my readers may not be familiar with the name of Maurice Quentin de la Tour, and yet he exercised in his time such a sovereign dominion in the world of art that when he was summoned to Versailles to take the likeness of Madame de Pompadour he dared to say: "Tell Madame that I do not paint portraits out of my own studio." His reputation, as well as that of Boucher and other artists, was overwhelmed by the terrible waves of the great Revolution, and it is only lately that his fame has emerged again and posterity are doing justice to his extraordinary abilities. He painted almost exclusively in pastels, and those who are curious about him can see thirteen of his works at the Louvre, conspicuous among which is his extraordinary full length of Madame de Pompadour. I will translate a few passages in regard to him from a work upon the art of the eighteenth century which has just been published in Paris (L'Art du Dix-huitième Siècle, par Edmond et Jules de Goncourt).

"La Tour was called a 'magician' by Diderot, and he will keep that appellation. The work which he has left behind him is a kind of magic mirror in which, as in that of the Count de St. Germain, the dead return to life. Here are the princes, the seigneurs, and the fine ladies who gave all the splendor to Versailles. Here are the heads which embodied the philosophy, the science, and the art of that day, which the crayons of the artist, so feeble in the presence of imbeciles, have rendered with fervent love and enthusiasm. With the fugitive chalks of his pastel, as volatile as the hair powder of his period, he

knew how to bestow a fragile and delicate immortality (*une fragile et délicate immortalité*) upon all that was graceful and beautiful and intellectual in the humanity of his time."

Nothing could be more lovely than some of Greuze's portraits, notwithstanding that blueness of the half-tints of which I have spoken; that of Madame de Courcelles, for instance, which is as fresh as if it were painted yesterday, with its shapely hands most gracefully disposed and on the right wrist a bracelet of pearls in a medallion clasp. Nobody ever painted young girls just entering upon womanhood like Greuze. Here was a lovely likeness of Mademoiselle de Courcelles, afterwards the Comtesse de Guibert, in a blue dress, and with her hair slightly powdered. The blue tones predominate in this picture, but in drawing and sentiment it is delightful. So the Marquise de Champcenetz is one of the most exquisite faces that was ever seen, beautifully modeled, but from the peculiarity of treatment I have mentioned seeming to be absolutely wanting in red blood. It is like a drawing in grayish blue with a faint flesh tint washed in. The head by Greuze in the New York Museum of Art shows much less of this peculiarity. It is stronger in the treatment of the skin, and is more valuable as a specimen of this master than many of the heads for which immense prices were paid, particularly some of those in Sir Richard Wallace's collection, lately exhibited at Bethnal Green.

It is a wide step from Greuze to David. Not in point of time, for they were to a certain extent contemporaries, there being but twenty-three years' difference in their ages; but in point of style, from the affected innocence of the one, which was only sensuality in disguise, to the stern and savage simplicity of the other. It is curious to see how the characteristics of each successive period in France are reproduced in its art. The grandiose turn of the language and manners and dress of the age of Louis XIV. appears in the portraits of Largillière and Rigaud, the elegant and graceful licentiousness of Louis XV. in the erotic decorations of Boucher; the coquetry which travestied the ladies of the court of Louis XVI. into dairy-maids gleams from the cunning *ingénues* of Greuze, while the inexorable severity of the Revolutionary epoch frowns upon you in the naked canvases of David. There is nothing in art so grim and terrible as David's Assassination of Marat. A bath-tub, with the head of the victim thrown backward and his right arm falling outside of it; beside the bath the bloody knife, a block of wood, a leaden inkstand, and a broken pen: this is all, and yet how full and complete the impression it makes on the spectator!

With David, as with so many of the French school, form was everything. He disdained the delights of color, and that magic of *chiaro-scuro* which appeals to the imagination and makes the fancy of the spectator supplement and heighten the conceptions of the artist. Everything is made out with exactness and precision. There is not an inch in his canvases which will not illustrate the rules of perspective and the mathematics of art. In his figures he seems to have painted the bony structure first, then the muscular integuments, then the clothing. In that most extraordinary unfinished work which may be seen at the Louvre, the Oath of the Tennis Court, the figures are all naked, like so many statues, with some of the accessories, however, finished, such as the hats in some of the hands, which give the groups a most grotesque appearance. It is not often that one can see an important portrait by David. There were several in the Alsace-Lorraine Gallery, and it was curious to observe how in these, as in historic compositions, he had carried out his system. His women sit like statues completely detached from the backgrounds. Here was the Marquise d'Orvilliers in a white dress and white cashmere scarf. She might be put into marble without any change. Here was the Comtesse de Sorcy with her arms resting on a chair and her hands clasped. Over the back of the chair falls a drapery of lace. She wears

a black dress with a scarlet sash at her waist, a lace kerchief of the times crossed on her bosom, and her hair slightly powdered. The background is gray and perfectly plain, the figure in the chair being the only object seen; but how individual it is!

But to leave women whose chief attraction was their beauty or their rank, let me come to those whose power sprung from charms still more lasting.

There were two portraits of Madame de Sévigné in this collection: one by Mignard in oils, representing her in a grayish satin dress, black mantle, and pearl necklace, with her right hand pointing across her bosom. The flesh in this picture is poor in color, but it is well modeled, and the expression is charming. We can easily believe it was a good likeness because it was painted for Madame de Grignan, the daughter of Madame de Sévigné, and it came to its present owner, the Comte de Lucay, by direct succession. The other portrait is a pastel by Nanteuil; and it shows this cleverest of all letter-writers full of smiling good-nature, with small gray eyes set in a fair expanse of face, and a pearl necklace clasped around her opulent throat.

Another woman of genius is Madame de Staël, by Gérard: a three-quarter length, wearing an ugly turban of orange and brown, a robe of the same colors with short sleeves, and a black mantle. She rests her right hand on a table and holds a sprig of leaves in her left. She seems to have had the habit of carrying something of this sort and shaking it in the excitement of conversation. She has a commonplace face, with dingy skin and stubbed features like a cook, and resembles her own Corinne as little as it is possible to conceive. When Madame Le Brun painted her at Coppet in 1808, she endeavored to infuse some poetic fervor into the expression of her sitter by making her recite passages from Corneille and Racine.

In striking contrast with Madame de Staël was the elegant Madame Récamier, also by Baron Gérard. This portrait was interesting because Madame Récamier seems to have owed her distinction as the queen of the society of her time (Madame Tallien perhaps being her only rival) rather to her loveliness than to her wit, and it was curious to see the counterfeit presentment of those charms which gave her such an influence in the world. This portrait certainly justifies all the admiration which was bestowed upon the original. It is the one at the final completion of which her admirers rushed in crowds to see the beautiful sitter in her charming pose, very much to the annoyance of the painter. A writer in Fraser's Magazine says that he saw it in the antechamber of Madame Récamier's apartments, about 1842, when she said to him, "This is what I was forty years ago, when I was in England." She is represented at full length, seated in a chair of classic shape. She wears a simple white robe, which clings to her figure and appears to be her only garment, except an orange-colored shawl which is thrown over her knees. Her hair is dressed like that of a Greek bust, and her feet are bare. This nudity of the feet was very much liked by the fine ladies of that day when they sat for their portraits; particularly when they represented mythological personages. Madame Le Brun says that when she painted the young Princess Lichtenstein as Iris, the husband and other members of the family were greatly scandalized to see her drawn without shoes or stockings. When the prince exhibited it in his gallery at Vienna, he placed beneath it a pretty pair of slippers, telling the grandparents that Iris had dropped them in her upward flight to heaven.

Baron Gérard had excellent opportunities for studying the celebrities of his time. He had among his sitters almost all the crowned heads of Europe of his day, almost all the members of the Boparte family, the emperors of Russia and Austria, the kings of Prussia and Saxony, Louis XVIII., Charles X., Louis Philippe, General Moreau, General Foy, Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, Canning, Wellington, Isabey, Mademoiselle

Brogniart, Dubois the surgeon, Ducis the poet, and the actresses Georges, Duchesnois, and Mars. Actresses have always been favorite subjects with portrait painters, and there were many portraits of them in this collection. Besides those I have just mentioned there were Adrienne Lecouvreur, Joly, Guimard, Duclos, Sainval, and Rachel. Adrienne Lecouvreur is in pastel by La Tour, and is represented as a Magdalen holding a golden vase. It is a miracle of grace and beauty. Some of my readers may remember with what spirit and feeling Rachel acted in the charming play of which Adrienne was the heroine. Rachel was here in the Alsace-Lorraine Gallery in two portraits, not in the character of Adrienne, but once by Müller in her every-day dress of black with a white collar, and again by Gérôme in one of her classic costumes, a red tunic with a white fillet; the latter portrait a good likeness, but as a work of art hard and metallic. Duclos is by Largillière, one of the great portrait artists of France. It is a three-quarter length in crimson velvet, her neck and bosom superbly modeled, and a Love hovering over her head with a crown of stars in his hand. Mademoiselle Georges, by Gérard, has a superb classical head and a charming expression, so that one can well understand how she might have captivated the great Napoleon. Her hair is dressed close, and the flesh tints of her neck and beautifully rounded shoulders are well brought out by the crimson drapery of the background. Mademoiselle Mars is taken in a white dress with short sleeves and a pearl necklace. She wears pearl ear-rings, and her hair is arranged compactly in small curls clustering over her forehead, with a high knot behind. This portrait scarcely does justice to the engaging beauty of Mademoiselle Mars, and of this I can myself vouch, for it is one of the compensations for an early date in the family register, that it gave me the great privilege of seeing this exquisite woman in several characters; among others in the Valerie of Scribe, and in Molière's Tartuffe. She was nearly sixty years of age at that time, but her voice was like flute music, and her form was still so beautifully rounded and her complexion so smooth and delicate that she played in the successive acts of one piece the parts of a girl of seventeen, a wife of thirty, and a matron of fifty; all with equal truth and fidelity to nature.

I shall conclude what I have to say of the female portraits of this collection by mentioning that of Madame Vigée Le Brun. This was a charming picture by herself, representing her in a white dress, with scarlet ribbons at the neck and waist, a black mantle edged with lace, and a black hat and plume. It belongs to the Comte de Greffulhe, and it seemed to me more agreeable even than the celebrated likenesses in Florence and at the Louvre. Madame Le Brun is one of the best of the second class of portrait artists. She turned off a good many pictures, some of which were uninteresting. But whenever her heart was in her work she was admirable. Like all favorite portrait painters, — like Titian, Rubens, Van Dyck, and Sir Joshua, — she knew the most distinguished persons of her time, and under circumstances too when they were in their most charming moods. She painted all the royal family of France; Marie Antoinette picked up her brushes for her, as Charles V. did those of Titian. While she was still young she made the acquaintance of the most brilliant personages in Parisian society, and being obliged by the Revolution to leave France, she visited Italy, Germany, and Russia; where she met the warmest welcome, and resided until the course of events enabled her to return to her native country. At Naples she painted the queen, who was the sister of Marie Antoinette, and her children. In Vienna she had for sitters the most famous beauties of the court; in Berlin, the Queen of Prussia; in St. Petersburgh, the Emperor Alexander and the empress, the wife of the Emperor Paul, and the flower of the nobility; in England, the Prince of Wales and Mrs. Fitzherbert. The great Catharine of Russia was only prevented from sit-

ting to her by a stroke of apoplexy, and Pope Pius VI. by the rule that all women must be veiled in his presence, which she thought would interfere with her success. She painted Madame Du Barry three times. Madame Catalani sang at her concerts in Paris, and Mrs. Billington and Signora Grassini in London. She dined with Buffon and the great actress Clairon. She arranged the clever Duchesnois's costume for her first appearance. She passed many evenings with Doctor Franklin at the house of his intimate friend, Madame de Brion; she supped with Paul Jones at Madame Thilories's. She posed Lady Hamilton in her *tableaux vivants*, and was astonished afterwards to see that graceful creature drink two or three bottles of porter at supper. She witnessed a performance of Semiramis at Coppet, in which Madame Récamier failed from fright in the part of the heroine, and Madame de Staël was occasionally successful in that of Azéma. She attended the *séances* of Mesmer, and was only prevented from joining hands in his magnetic circle by her suspicions as to the state of her neighbor's fingers. She found out, with her professional penetration, that one of the eyes of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire was imperfect, and finally she saw the crowning of the great Voltaire at the Comédie Française. She narrates all these things and many more, which I have not space to quote, with great vivacity, and with that extraordinary power of seeing personal peculiarities which belongs to clever artists.

I come now to the male portraits in this collection, with which, however, I will not detain my readers long, as they were by no means so interesting as those of the women.

The great dramatist Pierre Corneille appeared in the picture copied from the original of Charles Le Brun, for use by Caffieri in his extraordinary bust, which may be seen in the *foyer* of the Théâtre Français. It is somewhat wanting in color, but it is strong in modeling. A much more vigorous work was the grand, individual, life-like representation, by Mignard, of Molière in the dress of Cæsar in the play of La Mort de Pompée. This also belongs to the French Theatre. He has thick eyebrows and a small mustache. He wears a scarlet mantle, a truncheon, and a vast, full-bottomed, gray peruke surmounted by a laurel crown tied with red ribbons. It was one of the most striking works in the gallery.

The famous actor Le Kain was represented in a portrait by Le Noir, a three-quarter length, in a Turkish character, and full of spirit. Madame Le Brun, who saw him when she was a child, says that he was so exceedingly ugly in plays of this sort that he gave her a fright. In striking contrast to this head was that of Regnard, the comic poet and dramatist, by Largillière. It is broadly painted, with a firm hand, and represents a noble head framed in an immense blonde wig. He had dark eyes, a well-shaped mouth, and a face somewhat sensuous in its beauty, like that of Lord Byron. It was a high privilege to see so many of Largillière's works. There were at least eleven in this gallery. He was a man of great genius, and well able to represent the ostentatious and what may be called the "flamboyant" style of his time. There was a superb portrait by him here of a grand seigneur: a half length, in a full-bottomed brownish periwig, in orange drapery, and a collar open to the breast; one hand thrust in the waistcoat and the other at the side. The nobility of the forms in this picture, the play of light and shadow on the white shirt sleeves, and the harmony of color were most striking and beautiful.

Of Voltaire there was no important portrait; only a small work in *gouache* attributed both to Greuze and to Carmontel. The figure is seated at table, in a red coat trimmed with fur, and black breeches. Of Rousseau there were two pastels by La Tour, which I believe are the standard likenesses; at any rate they were those which Rousseau himself preferred. One is in powder, in a drab coat and white cravat, and the other in a gray cap trimmed

with brown and black fur, a light gray coat edged with the same material, and a red waistcoat. The last is a study in bluish chalks, with the flesh tints lightly rubbed in. Both of these heads seemed to me to be commonplace and wanting in elevation. There was a spirited portrait of Marivaux the novelist, by Van Loo, and a well modeled head of De Tracy the philosopher, by Scheffer. There were others of Lamennais and Arago by the same artist, in respect to which I find no notes in my catalogue. I have marked there two cabinet portraits of Gluck, the composer, by Duplessis, as cleverly painted. He is represented in a coat of changeable silk and a powdered wig, and in one of them he is shown improvising at the piano. But I have no desire to present a mere list of names.

Of revolutionary personages there were not so many portraits as I expected to find; not so many as I had seen a short time before in the Queen of Holland's Collection at the palace in the Wood at the Hague, where were displayed the miniatures of Danton, Robespierre, Marat, Fouquier-Tinville, La Fayette, and, strangest of all, a wax medallion of the head of Charlier severed by the guillotine, with the raw and bloody flesh! In the Alsace-Lorraine Gallery there were two likenesses of Talleyrand, one by Greuze and the other by Prud'hon. In the former portrait he appears as a charming young man with his hair parted in the middle, a dark blue coat, white double-breasted waistcoat, yellow breeches, and top-boots. In the other he is quite fat and plethoric, and his chin is nearly swallowed in a huge white cravat. The most curious of all the revolutionary portraits was a three-quarter length, by an unknown artist, of Robespierre. His skin is soft and smooth as that of a child. There is an infantile smile on his placid countenance, and his expression is the most gentle and innocent that can be imagined. He is standing with his left hand on the hilt of his dress sword, and his right touching the broad brim of his cocked hat, which he holds under the other arm. He is in a full suit of black, with lace *jabot* and wrist ruffles, and a couple of watch chains.

Of the great Napoleon, whether from political reasons or otherwise, there were only four or five portraits. Two of these were drawings, and another was a cabinet piece by Charlet, which was not so much a portrait as a bit of melodrama. It represents the emperor on the evening after Waterloo. He is sitting perfectly still and alone on his white horse in a wood, with an outlook of ruddy sky. The head of the horse catches the sunset light. Everything else is in shadow. The head of Napoleon declining upon his breast suggests the humiliation of his fall. It was well for the painter to keep it in the shade and to trust to the imagination of the spectator to supply the details of that sublime despair which no artistic power could satisfactorily render. There was one portrait of Napoleon here, however, from the collection of the Duke of Bassano, which amply made up for the small number contributed. It was a sketch in oil of the First Consul, by David, only the head and part of the bust, and even these portions unfinished. The skin is wanting in flesh tints, and the color of the hair and the blue and red of the uniform barely indicated; but it is one of the noblest heads I ever saw, and full of a sort of melancholy grandeur which is unique and striking. I believe the French critics consider that Baron Gros' likeness of Napoleon at the Bridge of Arcole is the best. At any rate M. Burger, who was one of the cleverest of them, said in his extravagant way that the nineteenth century had perhaps produced only one fine portrait, *la tête d'aigle*, the eagle head of Napoleon by Gros. But this head by David must be considered nearly equal to the other. It is much finer than that in the Bonaparte Crossing the Alps, by the same artist. It is extraordinary how popular this last-named composition became. David repeated it four or five times, receiving twenty-five thousand francs for each copy. Even now we see it constantly in paintings and engravings, in bronze and in plaster: the

horse rearing among the Alps, with the general's orange-colored cloak blown out before him by the wind of those airy regions. "Paint me," said Bonaparte to David, "paint me calm upon a fiery horse." The popularity of the pose shows that he knew how to have his portraits painted as well as to have his bulletins written.

These heads by Gros and David are very different from the standard head of Bonaparte. That was his head later in life, after he had gained flesh, and when the artists, either intentionally or not, began to attribute to him the characteristic physiognomy of the Roman emperors. There was a most interesting collection of the miniatures of the Bonaparte family in the Bethnal Green Exhibition of Sir Richard Wallace's treasures, lately closed in London. The difference between Napoleon First Consul and Napoleon Emperor was very marked: the first haggard and anxious; the last rotund, although thoughtful. Some of my readers may have visited the curious Soane Museum in London. There may be seen a portrait of Napoleon at the age of twenty-eight, painted in 1797 by Goma, at Verona, and beside it another, by Isabey, painted at Elba in 1814. One can scarcely imagine that they represent the same personage. The Italian picture shows a square, projecting forehead, thin face, sunken eye, and head of great intellectual power; the other a soft, flabby countenance, under which much of the intellectuality is buried out of sight. And strangely enough, all of these likenesses are different from the mask of the face taken after death by Dr. Antommarchi, at St. Helena. In this the forehead seems much smaller, proportionally, than it appears in any of the paintings.

The last series of portraits which I shall mention is that of the royal children of France. These were not placed together, but it will be convenient to treat them as a group. They were Louis XIII., by an unknown hand, in crown and ermine robe; Louis XV., represented twice, by Rigaud and La Tour respectively; Louis Philippe the fifth Duke of Orleans, as a baby with his toys, by Boucher; the King of Rome, by Gérard; the Duke de Berri the first Dauphin, by Madame Le Brun; and the Duke de Normandie the second Dauphin, painted twice, once by Kucharsky, and again by an unknown artist.

By far the most interesting of these children's heads were those of Louis XV., and of that poor boy his descendant, who may be said also to have been his victim, and to have been murdered on account of the prodigality and excesses of his great-grandfather. Louis XV. was painted by Hyacinthe Rigaud, at a time when men still wore those enormous periwigs which gave them such an imposing aspect, and the artist treated the natural hair of the child to make it look as much like a wig as possible, frizzing it out in profuse curls. His left hand rests on a globe, while his right presses the blue drapery of his robe to his breast over his white satin underdress. It is curious to see how that air of theatrical majesty which pervades all the portraits of the time is conspicuous also in this. The other likeness of Louis XV. as a lad is a pastel, by La Tour. Oh, *le beau jeune homme!* The head, with its beautiful hazel eyes, and its arch and lively expression, is perfectly charming. It was taken at a later date than the other, and when the hair was worn more closely to the head, and powdered. The boy looks like a hero of La Clos or of Louvet de Couvray, and one sees how easily he might have fascinated the ladies of the court, even if he had not had his royal privileges to help him.

How inexpressibly sad and touching is the contrast between this Cherubino, this gay gallant of sixteen with all the world at his feet, and his descendant, that poor little child of ten, who was kicked and buffeted by his jailers, and died at last, covered with rags and vermin, in the prison of the Temple!

I was interested, many years ago, in the attempt made by Mr. Hanson and Dr. Hawkes, and afterwards by Dr. Frank Vinton, to show that Eleazer Williams, the half-breed Episcopal clergyman, was really King Louis XVII.

It appeared to me that in this discussion too little was said about the personal appearance of the Dauphin, and that if this had been exactly ascertained it would have effectually stopped all the pretensions of Mr. Williams's friends that he was the same person.

The description of Mr. Williams, as gathered from Hanson's book, from Mr. Fagnani's portrait, and from a daguerreotype of which I have a copy, shows that he had dark hazel eyes, a short nose, a receding forehead, black hair, long lips, a very dark complexion, a large mouth, and a long chin.

Now, what were the personal characteristics of the Dauphin? I took the trouble to consult all the authorities I could find on this subject, particularly M. Simeon Depreaux, who wrote only twenty-two years after the Dauphin's death; the deputy Harmand, who visited the child officially in prison; Madame Rambaud, who was in his service until he was seven years old; Cléry, the valet of Louis XVI.; M. Gruan, the advocate of Naundorf who claimed to be Louis XVII., and who founded his pretensions upon his personal resemblance to the Dauphin; M. Beauchesne, who has written the most exhaustive work on this subject, and finally M. de La Martine, the historian. It appears from these authorities that the Dauphin had blue eyes, curling hair of a blonde chestnut color, a long nose, a very white and pale complexion, a forehead broad and projecting at the top and narrow between the temples, a short neck, and a small mouth. In all these particulars he was as unlike Eleazer Williams as possible.

I have taken some trouble upon repeated visits to Europe to confirm these literary descriptions of the young prince, the substance of which I have just given, by an inspection of authentic portraits. Several of these are at Versailles. Many of my readers will remember the superb group in the gallery there, by Madame Le Brun, representing the queen holding the Duc de Normandie in her arms, with the Duc de Berri the first Dauphin, and the Duchesse d'Angoulême standing beside her. Louis XVII. was then a child of two years of age, and is represented with reddish, golden blonde hair, eyes dark blue, and a very fair skin.

In one of the grand apartments of the palace he appears again in an allegorical picture, with blonde hair and blue eyes.

The most satisfactory portrait at Versailles is a pastel, over the mantel-piece of Marie Antoinette's bed-chamber at the Petit Trianon. It shows the Dauphin with a cane in his hand, his lace collar open, and the star of the Order of the Holy Ghost on the breast of his little coat. His hair is brown in this portrait, and his eyes are deep blue, like his mother's. This picture is attributed to Madame Le Brun, and is one of the most charming I have ever seen.

There were two portraits of the Dauphin in the Alsace-Lorraine Exhibition. Both of them are classed among those by unknown artists, but one of them is also attributed to Kucharsky. I think it is a copy from Madame Le Brun's pastel. It represents the prince with blonde hair, thin eyebrows, and dark blue eyes. He wears an open collar and a shirt frill trimmed with lace. He has two orders on his breast, and a broad blue ribbon underneath his coat.

The other portrait, although not so elaborate, is perhaps of more importance in this discussion. It was given by the sister of the Dauphin, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, to the Comtesse de Béarn, and therefore we must presume it was correct, at any rate in such important points as the hair and the complexion. This picture confirms in every respect the literary authorities which I have quoted in regard to the Dauphin's personal appearance, and represents him as unlike Eleazer Williams as it is possible to imagine.

There is a picture in the New York Historical Society which forms a part of the Bryan Collection and is called Louis XVII. It is not a work of much pretension, and it seems to have been hastily finished. Mr. Hanson caused it to be engraved for his work. It has a

small nose, dark hazel eyes, and dark hair. I have no doubt that it represents the Duc de Berri instead of the Duc de Normandie. There is a portrait by Madame Le Brun, in the Alsace-Lorraine Collection, of the Duc de Berri, which, so far as I can recollect it, must have been the original of this Bryan picture. At any rate, both these portraits are entirely unlike all the descriptions and all the authentic portraits of the second Dauphin, Louis XVII.

W. J. Hoppin

PENNA'S DAUGHTER.

A CORNISH LEGEND.

I TOOK my baby to the sands,
Undid her coats and swaddling bands;
I held her tight in tender hands
And dipped her in the sea:
Ah me! how pink her fair face showed!
Her ivory body blushed and glowed,
Her dimpled legs my arm bestrode,
She screamed with baby glee.

That summer sea, how soft it laves
The long and lonely shore of graves!
Her eyes were bluer than its waves,
Her yellow curls flew free.
I looked at her with lips apart,
I kissed her with a hungry heart;
Out of my arms with sudden dart
She leapt into the sea.

My voice died out, I could not shriek,
My helpless hands hung cold and weak;
Before my stiffened lips could speak
The child came back to me!
Like any dancing spray of foam
That on the billows loves to roam,
She floated back to me and home,
This baby of the sea.

Oh is she mine, or is she thine?
The lapping water made no sign.
She grew like rose-trees straight and fine,
This creature from the sea.
Her hair was gay as golden thread;
From off her fair and haughty head,
Down to the ground it waved and spread,
As bright as sunbeams be.

She grew to be a dainty maid,
But never in the church she prayed,

And never in her home she stayed,
    To rock the babes for me.
But night and day, and day and night,
When morn was red or stars were bright,
She strayed beside her sole delight,
    The moaning, glittering sea.

Sometimes she smiled, sometimes she sung;
No laugh went rippling from her tongue;
As light from stone to stone she sprung
    As plovers flit and flee;
Or on a rock, with hair outspread
And lips like coral wet and red,
She bent to see her shining head
    Glassed in the shining sea.

Alas! alas! the day is long,
But dew-fall brings to even-song.
The squire's young heir was tall and strong,
    And well he loved the sea.
You saw his pinnace, when the gale
Went howling by through shroud and sail,
Fly o'er the billows fiery pale,
    As over blooms the bee.

Where wild and white the breakers pour,
His cheery shout above the roar
Came ringing to the frighted shore
    Like bells across the lea.
He saw my lass upon the beach,
He made good speed her side to reach,
He wiled her well with guileful speech,
    He whispered like the sea.

Oh saddest heart! oh tale to tell!
My gold and milk-white lily-bell,
Before the blast it bowed and fell,
    It fell and died by me.
Her father's heart was hard and old,
Her lover's lips were sneering cold;
I wrapped her shroud in fold on fold
    And laid her by the sea.

Oh was she mine, or was she thine?
The awful water gave no sign.
I kissed the clay, my love was mine;
    The child was child to me.
And he who killed her sailed away;
He stayed a year, he stayed a day, —
From God he could no longer stay,
    Nor from the hungry sea.

The revel lights had long been out,
The revel songsters ceased to shout;

He lost his path, he strayed about,
And on the rock sat she.
Her long hair in the moonlight shone,
She called to him with piteous moan,
"Ah love! my love! I weep alone.
Come down beside the sea."

She clasped him close, she clasped him tight,
She wrapped him in her tresses bright:
"My breast shall be thy bed to-night,
Thy curfew-bell the sea.
If Penna's daughter drooped and died,
Her tale is told; behold thy bride."
She clasped him to her icy side,
Nor sign nor sound made he.

When clouded red with blood and flame
The dawning day in tempest came,
In vain they called Lord Walter's name;
From tower nor town came he:
At night he tossed, a broken thing,
Flapped by the screaming sea-bird's wing,
Where sullen waters heave and swing,
Cast from the scornful sea.

Rose Terry Cooke

BROTHER CHRISTOPHER.

I HAVE never considered myself proud; I have cherished democratic ideas, and scarcely ever observed a poor person thoughtfully, without a wish that there were not those distinctions of rich and poor, cultured and uncultured, and a vision of the blessedness of the millennium, when a fortunate few will not be thus favored above their fellows. My sympathies have always been with the weak, and I have endeavored to cast what little influence I had in that scale.

And yet, — and yet, — is the remark not made every day, "He is human"? Ah, yes, there it is; I am human. I have, in spite of my democratic principles, been all the time conscious of a terrible humanness which brought all my lofty, generous, liberal ideas down to the very earth, and dragged them in its mire.

I pitied the poor. If I could have done so without any detriment to myself, or with none to speak of, I would have enriched every one of them. I believed there were brighter minds and truer hearts and nobler souls among them than are always to be found in the mansions of the rich. I have spoken to my poor acquaintances in the street with nearly as much politeness and carefulness as to my more fortunate friends. I went to call upon them sometimes, even, and was very condescending and affable towards them at all times, and, in my own mind, ready to admit that in reality, and the sight of Heaven, very many of them were my superiors.

But I might as well say it outright, since I have undertaken the confession: I was ashamed of my brother Christopher, and of his wife Sophronia, and of their children.

Now, I can inform persons who have had no experience in the matter, that it is quite a different thing to bow politely and benignly to shabby, inelegant persons in the street, whom one may happen to know, but with whom one has no personal connection, from what it is to go through public civilities toward one's own blood relations, when they happen to be of the shabby and inelegant class.

We were orphans, my brother and myself. He was the elder, by nine years. Christopher lived around with the different uncles; now in town, going to school awhile, now out on the farm with uncle Ben; there, or wherever he happened to be, doing what tasks were found suited to his age, committing the usual boyish misdemeanors, and getting thrashed for them in genuine Puritanic fashion; also rebelling occasionally against the reasonable or unreasonable government, whichever it was, and gaining the name of being a headstrong, unmanageable boy.

Twice he ran away; but he was found easily enough, and safe enough, as soon as the little money he had taken with him was exhausted. Yet he still managed, in one way or other, to keep me, and all connected with him, in a constant state of anxiety. He delighted in the society of the wildest and commonest boys that could be found, and would listen neither to the warnings nor to the commands of his guardians; he was also inclined to be disrespectful, and in all his conduct, instead of regarding those who had charge of him as friends, he waged a rebellious warfare against them as enemies.

I have never been able to get at any substantial evidence as to the amount of blame due to my relatives for mismanagement or lack of gentle methods of treatment; but as near as I can come to the facts of the case, although the influences which surrounded the boy were far from being as propitious as is the case when a child is brought up under the home roof, with his father and mother, yet my relatives, who were persons of high character, good standing, and no little family pride, appear to have been very anxious that their brother's child should become a good and useful citizen, and to have done what seemed to them best, under the difficult aspects of the case, to bring about that desirable result; but they found upon their hands a being who could not be molded, and did not of himself incline toward a respectable end. The fact is, he was eccentric from a child. He had opinions of his own, not derived from those around him, and an obstinacy in clinging to them which it was a hopeless task to oppose.

When he began to approach manhood, one of his most strongly expressed determinations was to belong to the common people, and he scoffed at the aristocratic ideas which prevailed in the family to some extent. He preferred the commonest clothes, the commonest manners, and rejected, in spite of the good opportunities which were proffered him in that direction, any but the commonest education.

Another strong predisposition was toward a sea-faring life, a business than which one could scarcely have been found more foreign and displeasing to the family habits and tastes. And, sure enough, his second runaway trip was to a sea-port, where he hired himself out on board a fishing-smack. "A fishing-smack!" I remember now the shame that thrilled through our little family community when this fact was ascertained, and which burned warmly in my young veins while as yet I had not the remotest idea of what a smack was, except the kind I gave Jennie Wright one day, at her earnest solicitation; which smack made my face burn as warmly as this fishing-smack news, so that, in fact, the two kinds gained an association in my mind beyond what the mere similarity in spelling would have occasioned.

After suitable deliberation and con-

sultation, it was concluded to let him fish it, or smack it, until he grew tired of the amusement, which happened after about two years of rough knocking about in this business, when he came back and signified his willingness to learn a trade. Therefore, although a trade was something unknown in the family, our friends bestirred themselves, and found him a good place for obtaining the trade he had chosen, even this turn being more than they had expected, so decided an inclination for a roving life had he displayed.

And behold! shortly, this wild fellow, in whose very wildness my own boyish partiality for an elder brother had found something upon which to build both hopes and admiration, settled down into a plodding, contented journeyman; as mild and harmless and tame a specimen as could ever have been produced by continual adherence to a mother's apron-strings.

If you could but know him, and then be told that this man was once a wild, irrepressible, runaway boy, keeping his friends in a continual flutter of alarm, you would be tempted to express an utter disbelief in the statement. He is as steady as any eight-day clock.

This, however, did not all happen in a day. After the trade was learnt, he went, now and then, on a "spree," and still continued to set us on nettles occasionally.

At length, when he had, by seeking common society, wearing the commonest clothes, and adopting the commonest manners, fully settled himself among the commonest of the respectable class of people (for he never descended to mean company, or, that I ever knew, did a mean act in his life), thus achieving the height of his youthful ambition, he selected from the very commonest of this respectable common class a wife who had also the commonest manners, and looks which were only redeemed from commonness by being very uncommonly plain. She was a factory girl, who had not been to school since she was eleven years of age. She was a trifle older than Christopher himself, and in her manners that which cannot be adequately described by any other word than "outlandish." Yet she was a kind-hearted woman, and not deficient in mind. This was the climax. It was a terrible blow to the family pride; for although we were not aristocrats, either by rank or wealth, that generation was one of superior intelligence and energy, its members were among the substantial part of the community, and their ancestors had always belonged to the respected middle class. Every generation looks forward to some progress in its descendants; my uncles had risen above the place in which they started, — being sons of a worthy farmer, — and would fain have had the coming generation rise yet higher. There was some talk, among the prouder members of the family, of disowning Christopher. But he could hardly have been disowned. Who could disown him? he was only a nephew. I could have disowned him, but I was a mere boy of twelve. Disown him! Well, I have unworthy traits enough, and I have just begun the story of one of my meannesses, but I have never come to that yet. It is no easy thing to disown your own mother's son. If he had been only a brother on the father's side, perhaps I could have done it, although that is very doubtful; but there is something in a man's heart that makes him true to his mother, even if, as in my case, he only beheld her with the unconscious eyes of early infancy.

After Christopher's marriage, he left off the sprees. This was not hard for him; he never had any fondness for liquor, and drank merely because he was in drinking company and imagined he had no one to keep sober for. Thus, abandoning the last symptom of youthful wildness, he at once became, as I have stated, as steady as any machine, a faithful workman, a good husband, always at home when not at the shop, and as fond and faithful to this homely factory girl, who could not put three words together correctly (to his praise be it spoken), as if she had been one of the fairest and most accomplished ladies of the land.

Now I, the little brother, though having the same father and mother, was as great a contrast to Christopher in everything but a physical family resemblance of features, as could have been possible had one of us been born of Eastern origin, on the opposite side of the globe.

My very first instincts, as far as I can remember, were ambitious ones. I inherited, to a degree which exceeded the inheritance, if I may so speak, the love of books and literature which prevailed in the family. I was almost morbidly sensitive in regard to appearances. I was anxious to far exceed the hopes of any one who might be inclined to take an interest in me; which last was, indeed, an easy matter; for so inclined are persons to believe in family likenesses in character, as well as in looks, that my best efforts excited but feeble expectations in the minds of my relatives, who were always looking for me, sooner or later, to develop some of the traits so noticeable in Christopher. But, however these traits may have lain dormant in my character, they have as yet only developed in the characteristic of which I spoke in the opening of this chapter: a warm sympathy with the humble and despised, and a wish that social distinctions were not so marked. Yet how far I ought to thank my brother Christopher for this state of mind, and how far it is inherent in my own character, I cannot tell.

As a child, I looked upon the deeds of others to wish and hope that I might yet do as well or better. I regarded all greatness and grandeur with a passionate desire to realize it in my own experience, and, though an orphan, little regarded and encouraged, I never lost heart, nor thought it worth while to stop trying to be "somebody," believing I had it in me to become that indefinite personage, even if every one around me did seem to be perfectly unsuspicious of any such possibility.

I made a success finally in a small way by getting the name of a somewhat remarkable scholar at school, which so emboldened me that, after what was supposed to be my graduation, as far as education was concerned, I asked if there was n't some possibility of my going to college.

"College!" Why, I created almost as much commotion as Christopher stirred up when he ran away and went smacking. "College!" Why, not even one of my uncles, who considered themselves very grand in comparison with Christopher's little brother Reuben, had been to college, although in their youth every one of them had longed for the opportunity.

"I 'll *make* the opportunity," I said with quivering lip but beaming eye. "Only let me go, and I 'll make the opportunity."

"Go? Make the opportunity? Pshaw! Go and make it, then," they said in derision.

And I went. They helped me somewhat, and I helped myself more. I worked my way, and a year after I left college, beyond my own support I had earned enough to pay my uncles back, with interest, all they had forwarded for my assistance. I chose the law for my profession, and, while I studied that, supported myself by reporting for the papers, assistant editorship, and other newspaper work. Step by step, although not without varied difficulties and discouragements, I have been enabled to advance, until now I feel myself gaining a substantial footing in my profession, as well as in some other directions. I am petted and flattered in society to a degree very far beyond my deserts, and have learned by experience the truth of the old saying, that not only will every one give the man who is going down hill a push in that direction, but will also lend a helping hand to a person who is already on the ascent. I have received so much of this gratuitous hoisting, recently, that the climbing process has been not a little accelerated. I some time since left in the rear, as regards the social scale, the relatives who naturally enough, in my childhood, looked with distrust upon my future, and have far outstripped any of their offspring; and if so, how

far have I left behind my poor brother Christopher!

I say this in no boastful spirit; it is for those who possess inherited rank thus to boast, if any one, not he who in the winning it has found how small and poor a thing it is, — a thing which a man may gain for himself with his own puny energies, which he can hold only for a brief period, and which, while he has it, seems, thus safe in hand, dull and commonplace to what it appeared when glistening in the distance. It is more a symbol of might than of merit, and I know that when we come to be ranked according to this latter standard I may take a lowly place, while many a one now beneath me goes above. Then (and my heart leaps gladly at the thought) my brother Christopher may have a chance. For indeed, a kindlier spirit than his never lived. That is where the difficulty lies. If a man is malicious, mean, mischievous, our consciences uphold us for declining to associate with him; but if he merely eats onions, smokes poor tobacco, wears seedy, ill-made clothes, changes his linen but once a week, and has no ambitions beyond the commonest necessities of existence, where shall we condemn him? As well condemn the lower animals because their capacities are so limited. If I were to seek to lay my finger upon one mean or evil trait in my brother Christopher's character, I believe I should seek in vain. Kindly, affectionate, generous, honest, forgiving, faithful, unenvious, uncomplaining — what a list of good qualities I might make out, and still adhere closely to facts. On the other hand, what does he lack? Energy, ambition, superior capacity, a refined taste, self-esteem, aristocratic ideas. Are these virtues? Is any one of them essential to true worth and goodness? I cannot say "Yes," — and can any one?

Where then is my excuse for being ashamed of my brother Christopher, and of his wife and children? For against the latter I can say no more than I can say against him, and all I have said in his favor I can say in theirs.

I find no argument in my own behalf. Therefore I tell my story and make my confession, with my head, figuratively speaking, covered with sackcloth and ashes.

Christopher loves me, and I love Christopher. The ties of blood are strong, and let who will dispute it, he deals falsely with his own heart.

I visit Christopher two or three times a year, and stay part of a day. If I stay longer than this it depresses my spirits, and I fall into a fault-finding mood and say things which I regret very much afterwards. For instance, once when I had committed the blunder of stopping with him over Sunday, I asked him why he did n't have his clothes cut in a later style. I also inquired if it was the fashion to put a child of three years into trousers, and offered to buy Sophronia a chignon. Then I suggested that a tenement in a house containing less than five families might be preferable. I noticed, at the time, that my queries and suggestions did not have any pleasanter effect than might have been anticipated, and heard afterwards that my brother and his wife had felt "deeply hurt" at some remarks which I made at that visit. Now, of all things, I have one of the greatest antipathies to the word "hurt." I have learned to be thick-skinned myself, and if anything ever does make me smart, I never "let on," as the boys say, and generally get something out of the smart by learning a lesson of some kind from it, as I used from a whipping in my boyhood, so that it serves me a good turn in the end. But I knew that in Christopher's and Sophronia's case the hurt meant simply a hurt which had not done any good, and which was merely cruel. So, whenever I went afterwards, I made no more sharp queries or suggestions out of the ordinary line.

My brother and his wife have several times since my settlement in B—— stated that they were coming up to see me sometime, and to this I have always replied, "Let me know when you are coming, and I will meet you at the depot." I did not urge the visit, for I did

not feel anxious about it; or rather I did feel anxious in one sense, inasmuch as the very thought of it filled my mind with a dread, of which I was then, and am now, thoroughly ashamed, but which, it seemed to me, I could no more help than I could an ague chill. But if they would come, they must. I thought very likely they would, and made up my mind that, sooner or later, the ordeal awaited me; but the period being indefinite, and a long space of time having passed away without the fulfillment of the intention, I had at length almost ceased to think of it, except once in a great while, as a possible future infliction.

I seemed to grow more and more popular every day, in my profession and in society, and I was even a favorite in the fashionable world of the place, with the wealthy and stylish ladies generally, as well as with their fathers and brothers. I was not transported, however, with these gay ladies of the *bon ton;* for only two or three of them did I feel half the inward respect which I cherished for my unlettered, uncouth sister Sophronia. But their adulation had not yet lost the charm of novelty, while for me it had at this time something also of the charm of conquest, and I should have been chagrined to lose it. They had a certain dignity and prestige in virtue of their wealth and position, the influence of which I felt as much as any one could, — I who had just risen from the ranks, as it were.

I have, for more than a year past, had a very comfortable and pleasant suite of rooms at one of the best hotels in B——. I can very well afford this, in the present state of my income; yet I should not have incurred the expense, — as I am not of an extravagant turn of mind, — had I not considered it at first, and afterwards proved it to be, the best policy. I have by this means been brought in contact with a very much larger number of people than I could otherwise have met; and it has given me excellent opportunities for the study of human nature and character, a knowledge of which is of great value in my profession. There is at this house quite a large number of regular boarders, persons of wealth and high social standing, with whom I am on very friendly terms, and with whom I exchange frequent and informal calls.

One morning, as I was looking over the mail which my office-boy had just brought in, I found a note from brother Christopher. It was like all his letters, brief and to the point, and ran as follows: —

Dear Reuben, — Sophronia and I thought, as mother Hendricks is down, and can take care of the children, we would run up and see you to-day, and bring Willie and Frank with us, as it won't hurt them to travel a little. I thought I 'd write, and let you know, as you spoke about it. Yours truly,

Christopher.

The time of trial had come. I have had several teeth extracted; I underwent a painful surgical operation once; I was also in a very severe battle at the time of the war: and in every such position which I can remember, however much I may have felt a cowardly dread beforehand, when the critical moment arrived, "Let the worst come, I can stand it," was the language of my thoughts. I have shaken inwardly until the dentist's steel clinched the tooth, and then, although I could not set my teeth, I set my resolution with a will, and thought, "Pull away, old fellow, all you please;" and after the surgeon's knife had once cleft the skin, I felt as if I could be cut up into delicate slices with a good grace. So, on the battlefield, although I marched to the encounter with trembling limbs, after the first peal of artillery, I could have fought hand to hand with genuine pleasure. And now, after I had read brother Christopher's letter, I felt as though should he bring a troop like himself and his Sophronia, I could endure. Still, as in the case of the dentist's forceps, the surgeon's knife, the battlefield, there was a call for stolid endurance in every nerve; there was a coward

heart within me to be vanquished, and it all but conquered me.

I must play the brother's part; I must show them the town; I must take them in to dinner with my friends, and to tea, too, if they would consent to remain until after that meal; I must introduce them to such of my acquaintance as they should chance to meet. I laid out as elaborate a programme, indeed, as if I were to receive a visit from some high dignitary and his wife, and in the sudden valor of my heart resolved to carry it out like a man, let what would come.

When I went to the depot at ten o'clock to meet my relatives, I felt like a valiant hero about to perish in a good cause. But alas for lofty human resolutions! As soon as I saw my brother Christopher and sister Sophronia, every good purpose deserted me on the instant, and I, who had faced every other trial that I could recall to mind with some show of courage, turned and fled, figuratively speaking, before nothing but my own brother and his wife.

My brother is a little dumpy, odd-looking man in figure, scarcely reaching to my shoulder, and with a large head which used to perplex our relatives not a little, since they could not understand how a broad square forehead like his could help having something in it; and I believe they for a time cherished hopes that some talent hidden closely away at present in that generous cranium might yet come to development. His wife, also, is short and dumpy after a square and angular fashion. They were as usual, on this occasion, attired in a style not recognizable as that of any particular kind or period, but certainly a caricature of that of the present day.

I don't know much about the technicalities of feminine apparel, and the only thing which I was certain was lacking in my sister's outfit, to which consciousness I am able to give expression, was the entire lack of — I hope I shall get the word right — bustle. I do not admire this invention. I detest the Grecian bend, but it did seem to me that, in the present universal prevalence of this fashion, a small newspaper or some such thing, which I have been told ladies of less ambitious toilets sometimes use as a substitute, would have made Sophronia a trifle less likely to attract attention, a result which seems to me very desirable in the way of dress, as a general rule. Further than this, language fails me in a description of Sophronia's appearance. I only felt the fresh conviction which comes over me every time I see her, that she is thoroughly nondescript; and so, in a masculine style, was my brother. He wore a striped shirt, a suit of clothes each member of which was of a different color and texture from either of its neighbors, a new felt hat of a peculiar and unbecoming shape, and he carried in his hand a rough, covered basket, in which, as afterwards appeared, the dear fellow had brought some choice apples for me, knowing my partiality for that fruit. I went up and shook hands with them, with as much apparent pleasure and cordiality as I could possibly counterfeit. The boys tumbled out of the cars after them, two bright, pleasant little chaps, but not as handsome or graceful as if they had been got up in better style, and kept in genteel and careful habits.

Instead of asking them to walk up to the hotel with me, in the bright, pleasant October sunlight, what did I do? I said, "Step into the ladies' room a moment, please; I 'll be back presently," and hurried off to procure a carriage, into which I speedily put my visitors, and ordered the driver to take us, first, around the suburbs.

After a whirl about the outskirts of the town, I rallied a little of my recreant courage, and took my friends around the park, past the principal public buildings, down several of the aristocratic streets, with, however, the inward reflection that no one would dream of their being my connections. Ladies and gentlemen were bowing to me on all sides, and there was evident on most of the faces a look of passing wonder and curiosity; but all my friends knew of my democratic and condescending manners, and probably thought I was playing the

agreeable to some country acquaintances or clients — at least, so I said to myself. I was where I was not called upon to introduce my guests, and the thought now occurred to me that, after all, I might be able to get through the day without showing any lack of attention and politeness to them, and yet without presenting them to any of my friends. And no sooner did this dastard thought enter my mind than it summoned to its aid all my ingenuity to carry out the project. For the first time, it now occurred to me that I might, as I sometimes did when I had company, order a dinner in my own parlor. And having made my company at home in my apartments, I went directly and gave information that I had friends from out of town with me who were accustomed to dine early, and that I would like to have dinner served in my rooms as soon as possible. After dinner I left my guests to entertain themselves a while, having some important business to attend to that afternoon. In fact, a trial in which our whole community was greatly interested was to come off, and I was to make a plea upon which some important interests were supposed to depend to a considerable degree. I had expended more time and labor on that plea than on almost any other I had been called upon to prepare since my very first efforts in that line, although it was a by no means lengthy affair. I had felt no little enthusiasm in my subject, but this sudden and exciting diversion had, for a few hours, driven it almost out of mind. Usually I pay but slight after-attention to my MS., finding that in working it up I get it fully established in my mind; but now, for almost the first time in my experience as a speaker, I distrusted myself, and felt more anxious over this coming plea than over my maiden plea. I put my speech in my pocket, concluding to go down to my office and get into the spirit of it by reading it over alone, for it seemed to me that the whole fabric had fallen out of my memory since ten o'clock that morning.

Therefore I informed my friends I had some important business at my office, and added that before I came home I should have to deliver a plea at the court-house. As this building was near the hotel, and I had pointed it out to my brother as we were riding, I told Christopher if he should step in there about three o'clock or sooner he would have the opportunity of criticising my speech, and perhaps Sophronia and the boys would like to go with him.

They were all highly pleased at the idea, and I rather liked it myself; it would serve as an entertainment for them destitute of any embarrassment and difficulty for me, and would while away the chief portion of the time remaining before their return home.

I had noted considerable amusement depicted upon the faces of clerks and waiters at the peculiarities noticeable in the looks and manners of my guests, and had wondered that the feeling was not more repressed, as all belonging to the establishment were in the habit of showing the greatest deference to me and those whom I chose to favor; but as I then suspected, and afterwards ascertained, it was the general impression that the family were witnesses in this very case.

At my office, behind lock and key, I soon worked myself into the spirit of my plea so thoroughly that, for the time being, I forgot brother Christopher and everybody else, myself included, except my client and the various characters concerned in his case. My fears in regard to the success of this day's speech had not been prophetic ones. I went to the court-room as full of my theme and as oblivious of all other matters as if nothing out of the usual course had diverted my mind that morning.

I don't know how I spoke, except by the account of others; but I know I thought of nothing but making a desperate effort to gain the case for my client, feeling, with all my heart, that right was on his side.

I was not even aware, until the plea was finished, that my head was aching terribly. I felt so dizzy and ill when it was over that I dreaded to sit there

and await the delivery of the verdict, especially as the room was oppressively close where I sat, and if I awaited the conclusion I might have to encounter interminable hand-shakes and greetings. So, without even looking about to see what impression I had produced, being conscious that I had done as well as I could, and consequently less anxious in regard to the result, I left the platform and slipped quietly out at a side door.

When I reached my rooms, I found the boys already there before me, the exhibition having lost its interest for them when uncle Reuben ceased to be the actor. They were playing checkers very happily at the centre-table with my chess-men, jumping knights over castles, and bishops over knights, and so on, in a style quite as amusing to me as to themselves. I threw myself wearily on the sofa and watched the pleasant little fellows, listening to their boyish prattle and bright repartee, while turning over in my mind what could be done for their interests, for they were evidently capable little boys, and not deficient in energy. As the excitement which my recent effort in the court-room had induced began to subside, my mind recurred to the dilemma in which I was placed by the presence of my visitors. I looked at my watch. It was nearly five o'clock. At seven the train left which was to bear away my brother Christopher and his family. Two hours! I drew a breath of relief, yet almost hated myself for doing it. Just then brother Christopher and Sophronia came in, very happy and beaming.

"That was pretty well done, brother," said the former, with a look of pride stealing into his honest, affectionate eyes. "But they could n't make out what had become of you. I should think there were fifty waiting to congratulate you, and asking where you were."

"Oh," said I, thinking of the result for the first time, "do you know how it came out?"

"Yes, we stayed it through. Mr. G—— got the case by a unanimous verdict."

I went and ordered tea in my room at six, after which I sat conversing with Christopher and Sophronia in regard to the boys, inquiring into their progress at school, their individual traits, etc., when a light tap came at the door, accompanied by a murmur of voices.

It flashed upon my mind in an instant that some friends had probably called to talk over the favorable result of the case with me. The time of trial had come, after all. A cold sweat seemed to break out over me in an instant, and my limbs almost trembled as I stepped to the door. But as I threw it open, and met that brilliant little assembly, full half of them ladies in their rich dinner costumes, got up, too, with especial care for this occasion — did I grow faint? did I become embarrassed? Well, I might have done so with scarcely less credit to myself than I could claim for the courage and resolution which nerved me on the instant, and sent the warm, invigorating blood coursing again through my veins, for it was but the courage and animation of sheer despair.

I asked them in with punctilious politeness, those lively, well-dressed, sparkling ladies and gentlemen.

"What under the sun did you do with yourself, Patterson? Every one said you had gone out of town in a hurry, you left so mysteriously. We 've been discussing your whereabouts all dinner-time, and not in the best of humor either, for we had got up something extra in your honor. If you had come past the dining-room just now, instead of round the other way, you 'd have heard some scolding, on the part of the ladies, at least."

By this time I had ushered in the whole company and closed the door. As soon as it became evident to all that I was not alone, a genteel hush occurred, and then, of course, tongues being tied, eyes were called into extra requisition. There sat my group of Christopher, Sophronia, and the boys, a target for all those keen though polite glances.

It touched even my dastard heart, this pleasant, honest, unassuming family, in their simplicity and plainness facing

these gay aspirants to rank and wealth and culture, and with my desperate courage there did mingle, at length, I firmly believe, some straggling remnants of true, democratic feeling, and honest, unblushing brotherly allegiance and love.

"Gentlemen and ladies," I said, turning to Christopher and Sophronia with, I think, a trifle more coolness and urbanity than if I had been presenting a princely guest, "allow me to introduce to you my brother, Mr. Patterson, and his wife, and their sons, Willie and Frank, who have come up from G—— to-day to make me a little visit. We had an early dinner in my rooms, which accounts for my not dining with you as usual. I left the court-room early on account of a severe headache which the close air seemed to aggravate, and was not aware, until my brother just informed me, of the favorable verdict."

Apologies were profuse. They were not aware that I had company with me, they would not thus have intruded, etc. Some of the ladies were evidently a little inclined to smile and exchange glances at Sophronia's costume, but politeness kept the mastery.

Sophronia talked with perfect freedom and vivacity, not being of a diffident disposition, and displayed her Down-East dialect to good advantage; but Christopher, who is not much of a society man, did not speak except when addressed; and if I had not become possessed of a stolid indifference which would have endured almost anything within the region of possibilities, I could scarcely have told which was most embarrassing, Christopher's statue-like silence or Sophronia's peculiar eloquence.

As for me, I astonished myself. Nothing annoyed me. I cared not in the least what any one thought. The Rubicon was crossed, — not, it is true, by my own courage; I had been plunged in headlong, and had swum for my life, — but it was crossed, nevertheless, and fear or hesitancy as to my course was over for good. I forgot my headache; Christopher and Sophronia caused me no more anxiety than if they were some other man's relatives instead of mine. I was as collected, as cheerful, as unconscious as if there were nothing out of the ordinary course.

The visit was a somewhat constrained one on the part of my guests; but I did my best to entertain them, and I don't think they could complain of any lack of cordiality and sociability on my part. They left just in time to be out of the way when the waiters brought in the early tea I had ordered.

It was one of the pleasantest meals I had ever known, with Frank and Will sitting, one on either side of me, and Christopher and Sophronia opposite, and I a happier man, it seemed to me, than I had ever been before. The mean and false pride within me which shrank from owning my honest and true-hearted brother, because he lacked brilliant graces and endowments, was, as I hoped, laid forever.

I was the personification of jollity. Not a vestige remained of the headache which I had almost regarded as a premonitory symptom of typhoid or brain fever. I kept the boys in a high state of merriment, while Christopher and Sophronia looked admiringly on.

After tea, when all were arrayed for departure, I took Sophronia on my arm, and, with Christopher and the boys following, walked down the brightly lighted hall, past the open parlors, where the beauty and fashion of the house were assembled, out at the ladies' entrance and towards the depot, where I waited until the train was off, and I had made a last bow to my friends at the car windows.

Before I received the visit I have described, I was but half a democrat compared with what I am to-day. I have also put aside all condescending airs toward my less worldly-prosperous fellows, and, in owning my brother, I have owned them all.

Yet when I see, as I do daily, some persons of aristocratic feelings and expression, I can only say: "It is not so much to be wondered at; he has no brother Christopher."

E. S. Thayer.

FANCY'S MASQUERADE.

WANDERING sunny meadows o'er,
Came a pretty child to me,
And a golden bow he bore,
While as blithe as any bee
Rang his voice across the lea,
"Follow, follow, follow me!"

"Who then art thou, dear my child?
Sure I 've seen that shining bow;
But that laughter, sweet and wild,
Sounds not like the voice I know:
That is ever sweet and low."
"Follow, follow, where I go!

"I am Love, thy lord and king;
See you not my arrows here?
Hark! their barbèd pointlets ring
In my quiver crystal-clear.
Come, if Love to thee be dear,
Follow, follow, all that hear!"

"Sweet my child, I know thee now;
Thou art Fancy, fair and free!
Thou mayst mask that sunny brow,
But thy rainbow wings I see.
Vain thy masking, dear, for me;
Well I know true Love from thee!

"He hath eyes as bright as thine,
But they wear a softer sheen,
And a sadness half divine
Veils the sweetness of his mien;
Yes, whoe'er his face hath seen
Knoweth it from thine, I ween.

"All the voices of the earth
Call him excellent and great,
But grief, hand in hand with mirth,
Still doth on his footsteps wait,
And the shadowy wings of fate
Darken o'er his royal state!

"On his left hand and his right
Pain and pleasure ever go;
And before his eyes the sight
Of the anguish and the woe
That his dearest ones must know
Maketh still his laughter low!

"Vain thy pretty masquerade,
Fancy fleet! on Love alone
Can those constant hearts be stayed
That have once his secrets known;
When thy facile wings have flown,
His sway hath but stronger grown!"

Kate Hillard.

OLD TIMES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

III.

THE CONTINUED PERPLEXITIES OF "CUB" PILOTING.

At the end of what seemed a tedious while, I had managed to pack my head full of islands, towns, bars, "points," and bends; and a curiously inanimate mass of lumber it was, too. However, inasmuch as I could shut my eyes and reel off a good long string of these names without leaving out more than ten miles of river in every fifty, I began to feel that I could take a boat down to New Orleans if I could make her skip those little gaps. But of course my complacency could hardly get start enough to lift my nose a trifle into the air, before Mr. B—— would think of something to fetch it down again. One day he turned on me suddenly with this settler:—

"What is the shape of Walnut Bend?"

He might as well have asked me my grandmother's opinion of protoplasm. I reflected respectfully, and then said I did n't know it had any particular shape. My gunpowdery chief went off with a bang, of course, and then went on loading and firing until he was out of adjectives.

I had learned long ago that he only carried just so many rounds of ammunition, and was sure to subside into a very placable and even remorseful old smooth-bore as soon as they were all gone. That word "old" is merely affectionate; he was not more than thirty-four. I waited. By and by he said,—

"My boy, you 've got to know the *shape* of the river perfectly. It is all there is left to steer by on a very dark night. Everything else is blotted out and gone. But mind you, it has n't the same shape in the night that it has in the day-time."

"How on earth am I ever going to learn it, then?"

"How do you follow a hall at home in the dark? Because you know the shape of it. You can't see it."

"Do you mean to say that I 've got to know all the million trifling variations of shape in the banks of this interminable river as well as I know the shape of the front hall at home?"

"On my honor you 've got to know them *better* than any man ever did know the shapes of the halls in his own house."

"I wish I was dead!"

"Now I don't want to discourage you, but"—

"Well, pile it on me; I might as well have it now as another time."

"You see, this has got to be learned; there is n't any getting around it. A clear starlight night throws such heavy shadows that if you did n't know the shape of a shore perfectly you would claw away from every bunch of timber, because you would take the black shadow of it for a solid cape; and you see you would be getting scared to death every fifteen minutes by the watch. You

would be fifty yards from shore all the time when you ought to be within twenty feet of it. You can't see a snag in one of those shadows, but you know exactly where it is, and the shape of the river tells you when you are coming to it. Then there 's your pitch dark night; the river is a very different shape on a pitch dark night from what it is on a starlight night. All shores seem to be straight lines, then, and mighty dim ones, too; and you 'd *run* them for straight lines, only you know better. You boldly drive your boat right into what seems to be a solid, straight wall (you knowing very well that in reality there is a curve there), and that wall falls back and makes way for you. Then there 's your gray mist. You take a night when there 's one of these grisly, drizzly, gray mists, and then there is n't *any* particular shape to a shore. A gray mist would tangle the head of the oldest man that ever lived. Well, then, different kinds of *moonlight* change the shape of the river in different ways. You see" —

"Oh, don't say any more, please! Have I got to learn the shape of the river according to all these five hundred thousand different ways? If I tried to carry all that cargo in my head it would make me stoop-shouldered."

"*No!* you only learn *the* shape of the river; and you learn it with such absolute certainty that you can always steer by the shape that 's *in your head*, and never mind the one that 's before your eyes."

"Very well, I 'll try it; but after I have learned it can I depend on it? Will it keep the same form and not go fooling around?"

Before Mr. B—— could answer, Mr. W—— came in to take the watch, and he said, —

"B——, you 'll have to look out for President's Island and all that country clear away up above the Old Hen and Chickens. The banks are caving and the shape of the shores changing like everything. Why, you would n't know the point above 40. You can go up inside the old sycamore snag, now." [1]

So that question was answered. Here were leagues of shore changing shape. My spirits were down in the mud again. Two things seemed pretty apparent to me. One was, that in order to be a pilot a man had got to learn more than any one man ought to be allowed to know; and the other was, that he must learn it all over again in a different way every twenty-four hours.

That night we had the watch until twelve. Now it was an ancient river custom for the two pilots to chat a bit when the watch changed. While the relieving pilot put on his gloves and lit his cigar, his partner, the retiring pilot, would say something like this: —

"I judge the upper bar is making down a little at Hale's Point; had quarter twain with the lower lead and mark twain [2] with the other."

"Yes, I thought it was making down a little, last trip. Meet any boats?"

"Met one abreast the head of 21, but she was away over hugging the bar, and I could n't make her out entirely. I took her for the Sunny South — had n't any skylights forward of the chimneys."

And so on. And as the relieving pilot took the wheel his partner [3] would mention that we were in such-and-such a bend, and say we were abreast of such-and-such a man's wood-yard or plantation. This was courtesy; I supposed it was *necessity*. But Mr. W—— came on watch full twelve minutes late, on this particular night — a tremendous breach of etiquette; in fact, it is the unpardonable sin among pilots. So Mr. B—— gave him no greeting whatever, but simply surrendered the wheel and marched out of the pilot-house without a word. I was appalled; it was a villainous night for blackness, we were in a particularly wide and blind part of the river, where there was no shape or substance to anything, and it seemed incredible that Mr. B—— should have left that poor fellow to kill the boat trying to

[1] It may not be necessary, but still it can do no harm to explain that "inside" means between the snag and the shore. — M. T.

[2] Two fathoms. Quarter twain is 2¼ fathoms, 13½ feet. Mark three is three fathoms.

[3] "Partner" is technical for "the other pilot."

find out where he was. But I resolved that I would stand by him any way. He should find that he was not wholly friendless. So I stood around, and waited to be asked where we were. But Mr. W—— plunged on serenely through the solid firmament of black cats that stood for an atmosphere, and never opened his mouth. Here is a proud devil, thought I; here is a limb of Satan that would rather send us all to destruction than put himself under obligations to me, because I am not yet one of the salt of the earth and privileged to snub captains and lord it over everything dead and alive in a steamboat. I presently climbed up on the bench; I did not think it was safe to go to sleep while this lunatic was on watch.

However, I must have gone to sleep in the course of time, because the next thing I was aware of was the fact that day was breaking, Mr. W—— gone, and Mr. B—— at the wheel again. So it was four o'clock and all well — but me; I felt like a skinful of dry bones and all of them trying to ache at once.

Mr. B—— asked me what I had stayed up there for. I confessed that it was to do Mr. W—— a benevolence: tell him where he was. It took five minutes for the entire preposterousness of the thing to filter into Mr. B——'s system, and then I judge it filled him nearly up to the chin; because he paid me a compliment — and not much of a one either. He said, —

"Well, taking you by-and-large, you do seem to be more different kinds of an ass than any creature I ever saw before. What did you suppose he wanted to know for?"

I said I thought it might be a convenience to him.

"Convenience! Dash! Did n't I tell you that a man 's got to know the river in the night the same as he 'd know his own front hall?"

"Well, I can follow the front hall in the dark if I know it *is* the front hall; but suppose you set me down in the middle of it in the dark and not tell me which hall it is; how am *I* to know?"

"Well, you 've *got* to, on the river!"

"All right. Then I 'm glad I never said anything to Mr. W——."

"I should say so. Why, he 'd have slammed you through the window and utterly ruined a hundred dollars' worth of window-sash and stuff."

I was glad this damage had been saved, for it would have made me unpopular with the owners. They always hated anybody who had the name of being careless, and injuring things.

I went to work, now, to learn the shape of the river; and of all the eluding and ungraspable objects that ever I tried to get mind or hands on, that was the chief. I would fasten my eyes upon a sharp, wooded point that projected far into the river some miles ahead of me, and go to laboriously photographing its shape upon my brain; and just as I was beginning to succeed to my satisfaction, we would draw up toward it and the exasperating thing would begin to melt away and fold back into the bank! If there had been a conspicuous dead tree standing upon the very point of the cape, I would find that tree inconspicuously merged into the general forest, and occupying the middle of a straight shore, when I got abreast of it! No prominent hill would stick to its shape long enough for me to make up my mind what its form really was, but it was as dissolving and changeful as if it had been a mountain of butter in the hottest corner of the tropics. Nothing ever had the same shape when I was coming down-stream that it had borne when I went up. I mentioned these little difficulties to Mr. B——. He said, —

"That 's the very main virtue of the thing. If the shapes did n't change every three seconds they would n't be of any use. Take this place where we are now, for instance. As long as that hill over yonder is only one hill, I can boom right along the way I 'm going; but the moment it splits at the top and forms a V, I know I 've got to scratch to starboard in a hurry, or I 'll bang this boat's brains out against a rock; and then the moment one of the prongs of the V swings behind the other, I 've

got to waltz to larboard again, or I 'll have a misunderstanding with a snag that would snatch the keelson out of this steamboat as neatly as if it were a sliver in your hand. If that hill did n't change its shape on bad nights there would be an awful steamboat grave-yard around here inside of a year."

It was plain that I had got to learn the shape of the river in all the different ways that could be thought of, — upside down, wrong end first, inside out, fore-and-aft, and "thortships," — and then know what to do on gray nights when it had n't any shape at all. So I set about it. In the course of time I began to get the best of this knotty lesson, and my self-complacency moved to the front once more. Mr. B—— was all fixed, and ready to start it to the rear again. He opened on me after this fashion: —

"How much water did we have in the middle crossing at Hole-in-the-Wall, trip before last?"

I considered this an outrage. I said:

"Every trip, down and up, the leadsmen are singing through that tangled place for three quarters of an hour on a stretch. How do you reckon I can remember such a mess as that?"

"My boy, you 've got to remember it. You 've got to remember the exact spot and the exact marks the boat lay in when we had the shoalest water, in every one of the two thousand shoal places between St. Louis and New Orleans; and you must n't get the shoal soundings and marks of one trip mixed up with the shoal soundings and marks of another, either, for they 're not often twice alike. You must keep them separate."

When I came to myself again, I said, —

"When I get so that I can do that, I 'll be able to raise the dead, and then I won't have to pilot a steamboat in order to make a living. I want to retire from this business. I want a slush-bucket and a brush; I 'm only fit for a roustabout. I have n't got brains enough to be a pilot; and if I had I would n't have strength enough to carry them around, unless I went on crutches."

"Now drop that! When I say I 'll learn[1] a man the river, I mean it. And you can depend on it I 'll learn him or kill him."

There was no use in arguing with a person like this. I promptly put such a strain on my memory that by and by even the shoal water and the countless crossing-marks began to stay with me. But the result was just the same. I never could more than get one knotty thing learned before another presented itself. Now I had often seen pilots gazing at the water and pretending to read it as if it were a book; but it was a book that told me nothing. A time came at last, however, when Mr. B—— seemed to think me far enough advanced to bear a lesson on water-reading. So he began: —

"Do you see that long slanting line on the face of the water? Now that 's a reef. Moreover, it 's a bluff reef. There is a solid sand-bar under it that is nearly as straight up and down as the side of a house. There is plenty of water close up to it, but mighty little on top of it. If you were to hit it you would knock the boat's brains out. Do you see where the line fringes out at the upper end and begins to fade away?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that is a low place; that is the head of the reef. You can climb over there, and not hurt anything. Cross over, now, and follow along close under the reef — easy water there — not much current."

I followed the reef along till I approached the fringed end. Then Mr. B—— said, —

"Now get ready. Wait till I give the word. She won't want to mount the reef; a boat hates shoal water. Stand by — wait — wait — keep her well in hand. *Now* cramp her down! Snatch her! snatch her!"

He seized the other side of the wheel and helped to spin it around until it was hard down, and then we held it so. The boat resisted and refused to answer for a while, and next she came surging to

[1] "Teach" is not in the river vocabulary.

starboard, mounted the reef, and sent a long, angry ridge of water foaming away from her bows.

"Now watch her; watch her like a cat, or she 'll get away from you. When she fights strong and the tiller slips a little, in a jerky, greasy sort of way, let up on her a trifle; it is the way she tells you at night that the water is too shoal; but keep edging her up, little by little, toward the point. You are well up on the bar, now; there is a bar under every point, because the water that comes down around it forms an eddy and allows the sediment to sink. Do you see those fine lines on the face of the water that branch out like the ribs of a fan? Well, those are little reefs; you want to just miss the ends of them, but run them pretty close. Now look out — look out! Don't you crowd that slick, greasy-looking place; there ain't nine feet there; she won't stand it. She begins to smell it; look sharp, I tell you! Oh blazes, there you go! Stop the starboard wheel! Quick! Ship up to back! Set her back!"

The engine bells jingled and the engines answered promptly, shooting white columns of steam far aloft out of the scape pipes, but it was too late. The boat had "smelt" the bar in good earnest; the foamy ridges that radiated from her bows suddenly disappeared, a great dead swell came rolling forward and swept ahead of her, she careened far over to larboard, and went tearing away toward the other shore as if she were about scared to death. We were a good mile from where we ought to have been, when we finally got the upper hand of her again.

During the afternoon watch the next day, Mr. B—— asked me if I knew how to run the next few miles. I said: —

"Go inside the first snag above the point, outside the next one, start out from the lower end of Higgins's woodyard, make a square crossing and" —

"That 's all right. I 'll be back before you close up on the next point."

But he was n't. He was still below when I rounded it and entered upon a piece of river which I had some misgivings about. I did not know that he was hiding behind a chimney to see how I would perform. I went gayly along, getting prouder and prouder, for he had never left the boat in my sole charge such a length of time before. I even got to "setting" her and letting the wheel go, entirely, while I vaingloriously turned my back and inspected the stern marks and hummed a tune, a sort of easy indifference which I had prodigiously admired in B—— and other great pilots. Once I inspected rather long, and when I faced to the front again my heart flew into my mouth so suddenly that if I had n't clapped my teeth together I would have lost it. One of those frightful bluff reefs was stretching its deadly length right across our bows! My head was gone in a moment; I did not know which end I stood on; I gasped and could not get my breath; I spun the wheel down with such rapidity that it wove itself together like a spider's web; the boat answered and turned square away from the reef, but the reef followed her! I fled, and still it followed — still it kept right across my bows! I never looked to see where I was going, I only fled. The awful crash was imminent — why did n't that villain come! If I committed the crime of ringing a bell, I might get thrown overboard. But better that than kill the boat. So in blind desperation I started such a rattling "shivaree" down below as never had astounded an engineer in this world before, I fancy. Amidst the frenzy of the bells the engines began to back and fill in a furious way, and my reason forsook its throne — we were about to crash into the woods on the other side of the river. Just then Mr. B—— stepped calmly into view on the hurricane deck. My soul went out to him in gratitude. My distress vanished; I would have felt safe on the brink of Niagara, with Mr. B—— on the hurricane deck. He blandly and sweetly took his tooth-pick out of his mouth between his fingers, as if it were a cigar, — we were just in the act of climbing an overhanging big tree, and the passengers were scudding astern

like rats, — and lifted up these commands to me ever so gently: —

"Stop the starboard. Stop the larboard. Set her back on both."

The boat hesitated, halted, pressed her nose among the boughs a critical instant, then reluctantly began to back away.

"Stop the larboard. Come ahead on it. Stop the starboard. Come ahead on it. Point her for the bar."

I sailed away as serenely as a summer's morning. Mr. B—— came in and said, with mock simplicity, —

"When you have a hail, my boy, you ought to tap the big bell three times before you land, so that the engineers can get ready."

I blushed under the sarcasm, and said I had n't had any hail.

"Ah! Then it was for wood, I suppose. The officer of the watch will tell you when he wants to wood up."

I went on consuming, and said I was n't after wood.

"Indeed? Why, what could you want over here in the bend, then? Did you ever know of a boat following a bend up-stream at this stage of the river?"

"No, sir, — and *I* was n't trying to follow it. I was getting away from a bluff reef."

"No, it was n't a bluff reef; there is n't one within three miles of where you were."

"But I saw it. It was as bluff as that one yonder."

"Just about. Run over it!"

"Do you give it as an order?"

"Yes. Run over it."

"If I don't, I wish I may die."

"All right; I am taking the responsibility."

I was just as anxious to kill the boat, now, as I had been to save her before. I impressed my orders upon my memory, to be used at the inquest, and made a straight break for the reef. As it disappeared under our bows I held my breath; but we slid over it like oil.

"Now don't you see the difference? It was n't anything but a wind reef. The wind does that."

"So I see. But it is exactly like a bluff reef. How am I ever going to tell them apart?"

"I can't tell you. It is an instinct. By and by you will just naturally *know* one from the other, but you never will be able to explain why or how you know them apart."

It turned out to be true. The face of the water, in time, became a wonderful book — a book that was a dead language to the uneducated passenger, but which told its mind to me without reserve, delivering its most cherished secrets as clearly as if it uttered them with a voice. And it was not a book to be read once and thrown aside, for it had a new story to tell every day. Throughout the long twelve hundred miles there was never a page that was void of interest, never one that you could leave unread without loss, never one that you would want to skip, thinking you could find higher enjoyment in some other thing. There never was so wonderful a book written by man; never one whose interest was so absorbing, so unflagging, so sparklingly renewed with every re-perusal. The passenger who could not read it was charmed with a peculiar sort of faint dimple on its surface (on the rare occasions when he did not overlook it altogether); but to the pilot that was an *italicized* passage; indeed, it was more than that, it was a legend of the largest capitals with a string of shouting exclamation points at the end of it; for it meant that a wreck or a rock was buried there that could tear the life out of the strongest vessel that ever floated. It is the faintest and simplest expression the water ever makes, and the most hideous to a pilot's eye. In truth, the passenger who could not read this book saw nothing but all manner of pretty pictures in it, painted by the sun and shaded by the clouds, whereas to the trained eye these were not pictures at all, but the grimmest and most dead-earnest of reading-matter.

Now when I had mastered the language of this water and had come to know every trifling feature that bordered the great river as familiarly as I knew

the letters of the alphabet, I had made a valuable acquisition. But I had lost something, too. I had lost something which could never be restored to me while I lived. All the grace, the beauty, the poetry had gone out of the majestic river! I still keep in mind a certain wonderful sunset which I witnessed when steamboating was new to me. A broad expanse of the river was turned to blood; in the middle distance the red hue brightened into gold, through which a solitary log came floating, black and conspicuous; in one place a long, slanting mark lay sparkling upon the water; in another the surface was broken by boiling, tumbling rings, that were as many-tinted as an opal; where the ruddy flush was faintest, was a smooth spot that was covered with graceful circles and radiating lines, ever so delicately traced; the shore on our left was densely wooded, and the sombre shadow that fell from this forest was broken in one place by a long, ruffled trail that shone like silver; and high above the forest wall a clean-stemmed dead tree waved a single leafy bough that glowed like a flame in the unobstructed splendor that was flowing from the sun. There were graceful curves, reflected images, woody heights, soft distances; and over the whole scene, far and near, the dissolving lights drifted steadily, enriching it, every passing moment, with new marvels of coloring.

I stood like one bewitched. I drank it in, in a speechless rapture. The world was new to me, and I had never seen anything like this at home. But as I have said, a day came when I began to cease noting the glories and the charms which the moon and the sun and the twilight wrought upon the river's face; another day came when I ceased altogether to note them. Then, if that sunset scene had been repeated, I would have looked upon it without rapture, and would have commented upon it, inwardly, after this fashion: This sun means that we are going to have wind to-morrow; that floating log means that the river is rising, small thanks to it; that slanting mark on the water refers to a bluff reef which is going to kill somebody's steamboat one of these nights, if it keeps on stretching out like that; those tumbling "boils" show a dissolving bar and a changing channel there; the lines and circles in the slick water over yonder are a warning that that execrable place is shoaling up dangerously; that silver streak in the shadow of the forest is the "break" from a new snag, and he has located himself in the very best place he could have found to fish for steamboats; that tall, dead tree, with a single living branch, is not going to last long, and then how is a body ever going to get through this blind place at night without the friendly old landmark?

No, the romance and the beauty were all gone from the river. All the value any feature of it had for me now was the amount of usefulness it could furnish toward compassing the safe piloting of a steamboat. Since those days, I have pitied doctors from my heart. What does the lovely flush in a beauty's cheek mean to a doctor but a "break" that ripples above some deadly disease? Are not all her visible charms sown thick with what are to him the signs and symbols of hidden decay? Does he ever see her beauty at all, or does n't he simply view her professionally, and comment upon her unwholesome condition all to himself? And does n't he sometimes wonder whether he has gained most or lost most by learning his trade?

Mark Twain.

HILDA.

The church-yard lies a wood beside,
Where shadows from the boughs abide;
And marbles sleep o'er young and old,
A stony flock in slumber cold.

'T was here gray Hilda mutt'ring came,
A withered gypsy, bent and lame,
When first the witches' feeble light
Flickers from windows of the night.

Her magic circle thrice she drew,
Conjured the wizard pow'rs anew;
Then lone she sat as ghost may be,
Among her dreams all silently.

Such dreams are watchers in disguise,
Which, when we sleep, look through our eyes,
And seeing far some future thing,
The admonition of it bring.

From the green flame a maiden rose
As from bright leaves the lily grows,
And unto heaven raised her eyes
Like quiet pools to quiet skies.

While thus she gazed, her sheltered breast.
A moment by the winds undressed,
Was crossed by shade as when the night
O'er newest snow begins her flight.

Like unseen fingers on the lyre,
Lay on her lips the heart's desire;
And fitful, faint, their music breathed
The saddest song e'er soul bequeathed.

Her murmured prayer old Hilda heard,
And aye remembered every word;
For she was fair as any maid
Whom guile hath won and guile betrayed

Alack! Now struck the village bell,
And Hilda cursed with curse of hell;
The charm was broken — back to air
The maiden vanished like her prayer.

But all night with uncovered head,
The old witch sat among the dead,

Where overhead the mournful bough
Sighed with her then and sigheth now.

She told this tale and went her way
Like a live mist, so thin and gray;
Forgotten was her prophecy,
Despised, forever gone was she.

But oh, Time saw a burial there
Where Hilda tore her hoary hair;
God rest her soul, where'er she be —
The sweet girl sleeps so peacefully!

John Vance Cheney.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME AMERICA.

THE controversy as to the priority of discovery and the honor of bestowing a name on the New World has been so long undecided, — almost three centuries, — that any light thrown upon this intricate problem may help its true solution, if the truth be discoverable at this late day; and with this hope I offer the following contribution.

Americ, *Amerrique*, or *Amerique* is the name in Nicaragua for the high land or mountain range that lies between Juigalpa and Libertad, in the province of Chontales, and which reaches on the one side into the country of the Carcas Indians, and on the other into that of the Ramas Indians. The Rios Mico, Artigua, and Carca, that form the Rio Blewfields; the Rio Grande Matagalpa, and the Rios Rama and Indio, that flow directly into the Atlantic; as well as the Rios Comoapa, Mayales, Acoyapa, Ajocuapa, Oyale, and Terpenaguatapa, flowing into the Lake of Nicaragua, all have their sources in the Americ range.[1]

The names of places, in the Indian dialects of Central America, often terminate in *ique* or *ic*, which seems to mean "great," "elevated," "prominent," and is always applied to dividing ridges, or to elevated, mountainous countries, but not to volcanic regions: for instance, Nique and Aglasinique in the Isthmus of Darien (Estados Unidos de Colombia); Tucarique and Amerrique in Nicaragua; Amatique, Manabique, Chaparristique, Lepaterique, Llotique, and Ajuterique in Honduras; Atenquique (Estados Unidos de Mexico); Tactic and Polochic in Guatemala; Tepic, Acatic, and Mesquitic in the state of Jalisco. The list of Indian local or other names, with the termination of *ique* or *ic*, as Cacique or Cacic, great chief, might be easily lengthened.

It is now well known, through the learned researches of philologists for the last twenty years, that no denominations are more securely established than the names of localities — mountains, valleys, lakes, rivers. Even the most absolute conquest, unless it totally exterminate the aboriginal race inhabiting a country, does not destroy entirely the names of localities, or *lieux-dits*, as the French so well express it. These names may be slightly modified, by various spelling, but the primitive sound remains. And even where the aboriginal race entirely disappears, the names of places are often preserved, at least as synonyms; of which there are many examples in Canada, in New England, in the State

[1] See public documents of the Nicaragua government; and The Naturalist in Nicaragua, by Thomas Belt, 8vo, London, 1873.

of New York, and elsewhere throughout the Union.

The question to be decided is, whether the word Americ or Amerrique, designating a part of the *terra firma* discovered by Cristoforo Colombo, on his fourth and last voyage to the New World, was known to the great navigator, and consequently could have been repeated by him or by the companions of his voyage. There is no certainty of this; for the word is not found in the very brief account he has left us. But as the origin of the word Americ has been until now an enigma, in spite of the different interpretations of it that have been given, and as Vespuchy had nothing to do with this name, entirely unknown to him, — the inventor of the word Americi or America being a printer and bookseller in a small town hidden in the Vosges Mountains, — it is perhaps well to review the facts, and to show where lies the greatest probability for a true solution of the origin of this word America, which denominates alone a hemisphere.

In the Lettera Rarissima of Cristoforo Colombo giving an abridged description of his fourth voyage, 1502–3, he says that after having passed the Cape Gracias a Dios, on the Mosquito coast, he reached the Rio Grande Matagalpa, which he called the Disaster River, and after remaining anchored there for several days, he stopped some time for repairing his ships and giving rest to the crews, between the small island of La Huerta (the Garden Quiribiri) and the continent, opposite the village Cariaï or Cariay. Cariaï is so like Carcaï, or the dwelling-place of the Carcas Indians, who still live in that neighborhood, that it is possible the variation is caused by an error in reading the manuscript letter of Colombo, the *c* having been mistaken for an *i*.

The great object of the desires and researches of Colombo and his company was the finding of gold mines; and of these the inhabitants of Cariaï or Carcaï had much to relate; they led Colombo to another village called Carambaru, whose inhabitants wore golden mirrors round their necks. These Indians named several places where mines of gold existed, the last named being Veragua, twenty-five leagues distant on the coast.

Colombo and his company were struck by the number of sorcerers (medicine men) among the Cariai or Carcaï; and the sailors afterwards thought they had been bewitched by them, as they suffered from the many tempests and mishaps of all sorts they were obliged to endure for the rest of the voyage.

What was the geographical position of Cariaï (Carcaï), Carambaru, and Veragua? Veragua is known to be in the great Bay of Chiriqui (Costa Rica): Colombo says in his narration, "It is the custom in this territory of Veragua to bury the chief men with all the gold they possess;" and in these last years gold has been found in the tombs of the aborigines of that country. Carambaru was at least twenty-five leagues distant from Veragua (Chiriqui), which brings us a little to the north of the Rio San Juan and Greytown. Cariaï (Carcaï) must have been a little farther north, in the neighborhood of the mouth of the Rio Blewfields (of which the Rio Carca is one of the affluents), where are several islands, and this accords with the narration of Colombo. The Carcas Indians inhabit all this region, and work to-day in the gold mines of Santo Domingo and Libertad, on the Rio Mico, another affluent of the Blewfields, at the foot of the Americ (or Amerrique) range. Carambaru was probably near the Rio Rama, and in the country of the Ramas Indians. Now the Ramas and Carcas Indians have always resisted all attempts at civilization; most of them, especially the Ramas, are wholly savage, and allow no one to penetrate into their country; they have remained the same as they were when Colombo visited them in 1502.

It is well known with what tenacity the Indians attach themselves to all their surroundings; and the Americ or Amerrique range forms the highest chain of mountains in the country of the Carcas and Ramas Indians, the average being three thousand feet; making a dividing line between the waters flowing directly

into the Atlantic, and those that empty into the Lake of Nicaragua. According to travelers who have visited certain places in the neighborhood of Libertad, Juigalpa, and Acoyapo, this mountain range is very conspicuous; it is seen from afar, with its precipitous rocks, great white cliffs, and huge, isolated, rocky pinnacles. This ridge divides the country into two parts, distinguished by totally different climates. To the east continual rains have caused impenetrable forests, and to the west of this dividing line the country is arid and unproductive for want of rain. The Americ range prevents the passage of all the moisture from the Atlantic. The direction is from north-northwest to south-southeast, and the last spur of the range is on the Atlantic coast a little to the north of Greytown; the ramifications being in the country of the unapproachable and savage Ramas Indians.

There is the strongest evidence that this word, denoting the range and the rocks of Amerrique, Amerique, or Americ, is an indigenous word, the terminal *ique* or *ic* being common for the names of locality, in the language of the Lenca Indians of Central America, a part of Mexico; and that this name has been perpetuated without alteration since the discovery of the New World, by the complete isolation of the Indians who live in this part of the continent, who call their mountains by the same word to-day as they did in 1502, when Colombo visited them, Amerrique, Amerique, or Americ. These mountains are auriferous; at their foot lie the gold mines of Libertad and Santo Domingo, and further, the gold of the alluvium or the placers is entirely exhausted, which can only be explained through a previous washing by the Indians themselves; at present the gold is to be found only in the veins of quartz rock.

Colombo says the Indians named several localities rich in gold, but he does not give the names in his very curtailed account, contenting himself with citing the name of the province of Ciamba; but it is highly probable that this name Americ or Amerrique was often pronounced by the Indians in answer to the pressing demands of the Europeans of the expedition. The eagerness for gold was such among the first navigators that it formed their chief preoccupation everywhere; and it is almost certain that to their continual questions as to the place where the gold was found that the Indians wore as ornaments, the reply would be, from Americ, this word signifying the most elevated and conspicuous part of the interior, the upper country, the distinguishing feature of the province of Ciamba.

It does not follow that Colombo was ignorant of the word Americ because he has omitted it in the Lettera Rarissima, which was addressed by him to his Catholic Majesty, the powerful King of Spain. It is evident, from his mention of several places where gold was to be found, as the Indians had told him without giving their names, that he did not tell all he knew; and it must be remembered that the Lettera Rarissima was written under the most painful circumstances. He was a prisoner in the island of Jamaica, loaded with chains, old, infirm, and overwhelmed by suffering and injustice, and not in a position to make a very full report of his expedition. His account of his fourth voyage is the least clear and precise of all his writings, showing in its confused and melancholy style the sad condition to which he was reduced, and although the name Americ is not seen therein, the region may have been considered by Colombo and his companions as an unexplored El Dorado, occupying the interior of the country in the province of Ciamba, along the coasts of which they had navigated.

We may suppose that Colombo and his companions on their return to Europe, when relating their adventures, would boast of the rich gold mines they had discovered through the Indians of Nicaragua, and say they lay in the direction of Americ. This would make popular the word Americ, as the common designation of that part of the Indies in which the richest mines of gold in the New World were situated.

The word Americ, a synonym for this golden country, would become known in the sea-ports of the West Indies and then in those of Europe, and would gradually penetrate into the interior of the continent, so that a printer and bookseller in Saint Dié, at the foot of the Vosges, would have heard the word Americ without understanding its true meaning as an indigenous Indian word, but would become acquainted with it in conversations about these famous discoveries, as designating a country in the New Indies very rich in mines of gold.

Hylacomylus[1] of Saint Dié, ignorant of any printed account of these voyages but those of Albericus Vespucius, — published in Latin in 1505, and in German in 1506, — thought he saw in the Christian name Albericus the origin of this, for him, altered and corrupted word, Americ or Amerique, and renewing the fable of the monkey and the dolphin, who took the Piræus for a man, called this country by the only name among those of the navigators that had reached him, and which resembled the word Americ or Amerique.

In order to accomplish this it was necessary to change considerably the Christian name of Vespucius, and from Albericus, Alberico, Amerigo,[2] and Morigo, — which are the different ways of spelling the first name of Vespuzio, or Vespuchy, or Vespucci, — he made Americus! Thus, according to my view, it is owing to a grave mistake of Hylacomylus that the aboriginal name of the New World, Americ or Amerique, has been Europeanized and connected with the son of Anastasio Vespuzio.

Had this mistake occurred in Spain, Portugal, or the West Indies, evidently it would have been corrected; for Vespuzio and many of the companions of Colombo were still living. But in the little town of Saint Dié, the name of which probably was never known to Cristoforo Colombo or Alberico Vespuzio, distant from any sea-port, this little pamphlet of the bookseller Hylacomylus[3] was restricted to a small circle; and in truth it is around this limited area that the error was propagated and prolonged by the publication of a new edition of the pamphlet of Hylacomylus at Strasburg in 1509, and by the appearance at Basle, in 1522, of the first map upon which was seen America provincia.

This map, with the name America upon it, reached Spain long after the death of Cristoforo Colombo, which took place in 1506; and the companions of his expedition, almost all unlearned men, were also either dead or gone back to the Indies, and no one was there who could correct the mistake, even supposing that the map gave the origin of the word. The name Americ had been heard, not as that of a man, but of a country, of an undetermined portion of the terra firma of the New World, and it was accepted without difficulty, no attention being paid to the mistake of the printer and bookseller of Saint Dié, whose pamphlet was probably unknown in Spain.

There can be little doubt that the word Americ was not only known, but popularized to a certain extent, in the sea-ports of Spain, Portugal, and the Indies, or it would not have been thus at once accepted by universal consent, without discussion. This is all the more probable from the fact that Hylacomylus, beside the marked alteration of the first name, Alberico, disregarded the rule which has always been followed in naming countries, by giving the first name instead of the family name of his hero; he should have called the New World Vespuzia or Vespuchia.

The Christian name of an ordinary man is never used to designate a coun-

[1] This teacher, bookseller, and printer of Saint Dié (Vosges) is so little known that even his name is not exactly known; it is thought to have been Martin Waldseemüller or Waltzemüller, and that the Latin name of Hylacomylus was adopted by him in accordance with the custom of the time.

[2] It is important to remark that Hylacomylus knew only the names Albericus and Alberico, which renders the creation by him of the name America still more improbable, if he had not heard the indigenous name Americ. The first name of Vespuzio was only spelt Amerigo and Morigo in Spanish documents that remained unpublished until many years after the death of Hylacomylus.

[3] Entitled, Cosmographiæ Introductio cum quibusdam Geometriæ ac Astronomiæ principis; ad eam Rem necessariis insuper quatuor Americii Vespucii Navigationes; p. 52 in quarto, 1507.

try, but only that of an emperor, king, queen, or prince; thus we say Straits of Magellan, Vancouver's Island, Tasmania, Van Diemen's Land, etc., while we have, on the other hand, Louisiana, Carolina, Georgia, Maryland, Filipinas, Victoria, etc. There is no exception to this rule in the case of Cristoforo Colombo, for no one has thought of giving the name of Cristoforia to a country, and that of Cristoforo to a town; while at several epochs many names of Colombia, Columbia, Columbus, and Colon have been given. Furthermore, in giving to Vespuzio the honor of naming the New World, Hylacomylus, using the Christian name contrary to all precedent, should have named it Albericia or Amerigia or Amerigonia or Morigia, and not America.

The only way to explain this name, reached with such difficulty, is that Hylacomylus had previously heard pronounced the name Americ or Amerique.

Amerigo Vespuchy (as the name is written by Cristoforo Colombo in his letter dated Seville, 5 February, 1505) died in 1512, long before the publication at Basle of the map in *Mela cum Commentatio Vadiani*, without knowing "the dangerous glory that was preparing for him at Saint Dié," as Humboldt expresses it; he believed until the end of his life that the New World was the coast of Asia, and died as he had lived, *piloto mayor de Indias*.

This belief in the Indies, and the nearness to the river Ganges of their discoveries, prevented Colombo, his contemporaries, and his successors, from giving the countries they found a collective name. The idea originated with men in the interior of the Continent of Europe, unacquainted practically with the navigation of those times, so feverish with the excitement of voyages; and who, repeating the sayings of the sailors, without knowing very well what they were about, applied a name already known to those who had returned from the Indies, but which was without any exact geographical position, to an entire group of newly discovered lands, hardly then recognized as a whole.

The mistake of the theoretical geographers of Saint Dié, Strasburg, and Basle could hardly have been corrected, unless by Colombo, who was no longer in this world; and then the discoveries of Cortez, Pizarro, and others, came to change the direction of ideas as to the countries fabulously rich in gold.

Although Nicaragua was conquered in 1522 by Gil Gonzales de Avida, a part of it remained wholly unknown, especially the region extending from the Atlantic to Lake Nicaragua, in which lies the Amerrique range; and the ignorance of this part of America has continued so long, that the Californian emigration even has passed by it across the Isthmus of Nicaragua without any knowledge of or interest in its existence. It may be said that the region of country lying between the Caribbean Sea and the dividing line for the waters that flow into Lake Nicaragua is to this day entirely unknown; the Carcas and Ramas Indians, especially the latter, oppose any entrance into their country, rejecting even the Indians who search for caoutchouc, and who intrepidly pursue their work in countries as yet closed.

The theory I have presented has some great advantages. In the first place, it takes nothing from the glory of Colombo, the name of the continent discovered by him being an indigenous name which, from designating a small and limited country, has been extended to include the whole of the New World, through the mistake of a teacher, printer, and bookseller in a little town hidden among the Vosges Mountains.

The accusations of plagiarism from which Alberico Vespuzio has suffered are abolished, and there is no longer any reason to reproach him with having imposed, or having suffered to be imposed, his Christian name on a whole continent; inasmuch as this name was never Americ or Amerique, but Alberico or Amerigo. The name Americ, although aboriginal, makes no confusion between a part and the whole, because the locality where it exists as lieu-dit is too small, obscure, and insignificant to give rise to any false or double mean-

ings of the term. Finally, this name appears to be admirably chosen, extending as the Americ range does from the centre to the extremities of the continent, radiating as it were, giving one hand to the North and one to the South, looking to the Antilles and to the Pacific, and being even the central point of the immense chain of mountains which extends from the Tierra del Fuego to the borders of Mackenzie River, and forms the backbone of the western hemisphere; in truth, the longest range of mountains upon our globe.

It is well chosen, also, as it probably was heard by the great Admiral Colombo on his fourth voyage, the illustrious discoverer of the New World being the first European who heard and pronounced the word Americ or Amerrique, although we have no material certainty of this. Had the name belonged to a part of either extremity of the continent, it would hardly have been so readily accepted; but it grasped and took the New World as it were round the centre, vaguely, merely signifying a region very rich in gold mines; and it was employed and accepted without a thought of the pilot Alberico Vespuzio; it was a long time after that discussions arose among learned geographers, and that the gross mistake of Hylacomylus was imposed upon the world as truth. In a word, the name Americ is American.

Jules Marcou.

DELAY.

Taste the sweetness of delaying,
Till the hour shall come for saying
  That I love you with my soul;
Have you never thought your heart
Finds a something in the part,
  It would miss from out the whole?

In this rosebud you have given,
Sleeps that perfect rose of heaven
  That in Fancy's garden blows;
Wake it not by touch or sound,
Lest, perchance, 't were lost, not found,
  In the opening of the rose.

Dear to me is this reflection
Of a fair and far perfection,
  Shining through a veil undrawn;
Ask no question then of fate;
Yet a little longer wait
  In the beauty of the dawn.

Through our mornings, veiled and tender,
Shines a day of golden splendor,
  Never yet fulfilled by day;
Ah! if love be made complete,
Will it, can it, be so sweet
  As this ever sweet delay?

Louisa Bushnell.

RODERICK HUDSON.

III.

ROME.

One warm, still day, late in the Roman autumn, our two young men were sitting beneath one of the high-stemmed pines of the Villa Ludovisi. They had been spending an hour in the moldy little garden-house, where the colossal mask of the famous Juno looks out with blank eyes from that dusky corner which must seem to her the last possible stage of a lapse from Olympus. Then they had wandered out into the gardens, and were lounging away the morning under the spell of their magical picturesqueness. Roderick declared that he would go nowhere else; that, after the Juno, it was a profanation to look at anything but sky and trees. There was a fresco of Guercino, to which Rowland, though he had seen it on his former visit to Rome, went dutifully to pay his respects. But Roderick, though he had never seen it, declared that it could n't be worth a fig, and that he did n't care to look at ugly things. He remained stretched on his overcoat, which he had spread on the grass, while Rowland went off envying the intellectual comfort of genius, which can arrive at serene conclusions without disagreeable processes. When the latter came back, his friend was sitting with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands. Rowland, in the geniality of a mood attuned to the mellow charm of a Roman villa, found a good word to say for the Guercino; but he chiefly talked of the view from the little belvedere on the roof of the casino, and how it looked like the prospect from a castle turret in a fairy tale.

"Very likely," said Roderick, throwing himself back with a yawn. "But I must let it pass. I 've seen enough for the present; I 've reached the top of the hill. I 've an indigestion of impressions; I must work them off before I go in for any more. I don't want to look at any more of other people's works, for a month — not even at Nature's own. I want to look at Roderick Hudson's. The result of it all is that I 'm not afraid. I can but try, as well as the rest of them! The fellow who did that gazing goddess yonder only made an experiment. The other day, when I was looking at Michael Angelo's Moses, I was seized with a kind of defiance — a reaction against all this mere passive enjoyment of grandeur. It was a rousing great success, certainly, that rose there before me, but somehow it was not an inscrutable mystery, and it seemed to me, not perhaps that I should some day do as well, but that at least I *might!*"

"As you say, you can but try," said Rowland. "Success is only passionate effort."

"Well, the passion is blazing; we have been piling on fuel, handsomely. It came over me just now that it is exactly three months to a day since I left Northampton. I can't believe it!"

"It certainly seems more."

"It seems like ten years. What a blessed young fool I was!"

"Do you feel so wise now?"

"Verily! Don't I look so? Surely I have n't the same face. Have n't I a different eye, a different expression, a different voice?"

"I can hardly say, because I have seen the transition. But it 's very likely. You are, in the literal sense of the word, more civilized. I dare say," added Rowland, "that Miss Garland would think so."

"That 's not what she would call it; she would say I was corrupted."

Rowland asked few questions about Miss Garland, but he always listened narrowly to his companion's voluntary observations.

"Are you very sure?" he replied.

"Why, she 's a stern moralist, and she would infer from my appearance that

I had become a reckless Epicurean." Roderick had, in fact, a Venetian watch-chain round his neck and a magnificent Roman intaglio on the third finger of his left hand.

"Will you think I take a liberty," asked Rowland, "if I say you judge her superficially?"

"For Heaven's sake," cried Roderick, laughing, "don't tell me she 's not a moralist! It was for that I fell in love with her, and with rigid virtue in her person."

"She is a moralist, but not, as you imply, a narrow one. That 's more than a difference in degree; it 's a difference in kind. I don't know whether I ever mentioned it, but I admire her extremely. There is nothing narrow about her but her experience; everything else is large. My impression of her is of a person of great capacity, as yet wholly unmeasured and untested. Some day or other, I 'm sure, she 'll judge fairly and wisely of everything."

"Hold on!" cried Roderick; "you 're a better Catholic than the Pope. I shall be content if she judges fairly of me — of my merits, that is. The rest she must not judge at all. She 's a simple, devoted little creature; may she always remain so! Changed as I am, I adore her none the less. What becomes of all our emotions, our impressions," he went on, after a long pause, "all the material of thought that life pours into us at such a rate during such a memorable three months as these? There are twenty moments a week — a day, for that matter, some days — that seem supreme, twenty impressions that seem ultimate, that appear to form an intellectual era. But others come treading on their heels and sweeping them along, and they all melt like water into water and settle the question of precedence among themselves. The curious thing is that the more the mind takes in, the more it has space for, and that all one's ideas are like the Irish people at home who live in the different corners of a room, and take boarders."

"I fancy it is our peculiar good luck that we don't see the limits of our minds," said Rowland. "We are young, compared with what we may one day be. That belongs to youth; it is perhaps the best part of it. They say that old people do find themselves at last face to face with a solid blank wall, and stand thumping against it in vain. It resounds, it seems to have something beyond it, but it won't move! That 's only a reason for living with open doors as long as we can!"

"Open doors?" murmured Roderick. "Yes, let us close no doors that open upon Rome. For this, for the mind, is eternal summer! But though my doors may stand open to-day," he presently added, "I shall see no visitors. I want to pause and breathe; I want to dream of a statue. I have been working hard for three months; I have earned a right to a reverie."

Rowland, on his side, was not without provision for reflection, and they lingered on in broken, desultory talk. Rowland felt the need for intellectual rest, for a truce to present care for churches, statues, and pictures, on even better grounds than his companion, inasmuch as he had really been living Roderick's intellectual life the past three months, as well as his own. As he looked back on these full-flavored weeks, he drew a long breath of satisfaction, almost of relief. Roderick, thus far, had justified his confidence and flattered his perspicacity; he was unfolding into all the brilliancy he had foreseen. He was changed even more than he himself suspected; he had stepped, without faltering, into his birthright, and was spending money, intellectually, as lavishly as a young heir who has just won an obstructive lawsuit. Roderick's glance and voice were the same, doubtless, as when they enlivened the summer dusk on Cecilia's veranda, but in his person, generally, there was an indefinable expression of experience rapidly and easily assimilated. Rowland had been struck at the outset with the instinctive quickness of his observation, and his free appropriation of whatever might serve his purpose. He had not been, for instance, half an hour on English soil before he

perceived that he was dressed like a rustic, and he had immediately reformed his toilet with the most unerring tact. His appetite for novelty was insatiable, and for everything characteristically foreign, as it presented itself, he had an extravagant greeting; but in half an hour the novelty had faded, he had guessed the secret, he had plucked out the heart of the mystery and was clamoring for a keener sensation. At the end of a month, he presented, mentally, to his companion, a puzzling spectacle. He had caught, instinctively, the key-note of the old world. He observed and enjoyed, he criticised and rhapsodized, but though all things interested him and many delighted him, none surprised him; he had divined their logic and measured their proportions, and referred them unerringly to their categories. Witnessing the rate at which he did intellectual execution on the general spectacle of European life, Rowland, at moments, felt vaguely uneasy for the future; the boy was living too fast, he would have said, and giving alarming pledges to ennui in his later years. But we must live as our pulses are timed, and Roderick's struck the hour very often. He was, by imagination, though he never became in manner, a natural man of the world; he had intuitively, as an artist, what one may call the historic consciousness. He had a relish for social subtleties and mysteries, and, in perception, when occasion offered him an inch he never failed to take an ell. A single glimpse of a social situation of the elder type enabled him to construct the whole, with all its complex chiaroscuro, and Rowland more than once assured him that he made him believe in the metempsychosis, and that he must have lived in European society, in the last century, as a gentleman in a cocked hat and flowered waistcoat. Hudson asked Rowland questions which poor Rowland was quite unable to answer, and of which he was equally unable to conceive where he had picked up the data. Roderick ended by answering them himself, tolerably to his satisfaction, and in a short time he had almost turned the tables and become in their walks and talks the accredited source of information. Rowland told him that when he turned sculptor a capital novelist was spoiled, and that to match his eye for social detail one would have to go to Honoré de Balzac. In all this Rowland took a generous pleasure; he felt an especial kindness for his comrade's radiant youthfulness of temperament. He was so much younger than he himself had ever been! And surely youth and genius, hand in hand, were the most beautiful sight in the world. Roderick added to this the charm of his more immediately personal qualities. The vivacity of his perceptions, the audacity of his imagination, the picturesqueness of his phrase when he was pleased, — and even more when he was displeased, — his abounding good-humor, his candor, his unclouded frankness, his unfailing impulse to share every emotion and impression with his friend; all this made comradeship a pure felicity, and interfused with a deeper amenity their long evening talks at café doors in Italian towns.

They had gone almost immediately to Paris, and had spent their days at the Louvre and their evenings at the theatre. Roderick was divided in mind as to whether Titian or Mademoiselle Delaporte was the greater artist. They had come down through France to Genoa and Milan, had spent a fortnight in Venice and another in Florence, and had now been a month in Rome. Roderick had said that he meant to spend three months in simply looking, absorbing, and reflecting, without putting pencil to paper. He looked indefatigably, and certainly saw great things — things greater, doubtless, at times, than the intentions of the artist. And yet he made few false steps and wasted little time in theories of what he ought to like and to dislike. He judged instinctively and passionately, but never vulgarly. At Venice, for a couple of days, he had half a fit of melancholy over the pretended discovery that he had missed his way, and that the only proper vestment of plastic conceptions was the coloring of Titian and Paul Veronese. Then

one morning the two young men had themselves rowed out to Torcello, and Roderick lay back for a couple of hours watching a brown-breasted gondolier making superb muscular movements, in high relief, against the sky of the Adriatic, and at the end jerked himself up with a violence that nearly swamped the gondola, and declared that the only thing worth living for was to make a colossal bronze and set it aloft in the light of a public square. In Rome his first care was for the Vatican; he went there again and again. But the old imperial and papal city altogether delighted him; only there he really found what he had been looking for from the first — the complete antipodes of Northampton. And indeed Rome is the natural home of those spirits with which we just now claimed fellowship for Roderick — the spirits with a deep relish for the artificial element in life and the infinite superpositions of history. It is the immemorial city of convention. The stagnant Roman air is charged with convention; it colors the yellow light and deepens the chilly shadows. And in that still recent day the most impressive convention in all history was visible to men's eyes, in the Roman streets, erect in a gilded coach drawn by four black horses. Roderick's first fortnight was a high æsthetic revel. He declared that Rome made him feel and understand more things than he could express: he was sure that life must have there, for all one's senses, an incomparable fineness; that more interesting things must happen to one than anywhere else. And he gave Rowland to understand that he meant to live freely and largely, and be as interested as occasion demanded. Rowland saw no reason to regard this as a menace of dissipation, because, in the first place, there was in all dissipation, refine it as one might, a grossness which would disqualify it for Roderick's favor, and because, in the second, the young sculptor was a man to regard all things in the light of his art, to hand over his passions to his genius to be dealt with, and to find that he could live largely enough without exceeding the circle of legitimate activity. Rowland took immense satisfaction in his companion's deep impatience to *make something* of all his impressions. Some of these indeed found their way into a channel which did not lead to statues, but it was none the less a safe one. He wrote frequent long letters to Miss Garland; when Rowland went with him to post them he thought wistfully of the fortune of the great, loosely-written missives, which cost Roderick unconscionable sums in postage. He received punctual answers of a more frugal form, written in a clear, minute hand, on paper vexatiously thin. If Rowland was present when they came, he turned away and thought of other things — or tried to. These were the only moments when his sympathy halted, and they were brief. For the rest he let the days go by unprotestingly, and enjoyed Roderick's serene efflorescence as he would have done a beautiful summer sunrise. Rome, for the past month, had been delicious. The annual descent of the Goths had not yet begun, and sunny leisure seemed to brood over the city.

Roderick had taken out a note-book and was roughly sketching a memento of the great Juno. Suddenly there was a noise on the gravel, and the young men, looking up, saw three persons advancing. One was a woman of middle age, with a rather grand air and a great many furbelows. She looked very hard at our friends as she passed, and glanced back over her shoulder, as if to hasten the step of a young girl who slowly followed her. She had such an expansive majesty of mien that Rowland supposed she must have some proprietary right in the villa, and was not just then in a hospitable mood. Beside her walked a little elderly man, tightly buttoned in a shabby black coat, but with a flower in his lappet, and a pair of soiled light gloves. He was a grotesque-looking personage, and might have passed for a gentleman of the old school, reduced by adversity to playing cicerone to foreigners of distinction. He had a little black eye which glittered like a diamond and

rolled about like a ball of quicksilver, and a white mustache, cut short and stiff, like a worn-out brush. He was smiling with extreme urbanity, and talking in a low, mellifluous voice to the lady, who evidently was not listening to him. At a considerable distance behind this couple strolled a young girl, apparently of about twenty. She was tall and slender, and dressed with extreme elegance; she led by a cord a large poodle of the most fantastic aspect. He was combed and decked like a ram for sacrifice; his trunk and haunches were of the most transparent pink, his fleecy head and shoulders as white as jeweler's cotton, and his tail and ears ornamented with long blue ribbons. He stepped along stiffly and solemnly beside his mistress, with an air of conscious elegance. There was something at first slightly ridiculous in the sight of a young lady gravely appended to an animal of these incongruous attributes, and Roderick, with his customary frankness, greeted the spectacle with a confident smile. The young girl perceived it and turned her face full upon him, with a gaze intended apparently to enforce greater deference. It was not deference, however, her face provoked, but startled, submissive admiration; Roderick's smile fell dead, and he sat eagerly staring. A pair of extraordinary dark blue eyes, a mass of dusky hair over a low forehead, a blooming oval of perfect purity, a flexible lip, just touched with disdain, the step and carriage of a tired princess — these were the general features of his vision. The young lady was walking slowly and letting her long dress rustle over the gravel; the young men had time to see her distinctly before she averted her face and went her way. She left a vague, sweet perfume behind her as she passed.

"Immortal powers!" cried Roderick, "what a vision! In the name of transcendent perfection, who is she?" He sprang up and stood looking after her until she rounded a turn in the avenue. "What a movement, what a manner, what a poise of the head! I wonder if she would sit to me."

"You 'd better go and ask her," said Rowland, laughing. "She 's certainly most beautiful."

"Beautiful? She 's beauty itself — she 's a revelation. I don't believe she 's living — she 's a phantasm, a vapor, an illusion!"

"The poodle," said Rowland, "is certainly alive."

"Nay, he too may be a grotesque phantom, like the black dog in Faust."

"I hope at least that the young lady has nothing in common with Mephistopheles. She looked dangerous."

"If beauty is immoral, as people think at Northampton," said Roderick, "she 's the incarnation of evil. The mamma and the queer old gentleman, moreover, are a pledge of her reality. Who are they all?"

"The Prince and Princess Ludovisi and the *principessina*," suggested Rowland.

"There are no such people," said Roderick. "Besides, the little old man is n't the papa." Rowland smiled, wondering how he had ascertained these facts, and the young sculptor went on. "The old man is a Roman, a hanger-on of the mamma, a useful personage who now and then gets asked to dinner. The ladies are foreigners, from some Northern country; I won't say which."

"Perhaps from the State of Maine," said Rowland.

"No, she 's not an American, I 'll lay a wager on that. She 's a daughter of this elder world. We shall see her again, I pray my stars; but if we don't, I shall have done something I never expected to — I shall have had a glimpse of ideal beauty." He sat down again and went on with his sketch of the Juno, scrawled away for ten minutes, and then handed the result in silence to Rowland. Rowland uttered an exclamation of surprise and applause. The drawing represented the Juno as to the position of the head, the brow, and the broad fillet across the hair; but the eyes, the mouth, the physiognomy, were a vivid portrait of the young girl with the poodle. "I have been wanting a subject," said

Roderick: "there 's one made to my hand! And now for work!"

They saw no more of the young girl, though Roderick looked hopefully, for some days, into the carriages on the Pincian. She had evidently been but passing through Rome; Naples or Florence now happily possessed her, and she was guiding her fleecy companion through the Villa Reale or the Boboli Gardens with the same superb defiance of irony. Roderick went to work and spent a month shut up in his studio; he had an idea, and he was not to rest till he had embodied it. He had established himself in the basement of a huge, dusky, dilapidated old house in that long, tortuous, and preëminently Roman street which leads from the Corso to the Bridge of St. Angelo. The black archway which admitted you might have served as the portal of the Augean stables, but you emerged presently upon a moldy little court, of which the fourth side was formed by a narrow terrace, overhanging the Tiber. Here, along the parapet, were stationed half a dozen shapeless fragments of sculpture, with a couple of meagre orange-trees in terra-cotta tubs, and an oleander that never flowered. The unclean, historic river swept beneath; behind were dusky, reeking walls, spotted here and there with hanging rags and flower-pots in windows; opposite, at a distance, were the bare brown banks of the stream, the huge rotunda of St. Angelo, tipped with its seraphic statue, the dome of St. Peter's, and the broad-topped pines of the Villa Doria. The place was crumbling and shabby and melancholy, but the river was delightful, the rent was a trifle, and everything was picturesque. Roderick was in the best humor with his quarters from the first, and was certain that the working mood there would be intenser in an hour than in twenty years of Northampton. His studio was a huge, empty room with a vaulted ceiling, covered with vague, dark traces of an old fresco, which Rowland, when he spent an hour with his friend, used to stare at vainly for some surviving coherence of floating draperies and clasping arms. Roderick had lodged himself economically in the same quarter. He occupied a fifth floor on the Ripetta, but he was only at home to sleep, for when he was not at work, he was either lounging in Rowland's more luxurious rooms, or strolling through streets and churches and gardens.

Rowland had found a convenient corner in a stately old palace not far from the Fountain of Trevi, and made himself a home to which books and pictures and prints and odds and ends of curious furniture gave an air of leisurely permanence. He had the tastes of a collector; he spent half his afternoons ransacking the dusty magazines of the curiosity-mongers, and often made his way, in quest of a prize, into the heart of impecunious Roman households, which had been prevailed upon to listen — with closed doors and an impenetrably wary smile — to proposals for an hereditary "antique." In the evening, often, under the lamp, amid dropped curtains and the scattered gleam of firelight upon polished carvings and mellow paintings, the two friends sat with their heads together, criticising intaglios and etchings, water-color drawings, and illuminated missals. Roderick's quick appreciation of every form of artistic beauty reminded his companion of the prolific temperament of those Italian artists of the sixteenth century who were indifferently painters and sculptors, sonneteers and engravers. At times, when he saw how the young sculptor's day passed in a single sustained pulsation, while his own was broken into a dozen conscious devices for disposing of the hours, and intermingled with sighs, half suppressed, some of them, for conscience' sake, over what he failed of in action and missed in possession — he felt a pang of something akin to envy. But Rowland had two substantial aids for giving patience the air of contentment: he was a promiscuous reader and a passionate rider. He plunged into bulky German octavos on Italian history, and he spent long afternoons in the saddle, ranging over the grassy desolation of the Campagna. As the season went on and the social

groups began to constitute themselves, he found that he knew a great many people and that he had easy opportunity for knowing others. He enjoyed a quiet corner of a drawing-room beside an agreeable woman, and although the machinery of what calls itself society seemed to him to have many superfluous wheels, he accepted invitations and made visits punctiliously, from the conviction that the only way not to be overcome by the ridiculous side of most of such observances is to take them with exaggerated gravity. He introduced Roderick right and left, and suffered him to make his way himself — an enterprise for which Roderick very soon displayed an all-sufficient capacity. Wherever he went he made, not exactly what is called a favorable impression, but what, from a practical point of view, is better — a puzzling one. He took to evening parties as a duck to water, and before the winter was half over was the most freely and frequently discussed young man in the heterogeneous foreign colony. Rowland's theory of his own duty was to let him run his course and play his cards, only holding himself ready to point out shoals and pitfalls, and administer a friendly propulsion through tight places. Roderick's manners on the precincts of the Pincian were quite the same as his manners on Cecilia's veranda: that is, they were no manners at all. But it remained as true as before that it would have been impossible, on the whole, to violate ceremony with less of lasting offense. He interrupted, he contradicted, he spoke to people he had never seen, and left his social creditors without the smallest conversational interest on their loans; he lounged and yawned, he talked loud when he should have talked low, and low when he should have talked loud. Many people, in consequence, thought him insufferably conceited, and declared that he ought to wait till he had something to show for his powers, before he assumed the airs of a spoiled celebrity. But to Rowland and to most friendly observers this judgment was quite beside the mark, and the young man's undiluted naturalness was its own justification. He was impulsive, spontaneous, sincere; there were so many people at dinner-tables and in studios who were not, that it seemed worth while to allow this rare specimen all possible freedom of action. If Roderick took the words out of your mouth when you were just prepared to deliver them with the most effective accent, he did it with a perfect good conscience and with no pretension of a better right to being heard, but simply because he was full to overflowing of his own momentary thought and it sprang from his lips without asking leave. There were persons who waited on your periods much more deferentially, who were a hundred times more capable than Roderick of a reflective impertinence. Roderick received from various sources, chiefly feminine, enough finely-adjusted advice to have established him in life as an embodiment of the proprieties, and he received it, as he afterwards listened to criticisms on his statues, with unfaltering candor and good-humor. Here and there, doubtless, as he went, he took in a reef in his sail; but he was too adventurous a spirit to be successfully tamed, and he remained at most points the florid, rather strident young Virginian whose serene inflexibility had been the despair of Mr. Striker. All this was what friendly commentators (still chiefly feminine) alluded to when they spoke of his delightful freshness, and critics of harsher sensibilities (of the other sex) when they denounced his damned impertinence. His appearance enforced these impressions — his handsome face, his radiant, unaverted eyes, his childish, unmodulated voice. Afterwards, when those who loved him were in tears, there was something in all this unspotted comeliness that seemed to lend a mockery to the causes of their sorrow.

Certainly, among the young men of genius who, for so many ages, have gone up to Rome to test their powers, none ever made a fairer beginning than Roderick. He rode his two horses at once with extraordinary good fortune;

he established the happiest *modus vivendi* betwixt work and play. He wrestled all day with a mountain of clay in his studio, and chattered half the night away in Roman drawing-rooms. It all seemed part of a kind of divine facility. He was passionately interested, he was feeling his powers; now that they had thoroughly kindled in the glowing æsthetic atmosphere of Rome, the ardent young fellow should be pardoned for believing that he never was to see the end of them. He enjoyed immeasurably, after the chronic obstruction of home, the downright act of production. He kept models in his studio till they dropped with fatigue; he drew, on other days, at the Capitol and the Vatican, till his own head swam with his eagerness, and his limbs stiffened with the cold. He had promptly set up a life-sized figure which he called an "Adam" and was pushing it rapidly toward completion. There were naturally a great many wiseheads who smiled at his precipitancy, and cited him as one more example of Yankee crudity, a capital recruit to the great army of those who wish to dance before they can walk. They were right, but Roderick was right too, for the success of his statue was not to have been foreseen; it partook, really, of the miraculous. He never surpassed it afterwards, and a good judge here and there has been known to pronounce it the finest piece of sculpture of our modern era. To Rowland it seemed to justify superbly his highest hopes of his friend, and he said to himself that if he had invested his happiness in fostering a genius, he ought now to be in possession of a boundless complacency. There was something especially confident and masterly in the artist's negligence of all such small picturesque accessories as might serve to label his figure to a vulgar apprehension. If it represented the father of the human race and the primal embodiment of human sensation, it did so in virtue of its look of balanced physical perfection, and deeply, eagerly sentient vitality. Rowland, in fraternal zeal, traveled up to Carrara and selected at the quarries the most magnificent block of marble he could find, and when it came down to Rome, the two young men had a "celebration." They drove out to Albano, breakfasted boisterously (in their respective measure) at the inn, and lounged away the day in the sun on the top of Monte Cavo. Roderick's head was full of ideas for other works, which he described with infinite spirit and eloquence, as vividly as if they were ranged on their pedestals before him. He had an indefatigable fancy; things he saw in the streets, in the country, things he heard and read, effects he saw just missed or half-expressed in the works of others, acted upon his mind as a kind of challenge, and he was terribly restless until, in some form or other, he had taken up the glove and set his lance in rest.

The Adam was put into marble, and all the world came to see it. Of the criticisms passed upon it this history undertakes to offer no record; over many of them the two young men had a daily laugh for a month, and certain of the formulas of the connoisseurs, restrictive or indulgent, furnished Roderick with a permanent supply of humorous catch-words. But people enough spoke flattering good sense to make Roderick feel as if he were already half famous. The statue passed formally into Rowland's possession, and was paid for as if an illustrious name had been chiseled on the pedestal. Poor Roderick owed every franc of the money. It was not for this, however, but because he was so gloriously in the mood, that, denying himself all breathing-time, on the same day he had given the last touch to the Adam, he began to shape the rough contour of an Eve. This went forward with equal rapidity and success. Roderick lost his temper, time and again, with his models, who offered but a gross, degenerate image of his splendid ideal; but his ideal, as he assured Rowland, became gradually such a fixed, vivid presence, that he had only to shut his eyes to behold a creature far more to his purpose than the poor girl who stood posturing at forty sous an hour. The Eve was finished in a month, and the

feat was extraordinary, as well as the statue, which represented an admirably beautiful woman. When the spring began to muffle the rugged old city with its clambering festoons, it seemed to him that he had done a handsome winter's work and had fairly earned a holiday. He took a liberal one, and lounged away the lovely Roman May, doing nothing. He looked very contented; with himself, perhaps, at times, a trifle too obviously. But who could have said without good reason? He was "flushed with triumph;" this classic phrase portrayed him, to Rowland's sense. He would lose himself in long reveries, and emerge from them with a quickened smile and a heightened color. Rowland grudged him none of his smiles, and took an extreme satisfaction in his two statues. He had the Adam and the Eve transported to his own apartment, and one warm evening in May he gave a little dinner in honor of the artist. It was small, but Rowland had meant it should be very agreeably composed. He thought over his friends and chose four. They were all persons with whom he lived in a certain intimacy.

One of them was an American sculptor of French extraction, or remotely, perhaps, of Italian, for he rejoiced in the somewhat fervid name of Gloriani. He was a man of forty, he had been living for years in Paris and in Rome, and he now drove a very pretty trade in sculpture of the ornamental and fantastic sort. In his youth he had had money; but he had spent it recklessly, much of it scandalously, and at twenty-six had found himself obliged to make capital of his talent. This was quite inimitable, and fifteen years of indefatigable exercise had brought it to perfection. Rowland admitted its power, though it gave him very little pleasure; what he relished in the man was the extraordinary vivacity and frankness, not to call it the impudence, of his ideas. He had a definite, practical scheme of art, and he knew at least what he meant. In this sense he was solid and complete. There were so many of the æsthetic fraternity who were floundering in unknown seas, without a notion of which way their noses were turned, that Gloriani, conscious and compact, unlimitedly intelligent and consummately clever, dogmatic only as to his own duties, and at once gracefully deferential and profoundly indifferent to those of others, had for Rowland a certain intellectual refreshment quite independent of the character of his works. These were considered by most people to belong to a very corrupt, and by many to a positively indecent school. Others thought them tremendously knowing, and paid enormous prices for them; and indeed, to be able to point to one of Gloriani's figures in a shady corner of your library was tolerable proof that you were not a fool. Corrupt things they certainly were; in the line of sculpture they were quite the latest fruit of time. It was the artist's opinion that there is no essential difference between beauty and ugliness; that they overlap and intermingle in a quite inextricable manner; that there is no saying where one begins and the other ends; that hideousness grimaces at you suddenly from out of the very bosom of loveliness, and beauty blooms before your eyes in the lap of vileness; that it is a waste of wit to nurse metaphysical distinctions, and a sadly meagre entertainment to caress imaginary lines; that the thing to aim at is the expressive, and the way to reach it is by ingenuity; that for this purpose everything may serve, and that a consummate work is a sort of hotch-potch of the pure and the impure, the graceful and the grotesque. Its prime duty is to amuse, to puzzle, to fascinate, to savor of a complex imagination. Gloriani's statues were florid and meretricious; they looked like magnified goldsmith's work. They were extremely elegant, but they had no charm for Rowland. He never bought one, but Gloriani was such an honest fellow, and withal was so deluged with orders, that this made no difference in their friendship. The artist might have passed for a Frenchman. He was a great talker, and a very picturesque one; he was almost bald; he had a small, bright eye, a broken nose,

and a mustache with waxed ends. When sometimes he received you at his lodging, he introduced you to a lady with a plain face whom he called Madame Gloriani — which she was not.

Rowland's second guest was also an artist, but of a very different type. His friends called him Sam Singleton; he was an American, and he had been in Rome a couple of years. He painted small landscapes, chiefly in water-colors; Rowland had seen one of them in a shop window, had liked it extremely, and, ascertaining his address, had gone to see him and found him established in a very humble studio near the Piazza Barberini, where, apparently, fame and fortune had not yet found him out. Rowland took a fancy to him and bought several of his pictures; Singleton made few speeches, but was grateful. Rowland heard afterwards that when he first came to Rome he painted worthless daubs and gave no promise of talent. Improvement had come, however, hand in hand with patient industry, and his talent, though of a slender and delicate order, was now incontestable. It was as yet but scantily recognized, and he had hard work to live. Rowland hung his little water-colors on the parlor wall, and found that, as he lived with them, he grew very fond of them. Singleton was a meagre, almost dwarfish personage; he looked like a precocious child. He had a high, protuberant forehead, a transparent brown eye, a perpetual smile, an extraordinary expression of modesty and patience. He listened much more willingly than he talked, with a little fixed, grateful grin; he blushed when he spoke, and always offered his ideas in a kind of sidelong fashion, with an implied apology. His modesty set them off, and they were eminently to the point. He was so perfect an example of the little noiseless, laborious artist whom chance, in the person of a moneyed patron, has never taken by the hand, that Rowland would have liked to befriend him by stealth. Singleton had expressed a fervent admiration for Roderick's productions, but had not yet met the young master. Roderick was lounging against the chimney-piece when he came in, and Rowland presently introduced him. The little water-colorist stood with folded hands, blushing, smiling, and looking up at him as if Roderick were himself a statue on a pedestal. Singleton began to murmur something about his pleasure, his admiration; the desire to make his compliment smoothly gave him a kind of grotesque formalism. Roderick looked down at him surprised, and suddenly burst into a laugh. Singleton paused a moment and then, with an intenser smile, went on: "Well, sir, your statues are beautiful, all the same!"

Rowland's other two guests were ladies, and one of them, Miss Blanchard, belonged also to the artistic fraternity. She was an American, she was young, she was pretty, and she had made her way to Rome alone and unaided. She lived alone, or with no other duenna than a bushy-browed old serving-woman, though indeed she had a friendly neighbor in the person of a certain Madame Grandoni, who in various social emergencies lent her a protecting wing, and had come with her to Rowland's dinner. Miss Blanchard had a little money, but she was not above selling her pictures. These represented generally a bunch of dew-sprinkled roses, with the dew-drops very highly finished, or else a wayside shrine, and a peasant woman, with her back turned, kneeling before it. She did backs very well, but she was a little weak in faces. Flowers, however, were her specialty, and though her touch was a little old-fashioned and finical, she painted them with remarkable skill. Her pictures were chiefly bought by the English. Rowland had made her acquaintance early in the winter, and as she kept a saddle-horse and rode a great deal, he had asked permission to be her cavalier. In this way they had become almost intimate. Miss Blanchard's name was Augusta; she was slender, pale, and elegant-looking; she had a very pretty head and brilliant auburn hair, which she braided with classical simplicity. She talked in a sweet, soft voice, used language at times a trifle superfine, and

made literary allusions. These had often a patriotic strain, and Rowland had more than once been irritated by her quotations from Mrs. Sigourney in the cork-woods of Monte Mario, and from Mr. Willis among the ruins of Veii. Rowland was of a dozen different minds about her, and was half surprised, at times, to find himself treating it as a matter of serious moment whether he liked her or not. He admired her, and indeed there was something admirable in her combination of beauty and talent, of isolation and tranquil self-support. He used sometimes to go into the little, high-niched, ordinary room which served her as a studio, and find her working at a panel six inches square, at an open casement, profiled against the deep blue Roman sky. She received him with a meek-eyed dignity that made her seem like a painted saint on a church window, receiving the daylight in all her being. The breath of reproach passed her by with folded wings. And yet Rowland wondered why he did not like her better. If he failed, the reason was not far to seek. There was another woman whom he liked better, an image in his heart which refused to yield precedence.

On that evening to which allusion has been made, when Rowland was left alone between the starlight and the waves with the sudden knowledge that Mary Garland was to become another man's wife, he had made, after a while, the simple resolution to forget her. And every day since, like a famous philosopher who wished to abbreviate his mourning for a faithful servant, he had said to himself in substance — "Remember to forget Mary Garland." Sometimes it seemed as if he were succeeding; then, suddenly, when he was least expecting it, he would find her name, inaudibly, on his lips, and seem to see her eyes meeting his eyes. All this made him uncomfortable, and seemed to portend a possible discord. Discord was not to his taste; he shrank from imperious passions, and the idea of finding himself jealous of an unsuspecting friend was absolutely repulsive. More than ever, then, the path of duty was to forget Mary Garland, and he cultivated oblivion, as we may say, in the person of Miss Blanchard. Her fine temper, he said to himself, was a trifle cold and conscious, her purity prudish, perhaps, her culture pedantic. But since he was obliged to give up hopes of Mary Garland, Providence owed him a compensation, and he had fits of angry sadness in which it seemed to him that, to attest his right to sentimental satisfaction, he would be capable of falling in love with a woman he absolutely detested, if she were the best that came in his way. And what was the use, after all, of bothering about a possible which was only, perhaps, a dream? Even if Mary Garland had been free, what right had he to assume that he would have pleased her? The actual was good enough. Miss Blanchard had beautiful hair, and if she was a trifle old-maidish, there is nothing like matrimony for curing old-maidishness.

Madame Grandoni, who had formed with the companion of Rowland's rides an alliance which might have been called defensive on the part of the former and attractive on that of Miss Blanchard, was an excessively ugly old lady, highly esteemed in Roman society for her homely benevolence and her shrewd and humorous good sense. She had been the widow of a German archæologist, who had come to Rome in the early ages as an *attaché* of the Prussian legation on the Capitoline. Her good sense had been wanting on but a single occasion, that of her second marriage. This occasion was certainly a momentous one, but these, by common consent, are not test cases. A couple of years after her first husband's death, she had accepted the hand and the name of a Neapolitan music-master, ten years younger than herself, and with no fortune but his fiddle-bow. The marriage was most unhappy, and the Maestro Grandoni was suspected of using the fiddle-bow as an instrument of conjugal correction. He had finally run off with a *prima donna assoluta*, who, it was to be hoped, had given him a taste of the quality implied in her title. He was believed to be living still, but

he had shrunk to a small black spot in Madame Grandoni's life, and for ten years she had not mentioned his name. She wore a light flaxen wig, which was never very artfully adjusted, but this mattered little, as she made no secret of it. She used to say, "I was not always so ugly as this; as a young girl I had beautiful golden hair, very much the color of my wig." She had worn from time immemorial an old blue satin dress, and a white crape shawl embroidered in colors; her appearance was ridiculous, but she had an interminable Teutonic pedigree, and her manners, in every presence, were easy and jovial, as became a lady whose ancestor had been cup-bearer to Frederick Barbarossa. Thirty years' observation of Roman society had sharpened her wits and given her an inexhaustible store of anecdotes, but she had beneath her crumpled bodice a deep-welling fund of Teutonic sentiment, which she communicated only to the objects of her particular favor. Rowland had a great regard for her, and she repaid it by wishing him to get married. She never saw him without whispering to him that Augusta Blanchard was just the girl.

It seemed to Rowland a sort of foreshadowing of matrimony to see Miss Blanchard standing gracefully on his hearth-rug, and blooming behind the central bouquet at his circular dinner-table. The dinner was very prosperous and Roderick amply filled his position as hero of the feast. He had always an air of buoyant enjoyment in his work, but on this occasion he manifested a good deal of harmless pleasure in his glory. He drank freely and talked bravely; he leaned back in his chair with his hands in his pockets, and flung open the gates of his eloquence. Singleton sat gazing and listening open-mouthed, as if Apollo in person were talking. Gloriani showed a twinkle in his eye and an evident disposition to draw Roderick out. Rowland was rather regretful, for he knew that theory was not his friend's strong point, and that it was never fair to take his measure from his talk.

"As you have begun with Adam and Eve," said Gloriani, "I suppose you are going straight through the Bible." He was one of the persons who thought Roderick delightfully fresh.

"I may make a David," said Roderick, "but I shan't try any more of the Old Testament people. I don't like the Jews; I don't like pendulous noses. David, the boy David, is rather an exception; you can think of him and treat him as a young Greek. Standing forth there on the plain of battle between the contending armies, rushing forward to let fly his stone, he looks like a beautiful runner at the Olympic games. After that I shall skip to the New Testament. I mean to make a Christ."

"You 'll put nothing of the Olympic games into him, I hope," said Gloriani.

"Oh, I shall make him very different from the Christ of tradition; more—more"—and Roderick paused a moment to think. This was the first that Rowland had heard of his Christ.

"More rationalistic, I suppose," suggested Miss Blanchard.

"More idealistic!" cried Roderick. "The perfection of form, you know, to symbolize the perfection of spirit."

"For a companion piece," said Miss Blanchard, "you ought to make a Judas."

"Never! I mean never to make anything ugly. The Greeks never made anything ugly, and I 'm a Hellenist; I 'm not a Hebraist! I have been thinking lately of making a Cain, but I should never dream of making him ugly. He should be a very handsome fellow, and he should lift up the murderous club with the beautiful movement of the fighters in the Greek friezes, who are chopping at their enemies."

"There 's no use trying to be a Greek," said Gloriani. "If Phidias were to come back, he would recommend you to give it up. I 'm half Italian and half French, and, as a whole, a Yankee. What sort of a Greek should I make? I think the Judas is a capital idea for a statue. Much obliged to you, madame, for the suggestion. What an insidious little scoundrel one might

make of him, sitting there nursing his money-bag and his treachery! There can be a great deal of expression in a pendulous nose, my dear sir, especially when it is cast in green bronze."

"Very likely," said Roderick. "But it is not the sort of expression I care for. I care only for perfect beauty. There it is, if you want to know it! That 's as good a profession of faith as another. In future, so far as my things are not positively beautiful, you may set them down as failures. For me, it 's either that or nothing. It 's against the taste of the day, I know; we have really lost the faculty to understand beauty in the large, ideal way. We stand like a race with shrunken muscles, staring helplessly at the weights our forefathers easily lifted. But I don't hesitate to proclaim it — I mean to lift them again! I mean to go in for big things; that 's my notion of my art. I mean to do things that will be simple and vast and infinite. You 'll see if they won't be infinite! Excuse me if I brag a little; all those Italian fellows in the Renaissance used to brag. There was a sensation once common, I am sure, in the human breast — a kind of religious awe in the presence of a marble image newly created and expressing the human type in superhuman purity. When Phidias and Praxiteles had their statues of goddesses unveiled in the temples of the Ægean, don't you suppose there was a passionate beating of hearts, a thrill of mysterious terror? I mean to bring it back; I mean to thrill the world again! I mean to produce a Juno that will make you tremble, a Venus that will make you swoon!"

"So that when we come and see you," said Madame Grandoni, "we must be sure and bring our smelling-bottles. And pray have a few soft sofas conveniently placed."

"Phidias and Praxiteles," Miss Blanchard remarked, "had the advantage of believing in their goddesses. I insist on believing, for myself, that the pagan mythology is not a fiction, and that Venus and Juno and Apollo and Mercury used to come down in a cloud into this very city of Rome where we sit talking nineteenth century English."

"Nineteenth century nonsense, my dear!" cried Madame Grandoni. "Mr. Hudson may be a new Phidias, but Venus and Juno — that 's you and I — arrived to-day in a very dirty cab; and were cheated by the driver, too."

"But, my dear fellow," objected Gloriani, "you don't mean to say you are going to make over in cold blood those poor old exploded Apollos and Hebes."

"It won't matter what you call them," said Roderick. "They shall be simply divine forms. They shall be Beauty; they shall be Wisdom; they shall be Power; they shall be Genius; they shall be Daring. That 's all the Greek divinities were."

"That 's rather abstract, you know," said Miss Blanchard.

"My dear fellow," cried Gloriani, "you 're delightfully young."

"I hope you 'll not grow any older," said Singleton, with a flush of sympathy across his large white forehead. "You can do it if you try."

"Then there are all the Forces and Mysteries and Elements of Nature," Roderick went on. "I mean to do the Morning; I mean to do the Night! I mean to do the Ocean and the Mountains; the Moon and the West Wind. I mean to make a magnificent statue of America!"

"America — the Mountains — the Moon!" said Gloriani. "You 'll find it rather hard, I 'm afraid, to compress such subjects into classic forms."

"Oh, there 's a way," cried Roderick, "and I shall think it out. My figures shall make no contortions, but they shall mean a tremendous deal."

"I 'm sure there are contortions enough in Michael Angelo," said Madame Grandoni. "Perhaps you don't approve of him."

"Oh, Michael Angelo was not me!" said Roderick, with sublimity. There was a great laugh; but after all, Roderick had done some fine things.

Rowland had bidden one of the servants bring him a small portfolio of prints, and had taken out a photograph

of Roderick's little statue of the youth drinking. It pleased him to see his friend sitting there in radiant ardor, defending idealism against so knowing an apostle of corruption as Gloriani, and he wished to help the elder artist to be confuted. He silently handed him the photograph.

"Bless me!" cried Gloriani, "did he do this?"

"Ages ago," said Roderick.

Gloriani looked at the photograph a long time, with evident admiration.

"It 's deucedly pretty," he said at last. "But, my dear young friend, you can't keep this up."

"I shall do better," said Roderick.

"You 'll do worse! You 'll become weak. You 'll have to take to violence, to contortions, to romanticism, in self-defense. This sort of thing is like a man trying to lift himself up by the seat of his trousers. He may stand on tip-toe, but he can't do more. Here you stand on tip-toe, very gracefully, I admit; but you can't fly; there 's no use trying."

"My 'America' shall answer you!" said Roderick, shaking toward him a tall glass of champagne and drinking it down.

Singleton had taken the photograph and was poring over it with a little murmur of delight.

"Was this done in America?" he asked.

"In a square, white, wooden house at Northampton, Massachusetts," Roderick answered.

"Dear old white, wooden houses!" said Miss Blanchard.

"If you could do as well as this there," said Singleton, blushing and smiling, "one might say that really you had only to lose by coming to Rome."

"Mallet 's to blame for that," said Roderick. "But I 'm willing to risk the loss."

The photograph had been passed to Madame Grandoni. "It reminds me," she said, "of the things a young man used to do whom I knew years ago, when I first came to Rome. He was a German, a pupil of Overbeck and a votary of spiritual art. He used to wear a black velvet tunic and a very low shirt collar; he had a neck like a sickly crane, and let his hair grow down to his shoulders. His name was Herr Schafgans. He never painted anything so profane as a man taking a drink, but his figures were all of the simple and slender and angular pattern, and nothing if not innocent —like this one of yours. He would not have agreed with Gloriani any more than you. He used to come and see me very often, and in those days I thought his tunic and his long neck infallible symptoms of genius. His talk was all of gilded aureoles and beatific visions; he lived on weak wine and biscuits, and wore a lock of Saint Somebody's hair in a little bag round his neck. If he was not a Beato Angelico, it was not his own fault. I hope with all my heart that Mr. Hudson will do the fine things he talks about, but he must bear in mind the history of dear Mr. Schafgans as a warning against high-flown pretensions. One fine day this poor young man fell in love with a Roman model, though she had never sat to him, I believe, for she was a buxom, bold-faced, high-colored creature, and he painted none but pale, sickly women. He offered to marry her, and she looked at him from head to foot, gave a shrug, and consented. But he was ashamed to set up his ménage in Rome. They went to Naples, and there, a couple of years afterwards, I saw him. The poor fellow was ruined. His wife used to beat him, and he had taken to drinking. He wore a ragged black coat, and he had a blotchy, red face. Madame had turned washerwoman and used to make him go and fetch the dirty linen. His talent had gone Heaven knows where! He was getting his living by painting views of Vesuvius in eruption on the little boxes they sell at Sorrento."

"Moral: don't fall in love with a buxom Roman model," said Roderick. "I 'm much obliged to you for your story, but I don't mean to fall in love with any one."

Gloriani had possessed himself of the photograph again, and was looking at it curiously. "It 's a happy bit of youth,"

he said. "But you can't keep it up — you can't keep it up!"

The two sculptors pursued their discussion after dinner, in the drawing-room. Rowland left them to have it out in a corner, where Roderick's Eve stood over them in the shaded lamplight, in vague, white beauty, like the guardian angel of the young idealist. Singleton was listening to Madame Grandoni, and Rowland took his place on the sofa, near Miss Blanchard. They had a good deal of familiar, desultory talk. Every now and then Madame Grandoni looked round at them. Miss Blanchard at last asked Rowland certain questions about Roderick: who he was, where he came from, whether it was true, as she had heard, that Rowland had discovered him and brought him out at his own expense. Rowland answered her questions; to the last he gave a vague affirmative. Finally, after a pause, looking at him, "You 're very generous," Miss Blanchard said. The declaration was made with a certain richness of tone, but it brought to Rowland's sense neither delight nor confusion. He had heard the words before; he suddenly remembered the grave sincerity with which Miss Garland had uttered them as he strolled with her in the woods the day of Roderick's picnic. They had pleased him then; now he asked Miss Blanchard whether she would have some tea.

When the two ladies withdrew, he attended them to their carriage. Coming back to the drawing-room, he paused outside of the open door; he was struck by the group formed by the three men. They were standing before Roderick's statue of Eve, and the young sculptor had lifted up the lamp and was showing different parts of it to his companions. He was talking ardently, and the lamplight covered his head and face. Rowland stood looking on, for the group struck him with its picturesque symbolism. Roderick, bearing the lamp and glowing in its radiant circle, seemed the beautiful image of a genius which combined sincerity with power. Gloriani, with his head on one side, pulling his long mustache and looking keenly from half-closed eyes at the lighted marble, represented art with a worldly motive, skill unleavened by faith, the mere base maximum of cleverness. Poor little Singleton, on the other side, with his hands behind him, his head thrown back, and his eyes following devoutly the course of Roderick's elucidation, might pass for an embodiment of aspiring candor, with feeble wings to rise on. In all this, Roderick's was certainly the *beau rôle.*

Gloriani turned to Rowland as he came up, and pointed back with his thumb at the statue, with a smile half sardonic, half good-natured. "A pretty thing — a devilish pretty thing," he said. "It 's as fresh as the foam in the milk-pail. He can do it once, he can do it twice, he can do it at a stretch half a dozen times. But — *but*" —

He was returning to his former refrain, but Rowland intercepted him. "Oh, he 'll keep it up," he said, smiling, "I 'll answer for him."

Gloriani was not encouraging, but Roderick had listened smiling. He was floating unperturbed on the tide of his deep self-confidence. Now, suddenly, however, he turned with a flash of irritation in his eye and demanded in a ringing voice, "In a word, then, you prophesy that I 'm to fail?"

Gloriani answered imperturbably, patting him kindly on the shoulder. "My dear fellow, passion burns out, inspiration runs to seed. Some fine day every artist finds himself sitting face to face with his lump of clay, with his empty canvas, with his sheet of blank paper, waiting in vain for the revelation to be made, for the Muse to descend. He must learn to do without the Muse! When the fickle jade forgets the way to your studio, don't waste any time in tearing your hair and meditating on suicide. Come round and see me, and I 'll show you how to console yourself."

"If I break down," said Roderick, passionately, "I shall stay down. If the Muse deserts me, she shall at least have her infidelity on her conscience."

"You have no business," Rowland said to Gloriani, "to talk lightly of the

Muse in this company. Mr. Singleton, too, has received pledges from her which place her constancy beyond suspicion." And he pointed out on the wall, near by, two small landscapes of the modest water-colorist.

The sculptor examined them with deference, and Singleton himself began to laugh nervously; he was trembling with hope that the great Gloriani would be pleased. "Ay, these are fresh too," Gloriani said; "extraordinarily fresh! How old are you?"

"Twenty-six, sir," said Singleton.

"For twenty-six they are deucedly fresh. They must have taken you a long time; you work slowly."

"Yes, unfortunately, I work very slowly. One of them took me six weeks, the other two months."

"Upon my word! The Muse pays you long visits." And Gloriani turned and looked, from head to foot, at so unlikely an object of her favors. Singleton smiled and began to wipe his forehead very hard. "Oh, you!" said the sculptor; "you'll keep it up!"

A week after his dinner-party, Rowland went into Roderick's studio and found him sitting before an unfinished piece of work with a hanging head and a heavy eye. He could have fancied that the fatal hour foretold by Gloriani had struck. Roderick rose with a sombre yawn and flung down his tools. "It's no use," he said, "I give it up!"

"What is it?"

"I've struck a shallow! I've been sailing bravely, but for the last day or two my keel has been crunching the bottom."

"A difficult place?" Rowland asked, with a sympathetic inflection, looking vaguely at the roughly modeled figure.

"Oh, it's not the poor clay!" Roderick answered. "The difficult place is *here!*" And he struck a blow on his heart. "I don't know what's the matter with me. Nothing comes; all of a sudden I hate things. My old things look ugly; everything looks stupid."

Rowland was perplexed. He was in the situation of a man who has been riding a blood horse at an even, elastic gallop, and of a sudden feels him stumble and balk. As yet, he reflected, he had seen nothing but the sunshine of genius; he had forgotten that it has its storms. Of course it has! And he felt a flood of comradeship rise in his heart which would float them both safely through the worst weather. "Why, you're tired!" he said. "Of course you're tired. You've a right to be!"

"Do you think I've a right to be?" Roderick asked, looking at him.

"Unquestionably, after all you've done."

"Well, then, right or wrong, I'm tired. I certainly have done a fair winter's work. I want a change."

Rowland declared that it was certainly high time they should be leaving Rome. They would go north and travel. They would go to Switzerland, to Germany, to Holland, to England. Roderick assented, his eye brightened, and Rowland talked of a dozen things they might do. Roderick walked up and down; he seemed to have something to say which he hesitated to bring out. He hesitated so rarely that Rowland wondered, and at last asked him what was on his mind. Roderick stopped before him, frowning a little.

"I have such unbounded faith in your good-will," he said, "that I believe nothing I can say would offend you."

"Try it," said Rowland.

"Well, then, I think my journey will do me more good if I take it alone. I need n't say I prefer your society to that of any man living. For the last six months it has been everything to me. But I have a perpetual feeling that you are expecting something of me; that you are measuring my doings by a terrifically high standard. You are watching me; I don't want to be watched. I want to go my own way; to work when I choose and to loaf when I choose. It is n't that I don't know what I owe you; it is n't that we are not friends. It is simply that I want a taste of absolutely unrestricted freedom. Therefore, I say, let us separate."

Rowland shook him by the hand.

"Willingly. Do as you desire. I shall miss you, and I venture to believe you 'll pass some lonely hours. But I have only one request to make: that if you get into trouble of any kind whatever, you 'll immediately let me know."

They began their journey, however, together, and crossed the Alps side by side, muffled in one rug, on the top of the St. Gothard coach. Rowland was going to England to pay some promised visits; his companion had no plan save to ramble through Switzerland and Germany as fancy guided him. He had money, now, that would outlast the summer; when it was spent he would come back to Rome and make another statue. At a little mountain village by the way, Roderick declared that he would stop; he would scramble about a little in the high places and doze in the shade of the pine forests. The coach was changing horses; the two young men walked along the village street, picking their way between dunghills, breathing the light, cool air, and listening to the plash of the fountain and the tinkle of cattle-bells. The coach overtook them, and then Rowland, as he prepared to mount, felt an almost overmastering reluctance.

"Say the word," he exclaimed, "and I 'll stop too."

Roderick frowned. "Ah, you don't trust me; you don't think I 'm able to take care of myself. That proves that I was right in feeling as if I were watched!"

"Watched, my dear fellow!" said Rowland. "I hope you may never have anything worse to complain of than being watched in the spirit in which I watch you. But I 'll spare you even that. Good-by!" Standing in his place, as the coach rolled away, he looked back at his friend lingering by the roadside. A great snow mountain, behind Roderick, was beginning to turn pink in the sunset. The young man waved his hat, still looking grave. Rowland settled himself in his place, reflecting after all that this was a salubrious beginning of independence. He was among forests and glaciers, leaning on the pure bosom of nature. And then — and then — was it not in itself a guarantee against folly to be engaged to Mary Garland?

Henry James, Jr.

BY THE DEAD.

SWEET winter roses, stainless as the snow,
As was thy life, O tender heart and true!
A cross of lilies that our tears bedew,
A garland of the fairest flowers that grow,
And filled with fragrance as the thought of thee,
We lay, with loving hand, upon thy breast,
Wrapt in the calm of Death's great mystery;
Ours still to feel the pain, the unlanguaged woe,
The bitter sense of loss, the vague unrest,
And wear unseen the cypress-leaf and rue,
Thinking, the while, of lovelier flowers that blow
In everlasting gardens of the blest,
That wither not like these, and never shed
Their rare and heavenly odors for the dead.

Albert Laighton.

TAXATION WITHOUT JURISDICTION UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

A MAJORITY of the readers of The Atlantic, after glancing at the above title, will doubtless think, if they do not openly say, "Here comes again this dry, wearisome subject of taxation! Is it not enough to be obliged to pay taxes without being continually asked to read about them? Why not exclude this whole subject from the pages of popular magazines and relegate it to the strict politico-economic, financial, or social-science journals, where those who fancy this sort of intellectual pabulum can go and be satisfied?"

As an answer pertinent in some degree to these criticisms and questions, let us suppose that at the commencement of this new year which we have entered upon, every man and woman in the nation had been personally served with an official notice that for the coming twelve months one tenth part at least, on an average, of all that he or she might produce or receive in the way of income should be taken from them as soon as earned, and expended without their direct supervision, and not unfrequently in direct opposition to their wishes! that every man who bought ten pounds of brown sugar should be collared as he left the grocery, and then and there be forced to allow two pounds to be taken out of his package! that every time a man took a chew of tobacco or lighted a cigar or indulged in a pinch of snuff, he should be tapped on the shoulder by an official and made to pay a fine! that every woman who went to buy a silk dress should have five and a half yards out of every ten cut from her purchase as she left the counter, and walked off with by some one whom she did not know! Suppose that these and a hundred other similar transactions should be made the subject of daily occurrence for the whole year, and throughout the length and breadth of the land; can it be doubted that a very considerable amount of interest would at once be awakened, and that the public, over their breakfast and dinner tables, in the press, on change, and in the streets, would very soon satisfy themselves whether it was necessary to have so much of this world's goods taken from them; whether the contributions should be forced so often, and especially whether the methods of taking were the best that could be devised? And yet substantially all that has been imagined was done every day of last year, and will continue to be done every day of the present year; and although it is not pretended that any continued discussion or any extension of popular information will do much towards hastening that millennial period when there will be no more taxes, in common with other disagreeable things, yet it is certain that continued discussion and an extension of popular information will do much in the way of speedily reforming the most important business (measured by the amount of money involved) which the country has in hand, in at least the following particulars: 1st. It will prevent more than is necessary from being taken in the way of taxation. 2d. It will put a stop to anything like arbitrary taxation, taxation without legal or territorial jurisdiction, or taxation without returning an equivalent in the way of its correlative protection to person or property — all of which proceedings are only forms of spoliation or confiscation. 3d. It will prevent anything like double taxation, or taxation at one and the same time, by conflicting jurisdictions, of one and the same property. 4th. It will do away with the necessity of resorting to oaths and declarations, and the power of making secret inquisitions into a man's personal affairs, all of which things tend to lower the standard of morality in a country more than almost any or all other agencies. 5th. It will tend in a great degree to prevent the tax payer

from becoming, as under the present system, the interpreter for himself, not only of the law, but also of the fact, in respect to his liability for taxation, and thus render it more difficult for him to become the assessor of his neighbor; for every man who takes advantage of remediable defects in the law, to evade his own share of direct taxation, thereby not only assesses some others of the community for the difference, but is helped by the community to do it.

How much of what has of late been written on this subject has been effective in promoting reform, may be an open question; but that a general interest is beginning to be awakened to the necessity of reform in the matter of State or local taxation is made evident by the facts that during the past year four States — New York, Massachusetts, Virginia, and New Hampshire — have authorized committees or commissioners to investigate and report as to what changes in existing tax laws may be expedient; and that during the past two years more essays and pamphlets have been written and published on this special topic than probably during the whole period of our previous national history.

Thus far the proposition that personal property shall be excluded from direct assessment, for the reason, mainly, that no system has ever been devised which will enable a State to tax it with any approach to uniformity and equity, has not received a full measure of popular approval, although commending itself to almost all who have taken the trouble to impartially acquaint themselves with the facts in the case. But, on the other hand, if the public has not yet interested itself sufficiently in this particular matter to form a judgment, the tax-paying portion of it, at least, are rapidly finding out that so long as we maintain a system of separate State governments, and have over all that troublesome instrument which we call the Federal Constitution, with a Supreme Court fairly and impartially to interpret its provisions, the assumption of power on the part of State officials to tax citizens for personal (movable) effects situated beyond the territory or jurisdiction of the taxing power, or, as the statute of Massachusetts has it, "*wherever they are*," is something wholly unwarranted, and that it is only a question of time, and that a brief one, of its entire abandonment.

THE SITUS OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

This question was definitely settled by the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court in the case known under the title of State Tax on Foreign held Bonds (15 Wallace, 306, 328), in which the State of Pennsylvania attempted to tax the coupons, or interest, of mortgage bonds — the same being negotiable instruments — issued by railroads within her territory and jurisdiction, but held and owned by non-residents of the State, the exact language of the court being as follows: "*Property lying beyond the jurisdiction of the State is not a subject upon which her taxing power can be legitimately exercised. Indeed it would seem that no adjudication should be necessary to establish so obvious a proposition.*" And yet a good deal of adjudication has been necessary to get so common-sense a proposition distinctly affirmed by a court of last resort; and so firmly, moreover, has the opposite doctrine been ingrained into most of our systems of State taxation, that assessors everywhere are doubtless still acting in conformity with the old practice, and assessing citizens for property whose actual location, or *situs*, is not within the taxing district. It is time, however, that State officials should begin to understand that in thus disregarding the decision of the United States Supreme Court above quoted, they render themselves personally liable to aggrieved parties for acting without jurisdiction; and that no legislative acts of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Ohio, or any other State to the contrary will be of binding force on a tax payer in respect to listing his property, or upon assessors, or on the State judiciary; for enactments that have been adjudicated to be unconstitutional

are not laws, and are not to be obeyed. And if it should so happen that State courts should fail to give full force and effect to this same decision, a writ of error will carry any case involving the points at issue to the United States Supreme Court, and the attempted arbitrary spoliation will be defeated by the Federal court, and the decrees of the court enforced, if need be, by the whole power of the general government.

TAXATION OF PERSONAL PROPERTY A RELIC OF PERSONAL SERVITUDE.

It is interesting to here recall one of the antecedents of this so-called "personal tax," and of the fiction of law that personal property, irrespective of its situs, follows the owner, for the purpose of taxation. Its prototype was the ancient *taille*, a tax of servitude, imposed on persons originally bondmen, or on all persons who held *in farm* or *lease*, or resided on lands of the suzerain; and from which proprietors or suzerains of the land were exempt. And as no vassal could at will divest himself of servitude, or allegiance to his lord or suzerain, so the obligation to pay taxes always remained upon him as a personal servitude whatever might be the location of his property. In other words, the condition of the masses all over Europe during the Middle Ages was not unlike the condition of the slaves in the United States previous to emancipation. They (the slaves) had property in their possession, and spoke of themselves as owners of property, but in reality their property followed the condition of the servitude of their persons, and both persons and property belonged equally to the masters. The *taille*, furthermore, as a badge of servitude, was supposed to dishonor whoever was subject to it, and degrade him not only below the rank of a gentleman, but of that of a burgher, or inhabitant of a borough or town; and "no gentleman, or even any burgher," says Adam Smith, "who has stock will submit to this degradation." Now the idea embodied in the word servitude is an obligation to render service irrespective of or without compensation; and the idea upon which the taxation of personal property in this country has been heretofore based is, that the property owes a servitude to the State where the owner resides, irrespective of its actual location, in virtue of the obligation which its owner as a citizen may owe to the State by reason of the protection which the State gives him in respect to his person. But the decision of the Supreme Court in question sweeps away all these fictions and relics of old feudalism, and in conformity with the spirit of the age decides (inferentially) that if the person is to be taxed it must be solely as a person: and (directly) that if property is to be taxed it must be solely because of its actual location within the territory and jurisdiction of the taxing power. Thus the court has in fact completed the work of emancipation in the United States commenced by executive proclamation during the war, by abolishing the last remaining relic of personal servitude; and hereafter States must limit the exercise of their taxing power to persons (poll-tax), business, and property within their territorial limits.

THE RIGHT TO TAX IMPLIES AN OBLIGATION TO PROTECT.

But apart from this, it must be so clearly obvious that extra-territorial taxation is a mere arbitrary exaction, or an exercise of brute force, analogous to the power which a brigand exercises in exacting ransoms in proportion to the supposed ability of his victims, that public opinion and sound moral sentiment cannot fail to condemn it, when investigated in any community claiming to act upon principles of equality and justice. In the first place the right to tax arises from the correlative duty to protect; but if there is no jurisdiction over the property, there can be no protection, and consequently no rightful taxation. (United States *v.* Rice, 4 Wheaton, 246.) Secondly, things cannot occupy two places or two jurisdictions at the same time. "The fundamental requisite of

a well adjusted system of taxation," said Judge Comstock in giving the decision of the New York Court of Appeals in the celebrated case of Hoyt *v.* The Commissioners of Taxes, denying the right of the State of New York to tax the visible, tangible personal property of its citizens not within the territory of the State, "is that it be harmonious: but harmony does not exist unless the taxing power is exerted with reference exclusively either to the situs of the property or to the residence of the owner. Both rules cannot obtain unless we impute inconsistency to the law and oppression to the taxing power. Whichever of these rules is the true one, whichever we find to be founded in justice and the reason of the things, it necessarily excludes the other." In this case, as already intimated, the New York Court of Appeals (as far back as 1861) found the true rule to be that "the property must be within the State or there is no right to tax it at all;" and now the United States Supreme Court, in the case of the "foreign held bonds," has come to the same conclusion, and the decision thus made necessarily and forever excludes the adoption of any other rule or practice. Thus one definite and important step has at last been taken in determining what shall be the principles which are to govern in the future the method or the practice of local taxation in every State in the Union. An important prop has also at the same time been knocked out from under all systems which have as their type the system at present existing in the State of Massachusetts; and what is not less important, this prop cannot be put back again.

LOGICAL RESULTS OF THE FOREIGN HELD BONDS DECISION.

Furthermore, although the decision of the Supreme Court in the foreign held bonds case, in respect to extra-territorial taxation, is only legally applicable to States, it is nevertheless clear that through its logical results cities, towns, and even school districts, in common with States, will commit acts of spoliation by taxing any property actually situated beyond their territorial boundaries and jurisdiction. And as it will be a matter of great difficulty, if not a physical impossibility, accurately to ascertain what movable personal property was on a given day within any given taxing district of limited territorial area, or to restrain it in such a district if disposed temporarily to move off in anticipation of the day of assessment, the ultimate result will be exactly what equity and the principles of sound political economy require should be; namely, an entire abandonment of all attempts to tax personal property, and the adoption of a plan of taxing but a few articles — tangible property and fixed signs of property like real estate — in such a way that the results of the taxation will diffuse themselves with equality and uniformity not only over all personal property, but also upon all other property of every description

TAXATION OF INDEBTEDNESS.

Another matter of great importance and interest, which legitimately connects itself with the decision of the Supreme Court denying to States the power to tax extra-territorially, is the question of the taxation of indebtedness. That any State has the right to tax contracts, within her territory, between resident creditors and resident debtors *at the time when made*, cannot be doubted, whatever may be thought concerning the expediency of such taxation. But how about the constitutionality and legality of the assumption and practice, which prevails so extensively, of taxing by State authority debts to a creditor who resides in a State other than that of the residence of the debtor? And does not this assumption and practice fall within the forbidden exercise of extra-territorial taxation? In order to solve this question, it is necessary first to ascertain on whom primarily a tax on contracts falls.

It is a law of human nature, that a lender will exact from a borrower the average profits of other investments of

the same degree of security, and the tax in addition, at the time the contract is made, in an additional rate of interest, or some other form. The tax must be agreed to be paid by the borrower or he cannot get the money; and it therefore becomes a direct tax upon the contract, collected from the debtor by the creditor at the time the contract is made, whatever may be the time or manner of paying over the money by the creditor, acting as collector of taxes for the State. There are no sane persons who loan money on instruments subject to taxation in the hands of the lender at the same rate of interest as upon untaxed instruments. Taxes are in many instances assessed and collected from tenants, but nevertheless they are direct land taxes, because the burden is primarily and immediately upon the land; and for the same reason a tax, or a right or power to tax, in form on a lender, is, in legal effect and sound reasoning, a tax on a contract, and the burden is immediately sustained by the debtor simultaneously with the making and executing of the contract. This axiom of political economy has been confirmed by the United States Supreme Court in the case of Weston against the City of Charleston, in which the court declare that "a tax on stock of the United States, held by an individual citizen of a State, is a tax on the power to borrow money on the credit of the United States." This decision was given by Chief Justice Marshall, who further expressed the opinion of the court as follows: "The tax in question is a tax upon the contract. The right to tax the contract to any extent when made must operate upon the power to borrow before it is exercised, and have a sensible influence on the contract." Here then the great jurist confirms, in an actual, practical, and not hypothetical case, a fundamental principle of political economy, and in behalf of the highest court of the land decides that taxes imposed through the agency or medium of the lenders are taxes upon contracts and are immediate (not diffused or remote) burdens on the borrowing power of the debtor. Or, in other words, it was the borrower — in this case the United States — which was exempt. Now, there cannot be one principle of political economy, or of law, for individuals, and another principle or law for the United States. But primary taxation must be the same whether the subject of the tax is an United States bond or an individual bond; and if it is primary taxation of the contract and the burden is upon the borrower in one case, it must be the same in the other case.

Let us then see where we stand in respect to this assumed power of a State to tax resident creditors for debts incurred and owed to them by non-resident (State) debtors. We have certainly a clear adjudication that if Connecticut, for example, taxes, through the agency or medium of resident creditors, bonds and mortgages made in Michigan. she taxes extra-territorially debtors in Michigan. But Connecticut has no more power to tax a debtor in Michigan than she has to tax the United States. Neither is under or subject to her jurisdiction. A citizen of Michigan cannot constitutionally be prevented from making any lawful contracts in Michigan with a citizen of Connecticut; nor can Connecticut impede, obstruct, impair, or restrain such contracts, made by her citizens with the citizens of Michigan. When a citizen of Connecticut lends money, or sells and delivers commodities, to a citizen in Michigan, the money or the goods — the things tangible and visible — pass out from the territory and jurisdiction of Connecticut into the territory and jurisdiction of Michigan or some other State. If the transaction is represented simply by a book account, then the man in Michigan has the property, and the man in Connecticut has in return *a conclusion of law;* namely, that in consideration of parting with and transferring actual ownership and possession of certain specific things, he has acquired a general lien upon all of the previously unincumbered property of the purchaser to the extent of the agreed-upon value of the purchase. If the transaction, on the other

hand, is represented by a transfer of the actual property and the giving in return of a written promise to pay, in the form of a note or a bond and mortgage, then all there is in the possession of the man in Connecticut is a *contract* made outside of the territory of Connecticut by a man in Michigan. Now if Connecticut has any power to tax contracts, she must not only tax them when made, but must also confine herself to contracts made within her own territory between resident creditors and resident debtors, or she will be guilty of obstructing commerce between the States, and of taxing extra-territorially by an arbitrary exaction on *resident* creditors holding obligations of *non-resident* debtors.

TAXATION OF INTER-STATE COMMERCE PROHIBITED.

The United States Supreme Court in the case of Almy *v.* the State of California unanimously decided that a bill of lading given for goods transported from one State to another was an inter-State instrument; or, more specifically, that a stamp-tax imposed by the State of California on bills of lading for the transportation of gold and silver from any point within the State to any point without the State was "a regulation of commerce" "in conflict with the authority of Congress" and with the "freedom of transit of goods and persons between one State and another," and therefore unconstitutional and not to be permitted. But if a bill of lading, as a representative and instrumentality of inter-State commerce, cannot in any form be taxed by the States, how much greater claim for exemption from State taxation for the same reason has the lending of money by a citizen of one State to a citizen of another State, which requires the transportation of money or other property from State to State, and the making and taking of inter-State instruments as the evidence of the contract and evidence of the entire transaction? Is not the latter the very essence or life-blood, as it were, of inter-State commerce? the machinery in the absence of which inter-State commerce could hardly exist, or exist only under the most imperfect and embarrassing conditions?

Again, the power to tax inter-State commerce by a State is the power to destroy it. Can Connecticut, for example, levy a tax of ten per cent. on all of her residents who lend money in Michigan? Can she tax verbal contracts, book accounts, or written instruments arising from the delivery and sale of property passed and transferred from Connecticut to some other State? If she has the power thus to tax extra-territorially, to tax conclusions of law, or contracts arising from transactions in other States, in the slightest degree, she has it also in the fullest degree. She may fix any rate, and she may discriminate as to the States upon whose citizens the burden shall fall; or she may adopt a rate which would be prohibitory upon contracts made by her citizens with citizens of certain designated States, as her caprice might dictate. The acknowledgment or the assumption that the separate States possess this power of taxation in the slightest degree is therefore the acknowledgment or assumption that they possess the power to destroy inter-State commerce if they so will; which is a *reductio ad absurdum.*

DEBTS ARE TITLES OR CONCLUSIONS OF LAW AND NOT PROPERTY, AND HAVE NO SITUS INDEPENDENT OF THE PROPERTY WHICH IS THE SUBJECT OF THE QUALIFIED TITLE.

We now advance to another position, to which is asked the careful consideration of all those who believe that, with the necessary complications of business growing out of rapidly widening and increasing commercial relations between individuals and communities, it is most important to have the rights of State sovereignties and the obligations arising from business transactions so clearly defined and settled, as to remove them forever from the province of dispute and litigation.

In the taxation of evidences of indebtedness or titles of ownership, it is not the mere paper evidence or muniment of title to a credit that is taxed, but the credit itself, which is taxed in the form of the paper title. That this must be so is made evident by the fact that if the paper documents, even when in the form of negotiable instruments and capable of delivery from hand to hand, were regarded as salable chattels and capable of taxation where found, they would be removed to States where they are exempt, or where their presence would be unknown to the local assessors. But if a negotiable instrument is destroyed, the credit is not destroyed or impaired; for on proof of the destruction of the paper instrument, the credit still survives and can be enforced. There have been attempts to claim salvage for saving from wreck bills of exchange or other papers constituting evidence of debt or title to property; but the courts have decided that salvage in such cases is not allowable, and therefore, practically, that credits and titles are not property. (See Emblem, Davis's Reported Cases, 61.) The making of no form of indebtedness, lease, deed, mortgage, or any other form of title, creates or produces any new property, but simply indicates the rights, titles, or interests of parties in preëxisting property; and any tax on any of these titles is only another form of burdening the property which is the subject of those titles. A deed is a title to land, and a credit is a qualified lien or title to all of the debtor's property, according to certain priorities of lien. If one State taxes the land and another State taxes the deed on the valuation of the land; or if one State taxes the debtor's property and another State taxes the creditor's lien on, or title in, that property, we have an exhibition in both cases of extra-territorial taxation, or manifest spoliation. In each case the tax is put upon the property and then upon the title to the property by the taxing power of another and a hostile jurisdiction. It is also important to note here that the United States Supreme Court in the case of Fletcher *v.* Peck (6 Cranch, 87) decided that a "grant" (or deed) "is an executed contract;" and, "in its own nature, amounts to an extinguishment of the right of the grantor, and implies a *contract* not to reassert that right." If a State therefore has a general power, as is assumed in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and elsewhere, to tax contracts, it has the power to tax deeds of real estate in the hands of its citizens, and may thus practically exercise jurisdiction over the territory of any and all other sovereignties.

The inevitable judgment to which an impartial investigation of these questions must therefore lead is, that *credit, title, and ownership are not things;* but are conclusions and deductions of law from certain facts, and can no more be said to have a situs than a "baseless fabric of a vision," or a disembodied spirit, for they have no *corpus* to be located, or body to be taxed, or materiality to fill space in any State. On the other hand, the property itself of the debtor is the source of the title or debt, and is always a fund held for the security of the title of the creditor. And if this reasoning is unsound, and if the title is with the property, then the keeping of the property, which gave origin to the title, intact as a fund for the payment of the creditor is unnecessary; and if by some natural phenomenon the property should be destroyed or annihilated, it ought to be a matter of entire indifference to the title holder.

How far the United States Supreme Court has already gone in sustaining these conclusions will appear by reference to the following cases. Thus, in the case of Brown *v.* Kennedy (15 Wallace, 591) it was held that a bond and mortgage form of "credit" could be confiscated by the United States, where the mortgage debtor resides, "though in point of fact, the bond and mortgage were never in the district of the United States (the State of Kansas) where the proceedings in forfeiture took place," but were with the owner, in the rebel lines in the State of Virginia. The court, therefore, here rejected the the-

ory that a mortgage "credit" follows the owner, and has a legal situs where he resides.

In the case of Miller *v.* United States (11 Wallace, 296) the court held that the owner of railroad stock could be dispossessed of his property by constitutional and legal confiscation, by legal process served on the officers of the railroad company controlling the issue and transfer of the stock, although the share certificates of the stock remained untransferred and in possession of the owner resident in a rebel State. The court, therefore, here rejected the theory that property, as represented by railroad stocks, followed the owner and holder of the credit certificates, and had a situs where he resided. And finally, in the case of Tappan *v.* Merchants' Bank (19 Wallace, 490) the court decided, in conformity with a provision of the National Banking Act, that shares in national banks are taxable at the place where the bank is located, and not where the owner resides, thus rejecting the theory that property in national banking institutions, as represented by shares, follows the owner and holder of the title or credit certificates. The money of the non-resident shareholder, says the Chief Justice in giving the decision in this case, "is withdrawn from taxation under the authority of the State in which he resides."

IS THE OWNER OF DEBTS AN ORIGINAL PACKAGE?

Again, if the popular theory that credits due are property and not titles to property, have a legal situs, and follow the owner be the correct one, how are we to deal, in respect to taxation, with persons who change their residence from foreign countries and acquire a residence in the United States? If the credits, or the ownership of evidences of indebtedness, which they may bring with them are property, then such property must be imports, and as such exempt from all State taxation in the hands of the importer. Under this theory, who can doubt that such "imported credits" would soon become a favorite subject of importation, and that the owner would lawfully consider himself as "the original package"?

These are some of the illustrations available for exposing the utter absurdity of continuing, in the administration of government and in the practice of law, in this latter half of the nineteenth century, to adhere to antiquated and exploded legal fictions, or rather legal lies, which have outlived the purposes for which they were originally intended and used. The Romans, from whom we derive so many of our legal precedents, never taxed credits in any form; and according to Savigny they never applied the fiction that property followed the owner to any form of extra-territorial property. But we, on the contrary, in many of our States, have adopted the verbiage of the rule, without knowing or adopting the reason of the rule. We have sought and held on to the shadow, and have lost the substance. But the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court in the "foreign held bonds" case, and the irresistible logic of Chief Justice Marshall, teaching that all taxes on contracts are primary burdens on debtors, and that the question of the power to tax a contract in any person's hands is wholly dependent upon the fact of the power or jurisdiction to tax the debtor or the contract where and when made, will cause the State and National judiciary ultimately to protect persons from arbitrary exactions; and will produce a public sentiment which will stigmatize as unconstitutional and as a State crime all attempts to tax extra-territorial contracts, debtors, goods, chattels, or lands, or the income of extra-territorial property. A practical question which may here suggest itself is, How are arbitrary exactions upon inter-State obligations, or obligations made by debtors in one State due to creditors in another State, to be resisted? The answer is, By first placing the written evidence of the transaction in another State before the time of assessment; then by *certiorari* and appeal to the

highest tribunal of the State; and finally by *writ of error* to the United States Supreme Court; raising the constitutional points, that the impost in question is a tax on commerce between the States and an act of extra-territorial taxation, or a burden on contracts, business, and persons beyond the jurisdiction of the taxing State; and therefore a violation of that clause of the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution which declares that no State shall deprive any person of property without due process of law. (All extra-territorial taxation is without due process of law, as is held by the United States Supreme Court, in the "foreign held bonds" case already cited in this article.)

Finally, it is evident that if the assumptions here made are not correct, the opinion of Chief Justice Marshall in the case of Weston *v.* the City of Charleston (before referred to) must be reversed; and also the principle of political economy as well as of law must be denied, that the right to tax a contract is a right to tax the borrower, and that the right to levy a tax will always enter into a contract at the time when made, and thus burden the borrower: all of which is equivalent to saying that the right to tax extra-territorial contracts at the residence of the lender, in the Eastern States, is the right to tax borrowers beyond their jurisdiction, *i. e.*, in the Western States, and thus by an arbitrary assumption of power increase the price of money for the West, without giving any correlative protection to persons and contracts where the money is borrowed and secured. Legally the whole case may be regarded in the light of a *res adjudicata*, but a full recognition of the principles involved would facilitate and increase inter-State commerce and help develop the resources of the borrowing States, whose prosperity is now impeded by arbitrary exactions which are a mere survival of feudalism.

David A. Wells.

AFTER THE TORNADO.

Last eve the earth was calm, the heavens were clear;
A peaceful glory crowned the waning west,
And yonder distant mountain's hoary crest
The semblance of a silvery robe did wear,
Shot through with moon-wrought tissues; far and near
Wood, rivulet, field, — all Nature's face, — expressed
The haunting presence of enchanted rest.
One twilight star shone like a blissful tear,
Unshed. But now, what ravage in a night!
Yon mountain-height fades in its cloud-girt pall;
The prostrate wood lies smirched with rain and mire;
Through the shorn fields the brook whirls, wild and white;
While o'er the turbulent waste, and woodland fall,
Glares the red sunrise, blurred with mists of fire!

Paul H. Hayne.

THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN OF JOHN BROWN.

III.

THE DISCLOSURE OF HIS PLANS IN 1858.

In coming now to the great purpose of John Brown's life during the last ten years that he lived, — to his secret plans for the overthrow of Southern slavery by armed intervention on the side of the slave, and to his means and methods for destroying slavery by rendering it insecure and keeping it in perpetual alarm, — I approach a topic which cannot yet be treated so plainly and boldly as it deserves. The civil war and its extraordinary results have done much to relieve Brown's memory from the charges of crime and mad folly that were so generally made at the time, even by men who could not but admire his courage and his other great qualities. But there still lingers in the public mind, and, yet more, in the memory and the conscience of individuals, an aversion to the fatal step which Brown took first of all, and to which he compelled the unwilling nation. Compromises that seemed easy and natural before his attack on Harper's Ferry were no longer possible afterwards, and there can be little doubt that this attack hastened our political crisis by at least ten years. Before that event, civil war was really inevitable, but was not seen to be so; afterwards, the South, at least, saw that its only hope of maintaining slavery was by dissolving the Union and fighting for a national existence of which slavery should be the accepted basis. Hence the swiftness with which the passionate leaders of the South rushed into rebellion.

But this view of the matter, if correct, will seem to many persons (who do not sufficiently consider the share claimed by divine justice in the immediate government of the world) to throw upon Brown and his friends the odium of precipitating the civil war. To some also Brown will seem chargeable with the intention, at least, of exciting a servile war, with all the traditional horrors which history delights in ascribing to such a war. Hence it may well be that some who knew Brown and admired him, and who even knew and gave countenance to his plans, shrank, at the final moment, from a public avowal of their connection with him, and perhaps wished they had never been so connected. If there were any such among those whose counsels and purposes came to my knowledge, I should not feel justified in declaring what they might hesitate to confirm; preferring to leave to each person the promulgation of his own intimacy with John Brown. Something, however, is due to the truth of history. Believing that the time has come to reveal the plans of Brown, and to set his undertaking in its true light, so far as I have the means of doing this, I write this record, — not, I trust, to the annoyance or injury of others.

It was the condition of Kansas in 1856 which placed me in a situation to learn, a year or two later, what Brown's purposes were. That State, then a newly-settled Territory, had been opened to slavery by base and pernicious legislation at Washington. The people of the North had resolved that Kansas should be controlled by freemen, and that slavery should never be tolerated there. In pursuance of this resolution they had formed societies and committees to colonize Kansas with Northern men, who would never vote to establish slavery, and by one of these organizations — the New England Emigrant Aid Company — a portion of Kansas was in fact colonized during the years 1854 and 1855. At that time I was in college, and so occupied with my private affairs that, except to vote and read the newspapers, I took little interest in those of the public. But upon leaving college and going to reside in Concord in 1855, I became more actively concerned in regard

to the political situation, and early took up the opinion that the battle between the North and the South was first to be fought in Kansas. In the spring of 1856 one of my brothers became a Kansas colonist. Soon after, the outrages of the Missouri invaders of Kansas grew so frequent and alarming that the indignation of Massachusetts and of the whole North was aroused, and action began to be taken in a new form. "Kansas committees" were organized in towns, counties, and States, and finally a national committee, among the members of which were Abraham Lincoln, Gerrit Smith, and Dr. S. G. Howe. Mr. Lincoln never acted, I believe, but the committee did much work at one time, and raised thousands of dollars to colonize towns and support colonists in Kansas. Between May, 1856, and January, 1857, I passed through all the grades of these Kansas committees, beginning in June, 1856, as secretary of the Concord town committee; then in July helping to organize a county committee for Middlesex, of which I acted as secretary for a year; then accepting the post of secretary to the Massachusetts State Kansas Committee, which I held from August, 1856, until the committee dissolved in 1858–59; and finally serving upon the national committee at its last meeting, in January, 1857. In these different positions I became somewhat familiar with Kansas affairs, and with the men who gave money or worked actively to make and keep Kansas a free State; and in consequence of this familiarity became the intimate friend of the late George L. Stearns and of John Brown. I had been for some years a parishioner and friend of Theodore Parker, at whose house I first met Dr. Howe. Edwin Morton, another of the confidants of Brown's plans, was my college classmate and close friend, and through him I had become acquainted with the late Gerrit Smith, whose love and respect for Brown were never disguised. These circumstances, unimportant in themselves, are mentioned to explain how it was that a young and unknown person like myself came to be trusted with matters so important as the secret purposes of Brown.

The promotion of the gravest political movements by the agency of committees is a traditional custom of the Anglo-Saxon peoples. It was a committee of barons that extorted from King John the great charter of English liberties at Runnymede. It was by committees of Parliament that King Charles was driven from the throne; and the court that sentenced him to death was nothing more than an enormous committee. The committees of correspondence devised by Samuel Adams in 1772 prepared the American Revolution and gave it the unity needful for success. "When a certain masterly statesman," wrote John Adams in 1775, "invented a committee of correspondence in Boston, did not every colony, nay, every county, city, hundred, and town upon the whole continent, adopt the measure as the happiest means of cementing the union, and acting in concert?" Since that time almost every great movement in America has been carried on by committees in this manner, and the results of such action, when earnestly taken, are often remarkable. The Sanitary Commission, during the civil war, was perhaps the latest instance of this committee-work on a grand scale; and what the Sanitary Commission did for the Union armies as a whole, the Kansas committees of 1856–57 did for the pioneers of Kansas. Something more was done, too; for these committees supplied rifles, cartridges, and cannon to the defenders of freedom in Kansas: a work which the Sanitary Commission could leave to the national government. The first large sum of money raised to buy arms for Kansas was perhaps that contributed in Boston during the winter of 1855–56: some thousands of dollars, which were expended in the purchase of Sharp's rifles. The "Faneuil Hall Committee," of Boston, organized in May, 1856, pledged itself to raise money for use "in a strictly lawful manner" in Kansas; but most of the other committees were not so scrupulous, and gave their money freely to arm the colonists who went out

from New England. The State Kansas Committee (which grew out of the Faneuil Hall Committee and those appointed in some of the Massachusetts counties) had no hesitation in buying rifles and ammunition for the Kansas men, and did, in fact, buy the rifles which John Brown carried to Harper's Ferry. This State committee, and its auxiliaries in the towns and counties, raised throughout Massachusetts, during 1856, at least one hundred thousand dollars in money and supplies, which were sent to the Kansas people. Some towns, Concord for example, raised in proportion to their population much more than this; for it was estimated that, if all Massachusetts had contributed as freely as Concord did, the amount raised in the State would have been nearly one million dollars. Personally I undertook to canvass Middlesex County that summer and autumn, and visited more than half the towns to appoint committees, hold meetings, or solicit subscriptions. Enough was subscribed, in Massachusetts and the other Northern States, to carry our colonists in Kansas through their worst year; and but for these supplies of money, arms, and clothing, it is quite possible they would have been driven out or conquered by the Missourians, the United States troops, and their other enemies.[1]

John Brown was thus driven out of Kansas, in the autumn of 1856, after fulfilling his mission there for that year, and virtually rescuing the Territory from the slave-holders. During the winter and spring of 1857, he was busily engaged in efforts to raise money enough to arm and equip a hundred mounted men for service in Kansas and Missouri, but without much success. Although the National Kansas Committee, at its Astor House meeting in January, had voted him an appropriation of five thousand dollars, he received nothing under this vote, except one hundred and ten dollars, and that not until the summer of 1857. The money voted him by the Massachusetts Committee about the same time was soon exhausted, and so were the small collections he had made in New England from January to April, 1857. The efforts made for legislative appropriations in Massachusetts, New York, and other Northern States, in aid of the Kansas colonists, all failed. Brown had labored in person for such an appropriation in Massachusetts, going before the joint committee of the legislature in the State House, at Boston, on the 18th of February, and giving his testimony as an eye-witness of what had happened in Kansas the year before. It was during his examination by this committee that

[1] The records of the Massachusetts Kansas Committee, including its large correspondence, were in my possession for a few years as secretary. Before the attack on Harper's Ferry, or soon after, I transferred them to the custody of the chairman of the committee, George L. Stearns, and I have not seen them for at least fifteen years. If preserved (I have some reason to think they were destroyed, along with the records of the Massachusetts Anti-slavery Society, in the Boston fire of 1872), they will be found to contain much historical information and some curious revelations concerning political movements in those years. They will also probably confirm the statements made in The Atlantic Monthly in 1872, concerning the ownership of the arms carried by John Brown to Virginia. Some of these statements have been questioned; but the facts in regard to the arms are substantially what was there alleged. The Massachusetts Committee voted them to John Brown as its agent in 1857, and though they were nominally reclaimed in 1858, they were never out of his custody till captured in Maryland. They had ceased to be the property of the committee, except in name, before the correspondence of May, 1858 (printed in Senator Mason's Report of 1860, pp. 176, 177), in which Mr. Stearns, the real owner of the arms, warned Brown not to use them for any other purpose than the defense of Kansas, "and to hold them subject to my order as chairman of the committee." On the 20th of May, 1858, Mr. Stearns wrote thus to a person cognizant of Brown's designs, but not a member of the Kansas committee: "I have felt obliged, for reasons that cannot be written, to recall the arms committed to B——'s custody. We are all agreed on that point, and if you come to Boston I think we can convince you that it is for the best." That this recall was only nominal appears from a memorandum made by Mr. Stearns's correspondent when he did "come to Boston" early in June. "I found," he says, "that the Kansas committee had put some $500 in gold into Brown's hands, *and all the arms*, with only the understanding that he should go to Kansas, and then be left to his own discretion." In fact, no member of the committee who was consulted ever suggested the *actual* recall of the arms from Brown, well knowing that he would not give them up unless he pleased. Nor, according to my recollection, did any member who gave advice (probably only Mr. Stearns, Dr. Howe, and myself, who had long been the three acting members of a committee practically defunct, were consulted) desire to have Brown surrender the arms.

he uttered one of his famous sayings. Being asked what kind of emigrants were needed in Kansas, he replied, almost in the words of Cromwell's speech to the Parliament in 1657 (which, doubtless, Brown had never heard of), "We want good men, industrious men, men who respect themselves, who act only from the dictates of conscience; *men who fear God too much to fear anything human.*"[1] He also varied so far from his proud custom of never soliciting gifts as to make an appeal through the newspapers, in the winter of 1857, in which he said, —

"The undersigned, whose individual means were exceedingly limited when he first engaged in the struggle for liberty in Kansas, being now still more destitute, and no less anxious than in times past to continue his efforts to sustain that cause, . . . asks all honest lovers of liberty and human rights, both male and female, to hold up my hands by contributions of pecuniary aid, either as counties, cities, towns, villages, societies, churches, or individuals. . . . It is with no little sacrifice of personal feeling I appear in this manner before the public."

So small, upon the whole, were the contributions made in response to this appeal, and to the personal efforts of Brown in raising money, that when he withdrew from his native New England in April, 1857, he sent to a few of his friends this sorrowful and indignant remonstrance: —

OLD BROWN'S FAREWELL

To the Plymouth Rocks, Bunker Hill Monuments, Charter Oaks, and Uncle Thom's Cabbins.

He has left for Kansas. Has been trying, since he came out of the Territory, to secure an outfit, or, in other words, the means of arming and thoroughly equipping his minute-men, who are mixed up with the people of Kansas, and he leaves the States with a feeling of deepest sadness, that, after having exhausted his own small means, and, with his family and his brave men, suffered hunger, cold, nakedness, and some of them sickness, wounds, imprisonment, cruel treatment, and others death; that after lying on the ground for months, in the most sickly, unwholesome, and uncomfortable places, with sick and wounded, destitute of any shelter, and hunted like wolves; sustained and cared for in part by Indians; that after all this, in order to sustain a cause which every citizen of this "glorious republic" is under equal moral obligation to do, and for the neglect of which he will be held accountable to God; a cause in which every man, woman, and child of the entire human family has a deep and awful interest; that, when no wages are asked or expected, he cannot secure, amidst all the wealth, luxury, and extravagance of this "heaven-exalted" people, even the necessary supplies of the common soldier. "How are the mighty fallen!" JOHN BROWN.

BOSTON, *April*, A. D. 1857.

Yet it must not be supposed from this complaint that Brown had raised no money in New England. Probably his collections there in 1857, including five hundred dollars voted him by the Massachusetts Kansas Committee, were more than one thousand dollars, and in addition to this, the sum of one thousand dollars was raised to pay for one hundred and sixty acres of land in North Elba, which was to be added, in equal parts, to the farms of his wife and his married daughter living there. The subscription for this purchase of land was headed by George L. Stearns and Amos A. Law-

[1] Cromwell related in his speech a colloquy with his cousin Hampden, in 1642, when he was about raising men for his troop of Ironsides to serve in Lord Essex's army, and added, "Mr. John Hampden was a wise and worthy person, and he did think that I talked a good notion, but an impracticable one. Truly I told him I could *do* somewhat in it. I did so; I raised such men as *had the fear of God before them; as made some conscience of what they did;* and from that day forward I must say to you they were never beaten, and wherever they were engaged against the enemy, they beat continually." In a fair field this was true of Brown's men; they were never beaten unless caught in a trap, as they were at Harper's Ferry.

rence of Boston, who, together, paid more than half the amount. A portion of it was to go to the original owner of the land, the late Gerrit Smith, at Peterboro, New York, and the rest to two of the Thompsons, brothers-in-law of Ruth (Brown) Thompson, who had improved and partly paid for the tract. I was the person appointed to visit Peterboro and North Elba to make these payments (as I did) in August, 1857. At Mr. Smith's I heard for the first time of Hugh Forbes, who had called there on his way from New York to Western Iowa, in July. This Englishman had so much to do with the affairs of John Brown for two or three years, that he may here claim some description, although I never saw him, nor, after the spring of 1858, held any correspondence with him.

Hugh Forbes was so unfortunately conspicuous after Brown's arrest in 1859, that I fear some injustice may have been done him at that time. He had been a hanger-on at the Tribune office for a while, and had occasionally obtained a few dollars from the easily opened purse of Horace Greeley. The last of these contributions seems to have been twenty dollars, paid about the time when Forbes went towards Kansas in 1857; and, in explanation of this gift, Mr. Greeley, two years afterwards, drew a portrait of Forbes in the Tribune, which was far from flattering. He was represented as an adventurer, at once fanatical and mercenary, and as wanting in common sense. He is spoken of by others who knew him as a handsome, soldierly-looking man, skillful in the sword exercise, and with some military experience, gained under Garibaldi in the Italian revolution of 1848–49. He had been a silk-merchant, it was said, at Sienna, before joining Garibaldi; in New York he was a fencing-master, while his wife and daughter were living in Paris upon remittances sent by him from New York. He had been engaged by Brown in the spring of 1857, without the knowledge of his New England friends, to drill his Kansas soldiers for partisan warfare, and to him Brown had communicated, with more or less detail, his plans for invading Virginia, before any of his New England friends, except a few of the colored people, knew them. Judged by his letters, his little book (Manual of the Patriotic Volunteer), and all the accounts given by persons who knew him, he was a brave, enthusiastic, undisciplined person, with little discretion, and quite wanting in the qualities which would fit him to be a leader of American soldiers. Yet he was ambitious, eager to head a crusade against slavery, and apparently desirous of taking Brown's place as commander of what he regarded as a great antislavery movement, having the support of thousands in the Northern States. Having been accustomed to see European insurrections managed by committees outwardly similar to the various antislavery committees which he found or heard of in America, he hastily inferred that these American committees were all working for the same revolutionary end, and were ready to support a design which Brown had as yet communicated to none of them, and which none of them would or could have aided, had they known it. He was really connected with Brown's enterprise but a few months; having joined his rendezvous at Tabor in Iowa, on the 9th of August, 1857, and parted from him in early November of the same year. His complaining letters, in December, 1857, and January, 1858, were the first intimation received by the Boston friends of Captain Brown that there was any peculiar relation between the Kansas hero and the British revolutionist; and these letters, by a singular chance, occasioned the first disclosure of Brown's plans to his Boston friends. The earliest of these letters were addressed to Senator Sumner, and by him transmitted to Dr. Howe and myself; they led to questions asked of Brown concerning his agreement with Forbes, and in answer to these he communicated his whole project to a few persons in New England and New York.

In April and May, 1858, learning that the enterprise of Brown was still going forward, Forbes went to Washington, called on Senators Wilson, Hale, Sew-

ard, and other prominent republicans, disclosed some part of the scheme, and threatened further disclosures unless his own proposals were complied with. This brought about a change of plans, much against Brown's first inclination; he gave up his attack upon Virginia, which had been fixed for the middle of May, 1858, and returned to Kansas in the summer of that year, as has been mentioned in a previous chapter. After this, Forbes was heard of no more until the attack at Harper's Ferry had been made; then he was reported as in New York, again threatening disclosures, and several of his letters found their way into the newspapers. Then, if I have been correctly informed, he thought better of his purpose to betray the confidence of Brown, went back to Italy, and again served under Garibaldi, who in that very year, 1859, was making his remarkable campaign in Sicily and Southern Italy. But concerning this I can only speak from the report of others.

While Forbes was living with Brown in Western Iowa, in the autumn of 1857, Brown made use of what he considered the greater skill of Forbes with the pen, to draw up an address to the soldiers of the army, urging them not to fight against the friends of freedom. Brown sent this to Theodore Parker, in a letter dated "Tabor, Fremont Co., Iowa, September 11, 1857," and it was shown to me soon after by Mr. Parker. In the same letter Brown said, "My particular object in writing is to say that I am in immediate want of some five hundred or one thousand dollars for secret service, and no questions asked. I want the friends of freedom to prove me now herewith." On the 2d of February, 1858, Brown wrote again to Mr. Parker, saying, "I have nearly perfected arrangements for carrying out an important measure, in which the world has a deep interest, as well as Kansas, and only lack from five to eight hundred dollars to enable me to do so, — the same object for which I asked for secret-service money last fall. It is my only errand here," that is, in Rochester (New York), where he was then staying, incognito, at the house of Frederick Douglass. He added, "I want to bring the thing about during the next sixty days. Please write N. Hawkins, care William J. Watkins, Esq., Rochester, N. Y." [1] I received a similar letter from Brown about the same time, and was informed by my correspondent Morton, who was often in Rochester, that Brown had hopes of doing "more than has yet been done" with the eight hundred dollars asked for. Brown himself wrote me that he expected "to overthrow slavery in a large part of the country," and asked me to meet him in Central New York. At the same time one of my Kansas correspondents sent me word that Brown had disappeared from among them, and that some of the Kansas people thought him insane. All this, combined with the complaints and intimations of Forbes, led me to imagine that Brown had some plan for an uprising of slaves such as had often been spoken of among the abolitionists; but, if so, I supposed it would be on the Kansas border or in some part of Missouri. To Colonel Higginson, then living at Worcester, Brown wrote on the 12th of February: "Railroad business, on a somewhat extended scale, is the identical object for which I am trying to get means. I have been connected with that business, as commonly conducted, from my boyhood, and never let an opportunity slip. I have been operating to some purpose the past season, but I now have a measure on foot that I feel sure would awaken in you something more than a common interest, if you could understand it. I have just written my friends G. L. Stearns and F. B. Sanborn, asking them to meet me for consultation. I am very anxious to have you come along; certain as I feel that you will never regret having been one of the council." To a letter from myself, inviting him to meet Messrs. Stearns, Parker, and Higginson in Boston, Brown replied on the 17th of February, still at Rochester, "It would be almost impossible for me to pass through Albany, Springfield, or any of those

[1] Weiss's Life of Parker, ii. 163, 164.

parts on my way to Boston, and not have it known. And my reasons for keeping quiet are such that, when I left Kansas, I kept it from every friend there; and I suppose it is still understood that I am hiding somewhere in the Territory." He therefore declined to visit Boston, and urged those of us (four in all) to whom he had written concerning his project, to meet him not far from Rochester before the end of February. Neither Mr. Parker nor Mr. Stearns could go at that time; Colonel Higginson was also detained at home, and thus it happened that Mr. Morton and myself were the only Massachusetts men present when Brown at last revealed his plans, on the evening of Monday, February 22, 1858, — the anniversary of Washington's birthday.

He began by asking us to read or listen to his "Provisional Constitution" from the first draft of that singular paper, which he had written while lodging with Frederick Douglass in the two or three preceding weeks. And in connection with its elaborate provisions for controlling an armed force of "Liberators" and for disposing of conquered territory and captured property, he explained his plan of a campaign which, to our astonishment, was to begin in Virginia, and, if successful, to be extended along the flanks of the Virginia mountains, into Kentucky, Tennessee, and more Southern States. We listened at first with incredulity to the expectations which he cherished, and could scarcely believe him determined upon an undertaking that seemed so certain to end in defeat and destruction to all who might engage in it. But we soon found that Brown had asked us to consult with him, not so much for the purpose of seeking our advice, still less of accepting it, as in order to engage us to take part in his enterprise, upon which he showed himself irrevocably bent. No objection moved him from his purpose; no unwillingness on our part to help him would prevent him from going forward with such aid as he had found, and with the undoubted favor, as he believed, of Almighty God. His plans were perfect in their most trivial details; he knew exactly how each of his forts could be built, how many men could hold it, how they could retreat from that position to another; how the first news of his attack would be received, and what would follow from the blind rage and terror that such an attack would excite among the slaveholders. He had calculated, like a skillful player, on every rebound and collision of his ball; he did not wish to begin with a great force, but with one that could be easily handled; he did not expect the slaves to come to him in great numbers, nor did he wish it, for he wanted no more followers than he could easily arm and discipline. He did not then propose to attack Harper's Ferry, but to begin in some remote and less accessible region. He did not expect to be driven out of the slave States, but he meant to leave a road open behind him by which he could retreat if necessary. He did not anticipate disunion or even civil war, except of that sort in which he had taken part for three years upon the Kansas prairies. His ideal was something like the Florida war, where a few Indians and negroes had for years withstood the forces of the government; and he more than once referred to Plutarch's Spanish hero, Sertorius, as the model that he meant to follow, — a warrior who with a small force contrived to elude and finally to defeat great armies of the Romans. Brown did not deal much, however, in historical associations; he read Plutarch with pleasure, but his own Kansas commentaries were more in his mind than the examples of the Greeks and Romans. Most of all he dwelt upon the Old Testament encouragements to valor and enterprise on the Lord's side. The words of Scripture came naturally to his lips, and the idea of duty and of God's guidance in the path of duty was no less natural to his soul. Possessed by these thoughts he was invulnerable to argument, and when the agitated party broke up their council for the night, it was perfectly plain that Brown could not be held back from his purpose.

The question then arose, — and this was the one most anxiously considered on the second day, — What should be done by the friends to whom he had appealed, and on whose generosity he had relied for aid? Three courses were open to us: to aid him so far as we could, to discountenance and oppose his plans, and to remain neutral or indifferent. Of course there was no thought of betraying his confidence, nor of treating him as a madman, incapable of counsel. And it was soon evident that where Brown was concerned there could be no neutrality and no indifference. It is the privilege of heroism, as of beauty and of sanctity, to impose its own conditions upon the beholder; they claim and they receive their due homage. A casual glance, a frivolous mind, might be deceived in Captain Brown. His homely garb and plain manners did not betoken greatness; but neither could they disguise it. That antique and magnanimous character which amid wounds and fetters and ferocious insults suddenly fastened the gaze of the whole world; those words of startling simplicity uttered among the corpses of his men, or before his judges, or in his prison cell, and listened to by all mankind — all things that were peculiar to John Brown and distinguished him among the multitude, lost nothing of their force when he was seen at nearer view, and heard within the walls of a chamber. Let no man conceive that impressive personality, whose echoes so long filled the air of our camps, to have lacked its effect upon the few who came within his influence before the world recognized his greatness. We saw this lonely and obscure old man choosing poverty before wealth, renouncing the ties of affection, throwing away his ease, his reputation, and his life, for the sake of a despised race and for "zeal to his country's ancient liberties." Moved by the attraction of this example, shamed by the nobleness of this generosity, was it to be imagined that young men and devoted abolitionists would examine cautiously the sober grounds of prudence, or timidly follow a scrupulous conservatism? Without accepting Brown's plans as reasonable, we were preparing to second them merely because they were his; under the impulse of that sentiment to which John A. Andrew afterwards gave utterance when he said, "Whatever might be thought of John Brown's acts, John Brown himself was *right.*"

His strong influence over his own men rendered it unnecessary for him to urge them to a course which they saw him pursuing. Edwin Coppoc, one of the youngest of his followers at Harper's Ferry, told his captors that he had not at first wished to join in that attack. "Why did you, then?" "Ah, gentlemen," said Coppoc, "*you don't know Captain Brown;* when he calls for us we never think of refusing to come." It was perhaps in allusion to this that Brown said, during his trial at Charlestown, "I hear it has been stated by some of them that I have induced them to join me. But the contrary is true. I do not say this to injure them, but as regretting their weakness. There is not one of them but joined me of his own accord, and the greater part at their own expense."

In what terms he sometimes set forth the reasons for joining his expedition to Virginia may be seen by the following letter, which he wrote me the day after our conference broke up: —

——, N. Y., 24*th Feb'y*, 1858.

My dear Friend, — Mr. Morton has taken the liberty of saying to me that you felt half inclined to make a common cause with me. I *greatly rejoice* at this; for I believe when you come to look at the *ample field* I labor in, and the rich harvest which (not only this entire country, but) the whole world during the present and future generations *may reap* from its successful cultivation, you will feel that you are out of your element, until you find you are in it, an entire unit. What an inconceivable amount of good you might so effect, by your *counsel*, *your example*, *your encouragement*, your *natural and acquired ability* for active service. And

then, how very little we can possibly lose! Certainly the cause is enough to *live* for, if not to —— [1] for. I have only had *this one* opportunity in a life of nearly sixty years ; and could I be continued ten times as long again, I might not again have another equal opportunity. God has honored but comparatively a *very small* part of mankind with any possible chance for such mighty and soul-satisfying rewards. But, my dear friend, if you should make up your mind to do so, I trust it will be wholly from the promptings of your own spirit, after having *thoroughly counted* the cost. I would *flatter no man* into such a measure, if I could do it ever so easily.

I *expect nothing* but to "endure hardness," but I expect to effect a mighty conquest, even though it be like the last victory of Samson. I felt for a number of years, *in earlier life*, a steady, strong desire to *die*, but since I saw any prospect of becoming a "reaper" in the *great* harvest, I have not only felt quite willing to *live*, but have enjoyed life much; and am now rather anxious to live for *a few* years more.

Your sincere Friend,

JOHN BROWN.

I received this letter soon after my return to Concord. On my way through Boston I had communicated to Theodore Parker (at his house in Exeter Place, where I had taken Brown in January, 1857, and where he met Mr. Garrison and other abolitionists) the substance of Brown's plan, and upon receiving the letter I transmitted it to Parker. He retained it, so that it was out of my possession in October, 1859, when I destroyed most of the letters, of Brown and others, which could compromise our friends. Two or three years afterwards, probably in 1862, when Parker had been dead two years, my letters to him came back to me, and among them this touching and prophetic letter of Brown's. It has to me an extreme value from this association with the memory of two of my best and noblest friends; but in itself is also a remarkable utterance. That it did not draw me into the field as one of Brown's band was due, perhaps, to the circumstance that the interests of other persons were then too much in my hands and in my thoughts to permit a change of my whole course of life, except under the most unmistakable direction of that Spirit who governs the fate of nations and of men. Long accustomed to guide my life by leadings and omens from that shrine whose oracles may destroy but can never deceive, I listened in vain, through months of doubt and anxiety, for a clear and certain call. But it was revealed to me that no confidence could be too great, no trust nor affection too extreme, towards this aged poor man whom the Lord had chosen as his champion against wrong. In any event of his designs, — had he failed as conspicuously as he has succeeded, — I could still have had nothing to regret in the little aid I had afforded him, except that I could not aid him more. The work upon which he had entered was dangerous and even desperate; none saw this better than those who stood with him; but his commission was from a Court that could bear him out, whatever the results. It is a maxim even of worldly prudence that desperate diseases require desperate remedies: *in rebus arduis ac tenui spe fortissima quæque consilia sunt optima.* And can high courage and unselfish humility be less acceptable to the Heavenly Wisdom?

"Oft He seems to hide His face,
But unexpectedly returns,
And to His faithful champion hath in place
Borne witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns,
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent:
His servants He, with new acquist
Of true experience, from this great event,
With peace and consolation hath dismissed,
And calm of mind, all passion spent."

F. B. Sanborn.

[1] This blank is in the original

FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

At Laurel, a small town on the Whitewater River, in Southeastern Indiana, in a little ill-kept grave-yard overlooking the town itself, I found, one morning of last September, two graves lying side by side. Upon the round-topped marble head-stone over one of them I read the inscription, "Byron Forceythe Willson. Born in Little Genesee, N. Y., April 10, 1837. Died in Alfred, N. Y., Feb'y 2, 1867;" and on a small obelisk of white marble which marked the other, "Elizabeth Conwell Willson. Born June 26, 1842. Died October 13, 1864." These graves of a husband and wife are at the northeastern corner of the burial-ground, just where it slopes steeply to a public road; below, for several miles northward are seen the level cornfields and orchards of the Whitewater Valley — one of the loveliest valleys in the middle West — with the long-disused Whitewater Canal (whose channel serves the purpose of a mill-race) passing through its centre from north to south, the Whitewater Valley Railroad closely following the course of the old canal, and, shimmering here and there beyond these, the Whitewater River. Pastoral upland slopes and wooded hills are the bounds of the landscape. Less than two hundred yards eastward from the grave-yard, and somewhat nearer the town of Laurel, is one of those pretty, mysterious, ancient mounds so frequent throughout this region. A large weeping-willow tree planted upon the top of an old grave, a few feet distant, throws its shadow during the forenoon upon the two later ones. These graves have a lovely situation, but the casual passer-by would not suspect that in them two poets were sleeping: one the gentle and youthful wife, whose record in literature is slight if indeed recognizable (yet her gift was a genuine one, beautiful and delicate, born with her in the little town of Laurel, and she was more truly a poet than many whose names have grown familiar in collections and biographies); the other, the husband, far the most remarkable, it seems to me, of American poets to whom it has yet been fated, dying young, to leave but an earnest of accomplishment. The wife's grave, I may add, is also

> — "the grave of a little child,
> That died upon life's threshold,
> And never wept nor smiled."

Comparatively few, I dare say, among the current readers of The Atlantic Monthly will remember very distinctly to have met with the name of Forceythe Willson. Yet less than ten years ago he was an occasional contributor to its pages. Within that period, too, one of his poems has been read, in the course of a lecture, to large audiences in our principal cities, by one of the most admired and popular of American authors, himself a poet; the same piece and one or two others by the same hand have been pronounced by another, one of our greatest thinkers and writers, among the most remarkable poems yet produced in America; seven years ago a volume of Willson's poetry was published; in the recent revised edition of Griswold's Poets and Poetry of America, Mr. R. H. Stoddard, its editor, has given him a narrow room with the fifteen or twenty poets who have appeared in American literature during the last score of years; and he occupies a certain space on the diversified slopes of Mr. Emerson's Parnassus, where he is rather needlessly described as a young poet of Wisconsin.

The small, one-roomed log-house at Little Genesee, in which Forceythe Willson[1] was born, was yet standing four years ago. Little Genesee, a village of

[1] The first name Byron, which his parents were always accustomed to use in addressing him or speaking of him, was dropped by him during his early manhood; it seems he had conceived a great dislike for it.

Alleghany County in Western New York, is situated upon Genesee Creek, which, flowing into the Osway near the confluence of the latter with the Alleghany, is therefore a remote northeastern tributary of the Ohio. Upon the banks of this stream Forceythe's father, Hiram Willson, a native of Vermont, was engaged in the lumber business, having a saw-mill there. The mill-pond above was blackened by overlooking pines, with which, together with hemlocks, this wild, hilly, and romantic region was thickly wooded. "Rock City," a group of immense rocks upon the very summit of a small mountain, which is geologically noted, and often visited by parties of scientific men, is in sight of the poets' birthplace. That he remembered fondly his birthplace and its surroundings is indicated by some of his latest writings: here, for instance, is an extract, in irregular blank verses, from an unpublished piece entitled The Old House of the Knoll — a sort of eclogue, in which himself and his wife, apparently, are represented visiting the old ruined house: —

"In the fair evening valley we descend:
There is a bold bare hill,
And, in the deepening shadow at its base,
The quiet village with its single spire;
And through the village, like some lone Indian girl,
With soft soliloquy steals the valley stream.
There, farther down the valley, glimmers a white farm-house by the road,
And, just beyond a belt of dark pine woods,
The mill-pond and the mill, the orchard and the mead.

. . . . . .

And there, too, is the Old House of the Knoll,
All open-roomed, with door and wall agape,
With gap of gable and with rent of roof,
The chimney gone — whose landlord is the bat!"

Mr. Willson, the father, was a man of strong physical and mental character, of strict integrity, a great reader of the best books in the English language, and a believer in and promoter of liberal education of a wholesome and practical kind. He was postmaster at Little Genesee under Jackson (an early democrat, he was also an early though moderate abolitionist), and served as superintendent of common schools in Alleghany County for several years, I am told. He was a man accustomed to think for himself, and was in religious faith a Unitarian. The poet's mother, Ann Calvin Ennis, a native of Rhode Island, was a woman of quiet, gentle manners and lovable character, patient and careful in all her duties of mother and wife. She belonged to the sect of Seventh-Day Baptists. Forceythe doubtless inherited somewhat of his deep religious element from both father and mother, who had both been teachers and were accustomed to instruct their children at home, previous to sending them elsewhere to school. When he was about nine years of age his father emigrated with his family westward, descending the Alleghany and Ohio rivers in primitive fashion upon a raft of lumber (the easiest and most practicable conveyance at that time), with a little cabin built upon the centre for temporary dwelling, and landed at Maysville, Kentucky, where they remained but a year, going thence to Covington, opposite Cincinnati. Here they lived for about six years, during which Mr. Willson, the father, was chiefly instrumental in establishing an excellent system of common schools at Covington, by which he is still remembered in that city. Forceythe had his first school education there and at Maysville. In 1852 the family was again removed, this time to New Albany, Indiana, where the father continued his business as a lumber merchant, and, dying in 1859, left a comfortable fortune to his children — eight in all, of whom four were then living, Forceythe being the eldest, and remaining guardian and protector of the rest. The mother had died in 1856.

Willson spent upwards of a year at Antioch College, in Ohio, then under the supervision of the well-known Horace Mann, going afterwards to Harvard. He was compelled to leave college, however, in his Sophomore or Junior year, because of a serious attack of consumption. He returned home to New Albany, expecting to die, his physicians having pronounced him in the last stages of the disease; but after more than a year's patient and careful treatment, during which

he devoted himself to a study of his body and fought the enemy within with heroic persistence (much as he describes himself in single combat with Death in a poem I shall hereafter quote), he at length apparently recovered. It may here be observed that as a boy Forceythe was singularly fond of the roughest out-of-door sports; to the last, in company with his peculiar spiritual belief, he liked what is called "muscle," both in life and in literature. From his early youth he was a great lover of Nature, a constant reader of her open book; and to this love and study, as well as to the long, courageous effort for the recovery of his health and strength, may be attributed his habit, for many years, of spending several hours each day through all weathers, by day-time and night-time, in solitary walks.

About the year 1858 there was a "spiritual excitement" at New Albany, which interested and impressed Forceythe greatly, it seems. He set himself earnestly to study the matter. At first he became partially converted, I believe, and was for a time what is called a medium. This was during the lifetime of his father, who, very skeptical of the so-called "spiritual manifestations," was yet also deeply interested in them, devoting considerable time and care to their investigation. Forceythe, however, soon abandoned the professors, but retained until his death a serious spiritual theory or faith of his own. He believed — and he was absolutely honest and sincere, I am sure, in his faith — that the spirits of the dead could and at times do have communication with the living. At one time, in his little hermit parlor or study at New Albany, while speaking of this spiritual belief, he told me of an interview he had with his father's spirit in that room: "I was sitting in this chair, as I am now," he said, "awake, just as I am now, when I heard my father's voice, speaking behind me. I was not startled, but I doubted if it were not a delusion, and asked him, 'How shall I know certainly that it is you, father?' Then he came up behind me, and, as was a familiar custom with him, placed his hands in this way" — he showed me by his gesture the manner in which it was done — "upon my head." This seemed to have convinced him; but I could not help thinking it might readily have been explained as a dream. Besides this spiritual belief he was long before held to possess a peculiar faculty or sense by which he could, for example, tell the contents of a sealed letter, with the sex, age, character, and in a few instances even the name, of its writer, without any previous knowledge, by pressing the letter unseen to his forehead. His father tried him on one occasion with an official letter received some years previously from Washington, when he gave accurately all its contents, with the writer's character and name. It was from John C. Calhoun. I know that Willson believed himself possessed of a certain clairvoyant power.

I received a friendly note from him, a few months after our first acquaintance, asking me to visit him at New Albany. At this time, in the autumn of 1860, he was living, as I have already suggested, like a literary hermit in a little house by himself, surrounded with books and the tasteful equipments of a student, and when I called, a day or two later, he read to me several of his poems; one was The Mystic Thought, since published in his volume; it has reference, I presume, to the coming of a poetic conception, which Dr. Holmes has otherwise pleasantly described in one of his Breakfast Table discourses. The poem was afterwards printed in The Louisville Journal, in which during two or three years previous Willson had been publishing occasional verses. These early pieces were peculiar in tone and incoherent in manner, giving him some local reputation for eccentricity. But this eccentricity did not manifest itself outside of his writings. He was, as he remained, quiet, reserved, and gentle in his conversation, simple but always elegant in dress, and with a grave courtesy and dignity of manner. He lived generally the life of an earnest student,

jealously secluded except to a very few friends, but with a disposition to the society of cultivated ladies. About the time I first knew him he found his social recreation chiefly at the houses of one or two of the leading families in Louisville society, by whom he was highly esteemed and respected.

Soon after the Southern Rebellion began, Willson interested himself actively in the war politics, writing editorials of considerable vigor for The Louisville Journal in support of the Union cause in Kentucky. His father had for many years believed emancipation with compensation to slave owners the proper course of abolitionism, and doubtless Forceythe was in theory also an abolitionist; yet he naturally found it easy to approve the position of Kentucky neutrality, which perhaps was temporarily wise enough, it being the only foothold then possible in Kentucky against direct secession. At this time he wrote the first part of his curious poem entitled In State, which he finished two or three years afterwards, and other minor pieces referring to the war.

The Old Sergeant, the first poem that gave Willson anything like popular recognition, was published January 1, 1863, as The Carrier's New Year Address of The Louisville Journal. It is, I believe, the transcript of a real history, none of the names in it being fictitious, and the story being reported as exactly as possible from the lips of a Federal assistant-surgeon named Austin, with whom Willson was acquainted at New Albany. He had a certain reluctance, I do not know why, to admit his authorship of this poem; although he had read to me one evening in the September previous, the last time I saw him at New Albany, several poems produced about the same time, and never seemed loath to communicate them to me, yet when I happened to refer to this one in a letter about a year after its first appearance, and told him of its effect upon certain persons who had read or heard it read in my company, he answered, "You speak of a production, The Old Sergeant, assuming it to be mine, and say —— wept over it. So did I." He afterwards sent me a copy of it, however, privately printed, bound in light blue boards, the title red-lettered in a plain ground of white upon the side-cover, so that it presented the Old Sergeant in his proper patriotic colors. Many persons who read the anonymous poem were strongly interested in it; among them, I have understood, President Lincoln. Dr. O. W. Holmes had his attention called to it, and subsequently read it to many audiences in the course of a lecture on The Poetry of the War. He has given testimony of its strong effect upon an audience, and has compared it in engrossing interest for the reader to Coleridge's Ancient Mariner. As this may be admitted to be Willson's representative production, and as it may not be entirely familiar, it will perhaps be well to present it here entire, omitting the introductory words of the carrier, in which he gives the piece temporary atmosphere and locality, saying that —

> "The same awful and portentous Shadow
> That overcast the earth,
> And smote the land last year with desolation,
> Still darkens every hearth"

(for it was a very gloomy New Year), and adding, of his sorrowful holiday ballad, the song was the carrier's —

> "But not so with the story;
> For the story, you must know,
> Was told in prose to Assistant-Surgeon Austin,
> By a soldier of Shiloh:
>
> "By Robert Burton, who was brought up on the Adams,
> With his death-wound in his side;
> And who told the story to the Assistant-Surgeon,
> On the same night that he died."

This puts us, with the Surgeon, at the bedside of the Old Sergeant.

> "'Come a little nearer, Doctor, — thank you, — let me take the cup:
> Draw your chair up, — draw it closer, — just another little sup!
> Maybe you may think I'm better; but I'm pretty well used up, —
> Doctor, you've done all you could do, but I'm just a-going up!
>
> "'Feel my pulse, sir, if you want to, but it an't much use to try' —
> 'Never say that,' said the Surgeon, as he smothered down a sigh;

'It will never do, old comrade, for a soldier to say die!'
What you *say* will make no difference, Doctor,
when you come to die.

"'Doctor, what has been the matter?' 'You were
very faint, they say;
You must try to get to sleep now.' 'Doctor,
have I been away?'
'Not that anybody knows of!' 'Doctor — Doc-
tor, please to stay!
There is something I must tell you, and you
won't have long to stay!

"'I have got my marching orders, and I'm ready
now to go;
Doctor, did you say I fainted? — but it could n't
ha' been so, —
For as sure as I'm a Sergeant, and was wounded
at Shiloh,
I've this very night been back there, on the old
field of Shiloh!

"'This is all that I remember: The last time the
Lighter came,
And the lights had all been lowered, and the
noises much the same,
He had not been gone five minutes before some-
thing called my name:
"ORDERLY SERGEANT — ROBERT BURTON!" — just
that way it called my name.

"'And I wondered who could call me so distinctly
and so slow,
Knew it could n't be the Lighter, — he could not
have spoken so;
And I tried to answer, "Here, sir!" but I could
n't make it go;
For I could n't move a muscle, and I could n't
make it go!

"'Then I thought: It's all a nightmare, all a
humbug and a bore;
Just another foolish *grape-vine*[1] — and it won't
come any more;
But it came, sir, notwithstanding, just the same
way as before:
"ORDERLY SERGEANT — ROBERT BURTON!" even
plainer than before.

"'That is all that I remember, till a sudden burst
of light,
And I stood beside the River, where we stood
that Sunday night,
Waiting to be ferried over to the dark bluffs op-
posite,
When the river was perdition and all hell was
opposite!

"'And the same old palpitation came again in all
its power,
And I heard a Bugle sounding, as from some
celestial Tower;
And the same mysterious voice said: "IT IS THE
ELEVENTH HOUR!
ORDERLY SERGEANT — ROBERT BURTON — IT IS THE
ELEVENTH HOUR!"

"'Doctor Austin! — what *day* is this?' 'It is
Wednesday night, you know.'
'Yes, — to-morrow will be New Year's, and a right
good time below!

[1] *Canard.*

What *time* is it, Doctor Austin?' 'Nearly
Twelve.' 'Then don't you go!
Can it be that all this happened — all this — not
an hour ago!

"'There was where the gun-boats opened on the
dark, rebellious host;
And where Webster semicircled his last guns
upon the coast;
There were still the two log-houses, just the
same, or else their ghost, —
And the same old transport came and took me
over — or its ghost!

"'And the old field lay before me all deserted far
and wide;
There was where they fell on Prentiss, — there
McClernand met the tide;
There was where stern Sherman rallied, and
where Hurlbut's heroes died, —
Lower down, where Wallace charged them, and
kept charging till he died.

"'There was where Lew Wallace showed them he
was of the canny kin,
There was where old Nelson thundered, and
where Rousseau waded in;
There McCook sent 'em to breakfast, and we all
began to win —
There was where the grape-shot took me, just as
we began to win.

"'Now, a shroud of snow and silence over every-
thing was spread;
And but for this old blue mantle and the old hat
on my head,
I should not have even doubted, to this moment,
I was dead, —
For my footsteps were as silent as the snow upon
the dead!

"'Death and silence! — Death and silence! all
around me as I sped!
And behold, a mighty TOWER, as if builded to
the dead, —
To the Heaven of the heavens, lifted up its
mighty head,
Till the Stars and Stripes of Heaven all seemed
waving from its head!

"'Round and mighty-based it towered — up into
the infinite —
And I knew no mortal mason could have built
a shaft so bright;
For it shone like solid sunshine; and a winding
stair of light,
Wound around it and around it till it wound
clear out of sight!

"'And, behold, as I approached it — with a rapt
and dazzled stare, —
Thinking that I saw old comrades just ascending
the great Stair, —
Suddenly the solemn challenge broke of —
"Halt, and who goes there!"
"I'm a friend," I said, "if you are." — "Then
advance, sir, to the Stair!"

"'I advanced! — That sentry, Doctor, was Elijah
Ballantyne! —
First of all to fall on Monday, after we had
formed the line:

"Welcome, my old Sergeant, welcome! Welcome
by that countersign!"
And he pointed to the scar there, under this old
cloak of mine!

"'As he grasped my hand, I shuddered, thinking
only of the grave;
But he smiled and pointed upward with a bright
and bloodless glaive:
"That's the way, sir, to Head-quarters." "What
Head-quarters!"—"Of the Brave."
"But the great Tower?"—"That," he answered,
"Is the way, sir, of the Brave!"

"'Then a sudden shame came o'er me at his uniform of light;
At my own so old and tattered, and at his so
new and bright;
"Ah!" said he, "you have forgotten the New
Uniform to-night,—
Hurry back, for you must be here at just twelve
o'clock to-night!"

"'And the next thing I remember, you were sitting
there, and I—
Doctor—did you hear a footstep? Hark!—
God bless you all! Good-by!
Doctor, please to give my musket and my knapsack, when I die,
To my Son—my Son that's coming,—he won't
get here till I die!

"'Tell him his old father blessed him as he never
did before,—
And to carry that old musket'—Hark! a knock
is at the door!—
'Till the Union'—See! it opens!—'Father!
Father! speak once more!'—
'*Bless you!*'—gasped the old, gray Sergeant, and
he lay and said no more."

The poet has allowed the "venerable comrade" to tell his own story, and he has let him choose his own words, not forbidding the army slang, which takes pathetic dignity from his lips. The old man's dream or vision is reported in full, with its wonderful realistic detail; its extravagance impresses us as the dream itself would; we do not mark it until we are removed from the dream and come to analyze its flying gossamer threads. It is so simply touching, and so true to physical and spiritual facts, to historical scenes and events. The battle of Shiloh should live long upon the dying lips of the Old Sergeant. That the poem has many faults I do not deny, but the entire impression permits one to forget them; the parts, as we read, are lost in the whole. It has something of Poe's rhythmic effects and repetitions of similar rhymes. Poe, I am sure, was one of Willson's early favorite poets, and his influence is elsewhere felt. Yet the simple, manly vigor observable in The Old Sergeant is beyond anything Poe produced.

In the autumn of 1863 Willson married Elizabeth Conwell Smith, a young lady whom he had met during the year preceding, at New Albany, where she had been attending a female academy or college. Early the next year (chiefly for the purpose of caring for a younger brother in Harvard College) Willson with his wife removed to Cambridge, Massachusetts, purchasing a pleasant old mansion on the Mount Auburn road, near Mr. Lowell's, and looking out upon the Charles River. "He came among us," wrote Dr. Holmes, after Willson's death, "as softly and silently as a bird drops into his nest. His striking personal appearance had attracted the attention of the scholars and poets who were his neighbors, long before they heard his name or condition. It was impossible to pass without noticing the tall and dark young man with long, curled locks and large, dreamy, almond-shaped eyes, who was often seen walking along the road that leads from the village of Old Cambridge to Mount Auburn." How singularly and proudly loath to seek the acquaintance of men he had long admired in their writings he seemed! He remained unknown and unknowing, at their doors almost, for nearly two years, before Dr. Holmes finally discovered him, after writing repeated letters to persons far off, in order that he might find out the author of The Old Sergeant, whose home was visible, as he at last learned, from his own parlor window!

Willson lived at Cambridge, except for brief intervals of absence, until the latter months of 1866. In the fall of 1864, however, his young wife, who had long been in delicate health, died. She was a woman of very lovely and gentle character, with a poetical gift of much sweetness and tenderness, which did not attain maturity of expression. Her husband, a year or two after her death, privately printed a little volume of her poetical writings. Her best quality shows itself in occasional lines and phrases,

rather than in entire pieces. Here is perhaps the best one; it is printed first in the little volume, and it indicates at least her sweetness and delicacy of feeling: —

THE MAGIC PITCHER.

I know an ancient story of a maid
Who broke her golden pitcher at the well,
And wept therefor; when came a voice that said,
"Peace, sorrowing child; behold the magic spell
Wherewith I make thy loss a certain gain!"
Then through her tears she saw a shape of light
Before her; and a lily, wet with rain
Or dew, was in his hands, — all snowy white.

Then stood the maiden hushed in sweet surprise,
And with her clasped hands held her heart-throbs down,
Beneath the wondrous brightness of his eyes
Whose smile seemed to enwreathe her like a crown.
He raised no wand; he gave no strange commands;
But touched her eyes with tender touch and light,
With charmed lips kissed apart her folded hands,
And laid therein the lily, snowy white.

Then, as the south wind breathes in summer lands,
He breathed upon the lily-bloom; and lo!
Its curling leaves expanded in her hands,
And shaped a magic pitcher, white as snow,
Gemmed with the living jewels of the dew,
And brimmed with overflows of running light.
Then came the voice, the mystic voice she knew:
"Drink of the lily waters, pure and bright,

"Thou little maiden by the well," it said,
"And give, to all who thirst, the waters cool;
So shall thy grieving heart be comforted;
So shall thy pitcher evermore be full!"
Then, as the sunlight fades in twilight wood,
He faded in the magic of the spell;
While, mute with joy, the little maiden stood,
Clasping her magic pitcher by the well.

Willson was very tenderly attached to his wife, yet he did not seem to grieve for her in the ordinary way; speaking of her he used the most cheerful language. His spiritual or religious faith, which has been spoken of, made it possible for him to write of her death, "It has neither left me afflicted nor bereaved. . . . And strangest yet of all, the blessed Presence is at times so plain and real to me that I scarcely can believe the tender tie of her embodiment is broken." A friend, to whom he communicated the fact of his wife's death by inclosing a few printed words regarding it, wrote, expressing his sympathy, and spoke of the quick grief of a third person to whom Mrs. Willson had been strongly attached in the latter's girlhood, when Willson answered in these words, which, with the extract made above, it may not seem improper to repeat, since all these things are found, mystically veiled, in his published poems, and their sacredness is spoken over the graves of both husband and wife: "Tell —— not to grieve for . . . Tell her it seems to me no human soul can ever have gone forth more sweetly, solemnly, and happily, into the Heaven of Heavens. She was, perhaps, as near as any soul on earth can be, the pure and simple truth. . . . Does she come back to me? Most certainly, most certainly, she does. She floats into the room — distinct and sweet — so wondrous lovely that she almost seems the living smile of God. How can I mourn, that scarcely am bereaved? . . . No, I am girded strong; she consecrates my life, and leads me on — a gladness and glory in my path." Then he went on to speak courage and simple worldly cheer to his friend.

The last time I saw Willson was in the summer of 1866, at Washington. He came on some business connected with his father's estate, of which he was, I believe, a wise, careful, and certainly unselfish manager. I passed an evening with him at his hotel, where he read to me nearly all of his lesser poems, also The Rhyme of the Master's Mate, published in his volume issued at Boston late in the autumn of the same year; he had the poems with him in proof-sheets. Among other pieces read by him then was the one following, which struck me with its peculiar weirdness and power. Perhaps it is intended to describe the struggle which all must have in some way or other, whether or not they overcome it, with the physical horror of death. It pictures an obstinate wrestle with that skeleton in every man's house. How full it is of ghastly reality, how terribly vivid in detail! It impresses one like the nightmare, which Death is to us often, —

"The Nightmare Death-in-Life . . .
That thicks man's blood with cold."

But it ends with triumph, peace, and faith: —

THE ENEMY

It was the dead
Of the long, long dark night,
And in my silent chamber the dim light
A pallid lustre shed.

Then with more care
Than is my wont withal,
I wended down the staircase, through the hall,
Into the open air,

And walked apart,
To feel the midnight spell;
And see if aught perchance there were not well,
Around my house and heart.

But by and by,
While yet I paced the court, —
As might the sentry of some sleeping fort, —
I heard a sudden cry.

And well aware
The Wolf was in the fold,
I sprang into my chamber: and behold,
Mine Enemy was there!

Dark eidolon!
As still as Death — agape,
Stretched at full length mid-floor, there was a Shape,
Which the lamp glared upon.

But, at the touch,
As I strode on him right,
Lo, he was standing all at once his height,
And I was in his clutch!

On the bare bone
Did seem to shift and slide
The serpent-supple skin; and the ribbed side
Did grate against my own.

Each eye of flame
Glared as from some deep delf;
And he did cleave as if to crush himself
Into this mortal frame.

And I, to check,
Could then but straightway cast
Around his bony shoulders, and make fast
Unto his gaunt crook-neck.

And a strange strength
Did suddenly involve
And string my sinews with seven-fold resolve —
To conquer him at length!

But his close fold
He tightened; and did make
Fierce and terrific writhings, as to break
Mine unrelinquished hold.

But at its worth,
I clave to mine intent;
And at the first faint sign that he was spent,
Did straightway drag him forth.

God give us grace!
Forthwith each bony beak
Of his gaunt chin, and jaw, and hollow cheek,
Were thrust into my face!

But as before,
Was strength vouchsafed to check, —
And vantage still, by chance of his death's-neck,
To hale him down to door.

Then he did strain
His last; and in the wrench,
Off brake the skull-head to its socket's clench!
I hurled it forth amain!

And it did bowl
And bump the curb! and sheer,
The Headless headlong, down did disappear! —
And Peace came to my Soul!

And naught could chafe
Or chide me as I knelt
Beside my glimmering couch, at length, and felt
That my Beloved were safe.

And at first beam
Of morn without, did dawn
A sunrise in my senses: the foregone
Had vanished like a dream.

Then I did sing:
"Love, thou hast strength to save!
Hosanna, Lord! Where is thy victory, Grave?
O Death, where is thy sting?"

I suppose this poem had some reference to Willson's first realization of his wife's approaching death, as it occurs in his book among a collection of pieces having reference to her, entitled The Poet's Epilogue. Doubtless it may seem repulsive; but nothing is more repulsive than Death as he is commonly personified and pictured. Here he is brought before us in that form of a physical terror — the ghastly usurper and determined tenant of a house. And by main force he is grappled with persistently, cast out, and overthrown. The literal conquest in this piece, however, may be said to be rather overdone; in one of the stanzas, toward the close, the poor skeleton is dealt with too roughly, and so as to create almost a ludicrous effect.

On the day following, after promising to meet me in the evening, Willson was called suddenly away. I never met him again.

In November, 1866, the little volume of his poems was published. I believe it did not make a very decided popular impression. It was, for the most part, a book for the very few; The Old Sergeant was nearly the only poem it contained at all likely to carry it to the many. Besides that piece and The Enemy, quoted above, the volume had other

poems that deserve remark. The Rhyme of the Master's Mate is a piece "in dialect," so to speak, like The Old Sergeant, but it has not the same quick, general, human interest. It is chiefly a description, in easy, colloquial style, in which the Western army-slang is liberally mingled, of the capture of Fort Henry, on the Cumberland River, in 1862: the feigned record of a master's mate, made during the progress of the engagement, in which he was himself killed, and found, after the surrender of the fort, upon his person. It has a prelude, the poet himself speaking, very majestic in movement and fine in suggestion, describing the close of the war (which is presumed to have been reached since the record of the master's mate was made) and the disappearance of the dreadful war-array: —

"The long roll of the drum, and the last lonesome echo
Of the bugle's long-breathed lay,
Like a mighty soul in the chariot of his triumph,
Hath gone its heavenward way.

"And a solemn hush, a deep and world-wide silence,
Broods on the strife at last;
The armaments that shook the world beneath them
Dissolve into the Past,

"Like the vast enginery of some appalling Vision
Of World-wreck and Despair,
Dissolve with slow, eclipse-like, dread transition,
Into the infinite air!

"And leave to greet the astonished gaze of nations,
As by the quake upheaved,
The fairest Land that Freedom ever smiled on,
Or Fantasy conceived!

"A Land wherein, by grace of the God of Heaven,
And the Memory of the Brave,
No man shall henceforth dare to be a traitor,
Nor brook to be a slave!"

In State, another of the war poems, although possessing much grandeur of imagery, and lofty in tone, is not pleasing as a whole; it is unhappily conceived, it seems to me. In the first part — for it has three divisions — the country is represented as one vast human figure, a dead body laid out; the entire land, with its literal geography delineated, is the death-couch, or "sheeted bier." In the second part the occasion of this great death is explained: "the Son [the South?] stabbed, and the Mother fell;" after which the opening battle over her corpse "in state," between the matricide and the true son, who are joined by a vast multitude of other children "that are so greatly multiplied" (yet the two sons should have comprehended them all), is pictured. Then, in the third and last division, the terrible progress of the strife is described with all its sickening details. All this is put in the mouth of

— "the Keeper of the Sacred Key
And the Great Seal of Destiny,"

who at the close announces that he beholds THE DEED — which we have to explain for ourselves: did it refer to emancipation? Darkness follows; there is no hint of resurrection. At the time the first part of this singular piece was written, late in the year 1861, Willson passed much of his time in Kentucky, at Louisville, and did not breathe in, perhaps, the most wholesome influences of patriotic confidence. It was a political and poetical error to presume the country dead at all. But after having spoken so particularly of this poem, which has been very highly praised, I must not leave it without showing some remarkably vigorous stanzas embraced in it. Here are four describing the presumedly overthrown and dead republic, in the first of which the crowned critics of Europe are finely suggested: —

"The winds have tied the drifted snow
Around the face and chin; and lo,
The sceptred Giants come and go,
And shake their shadowy crowns and say: 'We always feared it would be so!'

"She came of an heroic race:
A giant's strength, a maiden's grace,
Like two in one seem to embrace,
And match, and blend, and thorough-blend, in her colossal form and face.

"Where can her dazzling falchion be?
One hand is fallen in the sea;
The Gulf-Stream drifts it far and free;
And in that hand her shining brand gleams from the depths resplendently.

"And by the other, in its rest,
The starry banner of the West
Is clasped forever to her breast;
And of her silver helmet, lo, a soaring eagle is the crest."

The dreadful circumstances of the

civil war are vividly reviewed in the following simple and forcible stanzas: —

"I see the torn and mangled corse,
The dead and dying heaped in scores,
The headless rider by his horse,
The wounded captive bayoneted through and through without remorse.

"I hear the dying sufferer cry,
With his crushed face turned to the sky,
I see him crawl in agony
To the foul pool, and bow his head into its bloody slime and die.

"I see the assassin crouch and fire,
I see his victim fall — expire;
I see the murderer creeping nigher
To strip the dead: He turns the head: The face! The son beholds his sire!

"I hear the curses and the thanks;
I see the mad charge on the flanks,
The rents — the gaps — the broken ranks, —
The vanquished squadrons driven headlong down the river's bridgeless banks.

"I see the death-gripe on the plain,
The grappling monsters on the main,
The tens of thousands that are slain,
And all the speechless suffering and agony of heart and brain.

"I see the dark and bloody spots,
The crowded rooms and crowded cots,
The bleaching bones, the battle-blots, —
And writ on many a nameless grave a legend of forget-me-nots.

"I see the gorged prison den,
The dead line and the pent-up pen,
The thousands quartered in the fen,
The living-deaths of skin and bone that were the goodly shapes of men."

Among the poems in Willson's book not referring in any wise to war subjects are several of a peculiar mystical quality, one or two of which show an influence of Emerson — especially the lines To Hersa, and Sphere-Song. Nearly all of these poems have strikingly beautiful passages, here and there.

A piece otherwise vague and unsatisfactory, entitled A Valedictory, has this fine, fluent expression of an often-used illustration in the direction of proof regarding the soul's immortality: —

"As well, in sooth, tear-blur the eye,
And pass the summer morn in dole,
Over the cast-off husk or poll
Of some old symbol of the Soul —
The swaddle of the butterfly:

"While near at hand the very while,
Her little dross-divested sprite
Spreads wings like Psyche, for a flight
Into illimitable light,
To revel in the Summer's smile."

Lightest and brightest of all Willson's poems is the little fairy-tale or fable, called —

THE ESTRAY.

"Now tell me, my merry woodman,
Why standest so aghast?"
"My lord! — 't was a beautiful creature
That hath but just gone past!"

"A creature — what kind of a creature?"
"Nay, now, but I do not know!"
"Humph — what did it make you think of?"
"The sunshine on the snow."

"I shall overtake my horse then."
The woodman opened his eye:
The gold fell all around him,
And a rainbow spanned the sky.

A collection of brief pieces under the general title of The Poet's Epilogue (including the one called The Enemy, heretofore given) closes the volume. These final pieces all have reference in some way or other, as I have already said, to the poet's wife. Several of them are very clearly expressed. The Autumn Song breathes a simple, sad sincerity of mournful music: —

"In Spring the Poet is glad,
And in Summer the Poet is gay;
But in Autumn the Poet is sad,
And has something sad to say:

"For the Wind moans in the Wood,
And the Leaf drops from the Tree;
And the cold Rain falls on the graves of the Good,
And the cold Mist comes up from the Sea:

"And the Autumn Songs of the Poet's soul
Are set to the passionate grief
Of Winds that sough and Bells that toll
The Dirge of the Falling Leaf."

And here is another piece, of which the same observation may be made; this burden comes directly to every heart that knows of love and death: —

NO MORE.

This is the Burden of the Heart,
The Burden that it always bore:
We live to love; we meet to part;
And part to meet on earth No More:
We clasp each other to the heart,
And part to meet on earth No More.

There is a time for tears to start, —
For dews to fall and larks to soar:
The Time for Tears is when we part
To meet upon the earth No More:
The Time for Tears is when we part
To meet on this wide earth — No More.

Other pieces in The Poet's Epilogue are full of personal spiritual ecstasies,

in keeping with the quotations I have made from one or two of Willson's letters. We must read or pass them over with serious tenderness; The Voice, originally published in The Atlantic Monthly, being the one that comes nearest common appreciation and understanding. But the following — which I do not class with the pieces just mentioned — may be given as peculiarly weird, musical, and beautiful. It impresses one like the conception of some old painting: —

THE LAST WATCH.

I.

The stars shine down through the shivering boughs
And the moonset sparkles against the spire;
There is not a light in a neighbor's house,
Save one that burneth low,
And seemeth almost spent!
With shadowy forms in dark attire
Flickering in it to and fro,
As if in Pain and Doubt —
And heads bowed down in tears!
Hark!
Was there not Lament? —
Behold, behold the Light burns out!
The Picture disappears!

II.

Ye who with such sleepless sleight,
In the chamber out of sight,
Whispering low,
To and fro,
Your swift needles secretly
At the dead of night do ply, —
What is it that ye sew!

III.

"Hark! Hark!
Heard ye not the sounds aloof,
As of winds or wings that swept the roof?
Band of heavenly voices blending,
Choir of seraphim ascending?
Hark! Hark!"

IV.

"Away! Away!
Behold, behold it is the day!
Bear her softly out of the door;
And upward, upward, upward soar!"

After the publication of his book of poems I doubt if Willson produced much, or indeed any more poetry. The remainder of his life was very brief. But among his papers there are a number of pieces not included in the volume, and quite as good as any of the smaller poems printed in it. A long poem (or rather a series of short pieces, some of them not written in rhyme, and some of them, indeed, not in metrical language) entitled The Crown of Love — it also refers in large measure to his wife — I believe Willson intended to publish in a little book by itself, as a part of it was already put in type and is preserved in proof-sheets. Here is a brief piece which tersely describes the railway journey of a lover to meet the one beloved: —

THE VISIT.

Soul and body bourgeon wings,
Ecstasy within him springs.

Rush the wild wheel-footed steeds,
Swiftly scene to scene succeeds.

Solid lands beneath him seem
Like a broad and sweeping stream.

Twice the day hath lit his hall,
Second darkness wraps the ball.

Dark as Death, but heavenly-sweet,
Comes the moment, and they meet.

Here is a tender night-piece, in keeping with the foregoing: —

"Oh hear the waters murmur as they fall,
And the sad night-wind whisper her reply;
And hear the wild dove in the thicket call
Her loved mate homeward from the alien sky.

"As some tired child's my weary head is lain
Upon thy heart: thy beating heart is warm!
I rest deep-sheltered from all grief and pain,
Within the sacred cincture of thine arm."

From a piece referring, I believe, to a visit made to the little old empty log-cabin home in Western New York, — wherein he says —

"There is naught but the quiet eye
Of the summer sky,
Looking in, here and there, through a rent in the roof,"

o haunt or trouble him, — I take the following fresh and wholesome passage: —

"Hark! from the orchard tree
That over-rustles,
What rapturous burst of melody,
As all the buds had blossomed into birds —
Singing metempsychoses of old words
That round the hearth below,
So long ago,
Murmured up to the listening eaves
And mingled with the leaves! —
Lo, still in the branches of the old eaves-dropping tree,
The busy robin bustles!"

And from a poem entitled The Wing — a little bird's wing which a sadly-thoughtful man has picked up during

his winter morning walk — I give these lines: —

"'Poor little Ariel, thou shalt flit no more!'
So with his musing now was mixed the wing,
For he was musing not on Life but Death.

"'With what a Godspeed and most loving joy,
Upon his simple errand all intent,
The speckled sprite that wore thee cleft the air;

"'And, master of all ship-craft, tacked and veered,
And spread and plied thee both for sail and oar,
Careering cheerily against wind and tide! —

"'Till the clawed pirate,' mused he, 'of the air,
The ravening fowl that, poised and perched aloft,
Forever surely watches, pounced and swooped,

"'And flung the lifeless tatters to the winds,
The winds that brought this here and dropped it down
Upon the border of the frozen marsh.

"'. . . Here, too, the seven-sealed Mysteries are writ
In that so curious cipher on thy plume.
Fly hither, birds, that can interpret it!'

"And all at once, as musing he moved on,
He heard just overhead the rush and whirr
As of a wing that cleft the cold, clear air;

"And, startled from his musing, he looked up,
But all was cold and clear o'er field and marsh,
And not a feather stirring in the air."

I believe many readers will agree with me in thinking that such poetry as I have so freely quoted is the product of an unusually rare spirit. In The Old Sergeant we see the most homely realism illuminated, almost transfigured, by high and powerful imagination; in The Rhyme of the Master's Mate and In State, the simplest and most direct language, here and there, is thrilled with nerves of uncommon passion and force; in other poems, there is gossamer-like, elusive grace; elsewhere throughout Willson's poems, we find beauty, tenderness, and pathos, with pure and lofty habits of thought always observable. The Enemy and The Last Watch show sombre, ghastly, weird realism on the one hand, and the ecstasy of religious faith on the other. These two pieces, perhaps, and, it may be, one or two others, have a flavor of the elder English poets, but there is nothing more modern than the two or three of his longer poems; indeed, he showed little disposition to go into the past for poetry, although he had read the Greek and Latin classics at college, as well as afterwards, and was always a student of the best books, among others reading Goethe largely; he believed in "the living present;" he thought it, to use his own words in a letter before me, "so far the greatest, most dramatic and poetic age of the world." He believed, too, in putting manhood into poetry, yet not the less keeping it alive outside; he seemed to think the over-sensuous English school of Keats and his successors tended to a waste of manliness in literature; and especially he thought we Americans ought to come home and find in our new-placed lives our best inspirations and themes.

It may be said that there is often a lack of thorough sanity — in form, at least — observable in Forceythe Willson's poems; in some of them one is never certain what eccentric movement will surprise and puzzle him next. We used to see something of the same eccentricity in Emerson's earlier pieces in verse (and if Willson was strongly influenced by any writer it was by Emerson), where he vibrates from the solemnly-ludicrous motions of the Sphinx, of whom it is said, —

"She hopped into the baby's eyes,
She hopped into the moon"

(but I believe this has been changed in more recent editions), to the noble tenderness and sweetness of his Threnody, and the honeyed clarity of his Humble-Bee.

I do not think it worth while to speculate as to future possibilities of Forceythe Willson if it had been his fate to live longer. Doubtless some of the peculiar defects observable in his poetry were the result of the inherent malady to which his father's family — noted as its members were, nevertheless, for extraordinary physical powers — were subject, and which, having attacked him in early youth, remained latent in his system, and was now waiting to remove him from earthly life. His mind doubtless felt somewhat the inherent ill health of his body.

At nearly the same time that his book of poems was published, late in the autumn of 1866, Forceythe was visiting New Albany, on some urgent business; there he was attacked with a hemor-

rhage of the lungs, which kept him confined for about a month. An affecting fact regarding this illness, and in connection with his spiritual belief, was related to me by the lady at whose house he was nursed. During his convalescence he could be heard, sometimes, apparently conversing with his dead wife, in the manner that would be natural were the presumed spiritual presence a real bodily one in the sick-room, in gentle, familiar tones, now seemingly listening, and then replying to her voice. This illness was but a few weeks previous to his death. He recovered from it sufficiently to travel, and returned eastward, visiting, for further convalescence, Alfred Centre, New York, where his youngest brother and a young sister were then living and at school. Thence he wrote early in December, as follows, and these were his last words to me; they show how he had been contemplating death, and was still contemplating it: "While at New Albany, I believe I was somewhere near the entrance to a certain Valley. At all events I was in some very pleasant place, and should, I suppose, have never come back but for the earnest efforts of some of my good friends. But still I am admonished that this friendly revocation may be brief. This gives me no disquiet, I believe, yet there may be great perils in advance. What man is sure, moreover, that he is fitted to die? If I can peacefully abide the event, why that in sooth I will; for whether we are fitted to die or not, we surely *must*. I am contented not to be in haste. Why should we be in haste, or wish to overstay? To me Death is a kindling, not a chilling theme. It rouses up a purifying flame and eats the frost. Why, then, let us rejoice for all that die! Caring not for your merely temporal advancement, I wish you only that which you must have."

It was perhaps through my own neglect in not replying, — for I did not know the seriousness of his illness, — that I did not hear from him again; and one morning in the February following, I read the announcement of his death.

His life closed with characteristic sweetness and gentleness. As a brother with a father's care he had always been affectionate, kind, and gentle. His last conscious moment was on the morning of February 2, 1867, at about nine o'clock. His sister, then a young girl, was standing at his bedside. She leaned over him a moment, when, with an effort that seemed to take his last strength, he lifted his hands and placed them on her head and pressed them as he was wont to do when well. To the last he maintained his love of seclusion, allowing no one excepting his sister and brothers to remain with him or even to see him. "His wife and child seemed to be with him constantly," one of his brothers wrote, "during his severe illness, as he almost constantly talked to them in a low voice."

Forceythe Willson was in person tall, of fine figure, with a look and bearing which might have distinguished him on any street. His face was oval, with a complexion olive-dark; his hair was glossy black, having a peculiar crisp, short wave or curl; his eyes were large, dark-brown, and almond-shaped, as Dr. Holmes has described them; he had, indeed, somewhat of an Oriental look and manner. His voice was soft, rich, and gentle; it had a kindness and sincerity of tone that was the natural outflow and expression of his heart. He was the very soul of sincerity, generosity, courtesy, truthfulness, I believe; and if tenderness and sweetness are remarkable in his poetry, they were not less remarkable in his character. He was one of those rarer poets whose poetry is first in their life, and perhaps grows poorer in their best verses. His spiritual faith attended him, as we have seen, to the last of earth; then his disused body was laid by the side of her whose soul, as he surely believed (if it were a heavenly insanity, then how much happier than our earthly sanity of blindness and deafness) was still with him, in sight and hearing, after her own body was laid in the little grave-yard at Laurel, in the Whitewater Valley.

John James Piatt.

ASATHOR'S VENGEANCE; OR, THE MOUNTAIN-TAKEN MAID.

I.

It was right up under the steep mountain wall where the farm of Kværk lay. How any man of common sense could have hit upon the idea of building a house there, where none but the goat and the hawk had easy access, had been and I am afraid would ever be a matter of wonder to the parish people. However, it was not Lage Kværk who had built the house, so he could hardly be made responsible for its situation. Moreover, to move from a place where one's life has once struck deep root, even if it be in the chinks and crevices of stones and rocks, is about the same as to destroy it. An old tree grows but poorly in a new soil. So Lage Kværk thought, and so he said, too, whenever his wife Elsie spoke of her sunny home at the river.

Gloomy as Lage usually was, he had his brighter moments, and people noticed that these were most likely to occur when Aasa, his daughter, was near. Lage was probably also the only being whom Aasa's presence could cheer; on other people it seemed to have the very opposite effect; for Aasa was — according to the testimony of those who knew her — the most peculiar creature that ever was born. But perhaps no one did know her; if her father was right, no one really did — at least, no one but himself.

Aasa was all to her father; she was his past and she was his future, his hope and his life; and withal it must be admitted that those who judged her without knowing her had at least in one respect as just an opinion of her as he; for there was no denying that she was strange, very strange. She spoke when she ought to be silent, and was silent when it was proper to speak; wept when she ought to laugh, and laughed when it was proper to weep; but her laughter as well as her tears, her speech like her silence, seemed to have their source from within her own soul, to be occasioned, as it were, by something which no one else could see or hear. It made little difference where she was; if the tears came, she yielded to them as if they were something she had long desired in vain. Few could weep like her, and "weep like Aasa Kværk" was soon also added to the stock of parish proverbs. And then her laugh! Tears may be inopportune enough, when they come out of time, but laughter is far worse; and when poor Aasa once burst out into a ringing laughter in church, and that while the minister was pronouncing the benediction, it was only with the greatest difficulty that her father could prevent the indignant congregation from seizing her and carrying her before the sheriff for violation of the church-peace. Had she been poor and homely, then of course nothing could have saved her; but she happened to be both rich and beautiful, and to wealth and beauty much is pardoned. Aasa's beauty, however, was also of a very unusual kind; not the tame sweetness so common in her sex, but something of the beauty of the falcon, when it swoops down upon the unwatchful sparrow or soars round the lonely crags; something of the mystic depth of the dark tarn, when with bodeful trembling you gaze down into it, and see its weird traditions rise from its depth and hover over the pine-tops in the morning fog. Yet, Aasa was not dark; her hair was as fair and yellow as a wheat-field in August, her forehead high and clear, and her mouth and chin as if cut with a chisel; only her eyes were perhaps somewhat deeper than is common in the North, and the longer you looked at them the deeper they grew, just like the tarn, which, if you stare long enough into it, you will find

is as deep as the heavens above, that is, whose depth only faith and fancy can fathom. But however long you looked at Aasa, you could never be quite sure that she looked at you; she seemed but to half notice whatever went on around her; the look of her eye was always more than half inward, and when it shone the brightest, it might well happen that she could not have told you how many years she had lived, or the name her father gave her in baptism.

Now Aasa was eighteen years old, and could knit, weave, and spin, it was full time that wooers should come. "But that is the consequence of living in such an out-of-the-way place," said her mother; "who will risk his limbs to climb that neck-breaking rock? and the round-about way over the forest is rather too long for a wooer." Besides handling the loom and the spinning-wheel, Aasa had also learned to churn and make cheese to perfection, and whenever Elsie grieved at her strange behavior, she always in the end consoled herself with the reflection that after all Aasa would make the man who should get her an excellent housewife.

The farm of Kværk was indeed most singularly situated. About a hundred feet from the house the rough wall of the mountain rose steep and threatening; and the most remarkable part of it was that the rock itself caved inward and formed a lofty arch overhead, which looked like a huge door leading into the mountain. Some short distance below, the slope of the fields ended in an abrupt precipice; far underneath lay the other farm-houses of the valley, scattered like small red or gray dots, and the river wound onward like a white silver stripe in the shelter of the dusky forest. There was a path down along the rock, which a goat or a brisk lad might be induced to climb, if the prize of the experiment were great enough to justify the hazard. The common road to Kværk made a large circuit around the forest, and reached the valley far up at its northern end.

It was difficult to get anything to grow at Kværk. In the spring all the valley lay bare and green, before the snow had begun to think of melting up there; and the night-frost would be sure to make a visit there, while the fields along the river lay silently drinking the summer dew. On such occasions the whole family at Kværk would have to stay up during all the night and walk back and forth on either side of the wheat-fields, carrying a long rope between them and dragging it slowly over the heads of the rye, to prevent the frost from settling; for as long as the ears could be kept in motion, they could not freeze. But what did thrive at Kværk in spite of both snow and night-frost was legends, and they throve perhaps the better for the very sterility of its material soil. Aasa of course had heard them all and knew them by heart; they had been her friends from childhood, and her only companions. All the servants, however, also knew them and many others besides, and if they were asked how the mansion of Kværk happened to be built like an eagle's nest on the brink of a precipice, they would tell you the following: —

Saint Olaf, Norway's holy king, in the time of his youth had sailed as a Viking over the wide ocean, and in foreign lands had learned the doctrine of Christ the White. When he came home to claim the throne of his hereditary kingdom, he brought with him tapers and black priests, and commanded the people to overthrow the altars of Odin and Thor and to believe alone in Christ the White. If any still dared to slaughter a horse to the old gods, he cut off their ears, burned their farms, and drove them houseless from the smoking ruins. Here in the valley old Thor, or, as they called him, Asathor, had always helped us to vengeance and victory, and gentle Frey for many years had given us fair and fertile summers. Therefore the peasants paid little heed to King Olaf's god, and continued to bring their offerings to Odin and Asathor. This reached the king's ear, and he summoned his bishop and five black priests, and set out to visit our valley.

Having arrived here, he called the peasants together, stood up on the Ting-stone, told them of the great things that the White Christ had done, and bade them choose between him and the old gods. Some were scared, and received baptism from the king's priests; others bit their lips and were silent; others again stood forth and told Saint Olaf that Odin and Asathor had always served them well, and that they were not going to give them up for Christ the White, whom they had never seen and of whom they knew nothing. The next night the red cock crew [1] over ten farms in the valley, and it happened to be theirs who had spoken against King Olaf's god. Then the peasants flocked to the Ting-stone and received the baptism of Christ the White. Some few, who had mighty kinsmen in the North, fled and spread the evil tidings. Only one neither fled nor was baptized, and that one was Lage Ulfson Kværk, the ancestor of the present Lage. He slew his best steed before Asathor's altar, and promised to give him whatever he should ask, even to his own life, if he would save him from the vengeance of the king. Asathor heard his prayer. As the sun set, a storm sprung up with thick darkness and gloom, the earth shook, Asathor drove his chariot over the heavens with deafening thunder and swung his hammer right and left, and the crackling lightning flew through the air like a hail-storm of fire. Then the peasants trembled, for they knew that Asathor was wroth. Only the king sat calm and fearless with his bishop and priests, quaffing the nut-brown mead. The tempest raged until morn. When the sun rose, Saint Olaf called his hundred swains, sprang into the saddle and rode down toward the river. Few men who saw the angry fire in his eye, and the frown on his royal brow, doubted whither he was bound. But having reached the ford, a wondrous sight met his eye. Where on the day before the highway had wound itself up the slope toward Lage Kværk's mansion, lay now a wild ravine; the rock was shattered into a thousand pieces, and a deep gorge, as if made by a single stroke of a huge hammer, separated the king from his enemy. Then Saint Olaf made the sign of the cross, and mumbled the name of Christ the White; but his hundred swains made the sign of the hammer under their cloaks, and thought, Still is Asathor alive.

That same night Lage Ulfson Kværk slew a black ram, and thanked Asathor for his deliverance; and the Saga tells that while he was sprinkling the blood on the altar, the thundering god himself appeared to him, and wilder he looked than the fiercest wild Turk. Rams, said he, were every-day fare; they could redeem no promise. Brynhild, his daughter, was the reward Asathor demanded. Lage prayed and besought him to ask for something else. He would gladly give him one of his sons; for he had three sons, but only one daughter. Asathor was immovable; but so long Lage continued to beg, that at last he consented to come back in a year, when Lage perchance would be better reconciled to the thought of Brynhild's loss.

In the mean time King Olaf built a church to Christ the White on the headland at the river, where it stands until this day. Every evening, when the huge bell rumbled between the mountains, the parishioners thought they heard heavy, half-choked sighs over in the rocks at Kværk; and on Sunday mornings, when the clear-voiced chimes called them to the high-mass, a suppressed moan would mingle with the sound of the bells, and die away with the last echo. Lage Ulfson was not the man to be afraid; yet the church-bells many a time drove the blood from his cheeks; for he also heard the moan from the mountain.

The year went, and Asathor returned. If he had not told his name, however, Lage would not have recognized him. That a year could work so great a change in a god, he would hardly have believed, if his own eyes had not testified to it. Asathor's cheeks were pale and blood-

[1] "The red cock crew" is the expression used in the old Norwegian Sagas for incendiary fire.

less, the lustre of his eye more than half quenched, and his gray hair hung in disorder down over his forehead.

"Methinks thou lookest rather poorly to-day," said Lage.

"It is only those cursed church-bells," answered the god; "they leave me no rest, day or night."

"Aha," thought Lage, "if the king's bells are mightier than thou, then there is still hope of safety for my daughter."

"Where is Brynhild, thy daughter?" asked Asathor.

"I know not where she is," answered the father; and straightway he turned his eyes toward the golden cross that shone over the valley from Saint Olaf's steeple, and he called aloud on the White Christ's name. Then the god gave a fearful roar, fell on the ground, writhed and foamed, and vanished into the mountain. In the next moment Lage heard a hoarse voice crying from within, "I shall return, Lage Ulfson, when thou shalt least expect me!"

Lage Ulfson then set to work clearing a way through the forest; and when that was done, he called all his household together, and told them of the power of Christ the White. Not long after he took his sons and his daughter, and hastened with them southward, until he found King Olaf. And, so the Saga relates, they all fell down on their knees before him, prayed for his forgiveness, and received baptism from the king's own bishops.

So ends the Saga of Lage Ulfson Kværk.

II.

Aasa Kværk loved her father well, but especially in the winter. Then, while she sat turning her spinning-wheel in the light of the crackling logs, his silent presence always had a wonderfully soothing and calming effect upon her. She never laughed then, and seldom wept; when she felt his eyes resting on her, her thoughts, her senses, and her whole being seemed by degrees to be lured from their hiding place and concentrated on him; and from him they ventured again, first timidly, then more boldly, to grasp the objects around him. At such times Aasa could talk and jest almost like other girls, and her mother, to whom "other girls" represented the ideal of womanly perfection, would send significant glances, full of hope and encouragement, over to Lage, and he would quietly nod in return, as if to say that he entirely agreed with her. Then Elsie had bright visions of wooers and thrifty housewives, and even Lage dreamt of seeing the ancient honor of the family reëstablished. All depended on Aasa. She was the last of the mighty race. But when summer came, the bright visions fled; and the spring winds, which to others bring life and joy, to Kværk brought nothing but sorrow. No sooner had the mountain-brooks begun to swell, than Aasa began to laugh and to weep; and when the first birches budded up in the glens, she could no longer be kept at home. Prayers and threats were equally useless. From early dawn until evening she would roam about in forests and fields, and when late at night she stole into the room and slipped away into some corner, Lage drew a deep sigh and thought of the old tradition.

Aasa was nineteen years old before she had a single wooer. But when she was least expecting it, the wooer came to her.

It was late one summer night; the young maiden was sitting on the brink of the ravine, pondering on the old legend and peering down into the deep below. It was not the first time she had found her way hither, where but seldom a human foot had dared to tread. To her every alder and bramble-bush, that clothed the naked wall of the rock, were as familiar as were the knots and veins in the ceiling of the chamber where from her childhood she had slept: and as she sat there on the brink of the precipice, the late summer sun threw its red lustre upon her and upon the fogs that came drifting up from the deep. With her eyes she followed the drifting masses of fog, and wondered, as they rose higher and higher, when they would

reach her; in her fancy she saw herself dancing over the wide expanse of heaven, clad in the sun-gilded evening fogs; and Saint Olaf, the great and holy king, came riding to meet her, mounted on a flaming steed made of the glory of a thousand sunsets; then Saint Olaf took her hand and lifted her up, and she sat with him on the flaming steed: but the fog lingered in the deep below, and as it rose it spread like a thin, half-invisible gauze over the forests and the fields, and at last vanished into the infinite space. But hark! a huge stone rolls down over the mountain-side, then another, and another; the noise grows, the birches down there in the gorge tremble and shake. Aasa leaned out over the brink of the ravine, and, as far as she could distinguish anything from her dizzying height, thought she saw something gray creeping slowly up the neck-breaking mountain path; she watched it for a while, but as it seemed to advance no farther she again took refuge in her reveries. An hour might have passed, or perhaps more, when suddenly she heard a noise only a few feet distant, and, again stooping out over the brink, saw the figure of a man struggling desperately to climb the last great ledge of the rock. With both his hands he clung to a little birch-tree which stretched its slender arms down over the black wall, but with every moment that passed seemed less likely to accomplish the feat. The girl for a while stood watching him with unfeigned curiosity, then, suddenly reminding herself that the situation to him must be a dangerous one, seized hold of a tree that grew near the brink, and leaned out over the rock to give him her assistance. He eagerly grasped her extended hand, and with a vigorous pull she flung him up on the grassy level, where he remained lying for a minute or two, apparently utterly unable to account for his sudden ascent, and gazing around him with a half-frightened, half-bewildered look. Aasa, to whom his appearance was no less strange than his demeanor, unluckily hit upon the idea that perhaps her rather violent treatment had momentarily stunned him, and when, as answer to her sympathizing question if he was hurt, the stranger abruptly rose to his feet and towered up before her to the formidable height of six feet four or five, she could no longer master her mirth, but burst out into a most vehement fit of laughter. He stood calm and silent, and looked at her with a timid but strangely bitter smile. He was so very different from any man she had ever seen before; therefore she laughed, not necessarily because he amused her, but because his whole person was a surprise to her; and there he stood, tall and gaunt and timid, and said not a word, only gazed and gazed. His dress was not the national costume of the valley, neither was it like anything that Aasa had ever known. On his head he wore a cap that hung all on one side, and was decorated with a long, heavy silk tassel. A threadbare coat, which seemed to be made expressly not to fit him, hung loosely on his sloping shoulders, and a pair of gray pantaloons, which were narrow where they ought to have been wide, and wide where it was their duty to be narrow, extended their service to a little more than the upper half of the limb, and, by a kind of compromise with the legs of the boots, managed to protect also the lower half from the inclemency of the weather. His features were delicate, and would have been called handsome had they belonged to a proportionately delicate body; in his eyes hovered a dreamy vagueness which seemed to come and vanish, and to flit from one feature to another, suggesting the idea of remoteness, and a feeling of hopeless strangeness to the world and all its concerns.

"Do I inconvenience you, madam?" were the first words he uttered, as Aasa in her usual abrupt manner stayed her laughter, turned her back on him, and hastily started for the house.

"Inconvenience?" said she surprised, and again slowly turned on her heel; "no, not that I know."

"Then tell me if there are people living here in the neighborhood, or if the light deceived me, which I saw from the other side of the river."

"Follow me," answered Aasa, and she naïvely reached him her hand; "my father's name is Lage Ulfson Kværk; he lives in the large house you see straight before you, there on the hill; and my mother lives there too."

And hand in hand they walked together, where a path had been made between two adjoining rye-fields; his serious smile seemed to grow milder and happier, the longer he lingered at her side, and her eye caught a ray of a more human intelligence, as it rested on him.

"What do you do up here in the long winter?" asked he, after a pause.

"We sing," answered she, as it were at random, because the word came into her mind; "and what do you do, where you come from?"

"I gather song."

"Have you ever heard the forest sing?" asked she, curiously.

"That is why I came here."

And again they walked on in silence.

It was near midnight when they entered the large hall at Kværk. Aasa went before, still leading the young man by the hand. In the twilight which filled the house, the space between the black, smoky rafters opened a vague vista into the region of the fabulous, and every object in the room loomed forth from the dusk with exaggerated form and dimensions. The room appeared at first to be but the haunt of the spirits of the past; no human voice, no human footstep, was heard; and the stranger instinctively pressed the hand he held more tightly; for he was not sure but he was standing on the boundary of dream-land, and some elfin maiden had reached him her hand to lure him into her mountain, where he should live with her forever. But the illusion was of brief duration; for Aasa's thoughts had taken a widely different course; it was but seldom she had found herself under the necessity of making a decision; and now it evidently devolved upon her to find the stranger a place of rest for the night; so instead of an elf-maid's kiss and a silver palace, he soon found himself huddled into a dark little alcove in the wall, where he was told to go to sleep, while Aasa wandered over to the empty cow-stables, and threw herself down in the hay by the side of two sleeping milk-maids.

III.

There was not a little astonishment manifested among the servant-maids at Kværk the next morning, when the huge, gaunt figure of a man was seen to launch forth from Aasa's alcove, and the strangest of all was, that Aasa herself appeared to be as much astonished as the rest. And there they stood, all gazing at the bewildered traveler, who indeed was no less startled than they, and as utterly unable to account for his own sudden apparition. After a long pause, he summoned all his courage, fixed his eyes intently on the group of the girls, and with a few rapid steps advanced toward Aasa, whom he seized by the hand and asked, "Are you not my maiden of yester eve?"

She met his gaze firmly, and laid her hand on her forehead as if to clear her thoughts; as the memory of the night flashed through her mind, a bright smile lit up her features, and she answered, "You are the man who gathers song. Forgive me, I was not sure but it was all a dream; for I dream so much."

Then one of the maids ran out to call Lage Ulfson, who had gone into the stables to harness the horses; and he came and greeted the unknown man, and thanked him for last meeting, as is the wont of Norse peasants, although they had never seen each until that morning. But when the stranger had eaten two meals in Lage's house, Lage asked him his name and his father's occupation; for old Norwegian hospitality forbids the host to learn the guest's name before he has slept and eaten under his roof. It was that same afternoon, when they sat together smoking their pipes under the huge old pine in the yard, — it was then Lage inquired about the young man's name and family; and the young man said that his name was Trond Vigfusson, that he had graduated at the University of Christiania, and that his father had

been a lieutenant in the army; but both he and Trond's mother had died, when Trond was only a few years old. Lage then told his guest Vigfusson something about his family, but of the legend of Asathor and Saint Olaf he spoke not a word. And while they were sitting there talking together, Aasa came and sat down at Vigfusson's feet; her long golden hair flowed in a waving stream down over her back and shoulders, there was a fresh, healthful glow on her cheeks, and her blue, fathomless eyes had a strangely joyous, almost triumphant expression. The father's gaze dwelt fondly upon her, and the collegian was but conscious of one thought: that she was wondrously beautiful. And still so great was his natural timidity and awkwardness in the presence of women, that it was only with the greatest difficulty he could master his first impulse to find some excuse for leaving her. She, however, was aware of no such restraint.

"You said you came to gather song," said she; "where do you find it? for I too should like to find some new melody for my old thoughts; I have searched so long."

"I find my songs on the lips of the people," answered he, "and I write them down as the maidens or the old men sing them."

She did not seem quite to comprehend that. "Do you hear maidens sing them?" asked she astonished. "Do you mean the troll-virgins and the elf-maidens?"

"By troll-virgins and elf-maidens, or what the legends call so, I understand the hidden and still audible voices of nature, of the dark pine forests, the legend-haunted glades, and the silent tarns; and this was what I referred to when I answered your question if I had ever heard the forest sing."

"Oh, oh!" cried she, delighted, and clapped her hands like a child; but in another moment she as suddenly grew serious again, and sat steadfastly gazing into his eye, as if she were trying to look into his very soul and there to find something kindred to her own lonely heart. A minute ago her presence had embarrassed him; now, strange to say, he met her eye, and smiled happily as he met it.

"Do you mean to say that you make your living by writing songs?" asked Lage.

"The trouble is," answered Vigfusson, "that I make no living at all; but I have invested a large capital, which is to yield its interest in the future. There is a treasure of song hidden in every nook and corner of our mountains and forests, and in our nation's heart. I am one of the miners who have come to dig it out before time and oblivion shall have buried every trace of it, and there shall not be even the will-o'-the-wisp of a legend to hover over the spot, and keep alive the sad fact of our loss and our blamable negligence."

Here the young man paused; his eyes gleamed, his pale cheeks flushed, and there was a warmth and an enthusiasm in his words which alarmed Lage, while on Aasa it worked like the most potent charm of the ancient mystic runes; she hardly comprehended more than half of the speaker's meaning, but his fire and eloquence were on this account none the less powerful.

"If that is your object," remarked Lage, "I think you have hit upon the right place in coming here. You will be able to pick up many an odd bit of a story from the servants and others hereabouts, and you are welcome to stay here with us as long as you choose."

Lage could not but attribute to Vigfusson the merit of having kept Aasa at home a whole day, and that in the month of midsummer. And while he sat there listening to their conversation, while he contemplated the delight that beamed from his daughter's countenance and, as he thought, the really intelligent expression of her eyes, could he conceal from himself the paternal hopes that swelled his heart? She was all that was left him, the life or the death of his mighty race. And here was one who was likely to understand her, and to whom she seemed willing to yield all the affection of her warm but wayward heart. Thus ran Lage Ulfson's reflections; and at

night he had a little consultation with Elsie, his wife, who, it is needless to add, was no less sanguine than he.

"And then Aasa will make an excellent housewife, you know," observed Elsie. "I will speak to the girl about it to-morrow."

"No, for Heaven's sake, Elsie!" exclaimed Lage, "don't you know your daughter better than that? Promise me, Elsie, that you will not say a single word; it would be a cruel thing, Elsie, to mention anything to her. She is not like other girls, you know."

"Very well, Lage, I shall not say a single word. Alas, you are right, she is not like other girls." And Elsie again sighed at her husband's sad ignorance of a woman's nature, and at the still sadder fact of her daughter's inferiority to the accepted standard of womanhood.

IV.

Trond Vigfusson must have made a rich harvest of legends at Kværk, at least judging from the time he stayed there; for days and weeks passed, and he had yet said nothing of going. Not that anybody wished him to go; no, on the contrary, the longer he stayed the more indispensable he seemed to all; and Lage Ulfson could hardly think without a shudder of the possibility of his ever having to leave them. For Aasa, his only child, was like another being in the presence of this stranger; all that weird, forest-like intensity, that wild, half supernatural tinge in her character which in a measure excluded her from the blissful feeling of fellowship with other men, and made her the strange, lonely creature she was, — all this seemed to vanish as dew in the morning sun when Vigfusson's eyes rested upon her; and with every day that passed, her human and womanly nature gained a stronger hold upon her. She followed him like his shadow on all his wanderings, and when they sat down together by the wayside, she would sing, in a clear, soft voice, an ancient lay or ballad, and he would catch her words on his paper, and smile at the happy prospect of perpetuating what otherwise would have been lost. Aasa's love, whether conscious or not, was to him an everlasting source of strength, was a revelation of himself to himself, and a clearing and widening power which brought ever more and more of the universe within the scope of his vision. So they lived on from day to day and from week to week, and, as old Lage remarked, never had Kværk been the scene of so much happiness. Not a single time during Vigfusson's stay had Aasa fled to the forest, not a meal had she missed, and at the hours for family devotion she had taken her seat at the big table with the rest and apparently listened with as much attention and interest. Indeed, all this time Aasa seemed purposely to avoid the dark haunts of the woods, and, whenever she could, chose the open highway; not even Vigfusson's entreaties could induce her to tread the tempting paths that led into the forest's gloom.

"And why not, Aasa?" he would say; "summer is ten times summer there when the drowsy noonday spreads its trembling maze of shadows between those huge, venerable trunks. You can feel the summer creeping into your very heart and soul, there!"

"Oh, Vigfusson," she would answer, shaking her head mournfully, "for a hundred paths that lead in, there is only one that leads out again, and sometimes even that one is nowhere to be found."

He understood her not, but fearing to ask, he remained silent.

His words and his eyes always drew her nearer and nearer to him; and the forest and its strange voices seemed a dark, opposing influence, which strove to take possession of her heart and to wrest her away from him forever; she helplessly clung to him; every thought and emotion of her soul clustered about him, and every hope of life and happiness was staked on him.

One evening Vigfusson and old Lage Ulfson had been walking about the fields to look at the crop, both smoking their

evening pipes. But as they came down toward the brink whence the path leads between the two adjoining rye-fields, they heard a sweet, sad voice crooning some old ditty down between the birch-trees at the precipice; they stopped to listen, and soon recognized Aasa's yellow hair over the tops of the rye; the shadow as of a painful emotion flitted over the father's countenance, and he turned his back on his guest and started to go; then again paused, and said imploringly, "Try to get her home if you can, friend Vigfusson."

Vigfusson nodded, and Lage went; the song had ceased for a moment, now it began again: —

"Ye twittering birdlings, in forest and glen
I have heard you so gladly before;
But a bold knight hath come to woo me,
I dare listen to you no more.
For it is so dark, so dark in the forest.

"And the knight who hath come a-wooing to me,
He calls me his love and his own;
Why then should I stray through the darksome woods,
Or dream in the glades alone?
For it is so dark, so dark in the forest."

Her voice fell to a low unintelligible murmur; then it rose, and the last verses came, clear, soft, and low, drifting on the evening breeze: —

"Yon beckoning world, that shimmering lay
O'er the woods where the old pines grow,
That gleamed through the moods of the summer day
When the breezes were murmuring low
(And it is so dark, so dark in the forest);

"Oh let me no more in the sunshine hear
Its quivering noonday call;
The bold knight's love is the sun of my heart —
Is my life, and my all in all.
But it is so dark, so dark in the forest."

The young man felt the blood rushing to his face — his heart beat violently. There was a keen sense of guilt in the blush on his cheek, a loud accusation in the throbbing pulse and the swelling heart-beat. Had he not stood there behind the maiden's back and cunningly peered into her soul's holy of holies? True, he loved Aasa; at least he thought he did, and the conviction was growing stronger with every day that passed. And now he had no doubt that he had gained her heart. It was not so much the words of the ballad which had betrayed the secret; he hardly knew what it was, but somehow the truth had flashed upon him, and he could no longer doubt.

Vigfusson sat down on the moss-grown rock and pondered. How long he sat there he did not know, but when he rose and looked around him, Aasa was gone. Then remembering her father's request to bring her home, he hastened up the hill-side toward the mansion, and searched for her in all directions. It was near midnight when he returned to Kværk, where Aasa sat in her high gable window, still humming the weird melody of the old ballad.

By what reasoning Vigfusson arrived at his final conclusion is difficult to tell. If he had acted according to his first and perhaps most generous impulse, the matter would soon have been decided; but he was all the time possessed of a vague fear of acting dishonorably, and it was probably this very fear which made him do what, to the minds of those whose friendship and hospitality he had accepted, had something of the appearance he wished so carefully to avoid. Aasa was rich; he had nothing; it was a reason for delay, but hardly a conclusive one. They did not know him; he must go out in the world and prove himself worthy of her. He would come back when he should have compelled the world to respect him; for as yet he had done nothing. In fact, his arguments were good and honorable enough, and there would have been no fault to find with him, had the object of his love been as capable of reasoning as he was himself. But Aasa, poor thing, could do nothing by halves; a nature like her's brooks no delay; to her love is life or it is death.

The next morning he appeared at breakfast with his knapsack on his back, and otherwise equipped for his journey. It was of no use that Elsie cried and begged him to stay, that Lage joined his prayers to hers, and that Aasa stood staring at him with a blank, helpless gaze. Vigfusson shook hands with all, thanked them for their kindness to him,

and promised to return; he held Aasa's hand long in his, but when he released it, it dropped helpless at her side.

V.

Far up in the glen, about a mile from Kværk, ran a little brook; that is, it was little in summer and winter, but in the spring, while the snow was melting up in the mountains, it overflowed the nearest land and turned the whole glen into a broad but shallow river. It was easy to cross, however; a light foot might jump from stone to stone, and be over in a minute. Not the hind herself could be lighter on her foot than Aasa was; and even in the spring-flood it was her wont to cross and recross the brook, and to sit dreaming on a large stone against which the water broke incessantly, rushing in white torrents over its edges.

Here she sat one fair summer day — the day after Vigfusson's departure. It was noon, and the sun stood high over the forest. The water murmured and murmured, babbled and whispered, until at length there came a sudden unceasing tone into its murmur, then another, and it sounded like a faint whispering song of small airy beings. And as she tried to listen, to fix the air in her mind, it all ceased again, and she heard but the monotonous murmuring of the brook. Everything seemed so empty and worthless, as if that faint melody had been the world of the moment. But there it was again; it sung and sung, and the birch overhead took up the melody and rustled it with its leaves, and the grasshopper over in the grass caught it and whirred it with her wings. The water, the trees, the air, were full of it. What a strange melody!

Aasa well knew that every brook and river has its Neck, besides hosts of little water-sprites. She had heard also that in the moonlight at midsummer, one might chance to see them rocking in bright little shells, playing among the pebbles, or dancing on the large leaves of the water-lily. And that they could sing also, she doubted not; it was their voices she heard through the murmuring of the brook. Aasa eagerly bent forward and gazed down into the water: the faint song grew louder, paused suddenly, and sprang into life again; and its sound was so sweet, so wonderfully alluring! Down there in the water, where a stubborn pebble kept chafing a precipitous little side current, clear tiny pearl-drops would leap up from the stream, and float half-wonderingly downward from rapid to rapid, until they lost themselves in the whirl of some stronger current. Thus sat Aasa and gazed and gazed, and in one moment she seemed to see what in the next moment she saw not. Then a sudden great hush stole through the forest, and in the hush she could hear the silence calling her name. It was so long since she had been in the forest, it seemed ages and ages ago. She hardly knew herself; the light seemed to be shining into her eyes as with a will and purpose, perhaps to obliterate something, some old dream or memory, or to impart some new power — the power of seeing the unseen. And this very thought, this fear of some possible loss, brought the fading memory back, and she pressed her hands against her throbbing temples as if to bind and chain it there forever; for it was he to whom her thought returned. She heard his voice, saw him beckoning to her to follow him, and she rose to obey, but her limbs were as petrified, and the stone on which she was sitting held her with the power of a hundred strong arms. The sunshine smote upon her eyelids, and his name was blotted out from her life; there was nothing but emptiness all around her. Gradually the forest drew nearer and nearer, the water bubbled and rippled, and the huge, bare-stemmed pines stretched their long, gnarled arms towards her. The birches waved their heads with a wistful nod, and the profile of the rock grew into a face with a long, hooked nose, and a mouth half open as if to speak. And the word that trembled on its lips was, "Come." She felt no fear nor reluctance, but rose to obey. Then

and not before then she saw an old man standing at her side; his face was the face of the rock, his white beard flowed to his girdle, and his mouth was half open, but no word came from his lips. There was something in the wistful look of his eye which she knew so well, which she had seen so often, although she could not tell when or where. The old man extended his hand; Aasa took it, and fearlessly or rather spontaneously followed. They approached the steep, rocky wall; as they drew near, a wild, fierce laugh rang through the forest. The features of the old man were twisted as it were into a grin; so also were the features of the rock; but the laugh came from nowhere and everywhere, and blew like a mighty blast through the forest.

Aasa clung to the old man's hand and followed him — she knew not whither.

At home in the large sitting-room at Kværk sat Lage, brooding over the wreck of his hopes and his happiness. Aasa had gone to the woods again the very first day after Vigfusson's departure. What would be the end of all this? It was already late in the evening, and she had not returned. The father cast anxious glances toward the door, every time he heard the latch moving. At last, when it was near midnight, he roused all his men from their sleep, and commanded them to follow him. Soon the dusky forests resounded far and near with the blast of horns, the report of guns, and the calling and shouting of men. The affrighted stag crossed and recrossed the path of the hunters, but not a rifle was leveled at its head. Toward morning — it was before the sun had yet risen — Lage, weary and stunned, stood leaning up against a huge fir. Then suddenly a fierce, wild laugh rang through the forest. Lage shuddered, raised his hand slowly and pressed it hard against his forehead, vainly struggling to clear his thoughts. The men clung fearfully together; a few of the more courageous ones drew their knives and made the sign of the cross with them in the air. Again the same mad laugh shook the air, and swept over the crowns of the pine-trees. Then Lage lifted his eyes toward heaven and wrung his hands: for the awful truth stood before him. He remained a long while leaning against that old fir as in a dead stupor; and no one dared to arouse him. A suppressed murmur reached the men's ears. "But deliver us from evil" were the last words they heard.

When Lage and his servants came home to Kværk with the mournful tidings of Aasa's disappearance, no one knew what to do or say. There could be no doubt that Aasa was "mountain-taken," as they call it; for there were Trolds and dwarfs in all the rocks and forests round about, and they would hardly let slip the chance of alluring so fair a maiden as Aasa was into their castles in the mountains. Elsie, her mother, knew a good deal about the Trolds, their tricks, and their way of living, and when she had wept her full, she fell to thinking of the possibility of regaining her daughter from their power. If Aasa had not yet tasted of food or drink in the mountain, she was still out of danger; and if the pastor would allow the church-bell to be brought up into the forest and rung near the rock where the laugh had been heard, the Trolds could be compelled to give her back. No sooner had this been suggested to Lage, than the command was given to muster the whole force of men and horses, and before evening on the same day the sturdy swains of Kværk were seen climbing the tower of the venerable church, whence soon the huge old bell descended, to the astonishment of the throng of curious women and children who had flocked together to see the extraordinary sight. It was laid upon four large wagons, which had been joined together with ropes and planks, and drawn away by twelve strong horses. Long after the strange caravan had vanished in the twilight, the children stood gazing up into the empty bell-tower.

It was near midnight, when Lage stood at the steep, rocky wall in the forest; the men were laboring to hoist the church-bell up to a stanch cross-beam between two mighty fir-trees, and

in the weird light of their torches, the wild surroundings looked wilder and more fantastic. Anon, the muffled noise and bustle of the work being at an end, the laborers withdrew, and a strange, feverish silence seemed to brood over the forest. Lage took a step forward, and seized the bell-rope; the clear, conquering toll of the metal rung solemnly through the silence, and from the rocks, the earth, and the tree-tops, rose a fierce chorus of howls, groans, and screams. All night the ringing continued; the old trees swayed to and fro, creaked, and groaned, the roots loosened their holds in the fissures of the rock, and the bushy crowns bowed low under their unwonted burden.

It was well-nigh morn, but the dense fog still brooded over the woods, and it was dark as night. Lage was sitting on the ground, his head leaning on both his elbows; at his side lay the flickering torch, and the huge bell hung dumb overhead. In the dark he felt a hand touch his shoulder; had it happened only a few hours before, he would have shuddered; now the physical sensation hardly communicated itself to his mind, or, if it did, had no power to rouse him from his dead, hopeless apathy. Suddenly — could he trust his own ears? — the church-bell gave a slow, solemn, quivering stroke, and the fogs rolled in thick masses to the east and to the west, as if blown by the breath of the sound. Lage seized his torch, sprang to his feet, and saw — Vigfusson. He stretched his arm with the blazing torch closer to the young man's face, stared at him with large eyes, and his lip quivered; but he could not utter a word.

"Vigfusson?" faltered he at last.

"It is I;" and the second stroke followed, stronger and more solemn than the first. The same fierce, angry voices chorused forth from every nook of the rock and the woods. Then came the third — the noise grew; fourth — and it sounded like a hoarse, angry hiss; when the twelfth stroke fell, silence reigned again in the forest. Vigfusson dropped the bell-rope, and with a loud voice called Lage Kværk and his men. He lit a torch, held it aloft over his head, and peered through the dusky night. The men spread through the highlands to search for the lost maiden; Lage followed close in Vigfusson's footsteps. They had not walked far when they heard the babbling of the brook only a few feet away. Thither they directed their steps. On a large stone in the middle of the stream the youth thought he saw something white, like a large kerchief. Quick as thought he was at its side, bowed down with his torch, and — fell backward. It was Aasa, his beloved, cold and dead; but as the father stooped over his dead child the same mad laugh echoed wildly throughout the wide woods, but madder and louder than ever before, and from the rocky wall came a fierce, broken voice: —

"*I came at last.*"

When, after an hour of vain search, the men returned to the place whence they had started, they saw a faint light flickering between the birches not fifty feet away; they formed a firm column, and with fearful hearts drew nearer. There lay Lage Kværk, their master, still bending down over his child's pale features, and staring into her sunken eyes as if he could not believe that she were really dead. And at his side stood Vigfusson, pale and aghast, with the burning torch in his hand. The footsteps of the men awakened the father, but when he turned his face on them they shuddered and started back. Then Lage rose, lifted the maiden from the stone, and silently laid her in Vigfusson's arms; her rich yellow hair flowed down over his shoulder. The youth let his torch fall into the waters, and with a sharp, serpent-like hiss its flame was quenched. He crossed the brook; the men followed, and the dark pine-trees closed over the last descendant of Lage Ulfson's mighty race.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

A STATE SURVEY FOR MASSACHUSETTS.

How to get the most out of this dear old earth in our time and for our time, this is the ever-present question of all ages. To it our century has given some new answers: it has shown new methods of getting old fruits; it has found rich fruits where once there seemed only barrenness; and it has organized its methods of search into the scheme called a survey. The survey is distinctly the product of this century, and, like most of its products, not yet defined in its shape; it has grown out of varying needs, and has various ways of gaining its ends. Men have hardly begun to study its aims and methods in any general fashion. Is a new world to be explored, or an old empire to be studied more closely than before? For either of these objects certain scientific men are brought together: first, by general consent, the geologist; then students of special departments, — zoölogists in their kind, ethnologists, topographers to map in a general or special way, sketchers and photographers to retain pictures of the surface. All these make collections which more or less completely represent, for future study, the face of nature, and her history in the given region. In this work there is one of the great ideas of our time: the idea that man depends on all things, — that nothing is too minute or base to have its influence on his fate and to command his interest. A century ago men precipitated themselves on the wilderness like new-landed savages, getting their knowledge by hard knocks. To-day science reconnoiters for a thousand miles in front of the wave of immigration. Trained men, guarded by columns of troops, or oftener unprotected, explore the wilderness, and the backwoodsman may follow their trail with folio volumes of facts, when his turn comes. While Hayden with his score of coadjutors is skirmishing over the unexplored recesses of the West, reconnoitering an empire in a season, the surveyors of Great Britain are patiently unriddling their islands at a rate that will require a century for its completion.

It must not be supposed because these two kinds of workers differ so widely in their methods that either is mistaken. Each is doing legitimate work in its sphere, and each has its important scientific and economic results. The object of the first kind of survey is exploration; it seeks to determine the general history of a country: the mountain chains, the rivers, the valleys, the character of the geology, and the limits of the geological formations. This class of work had its beginning in military expeditions, when the aim was to determine the character of a country with reference to the questions of transportation of armies and the application of military force. Scientific research was gradually added, and as the survey work became the only object, the military element became less and less conspicuous. Perhaps the best specimen of this system of reconnoissance work which has ever existed is now in operation in this country, under the charge of Dr. Hayden; other expeditionary surveys, under the charge of Mr. Clarence King and Major Powell, have shared with Hayden the task of unraveling the complicated geology and topography of the vast area lying between the eastern and western borders of the Cordilleras of North America. The present system pursued by Hayden is admirably suited to secure the most rapid delineation of a country for correct sketch maps. A system of triangles is carried across country from mountain-top to mountain-top, so that a large number of positions are accurately determined. From good points of view the topographer delineates the intermediate country by the use of the theodolite; contour lines, or lines supposed to represent equal heights above a water level, are sketched in with some detail, so that the eye catches the true reliefs of the country. Along with these topographical parties go geologists and collectors of specimens, to

illustrate the geology and biology of the country. This survey is carried on at such speed that in a season of four or five months a single party will work in several thousand square miles of territory and obtain a remarkably good idea of all its important features. Several of such parties together make up the expedition, and the reports set forth, with a fair accuracy, the topography, geology, zoölogy, botany, agricultural resources, and such information as can be gained concerning the climatology of the district surveyed. It is difficult to imagine a plan better calculated than this to accomplish the end in view, namely, to discover the general characters of an unexplored land, and to guide the coming immigrant in its development by the steady light of science.

Let us now compare this eminently American survey with another work, happily also American, which differs from it in many respects. In the coast survey we have probably the most successful scientific organization, measured by all standards, that any country can show. For fifty years, with means that are relatively small, they have uninterruptedly and rapidly pursued the difficult task of determining with the utmost accuracy the coast features of the United States. In this task the cursory methods that are fittest in the survey of the Territories can find no place. In the topography of the shore every point must be given with absolute truth; nor can the delineation stop when the shore meets the sea; every feature of its shoaler depths must be studied with even greater closeness than the land. All this work rests upon a system of longitude determinations and triangulations extended from the most carefully measured base lines, first by a series of triangles, combined for greater correctness into quadrilaterals, all having the greatest possible length. Where by occupying mountains or building towers these first triangles can be made forty or fifty miles on a side, no pains are spared to accomplish the result. The heliotrope, an instrument for casting sun's rays with a reflector, serves to signal from mountain-top to mountain-top with wonderful precision. Other series of triangles are formed within this first or primary triangulation, until every part of the region to be mapped has points determined, and marked with signal poles not more than a mile apart. The reader, if any great part of the coast is known to him, must have noticed these signals with their little pennons of white cloth. Each of them marks a point, the relations of which to Greenwich and Washington, and to the equator, have been determined by every means known to science. When the topographer comes to make the map, he brings into the field what is termed a plane table, whereon there is a map sheet, each six inches of which indicate about a mile of the surface he is to represent. He then with his instruments, which from their beautiful adaptation to their work merit a description our space does not permit, gives every important object on its true scale, every road, house, and field; the nature of the ground, whether wooded, tilled, or grassed, swampy or sandy, all these features find a place on the map in signs which explain themselves. The contour of the surface is determined and indicated by red lines for the successive water levels, each twenty feet higher than the preceding, giving a distinct idea of the precise relations and form of every hill and valley on the surface. So accurate are these maps that from them alone any expert person, without seeing the ground, could construct an exact model of the country represented.

When this work is done over the surface of a whole State, as it has been done, or is doing, in some European countries, it gives a perfect basis for all the great operations of the engineer. Is a railroad to be constructed: careful inspection of these maps will show its proper course without preliminary surveys to determine the most practicable route. Are mill powers to be improved, drainage works undertaken, or cities supplied with water: these maps show the drainage areas and the course of water levels. Nor is their use

more than begun when this duty is done. Every township, village, or city has endless questions of sewerage, road building, taxation, questions concerning the placing of public buildings, etc., in every one of which such a map is a matter of the utmost importance. Unfortunately this coast survey map is not primarily designed for any such purposes, though there is but one reason why it will not subserve them all; it is its want of extension over any considerable surface. At present it is limited to about a mile or two of the sea border. Intended as it is as a frame for the hydrographic maps, it takes in but enough to furnish the sailor with his "bearings" from the land. If we had the coast survey work extended inland over the country as rapidly as the land attained the value given it by high culture, we should have, in time, as fine a national map as could be desired. As it is, the marvelously accurate work of the coast survey stands only as a precious example of what good work is. Congress has already taken what we may hope is the first step in the enlargement of the coast survey, by authorizing the extension of its triangulation over the surface of any State which has provided a topographical and geological survey of its own. If this had been done thirty years ago, it would by this time have had the most profound influence upon the study of American topography; but it comes so late that most of the wealthier States have already spent large sums of money upon more or less considerable failures in the way of local surveys. Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, in fact, almost every State from Maine to Texas, can point to more or less work done in the name of geology. Some of these surveys have greatly advanced science, but they will all have to be done over again. Those of New York, Ohio, Illinois, and California all deserve to be praised. That of the last-named State is the most creditable piece of finished reconnoissance ever undertaken and carried far towards success within our national limits. It would be a valuable volume that should take up the history of these surveys, show their successes and failures, and recapitulate the gains science has made from them. It is enough for our present purpose to say that the fatal weakness of one and all has been the insufficiency of the topographical maps of the several districts. We have already incidentally considered the value of these maps in the ordinary work of society, as far as the surface is concerned; for the purposes of the geologist, when he has in hand the description of the structure and resources of a country, they are absolutely indispensable. Unless he can trace the limits of formations, the lines of border, and other similar features, with the greatest nicety, showing where they run with reference to roads, fields, and buildings, he can give nothing of perfection to his records. However accurately he may have observed, his observations must remain a matter of imperfect verbal description, and the work is only temporized with. There is not a single State survey in this country which does not need at the moment to be begun again.

The State of Massachusetts is a remarkably favorable State for illustrating the methods in which a survey should be conducted; not such a survey as a new Western State makes in order to get some idea of where its coal and iron lie, and the amount of its wealth, but a work intended to be the most exact and final work which it is possible to do on the earth's surface. When a government approaches so considerable an enterprise as this, and determines that it is to be done so as never to require, in our day at least, a reconstruction, all geologists will agree that the first thing is to secure the best map. Massachusetts has the good fortune to have her shore belt map completely made by the coast survey; Cape Ann and Cape Cod and the bordering islands, making, together, about a tenth of the total area of the State, have all been done on the scale of one ten thousandth, or about six inches of map to the mile of distance. If it were practicable, this map should be continued on the same scale

over the whole State, making, when finished, a record map about ninety feet long and fifty-four wide; on this scale every important detail could be truthfully laid down. This is the proper thing to do, and nothing but the cost of the work can be urged against it; on this plan the surveying and improvement of private grounds could always be accomplished, tax levies made, in short, our civilization could be organized upon it. If something else less perfect must be done, it will be with the greatest regret that we turn to it from our ideal. On this perfect system the topography alone would be likely to cost over half a million of dollars and pretty certain not to exceed three quarters of a million, or about as much as one thousand feet of the Hoosac Tunnel. Who will say that Massachusetts cannot afford this sum for a perfect record of the theatre of her industries? If, however, it be thought that it is better to temporize with the matter, it will certainly be possible to get the most important results with a smaller original map — one twenty-five thousandth, or about two and a third inches to the mile, will answer for most of the great economic purposes of a survey; it will not, however, serve as a tax map or for the management of individual estates, and in time it would have to be done over on the larger scale. The dimensions of the original maps, it should be noted, is quite another matter from the size they have in their published form; from the original records reductions can be made to any scale.

When this topography is far enough advanced to give a basis for other work, the geology and biology should be taken in hand. Here we come upon a class of researches which require some special consideration. What should be the objects of this scientific work, and how are these objects to be attained? To answer these questions at length is to discuss all the methods and aims of science. There are some limitations, however, which are worthy of note. Any State, however small, furnishes problems organic and inorganic which will require centuries for their complete discussion. As we do not propose that a survey shall take up at once all the problems of science, it becomes a nice matter to limit the work. In the geology this is comparatively easy; no amount of detail consistent with the condition of the science will be superfluous here; every stratigraphical question, every question in chemical geology, should be followed to its utmost point. Each region supplies the investigator with special problems which he knows whenever the general structure of a country is known; it is the special object of a reconnoissance to show what and where these problems are. Some of them are economical, have money in them; the others are economical too, in that higher sense which finds all truth profitable. Of those which connect themselves immediately with industry we may mention the following questions: (1) the distribution of water, its storage and quality; (2) the building-stones of the State; (3) the existence of deposits of coal in workable quantities; (4) the distribution of metals, the iron of the western region, and the silver-bearing beds of the east; (5) the reclamation of marshes; (6) the retimbering of the exposed parts of the coast. Among the scientific problems, the State affords some matters of surpassing interest. Probably no other known fossils have so much value for the science of to-day as those wonderful footprints of the Connecticut Valley. They deserve years of study and the thorough investigation which can only be given by a careful re-survey of the whole region. There is the chance to get from that marvelous stone book records which have the same interest to the student of life in general that the remains of buried Pompeii have for the student of human history. In a few years we shall see these records sought for at the same cost of time and money that the British scientists give to their great bone caves. Under the old survey much was done to make a beginning in this research, but since then the whole aspect of the science of biology has changed. These fossils then were but curious; they now are in

the highest sense valuable. Massachusetts has also among her records of the past matters of the highest interest to the geologist; great problems that need not be discussed in detail here are found in the structure of her Berkshire hills. Had the complicated geology of those hills been studied in detail twenty years ago, there would not only have been a notable addition to our knowledge of the laws operative in the building of mountain chains, but the State would probably have been able to act with far more understanding in the making of the Hoosac Tunnel. The writer of this has recently had occasion to make a very careful study of the geology of Hoosac Mountain. It is his firm belief that a due inspection of the surface of that ridge would have disclosed some of the difficulties encountered in the excavation of the tunnel; difficulties which could have been in a large measure avoided, had the engineers been forewarned. It does not seem too much to say that the cost of a complete survey, with a map on the scale of six inches to the mile, might have been saved by this easily gained knowledge. Massachusetts may not build many more great tunnels, — certainly not in her present humor, — but she has a multitude of vast engineering works before her which equally need the information which will be gained from a thorough survey. Another scientific problem which lies before a State survey is the history of that huge, sickle-shaped promontory, Cape Cod. Verily here is a hook on which to hang many questions. Its physical origin, its remarkable value as a barrier between the life of the north and that of the south Atlantic waters, and many other matters deserve investigation. Still another momentous geological question can be better discussed in Massachusetts than elsewhere. Within her borders we have a noble field for the study of the history of the glacial period. There is a special fitness in having the study of this phenomenon carried on here: the world owes the discovery of the facts to one of our most valued citizens; one who, though but an adopted son, gave her the earnest love of a great soul. Louis Agassiz left a noble monument, many monuments, we may say; but it is not to be doubted that this contribution to the history of the earth is his greatest single title to fame. It is fit it should be guarded here.

Among the many problems concerning the existing life of the State, it is difficult to give in a word the most important. A large part of the necessary work for the complete description of our animals and plants is already done, and needs but to be assembled and ordered. The State is already rich in investigators, and as soon as a survey begins, these will be increased; from their labors we may hope for a thorough study of the biology of Massachusetts. The State has already taken advanced ground concerning instruction in natural history. It will greatly aid the work of diffusing a knowledge of nature throughout the people, to have carefully edited catalogues of all the animals and plants existing within the State, with enough concerning their characters, habits, etc., to make the information of practical value to beginners. This work need be very little expense to the survey; the State already has nearly a million of dollars invested in the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, and in the work of cataloguing the animals this noble institution can make a substantial return through the students it has trained and the collections it has accumulated. Managed with discretion, this survey could not fail to bring about a great interest in science in our public schools of all grades. With good maps and good catalogues of the natural productions of a country, teaching of natural science becomes possible to a degree that cannot be hoped for under other circumstances. This is to Massachusetts a matter of great importance; her real greatness has lain and always must lie in her power to produce men preëminently fitted for the work of their day. Other States can, almost without effort, beat her in the race for material greatness, strive as she may against it; but her intellectual lead, now so clearly established, may be maintained

to the end if she but care to take the steps necessary to keep her energies bent towards this object. She must now foster science as she has established and fostered theology and general learning.

In the struggle of the nineteenth century there is no doubt that the material victory is to be to the trained men, those who were trained in their fathers as well as in themselves. The great storehouses of coal and iron of our continent are to yield up their buried forces, and to transform themselves into art, into science, into a wealth that passes all our powers to conceive. Out of our teeming earth are to spring new problems in life which the most far-seeing can scarce yet discern. Measuring by numbers and power, we see the threshold of a century which will dwarf all its forerunners into littleness. Massachusetts must take the lead in matters of science: let her children grow up with the best possible training in all its walks, and they get thereby a certainty of a great future. No one but those professionally employed in teaching geology or biology knows how far the teaching of all the branches of these sciences depends upon the existence of something like an accurate representation of the nature about the student. The writer has found it almost impossible to teach field geology in Harvard College for the want of anything like a proper map of the topography of the region immediately about Cambridge. Such a map, even were the geology quite left out, would double his opportunities for teaching the science. Let us assume that Massachusetts will do this justice to herself and her future, and that a survey is to be organized. Extended and complicated as is this work, there is manifest danger of imperfections in its execution. Most of our geological surveys have been carried on in States where there was little training in science, where the best that could be done was to bring from some other region a trained master and confide the task to him. Here, however, we have a people peculiarly rich in men of special training in science. It is doubtful whether in any other community of the same size, apart from some great capitals of Europe, we can find as many experts in their several walks. It is well to combine their work, or at least to take some measures to secure their wise advice. The best means, as has already been well suggested, would be to have a board modeled on the successful and well-balanced board of education, composed of the scientific men of the State, together with some men more trained in affairs than scientific men are apt to be, which board should represent the diverse interests concerned in such a survey. The secretary of the board should be the executive head of the survey, charged with the responsibility of the business interests, which should be kept apart from the scientific work. Specialists in their several departments should be put in control of the various lines of work, and made responsible in all scientific matters to the board itself. In this way complete efficiency can be secured, together with the fullest expert advice.

In the execution of the work it should not be forgotten that there are fortunately several scientific centres in Massachusetts, and in each, men who are workers in their several fields. If it be found possible, the survey should be so managed as to give strength to the science-teaching at these several schools, by employing their teachers and students in its tasks, and so making them grow with its growth. An accident of the moment has supplied us with a pertinent illustration of the value of a geological survey as a source of advice and criticism in the management of our resources. In the last months of the last year there came the announcement of the discovery of very rich silver mines in the neighborhood of Newburyport; from the newspaper statements we would be entitled to believe that a very remarkable lode had been struck, one that promised returns not unworthy of the dozen greatest silver lodes in the world. What makes the matter more deserving of attention is the unprecedented character of the vein. The series of rocks in which it is found has long been known to carry

a certain amount of gold, which in Nova Scotia, Vermont to the northward, and on the east flank of the Appalachian mountain system in Virginia and the Carolinas, has furnished workable quantities of that metal; but we had no reason to expect silver in stores of economic value. There being no competent authority to investigate this matter, the public is likely to remain in substantial ignorance of its merits, even if years go by, until a State survey is begun again. This is particularly unfortunate, for if the facts are as alleged, then there is a source of enormous wealth which should have every aid of unprejudiced experts in its development; if, on the other hand, we have here another of the many clever frauds which have so often juggled men out of their money and made the American name a disgrace, then the best interests of the commonwealth demand a speedy investigation and a complete exposure.[1] In either of these cases, who can doubt that the commonwealth would gain the cost of years of work upon her survey from this single investigation?

Look at it as we may, measuring its immediate gains to our mines, our fields, our water mills, to our cities in their water supply and sewage, to our railways and common roads, to the interests of each owner of an acre that is to be improved; or considering the remoter yet not less real economy which is found in increased knowledge of the nature about us, and in the advancement of education, the reasons for this survey are very strong. The commonwealth of Massachusetts has not been wont long to weigh great advantages against small expenditures, so we may safely anticipate her speedy action.

N. S. Shaler.

[1] There is reason to hope and believe that this is not the case, and not the least reassuring point is that the people who have the matter in hand have gone personally at work at their venture like men, in place of endeavoring to float a stock company with an extravagant capital

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BEYOND RECALL.

THERE was a time when Death and I
  Met face to face together:
I was but young indeed to die,
  And it was summer weather;
One happy year a wedded wife,
Yet I was slipping out of life.

You knelt beside me, and I heard,
  As from some far-off distance,
A bitter cry that dimly stirred
  My soul to make resistance.
You thought me dead: you called my name,
And back from Death itself I came.

But oh! that you had made no sign, —
  That I had heard no crying!
For now the yearning voice is mine,
  And there is no replying:
Death never could so cruel be
As Life — and you — have proved to me!

Mary E. Bradley.

RECENT LITERATURE.[1]

WITH the two volumes devoted to an account of the Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Mr. Motley brings to a conclusion his history of the United Provinces, and at the same time prepares the way for a still more difficult work, the history of the Thirty Years' War. The Rise of the Dutch Republic, The History of the United Netherlands, The Life and Death of John of Barneveld, stand prominent in a field of literature in which it is no easy task to win great fame. The writer has good reason to be proud of the honorable place he has attained among the best historians of the day. He, at least, is an American who has secured his position by thorough and serious work.

In this last history Mr. Motley takes up the thread of his narrative where his History of the United Netherlands ceases, and gives us an account of the internal discord which wrought such ruin in the Dutch republic. In the first place he briefly reviews the life of Barneveld up to 1609, when the twelve years' truce with Spain was signed. Mr. Motley has written a glowing tribute to his memory, showing us how amid all the dangers from the outside which threatened the safety of the young republic, and the no less dangerous misrepresentations to which he was exposed at home, John of Barneveld never forgot the one aim of his life, the honorable safety of his country.

In 1609 the advocate was the leading statesman of the Netherlands; it was by his influence that the truce had been made with Spain, a truce with which Maurice of Orange was but little contented. "The treaty was made, and from that time forth the antagonism between the eminent statesman and the great military chieftain became inevitable. The importance of the one seemed likely to increase day by day. The occupation of the other for a time was over."

The advocate had opposed the proposition of giving the sovereignty to Maurice, thereby giving the hot-headed soldier cause for hatred, which was ever fed by jealousy of the great influence exercised by the cool and cautious statesman.

Under Barneveld's care, guided by his mingled boldness and tact, the republic established itself among the nations of Europe, and it was acknowledged, though with considerable reluctance, as a sovereign state. The country, however, was much torn by religious and political dissensions. It was thought by many that the result of the successful war against Spain was, not the defeat of religious persecution, but a fitting opportunity to establish what they considered the only true faith, Calvinism, in all its severity. From this quarter the chief danger came. The last years of Barneveld's life were merely a short breathing-time before Catholicism and Protestantism were to enter into the long struggle of the Thirty Years' War. The strength of Protestantism, the freedom it gives to individual thought and opinion, is its weakness when it comes in direct conflict with the compact unity of the Catholic church. It is like a disorganized mass of brave men, suspicious of one another, jealous of their rivals, almost as hostile against their brethren in arms as against their common foe; while the Catholic church, securing by its discipline the abnegation of individuality, presents an unbroken front of combatants, intent upon a single object, the defeat of heresy.

Even before the making of peace with Spain, religious discord had broken out in the Netherlands, and it was by a strange turn of fate that just after the signing of the truce, the death of Duke William of Jülich, who held Jülich, Cleve, and other lands, brought up once more the religious question before the courts of Europe for immediate consideration. The candidates for the heritage of the duchies were the Emperor Rudolph on the one hand, and the Elector of Brandenburg and the Count Pal-

[1] *The Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland; with a View of the Primary Causes and Movements of the Thirty Years' War.* By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, D. C. L., LL. D., etc. Two Volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1874.

Correspondence of William Ellery Channing, D. D., and Lucy Aikin, from 1826 *to* 1842. Edited by ANNA LETITIA LE BRETON. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874.

The History of the English Language from the Teutonic Invasion of Britain to the Close of the Georgian Era. By HENRY E. SHEPHERD, Professor of the English Language and English Literature, Baltimore City College. New York: E. J. Hale and Son. 1874.

atine of Neuburg on the other. "But," Mr. Motley says, "the solution of the question had but little to do with the legal claim of any man. It was instinctively felt throughout Christendom that the great duel between the ancient church and the spirit of the Reformation was now to be renewed upon that narrow, debatable spot." Suddenly the Archduke Leopold, Bishop of Passau, made his appearance before the gates of Julich, the chief citadel of the duchies, determined to take possession of the government, and, supported by Spanish power, to secure to the Catholic church this important territory. Barneveld had been before him, however, and it had been settled that the Elector and the Palatine "should together provisionally hold and administer the duchies until the principal affairs could be amicably settled. . . . Then there was Spain in the person of Leopold perched in the chief citadel of the country, while Protestantism in the shape of the possessory princes stood menacingly in the capital."

Henry IV. of France was regarded by all as holding in his hands the power of finally deciding the matter of the inheritance. He favored the side of Brandenburg, and in the face of Pope, Emperor, and King of Spain, he determined to support the princes and to maintain his alliance with the States-General. He saw Spain behind the emperor, intriguing against him, and in spite of the ridiculous behavior of the possessory princes, who wrote him a letter asking for a loan of four hundred thousand crowns, he made every preparation for war. Besides the complications abroad to hem him in, treachery at home was undermining his strength. He had one good friend, however, Sully, his chief adviser, whom Mr. Motley describes as follows: —

"The haughty, defiant, austere grandee, brave soldier, sagacious statesman, thrifty financier, against whom the poisoned arrows of religious hatred, envious ambition, and petty court intrigue were daily directed, who watched grimly over the exchequer confided to him, which was daily growing fuller in spite of the cormorants who trembled at his frown; hard worker, good hater, conscientious politician, who filled his own coffers without dishonesty, and those of the state without tyranny; unsociable, arrogant, pious, very avaricious, and inordinately vain, Maximilian de Béthune, Duke of Sully, loved and respected Henry as no man or woman loved and respected him. In truth, there was but one living being for whom the duke had greater reverence and affection than for the king, and that was the Duke of Sully himself."

At this time Henry fell in love with Marguérite de Montmorency, and of this episode of his life Mr. Motley gives an admirable description. He shows that although this affair was not, as has been suggested, the main reason of Henry's determination to make war, it was still not without influence in confirming him in that policy. He agreed entirely with Barneveld's views, and was in full expectation of occupying the duchies by a French and Dutch army which should strengthen the Protestant Union and humble the house of Hapsburg, when he was assassinated.

With the death of Henry, Spanish influence gained the ascendency in France. The country sank rapidly from its position of arbiter in the great struggle, and the Dutch republic found itself suddenly almost alone in opposition to the vast forces of Catholicism. Barneveld did not lose hope. He set himself to work with his accustomed zeal to form an army and to strengthen the Protestant Union. Command of the forces of the commonwealth was given to Maurice, who suddenly entered the duchies, at the head of a considerable army, took possession of Jülich, drove out Leopold, and put in his place Brandenburg and Neuburg under the protection of the republic. This, by the way, was the beginning of the greatness of the house of Brandenburg. As Mr. Motley says: —

"The republic had placed itself in as proud a position as it was possible for commonwealth and kingdom to occupy. It had dictated the policy and directed the combined military movements of Protestantism. It had gathered into a solid mass the various elements out of which the great Germanic mutiny, Rome, Spain, and Austria, had been compounded. A breathing-space of uncertain duration had come to interrupt and postpone the general and inevitable conflict. Meanwhile the republic was encamped upon the enemy's soil. France, which hitherto had commanded, now obeyed. England, vacillating and discontented, now threatening and now cajoling, saw, for the time at least, its influence over the council of the Netherlands neutralized by the great statesman who still governed the provinces in all but name."

Soon Matthias took possession of the power that had lain unused in the hands

of Rudolph, and with the aid of Spain took measures to assert his claim to the duchies. Spinola was put in command of an army of eighteen thousand foot and three thousand horse, "and now began one of the strangest series of warlike evolutions that were ever recorded. Maurice, at the head of an army of fourteen thousand foot and three thousand horse, manœuvred in the neighborhood of his great antagonist and professional rival without exchanging a blow."

Spinola captured Aachen, Wesel, and other places, but "the Catholic forces under Spinola or his lieutenants, meeting occasionally and accidentally with the Protestants under Maurice or his generals, exchanged no cannon shots or buffets, but only acts of courtesy; falling away each before the other, and each ceding to the other with extreme politeness the possession of towns which one had preceded the other in besieging."

The result of this military pantomime was that the question of the duchies seemed on the point of settlement with a division, as equable as possible, of the debatable territory between Brandenburg and Neuburg. But at the last moment, Spain, confident in her own strength and seeing her opportunity in the weakness of those opposed to her, absolutely prohibited the treaty. The duchies were left under the joint occupation of Catholicism and Protestantism, and so they were to remain until the Thirty Years' War should "bring its fiery solution at last to all these great debates."

In spite of this unsatisfactory conclusion, the Dutch republic had shown itself but little disheartened even by the loss of its strong ally, France. Now new dangers were threatening it, which it was but ill-prepared to meet. France, as has been seen, was falling more and more under Spanish control; England, under the bigoted policy of James I., was showing hatred and contempt of the Dutch republic; the Catholic powers were strengthening themselves for a renewal of the conflict with Protestantism, and now "personal, sometimes even paltry jealousy; love of power, of money, of place; rivalry between civil and military ambition for predominance in a free state; struggles between church and state to control and oppress each other; conflict between the cautious and healthy, but provincial and centrifugal spirit on the one side, and the ardent centralizing, imperial, but dangerous instinct on the other, for ascendency in a federation; mortal combat between aristocracy disguised in the plebeian form of trading and political corporations and democracy sheltering itself under a famous sword and an ancient and illustrious name, — all these principles and passions will be found hotly at work in the melancholy five years with which we are now to be occupied, as they have entered, and will always enter, into every political combination in the great tragi-comedy which we call history."

While this was the condition of the Dutch republic, matters were in no better state in any other Protestant country. The German princes were blind to the needs of the hour, while the Catholic powers were preparing to strike a heavy blow.

If there had been unanimity in the Netherlands, it is not impossible that Protestantism might have had a leader strong enough to calm dissension elsewhere, but when Ferdinand of Gratz was elevated to the throne of Bohemia, and that fiery Catholic and apt pupil of the Jesuits started the glowing embers of discontent into an open blaze of war, the discord in the Dutch republic was at its height. Those who held to the gentler Arminian faith fell under the suspicion, so common in times of great agitation, of treachery. They were supposed to be secretly furthering the cause of Rome, and to be faithless to their own country. The Calvinists were full of the rigor of their faith. It was a struggle for life or death into which Protestantism was about to enter, and it is not to be wondered at that the Calvinists, never a pliable band of men, held any trifling with the severity of the law to be no better than opening the gates to Catholicism. To our thinking, Mr. Motley is inclined to look too harshly on the obstinate support they gave their creed. They saw their peril, they knew they had to deal with a relentless foe, and when both sides were arming for the fight, the Calvinists very naturally considered it an unfitting moment to propose compromise or anything that looked like indifference. Their austerity was the proof of their energy.

Besides their religious differences, the Netherlanders had other causes of dissension. The question of the rights of the separate states composing the republic was one that excited almost as much bitterness as did the relative merits of Calvinism and Arminianism. John of Barneveld found himself on the unpopular side, that of the

Arminians and state-rights party, and although in the religious question he tried to calm the strife which was growing hotter and hotter, he held with great obstinacy, such as characterizes the lawyer rather than the statesman, to the doctrine of state-rights. Maurice was the leader on the opposite side. Though he cared little for, and knew less of the intricacies of the religious question, he was very glad to have the opportunity to oppose Barneveld, of whom he had long been jealous.

It is impossible in this short space to give all the particulars of Barneveld's downfall. He was accused of betraying his country to Spain, of being a Papist in disguise. In vain did he try to make a compromise upon a legal basis. Maurice marched through the provinces at the head of his army, much to the joy of the people, conquering without opposition the strongholds of Arminianism, and sovereign "for the time being at least, while courteously acknowledging the States-General as sovereign." Meanwhile Barneveld and two of his friends, one of whom was the celebrated Hugo Grotius, were arrested. After seven months' delay Barneveld was granted the form of a trial. In fact, like other state-trials of the time, it was a mere farce. No words can too severely denounce its unfairness. As a natural consequence of his arrest, he was condemned to death. We quote Mr. Motley's impressive description of his execution: —

"The old statesman, leaning on his staff, walked out upon the scaffold and calmly surveyed the scene. Lifting up his eyes to heaven, he was heard to murmur, 'O God, what does man come to?' Then he said bitterly once more, 'This, then, is the reward of forty years' service to the state!'

"La Motte, who attended him, said fervently, 'It is no longer time to think of this. Let us prepare your coming before God.'

"'Is there no cushion or stool to kneel upon?' said Barneveld, looking around him.

"The provost said he would send for one, but the old man knelt at once on the bare planks. His servant, who waited upon him as calmly and composedly as if he had been serving him at dinner, held up his arm. It was remarked that neither master nor man, true stoics and Hollanders both, shed a single tear upon the scaffold.

"La Motte prayed for a quarter of an hour, the advocate remaining on his knees. He then rose, and said to John Franken, 'See that he does not come near,' pointing to the executioner, who stood in the background grasping his long double-handed sword. Barneveld then rapidly unbuttoned his doublet with his own hands, and the valet helped him off with it. 'Make haste, make haste,' said his master.

"The statesman then came forward, and said in a loud, firm voice to the people: 'Men, do not believe that I am a traitor to the country. I have ever acted uprightly and loyally as a good patriot, and as such I shall die.'

"The crowd was perfectly silent.

"He then took his cap from John Franken, drew it over his eyes, and went forward towards the sand, saying, 'Christ shall be my guide; O Lord, my heavenly Father, receive my spirit.'

"As he was about to kneel with his face to the south, the provost said: 'My lord will be pleased to move to the other side, not where the sun is in his face.'

"He knelt accordingly with his face towards his own house. The servant took farewell of him, and Barneveld said to the executioner, 'Be quick about it, be quick.'

"The executioner then struck his head off at a single blow."

Thus, as a victim of partisan fury, under the charge of betraying his country to Rome, perished the real champion of Protestantism in Europe.

Every reader of the history will notice how completely John of Barneveld is lost in the account of events, and of better-known men. It would seem as if more had been put upon his shoulders than they were meant to carry. The impression of the advocate left upon the reader's mind, or, it might be fairer to say, on some readers' minds, is that of an honest, conscientious, hard-working man, tenacious of his opinions, generally wise, and a true patriot, but of less marked ability than he possesses in the eyes of Mr. Motley, who, after all, knows a great deal more about him than do his readers. But the historian can hardly be said to have succeeded in drawing the character we were promised; it is difficult to avoid having misgivings about John of Barneveld's greatness. He had undoubtedly rare and valuable qualities, but perhaps not in precisely the proportion which distinguishes greatness from excellence. This is rather an impression than a conviction. So much is sure, at least,

that the history outweighs in interest and importance the biography.

Allusion has already been made to the author's treatment of the religious question. Now that indifference has nourished toleration, it is easy for us to approve of measures which two hundred and fifty years ago would have seemed like a compact with the enemy. Calvinism was like military authority in times of peril; it demanded strict obedience, and looked with natural distrust at half-way measures; and when we condemn its severity, we do it rather with the comfortable security with which we look back upon the stormy past, than with complete sympathy for those who knew the enemy was at their gates. As we have said, it is just here that Mr. Motley seems to us to have lost the sense of strict historical perspective. Then, too, it is to be remembered that the close connection then existing between theology and politics was the reason that not all the followers of Arminianism were advanced apostles of toleration; far from it; they held certain theological opinions on account of their political prejudices. Bearing this in mind, the reader will get a fairer view of the conditions of parties in Barneveld's time than if he brings to the consideration of the question the mode of thought of the present day.

The course of events that followed the death of Barneveld, Mr. Motley hopes yet to describe, and for this undertaking he has the good wishes of his readers. We cannot be too grateful to him for this last history. It holds an important place in completing a work he had begun so well. The nature of the subject does not lend itself so well to the picturesque treatment of which he is a master, but the episodes of Henry IV. and of the fate of Grotius show that the difference lies in the subject and not in the writer. The closest knots of intrigue are disentangled and set before us clearly, new light is thrown on one of the most complicated periods of modern times, and in spite of the objections which we have briefly mentioned, the book is an interesting and valuable contribution to modern history.

— It is rather odd that while most of us, in these days of diminished leisure, spend many sighs over our own letter-writing, we should yet be very willing to read the correspondence of other people. The letters we write and the letters we receive consume an unconscionable portion of our time, and yet we extend a welcome to epistolary matter with which it would appear, logically, that we might thank our stars we had nothing to do. There is a permanent charm in the epistolary form, when it has been managed with any grace, and people find in it a sort of mixture of the benefits of conversation and of literature. This applies, of course, especially to the epistolary form as it was practiced in those spacious, slow-moving days, when a swinging mail-coach offered to a complacent generation the brightest realization of the rapid and punctual, and the penny-post, in its infancy, an almost perplexing opportunity for alertness of wit; days which, although not chronologically distant, seem as distinctly severed from our own as the air of an old-fashioned quadrille, played by an orchestra, from the rattling *galop* which follows it. There were doubtless many dull letters written in those days, and indeed the railway and the telegraph have not now made all letters brilliant; but we incline to think that the average of letter-writing was higher. The telegraph, now, has made even our letters telegraphic, and we imagine the multiplication of occasions for writing to have acted upon people's minds very much as it has done on their hands, and rendered them dashy and scrappy and indistinct. In fact, it may be questioned whether we any longer write letters in the real sense at all. We scribble off notes and jot down abbreviated dispatches and memoranda, and at last the postal card has come to seem to us the ideal epistolary form.

Dr. Channing's and Miss Aikin's letters belong to the ante-telegraphic period, and to an epistolary school diametrically opposed to the postal card manner. They have a sort of perfume of leisure; you feel that the writers could hear the scratching of their pens. Miss Aikin lived at quiet Hampstead, among suburban English lanes and garden-walls, and Dr. Channing dwelt in tranquil Boston, before the days of street-cars and semi-annual fires. It took their letters a month to come and go, and these missives have an air of expecting to be treated with respect and unfolded with a deliberate hand. They have other merits beside this agreeable suggestiveness; but we are obliged to ask ourselves what degree of merit it is that would make it right we should read them at all. Dr. Channing expressed the wish that they should be rescued from such a fate, and requested Miss Aikin either to return or to burn them. "Miss

Aikin," says Dr. Channing's descendant, on whom the responsibility of publishing them rests, "did not herself interpret the passage so strictly;" did not, in fact, interpret it at all. She kept the letters intact, and publicity has now marked them for its own. Miss Aikin was excusable; she was a clever, eager old woman, who was not in the least likely to surrender what she had once secured, and who was free to reflect that if the letters were ever published (with her own as the needful context), she would by no means come off second best. Those of Dr. Channing take nothing from his reputation, but they add nothing to it, and under the circumstances they might very well have been left in obscurity. We touch upon this point because the case seems to us a rather striking concession to the pestilent modern fashion of publicity. A man has certainly a right to determine, in so far as he can, what the world shall know of him and what it shall not; the world's natural curiosity to the contrary notwithstanding. A while ago we should have been tolerably lenient to non-compliance on the world's part; have been tempted to say that privacy was respectable, but that the future was for knowledge, precious knowledge, at any cost. But now that knowledge (of an unsavory kind, especially) is pouring in upon us like a torrent, we maintain that, beyond question, the more precious law is that there should be a certain sanctity in all appeals to the generosity and forbearance of posterity, and that a man's table-drawers and pockets should not be turned inside out. This would be our feeling where even a truly important contribution to knowledge was at stake, and there is nothing in Dr. Channing's letters to overbear the rule.

He made Miss Aikin's acquaintance during a short visit to England prior to 1826, when the correspondence opens. She was a literary lady, a niece of Mrs. Barbauld, and member of a Unitarian and liberal circle in which Dr. Channing's writings were highly prized. She felt strongly the influence of his beautiful genius, and found it a precious privilege to be in communication with him. In a letter written in 1831 she returns him almost ardent thanks for all that his writings have been to her. "I shudder now to think how good a *hater* I was in the days of my youth. Time and reflection, a wider range of acquaintance, and a calmer state of the public mind, mitigated by degrees my bigotry; but I really knew not what it was to open my heart to the human race until I had drunk deeply into the spirit of your writings." They continued to exchange letters until the eve of Dr. Channing's death in 1842, and their correspondence offers a not incomplete reflection of the public events and interests of these sixteen years. It deals hardly at all with personal matters, and has nothing for lovers of gossip. Except for alluding occasionally to his feeble health, Dr. Channing writes like a disembodied spirit, and defines himself, personally, almost wholly by negatives. Politics and banks are his principal topics, and in Miss Aikin he found an extremely robust interlocutor. The letters were presumably published for the sake, mainly, of Dr. Channing's memory, but their effect is to throw his correspondent into prominent relief. This lady's extremely sturdy and downright personality is the most entertaining thing in the volume. Clever, sagacious, shrewd, a student, a blue-stocking, and an accomplished writer, one wonders why her vigorous intellectual temperament has not attracted independent notice. She wrote a Life of Charles I. and a Life and Times of Addison (which Macaulay praises in his Essay); but she did a great deal of lively thinking which is not represented by her literary performances. Much of it (as of that of her correspondent) is of a rather old-fashioned sort, but it is very lucid and respectable, and, in a certain way, quite edifying. Both she and Dr. Channing were strongly interested in their times and the destiny of their respective countries, and there is a sort of antique dignity in the way they exchange convictions and theories upon public affairs and the tendencies of the age. Many of these affairs seem rather ancient history now, and the future has given its answer to Miss Aikin's doubts and conjectures. She troubled herself a good deal about shadows, and she was serenely unconscious of certain predestined realities; but, on the whole, she read the signs of the times shrewdly enough. A striking case of this is her prophecy that the Italians would come up before long and prove themselves a more modern and practical people than the French. There was little distinct promise of this when she wrote. She had no love for the French, and they were rather a bone of contention between her and the doctor, who admired them in a fashion that strikes one as rather anomalous. But his admiration was intellectual; he was in sympathy with their

democratic and *égalitaire* theories; whereas Miss Aikin's dislike was inherent in her stout British temperament. By virtue of this quality she gives one a really more masculine impression than her friend. She had a truly feminine garrulity; pen in hand, she is an endless talker; but her style has decidedly more color and force than Dr. Channing's, and whatever animation and point the volume contains is to be found in her letters. She was evidently a woman of temper, and her phrase often has a snap in it; but the only approach to absolute gayety in the book, perhaps, is on her side. "I have had a glimpse, however, of the English reprint of the book; a glimpse only, for it was lent to Mr. Le Breton and to me, and in our mingled politeness and impatience we have been sending it to each other and then snatching it back, so that neither of us yet has had much good of it." It is rather amusing, in the light of subsequent history, to read in the same letter this allusion to Mr. Bryant: "I lament over the unpoetical destiny of the poet Bryant: his admirers should have endeavored to procure for him some humble independence; but it will be long, I suspect, before you pension men of letters." Miss Aikin's early letters have a tone of extreme deference and respect, but as the correspondence lasts, her native positiveness and conservatism assert themselves. Her letters indeed have throughout a *manner*, such as may very well have belonged personally to a learned British gentlewoman; she professes much, and she fulfills to the utmost all the duties of urbanity. But she speaks frankly, when the spirit moves her, and her frankness reaches a sort of dramatic climax in the last letter of the series, which Dr. Channing did not live to answer. She was willing to think hospitably and graciously of American people and things, but the note of condescension is always audible. She says of Prescott's style that "it is pretty well for an American," but regrets that, not having "mingled with the good society of London," he should be guilty of the vulgarity of calling artisans "*operatives*, the slang word of the Glasgow weavers." It illustrates her literary standard that she could see nothing in Carlyle but pure barbarism.

Dr. Channing's letters are briefer and undeniably less entertaining. But they are characteristic, and will be found interesting by those who know the writer otherwise. He was a moral genius, he had a passion (within the rather frigid form of his thought) for perfection, and he believed that we are steadily tending to compass it here below. One feels that his horizon is narrow, that his temperament is rather pale and colorless, and that he lacked what is called nowadays general culture, but everything he says has an exquisite aroma of integrity. His optimism savors a trifle of weakness; it seems rather sentimental than rational, and Miss Aikin, secluded spinster as she is, by virtue of living simply in the denser European atmosphere, is better aware of the complexity of the *data* on which any forecast of the future should rest; but he holds his opinions with a firmness and purity of faith to which his correspondent's less facile, Old-World liberalism must have seemed not a little corrupt and cynical. Even his personal optimism is great. "What remains to me of strength becomes more precious for what is lost. I have lost one ear, but was never so alive to sweet sounds as now. My sight is so far impaired that the brightness in which nature was revealed to me in my youth is dimmed, but I never looked on nature with such pure joy as now. My limbs soon tire, but I never felt it such a privilege to move about in the open air, under the sky, in sight of the infinity of creation, as at this moment. I almost think that my simple food, eaten by rule, was never relished so well. I am grateful, then, for my earthly tabernacle, though it does creak and shake not a little." There is something almost ascetic in the rule he had made to be satisfied with a little. "A fine climate! What a good those words contain to me! It is worth more than all renown, considering renown as a personal good, and not a moral power which may help to change the face of society. The delight which I find in a beautiful country, breathing and feeling a balmy atmosphere and walking under a magnificent sky, is so pure and deep that it seems to me worthy of a future world. *Not that I am in danger of any excess in this particular*, for I never forget how very, very inferior this tranquil pleasure is to disinterested action; and I trust I should joyfully forego these gratifications of an invalid, to toil and suffer for my race." And yet he was not unable to understand the epicurean way of taking life, and speaks of the pleasure he has had in hearing his children read out Lever's Charles O'Malley. "I read such books with much interest," he adds, "as they give me human

experience in strong and strange contrast with my own, and help my insight into that mysterious thing, the human soul." We have said that the correspondence moves toward a kind of dramatic climax. The late Miss Sedgwick had expressed herself disparagingly on the subject of the beauty and grace of Miss Aikin's countrywomen, and Dr. Channing, with a placid aggressiveness which must certainly have been irritating to his correspondent, attempts to lay down the law in defense of her dictum. "You know, I suppose, that we have much more beauty in our country than there is in yours, and this beauty differs much in character." He intimates even that "the profiles of the American gentlemen are of a higher order than yours," and enumerates the various points in which English loveliness fails to rise to our standard. He had flung down the glove and it was picked up with a vengeance. Miss Aikin comes down upon him, in vulgar parlance, with a cumulative solidity which he must have found rather startling. If he wishes the truth he shall have it! She proceeds to refute his invidious propositions with a logical and categorical exhaustiveness at which, in the light of our present easy familiarity with the topic, we feel rather tempted to smile. Miss Aikin is not complimentary either to American beauty or to American manners, and the most she will admit is that so long as Dr. Channing's countrywomen sit in a corner and hold their tongues, they avoid giving positive offense; whereas she proves by chapter and verse that English comeliness and English grace ought to be, must be, shall be, of the most superlative quality. The English ladies "walk with the same quiet grace that pervades all their deportment, and to which you have seen nothing similar or comparable!" Dr. Channing died almost immediately after the receipt of her letter.

— In his short volume, Professor Shepherd has written an interesting and trustworthy account of the growth of the English language. "The book," the author says in his preface, "contains the substance of the lectures delivered to the advanced classes in English in the Baltimore City College during the past three years, and is intended for the purposes of instruction in colleges, high schools, and academies, as well as to meet the wants of general readers. The necessity for some work similar in design to the present must be obvious to all teachers of the English language in the United States. The want of suitable textbooks constitutes one of the most serious obstacles with which the magnificent and rapidly expanding science of English philology has to contend upon this side of the Atlantic."

For this purpose the book may with proper treatment be found of considerable service. It contains an excellent *résumé* of recent philological work, sketching briefly the history of the Indo-European family of languages, and tracing the growth of the English language from the earliest times down to the end of the reigns of the Georges. Thus, it will be seen, the author goes over a great deal of ground in short compass, for his book consists of less than two hundred and thirty pages. What might seem to many an arid, untempting subject is made entertaining, but without any sacrifice of solid merit. The general reader, who may be defined as the person who shuns textbooks, will find Professor Shepherd's book an excellent guide. As to its utility as a textbook we confess that we have our doubts; not from any fault of the book, however, but because it must fail to give more than a superficial knowledge of its subject, unless it is taken merely to supplement more vigorous work with grammar and dictionary and many volumes of English literature. If this be done, if the student has a chance to learn for himself with some toil what is here crowded into a few pages, or, possibly, lines, he will find Professor Shepherd's brief account of service in imprinting it upon his memory. But if, on the other hand, he contents himself with what he may retain from this abridged history, his knowledge will be certainly vague and insecure, because built upon too slight a foundation.

If every teacher were as familiar with the subject as Professor Shepherd, there would be no difficulty. There are only too many, however, who can do nothing in the way of explaining, illustrating, and confirming the brief statements of the book. Professor Shepherd can read between the lines of his history, he can explain at length whatever his brevity has left obscure; and unless this is done, it is certain that the book will fall very far short of accomplishing its purpose.

The history might be made more serviceable if full reference were made to authorities. There are many points where the writer could aid his readers by showing them where they might be able to pursue further investigations. After all, there is no royal road to learning, and even lect-

ures are no more than stepping-stones at very unequal distances. Philology is a difficult science, and it requires hard work of its pupils.

— In the number of this magazine for September, 1874, there was printed a review of two books by Mr. R. A. Proctor, from which the following words are taken:

"The titles of these [referring to various books by this author] are well known, and they are an index to the rather sensational character of the books themselves: The Sun, Ruler, Light, Fire, and Life of the Planetary System; Other Suns than Ours; The Orbs around Us; Other Worlds than Ours, etc. The contents of these books confirm the evil prognostic of their titles."

To these remarks Mr. Proctor replied in a letter to the editor, in which he objected to the including of Other Suns than Ours in the list above given, for the reason that although it had been announced three years before, it had never been published.

As soon as possible, it was replied to Mr. Proctor that the mention of Other Suns than Ours, even in so incidental and casual a way as was done in the above-quoted paragraph, was "an undoubted slip, for which Mr. Proctor had our apology." In extenuation of this quite incidental mention, it was submitted that since 1868 Mr. Proctor had "published at least *twenty* different volumes," and this was supposed to be sufficient to excuse a slight confusion in the mind of even the most conscientious critic as to the exact contents of each of the twenty. It was further said that "a striking peculiarity of many of these is that their titles are like the parts of a Waltham watch, 'warranted mutually interchangeable.'" This was intended to show that the conviction, which really existed in the critic's mind at the time of writing, that Other Suns than Ours had been read and was a poor book, was not unnatural, and was easily to be held by any one who believed that three hundred pages of Mr. Proctor's recent style of essay was in print, which could be gathered into a mass sufficiently homogeneous to be put under one of the very general titles which Mr. Proctor affects: The Orbs around Us, Other Suns than Ours, Other Worlds than Ours, etc.

Before Mr. Proctor's first protest could be answered, he wrote a second to The English Mechanic, and on the appearance of the answer above given, Mr. Proctor wrote to The New York Herald a somewhat violent letter on Dishonest Criticism, in which he expressed his fervent wish "to bring before the bar of public opinion" "an offense against the morality of literature." In this letter he does not object to, nor attempt to disprove, a single stricture made by the critic, but reiterates the charge, already answered, that Other Suns, etc., had been mentioned as a published book. He however distinctly conveys the false impression that this mention was made in a formal way, for he says the reviewer "specially vilified" Other Suns than Ours.

We call the attention of the reader to the paragraph first quoted above, to show how casual and passing a mention of one of Mr. Proctor's books may be regarded by him as a special vilification.

It is not necessary for us to comment on Mr. Proctor's private opinions, which he expresses in an open-hearted manner in the letter to the Herald; but we note the great ratio of *reply* to *provocation* as unusual.

When Mr. Proctor seeks a grievance he is sure to find one: —

> "Denn eben wo Begriffe fehlen,
> Da stellt ein Wort zur rechten Zeit sich ein."

French and German.[1]

It would be hard to find three volumes better suited for gift-books than these publications of Didot, which form a series representing with exactness and tolerable completeness the civilization of the Middle Ages. The only objection to their being put to the agreeable use we have mentioned is the beauty and attractiveness of the volumes, which are great enough to tempt even the most generous to keep them

[1] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

Les Arts au Moyen Age et à l'Époque de la Renaissance. Par Paul Lacroix (Bibliophile Jacob), Conservateur de la Bibliothèque Impériale de l'Arsenal. Ouvrage illustré de 19 planches chromo-lithographiques exécutées par F. Kellerhoven, et de 400 gravures sur bois. Paris: Firmin Didot & Cie.

Moeurs, Usages, et Costumes au Moyen Age, etc., etc. Illustré de 15 planches chromo-lithographiques et de 440 gravures. Paris: Didot.

Vie Militaire et Religieuse au Moyen Age, etc., etc. Ouvrage illustré de 14 chromo-lithographies et de 410 figures sur bois. Paris: Didot Frères, Fils, & Cie.

Contes Flamands et Wallons. Par Camille Lemonnier. Paris.

Histoires de Gras et de Maigres. Par Camille Lemonnier. Paris.

Bilder aus dem geistigen Leben unserer Zeit. 4ter Band. Characterbilder aus der Zeitgenössischen Literatur. Leipzig. 1875.

himself. What first strikes one on opening them is the excellence of the illustrations, more particularly of the chromo-lithographs, which give fac-similes of many of the miniatures of the Middle Ages. These are so rich in color, and so admirable in execution, that it is easy to see that to produce them in a satisfactory state there is needed more than ordinary mechanical skill. The blame given to chromo-lithography is often deserved, but such successes as these show what could be done if those who are engaged in the business would only take all the pains required to give more than a diluted copy of the original.

These three volumes treat of the manners, usages, and dresses of the Middle Ages and the time of the Renaissance, of military and religious life and of the arts at those periods. These titles are rather vague, but there is included under them a great deal that is novel and interesting. There is but little danger of excess of pedantry in books of this sort; they are made to entertain that easily fatigued abstraction, the general reader, to win whose favor writers are always becoming superficial, and they wisely avoid going too far into a subject. They do not give us a complete notion of the Middle Ages, but they do contain a great deal of curious information about those times. Then the frequent wood-engravings throw light on much that would otherwise be obscure. In short, these volumes are very much like a portable museum; he is a very well-informed man who does not get profit from them, and a very indifferent one who is not entertained by them. The descriptive hardly equals the artistic part of the books; for instance, we are told, and with a quotation from Voltaire for our authority, that the Inquisition was a benefit to Spain, for by its means that country was preserved from anarchy and revolution. If Voltaire had lived a century later perhaps his remarks on this subject would not have found their place in this work. Most of the ghastly illustrations of the horrible work of the Inquisition represent the cruelties perpetrated by the Huguenots and the Protestants of the Low Countries, and the blame for all the religious persecution of those days is put upon Calvin's shoulders! Schism was certainly not always as easy to bring about as it has been within the past few years, when we have had no Calvin to introduce religious persecution.

In profane matters there is fuller information. There are also some curious anecdotes, as that of the *Sire* du Beaumanoir, who defended the dress of his wife, at which a lady was laughing, by saying that it was in accordance with his own wishes that she was dressed "after the fashion of the good ladies of France and of her country, not according to that of the women of England." This way of thinking, it is understood, is still held by a great many French people, not to speak of the inhabitants of newer lands. In general, one will read these books but hastily if at all. The illustrations will demand and receive the greater part of the attention, and they can hardly be praised too highly. The volumes should be in every public library in the country. They contain in all, it will be noticed, forty-eight remarkable chromo-lithographs, and between twelve and thirteen hundred valuable wood-engravings. In their specialty these volumes are as useful as an encyclopædia.

—Les Contes Flamands et Wallons is the title of a collection of short stories by M. Camille Lemonnier, which is well worth reading. M. Lemonnier is a Belgian, and in his writings he confines himself strictly to the material with which his residence in that country has made him familiar. These tales consist of what are called scenes of national life: every one of them contains descriptions of the people and manners of Belgium, told with the real art of a novelist, and so more noteworthy than if their sole merit were geographical accuracy. In some of them there is to be noticed a trace of modern sentimentality, as in La Noël du petit Jouer de Violon, and in Bloementje, which make rather violent assaults on the reader's capacity for pathos; but in the others there is a healthier tone. Un Mariage en Brabant is perhaps the best; it is but a slight sketch, which does not need any elaborate dissection to show the plot; but it will be read with pleasure by any one into whose hands the volume may fall.

The Histoires de Gras et de Maigres, by the same author, hardly pleases us so much. The first story, Les bons Amis, is too strongly marked by Dickens's mannerisms, and the others are for the most part rather coldly fantastic. But the first volume is worthy of attention for the simplicity of the stories, the modest excellence of the narration, and the accuracy of the pictures of Belgian life.

—We have just received, too late for more than brief mention at this time, the

fourth volume of Julian Schmidt's Bilder aus dem geistigen Leben unserer Zeit. Almost every year this industrious writer sends out a new and massive volume on subjects of great interest to the reading public. It is not only his subjects that are interesting; in his manner of treatment he always shows the same energy and unflagging zeal which have made his more solid works masterpieces of industry and critical acumen. Mr. Schmidt's various merits have been often pointed out in these pages, and there is no need to-day of much more than calling our readers' attention to the fact that a new volume of his essays has appeared; the eager public Mr. Schmidt has created for himself in this country will know that they have a solid treat awaiting them.

In the volume we find the names of Auerbach, who has a long article devoted to him, Otto Ludwig, Paul Heyse, Franz Grillparzer, Hoffmann von Fallersleben, Tourguéneff, and Pisemski, as well as others less known, and many pages of studies of the English novel. This is a tempting list.

Pisemski, it may be remembered, is the author of a depressing novel called Tausend Seelen in the German version, which is marked by the most uncompromising realism. He is not brought forward as a rival of Tourguéneff's, but rather as a Russian who is influenced in his manner of writing by the same causes which have made so much that Tourguéneff has written hopeless and depressing. Mr. Schmidt had already written an article on Tourguéneff, and a very interesting article it is, in the first volume of the Bilder; but in this essay he adds to what he said then some remarks which have been inspired by regarding Tourguéneff as a Russian, as one who belongs to a nationality stamped with feelings, and religious instincts and training, different from those of the west of Europe. Fully to understand a writer it is necessary to know whatever can be known of the countless influences which have gone to the shaping of his mind, and certainly the influence of race is one that ought not to be neglected. Schmidt, like every one who reads Tourguéneff, has found prominent in him the disposition to ask, What is the end of it all? what is the real value of life? The same tendency to pessimism he has observed in the earlier Russian writers, Pouschkine and Lermontoff. Schopenhauer, Schmidt also says, has nowhere found more devoted followers than in Russia. That this quality is so wide-spread he takes to be the consequence of the manner in which the Russians regard the ideal, so different from that of the rest of Europe. In other countries mind is modified by the prevailing religion. English literature, as well as German literature, starts from a Protestant basis; that is to say, even when there is no mention made of theology, there is tacit reference to certain universally acknowledged truths. In Catholic countries, and noticeably in France, the same thing is true. In other words, the civilization of Western Europe is homogeneous: culture and Christianity either agree together, or, disagreeing, respect one another. In Russia, on the other hand, the religion of the people is to those who are cultivated something unknown. As was the case in the third and fourth centuries with the first baptized Germans, this is probably due to what may be called the superficial way in which that country was converted to Christianity. It was done in the way Congress tries to make paper the same thing as gold, — by order of the government. Russian was pagan; edicts commanding conversion were pronounced, baptism of whole villages followed, and the country has since been called Christian. As Mr. Schmidt says, all its old superstitions remain, fastening themselves to traditions about the saints. Under the influence of their leaders the masses are capable of almost any amount of desperate devotion; to what extremities they can go there have been many instances in modern Russian history. The cultivated classes have but little sympathy with this. All the cultivation they have imbibed is *un*national; it has its origin in either Protestantism or Catholicism, and so is out of accord with the national religion of Russia. The Russian, then, who draws pictures of his national life, finds himself confronted by emotions which do not fully appeal to his sympathies, but which strike an unused, almost forgotten chord in his mind; and while he can partly appreciate what he sees, his cultivation causes him to regard these feelings as diseased growths, and he cannot help wondering how they made their appearance. It will be good news to our readers to hear that Tourguéneff is writing another long novel of Russian life.

We have not space this month for further mention of Schmidt's volume, but we hope to return to it in the next number.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: The Life of Benjamin Franklin. Written by himself. Now first edited from Original Manuscripts and from his Printed Correspondence and other Writings. By John Bigelow. Three Volumes. — Manual of Political Ethics. Designed chiefly for the use of Colleges and Students at Law. By Francis Lieber, LL. D. Second Edition, revised. Edited by Theodore D. Woolsey. — Memoirs of John Quincy Adams: Comprising Portions of his Diary from 1795–1848. Edited by Charles Francis Adams. Volume IV. — The Voice in Speaking. Translated from the German of Emma Seiler. By W. H. Furness, D. D.

Macmillan & Co., New York: A Short History of the English People. By J. R. Green, M. A., Examiner in the School of Modern History, Oxford. With Maps and Tables. — The Poetical Works of John Milton. Volumes I., II., and III. Edited, with Introductions, Notes, and an Essay on Milton's English, by David Masson. — Christ and other Masters: An Historical Inquiry into some of the Chief Parallelisms and Contrasts between Christianity and the Religious Systems of the Ancient World. By Charles Hardwick, M. A., late Archdeacon of Ely. Third Edition. Edited by Francis Proctor. — The Extant Odes of Pindar. Translated into English, with an Introduction and short Notes, by Ernest Myers, M. A. — Tales in Political Economy. By Millicent Garrett Fawcett. — An Elementary Latin Grammar. By John Barrow Allen, M. A. — Milton Areopagitica. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by J. W. Hales, M. A. — A First Latin Reader. By the Rev. T. J. Nunns, M. A., formerly Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge. — Shakespeare. Select Plays: The Tempest. Edited by William Aldis Wright, M. A. — Elementary Lessons in Historical English Grammar. Containing Accidence and Word Formation. By the Rev. Richard Morris, LL. D. — Social Life in Greece, from Homer to Menander. By the Rev. J. P. Mahaffy, M. A., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. — For the King's Dues. By Agnes Macdonell.

Hurd and Houghton, New York: His Two Wives. By Mary Clemmer Ames.

Sheldon & Co., New York: Estelle. A Novel. By Mrs. Annie Edwards.

Porter and Coates, Philadelphia: South Meadows. A Tale of Long Ago. By E. T. Disosway.

D. Appleton & Co., New York: My Story. A Novel. By Mrs. K. S. Macquoid.

J. W. Bouton, New York: The Portfolio. An Artistic Periodical, edited by Philip Gilbert Hamerton. With Numerous Illustrations.

Lockwood and Brainerd Co., Hartford: Some Observations. Published in part in The Hartford Courant in the winter of 1872. By a Practical Stone Cutter.

Edwin A. Wilson & Co., Springfield, Illinois: Abraham Lincoln. His Life, Public Services, Death, and great Funeral Cortege. With a History and Description of the National Lincoln Monument. By John Carroll Power.

American Publishing Company, Hartford: The History of Democracy; or, Political Progress Historically Illustrated, from the Earliest to the Latest Periods. By Nahum Capen, LL. D. With Portraits of Distinguished Men. Volume I.

Estes and Lauriat, Boston: Checkmate. By J. S. Le Fanu. — Too Much Alone. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. With Illustrations. — Half-Hour Recreations in Popular Science. Dana Estes, Editor. No 13. — The Transmission of Sound by the Atmosphere. By John Tyndall. — Gigantic Cuttle-Fish. By W. Saville Kent. — Half-Hour Recreations in Natural History. Division First: Half-Hours with Insects. Twelve Parts. Part V. Insects of the Pond and Stream. By A. S. Packard, Jr.

Roberts Brothers, Boston: Singers and Songs of the Liberal Faith. With Biographical Sketches of the Writers, and with Historical and Illustrative Notes. By Alfred P. Putnam. — The Story of Boon. By H. H. — Our New Crusade. A Temperance Story. By Edward E. Hale.

Harper and Brothers, New York: The Communistic Societies of the United States; from Personal Visit and Observation. Their Religious Creeds, Social Practices, Numbers, Industries, and Present Condition. By Charles Nordhoff. — Remains of Lost Empires: Sketches of the Ruins of Palmyra, Nineveh, Babylon, and Persepolis, with some Notes on India and the Cashmerian Himalayas. By P. V. N. Myers, A. M. Illustrations. — The Vatican Decrees in their bearing on Civil Allegiance; A Political Expostulation. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M. P. To which are added: A History of the Vatican Council, together with the Latin and English Text of the Papal Syllabus and the Vatican Decrees. By the Rev. Philip Schaff, D. D., from his forthcoming History of the Creeds of Christendom. — The Ugly-Girl Papers; or, Hints for the Toilet. Reprinted from Harper's Bazar. — Lost for Love. A Novel. By Miss M. E. Braddon. — A Sack of Gold. A Novel. By Virginia W. Johnson.

Dodd and Mead, New York: The Starling. By Norman MacLeod, D. D.

Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., New York: The House of Lancaster and York, with the Conquest and Loss of France. By James Gairdner.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: The Bewildered Querists and other Nonsense. By Francis Blake Crofton.

Lee and Shepard, Boston: Caleb Krinkle. A Story of American Life. By Charles Carleton Coffin.

James R. Osgood & Co., Boston: Parnassus. Edited by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Noyes, Holmes, & Co., Boston: Thoughts to Help and to Cheer.

A. Williams & Co., Boston: Legends and Memories of Scotland. By Cora Kennedy Aitken. Published by Hodder and Stoughton, London.

Government Printing Office, Washington: Report of the International Penitentiary Congress of London, held July 3–13, 1872 By E. C. Wines, D. D., LL. D., U. S. Commissioner To which is appended the Second Annual Report of the National Prison Association of the United States, containing the Transactions of the National Prison Reform Congress, held at Baltimore, Md., January 21–24, 1873.

ART.

The last exhibition of the Boston Art Club hardly deserves so much space as we shall give to it, were it not that it suggests a train of thought which cannot fail to arise in the minds of unprejudiced outsiders, who are interested in art progress. We suppose that no one considered this exhibition a fair representation of the powers or work of our artists. Hunt was present only in a few slight sketches, which, if they were the productions of a young, obscure artist, might have the words "full of promise" jotted against their titles in a critic's private catalogue. Inness had two landscapes, not in his best style; Gay was not represented; Norton's pictures did him injustice; and J. Appleton Brown had not contributed even a sketch to be remembered by.

An observer, standing before the collection, would really find it hard to decide what was the object of the club in opening their rooms to the public. If the club should say, "This is an exhibition by amateurs," we should immediately drop our ungracious task of criticism, and endeavor to express ourselves as the politic man of society might, when shown the crude sketches of a friend: "I cannot tell you *how* much I like your pictures."

We should characterize many of the American landscapes in the Boston Art Club Exhibition as Dickens did the color of the American houses of old: "The white is so very white, and the green so very green." Perhaps such pictures really represent the manner in which American landscapes influence our artistic temperaments. These may be honest efforts to paint nature as it is seen, which will be appreciated perhaps by some future generation as marking an epoch in our art development. To trace the influence of our climatic stage-effects, so to speak, upon the work of American artists would be an interesting subject for Taine. In England the solemn greens, the deep-hued browns of the carefully cultivated fields with their occasional fringes of bright poppies, the rounded olive-green hills, the grays of the chalk cliffs, all influence the landscapes of the native painters. There we never see the greens and the blues which pervade the pictures of many of our American artists. Among the French landscape painters also, there is the same dwelling upon subdued moods of nature. There is a fondness for misty effects: for reaches of moors on which the wind-waved grass, in straggling patches of brown and madder, with occasional breadths of modest green, seem to vie in wayward effects with the cloud forms overhead. In the subdued English landscape we miss the flavor of discontent and the thrills of color which a Frenchman can throw into his work. It would be a dangerous experiment, doubtless, for a French landscape artist to paint a series of American sketches. He would find so much in our garish midday sunshine, in our gorgeous sunrises and sunsets, in our autumnal effects, which would appeal to his instincts for the dramatic, that, far removed from the safeguard of the soft light, the browns and grays of his own country, he would be in danger of running to wild riot and disorder in color. It has long been the fashion in America to admire modern French art; perhaps it is because there is much that is akin in the art temperament of the two nations. The American artist recognizes apparently that his treatment of subjects in his own country lacks the sentiment which the Frenchman puts into even his mildest *tour de force*. Hence we have so many imitators of French art. We should be glad if they were less servile; and we should be rejoiced at bold strivings to express a distinctive American art in landscape, if the efforts had anything admirable in them. Perhaps nature in the beginning recognized what would be our national idiosyncrasies, and, to please a race of comparative barbarians in art, gave us in despair our brilliant skies and our autumnal gold and scarlet. There is certainly much that is admirable in color; but it appeals to an uncultivated taste more than form. Children are very early impressed by vivid colors; and some innovators think that our art education should begin with instruction in color. To handle color well, however, especially when the contrasts are so vivid as they are in our country, requires great moderation and discrimination. Turner, even in the subdued atmospheric effects of England, would not touch brilliant colors for many years, and the discipline which Turner subjected himself to would not be out of place with many of our artists. We

remember to have seen no really successful rendering of one of our autumnal landscapes by an American artist, although such subjects are very often attempted.

We fear that scientific photography will in a day not distant drive the mere painter of views out of his own field. We do not see evidence in the work of most of our landscape painters of a stern desire for excellence in painting a special class of subjects. Sunrises and sunsets, water views and inland reaches of meadow and uplands, are attempted by the same painter with varying degrees of success. Many of the pictures in the Art Club Exhibition seem to us to need more body color. They have a starved look, as if the artists, in a hurry to produce certain effects, worked upon insufficient foundations.

Among the few landscapes free from the overpowering greenness which we have dwelt upon, there was a little picture of Manchester Meadows, by J. R. Brevoort, with considerable tenderness and sentiment in the distance. Of Longfellow's pictures we liked the careful study at Manchester. There was much that was commendable in a little sketch by Stratton, marked 99. Miss Boott's study of a Pool at Rye Beach was forcibly painted. Norton's picture, entitled December Gale, was very realistic, and appealed to any one who had been at sea. It was hung in too bright a light; to our view it should have been placed in a position where the spectral character of the ice-covered ship could be seen in half gloom. Vinton's Road in Melrose showed promise; it was certainly broad in its effects. Staigg's picture of the Chestnut Gatherer redeemed the room in which it was placed. It would not suffer if placed beside many of Sir Joshua Reynolds's portraits. The two pictures by T. L. Smith deserved better hanging, for they showed conscientious work.

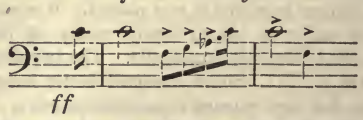
Nearly a quarter of the entire exhibition was made up of the work of foreigners. On the whole, one often sees a better collection of pictures at Doll and Richards's.

There is something a little mournful to us in the departure of our artists for the more striking regions of American scenery. It seems to us that there is an infinite number of subjects lying at our very doors. Any one who would hire an old boat, and lurk in the salt marshes of the Mystic or the Charles, could fill his sketch-book with studies of delicate distant effects of towers beyond rich sweeps of brown; stranded schooners; old, rambling coal-sheds; all of which can be seen under a thousand varied effects of light and shade, with a sky over all, running down to the not far distant sea, capable of expressing every mood. Whistler could find as interesting subjects on these marshes near sea-ports, so common on our New England coast, as he has found along the banks of the Thames. Gay has discovered the mine of sentiment which lurks in our varied sea-coast, with its beaches and strips of moor. Morviller in some of his pictures caught the fascinating gloom of our landscape when seen through the veil of fast-falling snow. La Farge has appreciated the wealth of sentiment which the rocks and pastures of Newport afford, with their curtains of mist and half-revealed stretches of opal-tinted ocean. Indeed, most of our artists appear at their best when they remain at the sea-shore. Their efforts in the interior are not happy. Their browns and grays seem to forsake them at once. There is much that is poetic in our New England landscape. It could impress Hawthorne's peculiar genius so that it seemed the most appropriate setting for his fancies. Our writers seem to be far ahead of our painters in reproducing the characteristics of New England scenery, so that we must look to books and not to picture-galleries for landscape pictures.

Perhaps subdued pictures will not sell so well as panoramic views. Boston, however, with its many art lovers, with its prospective art museum and scheme of art schools, ought to encourage a style of art exhibition different from that of the Art Club this year.

MUSIC.

THE recent performance of Lohengrin by the Strakosch opera troupe has been an interesting one in many ways. The mere fact that it was the first instance of a dramatic work of Richard Wagner's being presented to our Boston public in anything approaching to the spirit the composer and poet intended (the two or three so-called *performances* of Tannhäuser that were inflicted upon a long-suffering public at the Boston Theatre, some few years ago, were so grimly ludicrous in their wretchedness as to be unworthy consideration) makes it an important event. In spite of the many imperfections in the performance (we will mercifully only hint at the distracted and distracting cacophonists who regarded themselves in the light of a chorus), the general quality was good, fully as good as the performances of the larger modern French operas that we are accustomed to. The most marked defect (always excepting the chorus) was the one that most thinking musicians could have easily enough foretold; namely, a want of comprehension of Wagner's peculiar dramatic style by singers bred in a thoroughly Italian school of singing and operatic acting. The essentially lyric parts of the work, those parts which have most in common with the traditional operatic form, were, upon the whole, very well given, but the dramatic dialogue, of which there is so much in Lohengrin, was for the most part spoiled, by the singers evidently mistaking it for recitative, and singing or declaiming it accordingly. This was more perceptible in the parts of Telramund and Ortrud than in Lohengrin and Elsa. Almost the entire scene between Telramund and his wife at the beginning of the second act was dragged out to the stately proportions of Händelian recitative. The traditional way of letting the orchestra strike its chord first, and then coming in *after it* with the voice and action, was one of the most marked blemishes. The one thing that Wagner chiefly requires is perfect unity of action between singers and orchestra. To take one instance among many, we will mention the scene in the second act where the king, Lohengrin, and Elsa are stopped at the church door by Telramund, when he bursts out with his passionate appeal: "O König, trugbethörthe Fürsten, haltet ein"[1] (we must quote from the German copy). At this point the calm, stately march in C major is interrupted by a crashing diminished-seventh chord, followed by two hurried bars in the orchestra. The stage direction in this place is, "Enter Friedrich on the steps of the cathedral; the women and pages draw back in terror from him." But no Friedrich appeared! Consequently no one drew back. The procession stopped very punctually at the diminished-seventh chord, but they seemed to the audience to have stopped simply because the march-music had stopped playing. The king, Lohengrin, and Elsa seemed peculiarly embarrassed by this hitch in the order of ceremonies, and stood looking rather foolishly into the church as if for explanation of this unaccountable freak of the orchestra (it would have been more natural, all things considered, to have applied to Signor Muzio for information), when at last, the whole stage having by this time fallen into complete syncope, Friedrich made his appearance and the action continued. In some passages of the scene dramatic action is indicated, and fittingly accompanied, although the characters have nothing to sing. Just before the fall of the curtain upon the second act, while the king, Lohengrin, and Elsa are entering the church to the stately music of the orchestra and organ, the trombones suddenly strike in *fortissimi* with



the theme of "Nie sollst du mich befragen."[2] The stage direction is, "At this point the king and the bridal couple have reached the top step of the cathedral; Elsa, strongly affected, turns to Lohengrin: he receives her in his arms. From this embrace she looks down the steps in timid apprehension and sees Ortrud *raising her arm towards her as if sure of victory;* Elsa turns her face away in terror." We remember Fräulein Nanitz in Dresden raising her arm and hurling this terrific trombone blast, as it were, at Elsa. At the performance here, Elsa turned round, to be sure, but as there

[1] O King, deceived Princes, stop!

[2] Never shalt thou ask me, etc.

was nothing doing on the stage that could in any way have frightened her, she had rather the air of having done so to inquire what the trombones were making such a noise about, — a question that the audience might well have asked without receiving any satisfactory explanation. But there were many excellences in the performance. In the first place Messrs. Strakosch and Muzio cannot be thanked enough for the evident pains they took with the orchestra. The exceptionally full score was absolutely filled. The three flutes, three bassoons, English-horn, and bass-clarinet were all palpably there. The trumpets on the stage were not in full force (Wagner has written parts for sixteen, we believe), but the four trumpets managed to get through without leaving any very noticeable bare places. One effect was, however, unaccountably left out: that is, the deafening roll of snare-drums (indicated in the score, we believe, by the simple word "Trommelwirbel"), which completes the climax of the trumpets in the gathering of the army on the field by the Scheldt, in the third act. But we have never heard an opera orchestra play so well in Boston. Mademoiselle Albani made a charming Elsa, and although she did not show any marked histrionic power, her conception of the part and her singing were alike fine and sympathetic. Signor Carpi was exceedingly good as Lohengrin. His singing was especially marked by rare purity of intonation, even in the most trying passages, with, however, a certain Italian exaggeration in the undue holding of long notes, as for instance at the words "Elsa, io t' amo," in the first act. Signor del Puente, as Friedrich von Telramund, acted and sang extremely well, with the exception of too great a tendency to turn the dramatic dialogue to recitative, which we have already noticed. Miss Cary's beautiful voice and firm intonation went far to make her Ortrud acceptable, but her dramatic capacity by no means comes up to the requirements of the part, which is an exceptionally difficult one, and her musical conception left much to be desired. Signor Scolara, as King Henry, only wanted a more powerful voice. The part is written for a bass voice of extremely low *tessitura*, like Sarastro in the Magic Flute, or the Cardinal in La Juive.

So much has been written and rewritten about Wagner's peculiar "theory," that we shall not say anything on that head here. Lohengrin is the last of his operas. His subsequent works bear the title of Handlung — transaction. But it may not be uninteresting to many of our readers to know what importance the poet-composer attaches to this very Lohengrin. We will quote several, we hope not too disconnected, passages from his A Communication to my Friends, first referring the reader to a passage we quoted in The Atlantic for November, 1873, from a published letter to M. François Villot. After speaking of the old German epic Der Sängerkrieg (The Singers' Contest) Wagner goes on to say: —

"This poem (the Sängerkrieg) stands, as is known, in immediate connection with a longer epic poem, Lohengrin; I studied this also, and a new world of poetic material was laid open to me all at once, a world of which I had previously had no idea, having been for the most part in pursuit of what was already in a complete form, and adapted for operatic treatment. . . . .

"As the main feature of the myth of the Flying Dutchman is seen in a still intelligible shape in the Hellenic Odysseus; as the same Odysseus expressed — in disentangling himself from the embraces of Calypso, in his flight from the fascination of Circe, and in his longing after the earthly, confiding wife of his home — the fundamental idea, as the Hellenic mind conceived it, of a longing, the expression of which we find again, infinitely enlarged and enriched, in Tannhäuser; so we find in Greek mythology the outline of the myth of Lohengrin, though probably by no means in its oldest form. Who does not know Zeus and Semele? The god loves a human woman, and comes to her in human shape for the sake of this love; but the loving woman discovers that she does not see her lover in his real shape, and asks him, impelled by the true zeal of love, to show himself in the full, sensual aspect of his real nature. . . .

"Lohengrin sought the woman who *believed* in him; who should not ask who he was, nor whence he came, but who should love him as he was, and because he was what he appeared to her to be. He sought the woman to whom he should not have to account for himself, to justify himself, but who should unconditionally *love* him. He had therefore to conceal his higher nature, for just in this not discovering, this non-revelation of his higher — or, more properly speaking, *exalted* — essence lay his only security against being merely admired and wondered at on account of this nature, or against receiving adoring homage as one

not comprehended, whereas he desired, *not* admiration and worship, but that which could alone redeem him from his solitude and still his longing: *love, to be loved*, to be *comprehended through love.* With his highest sense, in his inmost consciousness, he wished to be nothing else than a full, entire, warmly feeling, and warmly felt man, a *man* above all things, not a god: that is, an absolute artist. Thus he longed for woman, —for the human heart. He stepped down from his blissful, barren solitude, on hearing the cry for help of this woman, of this heart, out from the midst of humanity down below. But the treacherous halo of his exalted nature still adheres to him, not to be stripped off; he cannot but appear wonderful; . . . doubt and jealousy confirm to him that he is not *comprehended*, but *adored*, and tear from him the avowal of his divinity, with which he returns, crushed in spirit, to his solitude. . . .

"It is, to-day, hardly conceivable to me how the deeply tragic character of this subject and of this figure can pass unperceived, and how its nature can be so misunderstood that Lohengrin seems but a cold, repulsive apparition, more capable of exciting aversion than sympathy. This objection was first raised by a friend of mine, whose mind and knowledge I highly esteem. It was in his case that I first made the discovery, which has been often repeated subsequently, that on first becoming acquainted with my poem he only manifested a thoroughly affecting impression, and that objection of his arose only when the immediate effect of the work began to be wiped away, to give place to a colder, more reflecting spirit of criticism. Thus, his objection was not an involuntary act of immediate emotional perception, but a voluntary act of the mediate understanding. This phenomenon showed me the tragic element in Lohengrin's character and situation as one strongly confirmed in modern life; it repeats itself in the work of art and its creator, just as it manifested itself in the hero of this poem. I now recognize with the clearest conviction the character and situation of Lohengrin *as the type of the only really tragic material, as, upon the whole, the tragic element in modern life*, of the same significance in the *Present* as Antigone was —in a different relation, to be sure—in Grecian civil life. Beyond this highest and truest tragic moment of the Present stands only the complete unity of sense and intellect, the only really *joyous* element in the life and art of the Future at their highest potency. . . .

"I come here to the main point in the tragic nature of the true artist's relation to life at the present day, exactly the same situation that I put into an artistic form in my version of Lohengrin: the most natural and urgent longing of the artist is to be accepted and comprehended through the emotions; and the *impossibility* that modern art-life has brought about of finding the emotional nature of that ingenuousness and undoubting directness which is necessary for such comprehension, —the *compulsion* the artist is under to appeal almost entirely to the critical intellect, rather than to the emotions,—*that* is, above all, the tragic part of the situation which I, as an æsthetic man, inevitably perceived, and which I was destined to become conscious of to such a degree in the path of my further development, that I broke out in open rebellion against the tyranny of the position. . . .

"Elsa is the antithesis to Lohengrin, yet of course not the diametrically opposed, absolute antithesis, but rather the *other part* of his own being,—the antithesis which is contained in his own nature, and is that complement of his own masculine individuality which he is instinctively impelled to seek. Elsa is the unconscious, involuntary element, through which the conscious, voluntary individuality of Lohengrin seeks its highest development; but this *seeking* is in itself again the unconscious, involuntary element in Lohengrin, which he feels to be the connecting link between himself and Elsa."

—The best of Gottschalk's posthumous works that we have yet seen is his Tarantelle de Bravura[1] (it seems impossible for publishers to confine themselves to any one language when composing a title-page). Here we have Gottschalk in his most fascinating vein. If the composition were to be put into the retort of criticism on high art principles, very little real musical value would probably be found at the bottom, after the more volatile parts, such as brilliant piano-forte effects, curious combinations of chords, and a certain indescribable charm and vivacity of style had been distilled off. But we have no desire to subject the piece to such a process. It is commonplace enough, if you will, but full of brilliancy, fascinating effects of sonority and rhythm, and is worked up with never-

[1] *Célèbre Tarantelle de Bravura.*

flagging spirit from beginning to end. The true aim and end of a tarantella, namely, frenzied hilarity, is never for a moment lost sight of. It is extremely difficult in the sense of requiring great strength and power of execution, but even players who are far from being able really to *play* it, can appreciate the consummate skill and ingenuity with which the most sparkling effects are produced, and the ease with which the fingers adapt themselves to what are apparently the most hand-racking passages. Probably only those who have heard Gottschalk play, and can vividly call to mind the maddening fascination of his playing, will get much enjoyment from the piece. With the memory of the composer's playing still strong upon us, we had rather stumble through its pages ourselves and by ourselves, than hear any one else attempt it. Really to *play* anything by a man who had such a disheartening command over his wrist and fore-arm as Gottschalk had, and who never seemed contented unless he kept the whole seven and a quarter octaves in full vibration at once, is what few of us can aspire to with any reasonable hope of leaving any room for spirit and *entrain*. Unless the thing is done with consummate ease and *abandon*, it had better be left undone.

— The Souvenir de Lima[1] is an innocent enough mazurka, not wanting in strongly marked effects of rhythm and certain rather queer vagaries of style, which Gottschalk himself, and probably very few others, could have made fascinating. The edition is unfortunately rather too full of misprints.

— Francis Boott's The Brooklet,[2] apart from being a very pleasing, easily flowing duet for soprano and tenor, contains one of the most ingenious and skillfully carried-out contrapuntal conceits that we remember to have seen as yet. The words are from Longfellow. The soprano begins in E flat major, and sings,

> "The brooklet came from the mountain,
> As sang the bards of old,
> Running with feet of silver
> Over the sands of gold."

This little limpid melody in E flat is followed by a more solemn strain for the tenor in C minor (the relative key) to the words,

> "Far away in the briny ocean
> There rolled a turbulent wave,
> Now singing along the sea-beach,
> Now howling along the cave."

At this point both voices unite on the words,

> "Now the brooklet has found the billow,
> Though they flowed so far apart,
> And has filled with its sweetness and freshness
> That turbulent, bitter heart,"

both voices singing their previous melodies *note for note*. What is most curious is that the C minor melody harmonizes perfectly with the one in E flat; in fact, it really becomes itself a melody in E flat when brought into conjunction with the other, thus carrying out the expression of the text, "And has filled with freshness and sweetness that turbulent, bitter heart," to the fullest extent.

EDUCATION.

According to the census of 1870, the illiterate population ten years old and over, in this country, amounted to the fearful number of 5,658,144. In other words, of the whole number of persons ten years of age and more, a little above *twenty* in every hundred are set down as incapable of reading and writing. In view of this prodigious mass of illiteracy, in a country of universal suffrage, the question of compulsory education deserves the serious consideration of every citizen and statesman. It is already attracting considerable attention in different States, but as yet action on the subject has been hesitating and timid. The notion has prevailed very generally among us, that the exercise of compulsory powers to secure school attendance is somehow incongruous with the spirit of republican institutions. And besides, it has been the common belief that in due time universal instruction would be attained through the agency of good free

[1] *Souvenir de Lima.* Mazurka. Par L. M. Gottschalk. Œuvres posthumes, publiés sur manuscrits originaux avec autorisation de sa famille, par N. R. Espadero. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

[2] *The Brooklet.* Duet for soprano and tenor, or baritone. Words from Longfellow's Aftermath Music by F. Boott. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

schools, without resort to coercive measures. But such opinions are justified neither by reason nor by experience.

The history of education affords the strongest proof of the necessity of compulsion as a means of combating illiteracy. The compulsion meant here is not the obligation, so generally imposed on towns or other territorial districts, to set up and maintain schools, but the obligation imposed on parents by legal provision, and enforced by legal sanction, to send their children to school, or otherwise to provide for their instruction. Compulsion has nothing to do with the higher grades of education, its sole object being to secure universal instruction in those subjects which are deemed essential for all children, without regard to their social station or their future occupations. The need of coercion for the attainment of this object may be inferred from the fact, which cannot be disputed, that no considerable community can be named where, in the absence of this agency, illiteracy has as yet been conquered. The census referred to revealed an unexpected percentage of ignorants in those parts of our country most favored educationally,—where for many years good free schools in sufficient numbers have been open to all.

To show the advantages of the compulsory system, there is nothing more instructive or more convincing than a comparison of the educational results in countries where it has been in operation, with those in countries which have not accepted it. The school systems of France and Prussia afford a striking contrast in this respect, which the issue of the Franco-Prussian war has brought out in bold relief.

The law of 1833, proposed by M. Guizot, then minister of public instruction, founded in France the national system of elementary education, which with some modifications has continued in operation until the present time. Of this law Matthew Arnold says, in his report on education in France, in 1860, "It has the great merit of being full of good sense, full of fruitful ideas, full of toleration, full of equity; but it has the still greater merit of attaining the object it had in view. . . . It was not more remarkable for the judgment with which it was framed, than for the energy with which it was executed. . . . The results of the law were prodigious. . . . I believe that the great mass of the population now passes, at some time or other, through the schools." But subsequent official inquiries showed a vast aggregate of non-attendance, and revealed a most deplorable prevalence of ignorance among the people as the consequence. A recent authentic account states that one out of four and a half of the children of school age attends no school, that two fifths of those who attend leave school having learned so little that they soon forget it, that three fifths scarcely profit by the instruction received, that a third of the conscripts can neither read nor write, that of the men contracting marriage twenty-eight out of a hundred cannot write their names, and that of the women so contracting forty-three out of a hundred are "completely" illiterate. Professor Bréal, of the Collége de France, in a recent able work on public instruction in France, goes still further, and says, "Instead of two fifths, *three fourths* of our children must be regarded as devoted to ignorance." Such is the result of the French system, which established schools, but did not compel the children of France to enter them. Of the disastrous consequences of this ignorance, M. Émile de Laveleye, an eminent publicist, in an elaborate review of popular instruction, says, "It is an indisputable fact that ignorance combined with universal suffrage was the immediate cause of the recent reverses of France." M. Guizot lived to be convinced, by such facts as these, of the mistake in not making education in France compulsory, in accordance with the views of his ablest associate in the work of educational reform, Victor Cousin, who had thoroughly studied the working of the coercive system in Prussia and other German states. Speaking of this system in 1831, Cousin said, "In my judgment, such a law is not only justifiable, but absolutely indispensable; and I know not a single example of a country in which such a law is wanting and in which the education of the people is in a flourishing and satisfactory state." This judgment the French people were not then prepared to accept. But since the events of 1870, the wisest men in the nation are earnest for the adoption of the plan which contributed so largely to the success of their conquerors. Professor Bréal perfectly expresses this new conviction in saying to his countrymen, "We must take our model from our adversaries."

The condition of Prussia after Jena was more humiliating than that of France after Sedan. But when the Prussian monarch saw his army annihilated and his kingdom at the mercy of Napoleon, he said, "The

state must regain in intellectual force what it has lost in physical force." Such men as William von Humboldt, Fichte, and Stein put their hands to the work of reorganizing the national education, which was begun in 1807 and brought to completion in the famous *Regulative* of 1819. The obligation of school attendance was rigorously imposed on all children from seven to fourteen years of age whose instruction was not otherwise satisfactorily provided for. Subsequently the obligation was extended to children from six to seven years of age; and, more recently, children from fourteen to seventeen years of age, after completing the regular elementary course of instruction, have been required to attend supplementary or "improvement" schools, a certain limited number of hours each week.

In advocating the strict enforcement of obligatory instruction, at the beginning of this reform, Fichte said, "The first generation will be the only one upon whom it will be necessary to use constraint; for those who will have received the proposed education will voluntarily send their children to school." Experience proved this opinion to be substantially correct; in 1863, it was found necessary to inflict the prescribed penalty in only seven cases of delinquency. In proportion as knowledge advances among the masses of the people, public opinion is more and more in favor of the system. It has become rooted in the legal and moral habits of the country.

A few facts taken from the recent educational statistics will serve to indicate how far the object in view has been attained. It appears that the actual school attendance of the children from six to fourteen years of age is about ninety-eight out of a hundred; that is to say, it is substantially universal. Illiteracy is almost unknown. Among the conscripts of the districts purely German, hardly one in a hundred is without education; in Berlin, the proportion is *two in a thousand;* the average is raised to three per cent. by the drafts from the non-German districts in the eastern provinces, where it is difficult to furnish qualified teachers on account of the dialects required to be spoken. It was in view of such facts as these that Jules Simon, the late minister of public instruction in France, wrote, "Prussia, with obligatory instruction, has conquered ignorance, a victory from which we are separated, after thirty years of efforts, by nine hundred thousand children, ignorant and neglected."

The comparison of the results of the French and Prussian systems of education would seem to be sufficient to demonstrate the advantages and the necessity of obligatory instruction; but there are still other examples equally convincing.

In Saxony, compulsion was not strictly applied until 1835. It was only in the first years that it was necessary to punish delinquents. Soon parents were convinced that it was for the advantage of their children to attend school. And now to send children to school has come to appear as natural and as necessary as to supply them with daily food. Constraint has disappeared and habit has taken its place. The number of pupils in the schools corresponds almost exactly with the number of children of school age.

In Belgium, where much attention has been bestowed on education, and where the expenditure for this object is proportionally larger than in Saxony, but where the children are not obliged to attend school, a very different state of things exists. The last official census of the kingdom places *half of the inhabitants* under the head, "not knowing how to read and write."

A comparison of Switzerland and Holland would lead to the same conclusion in respect to the operation of the obligatory system.

Of the recent progress of this system England is just now presenting the most interesting illustration. In the long agitation for national education in England, although one of its most illustrious advocates, Macaulay, contended *that the right to hang involved the right to enforce instruction,* it has generally been taken for granted that it would not be practicable to compel the two million schoolless children to learn the alphabet. Matthew Arnold expressed the belief, some years ago, that the gradual rise in their wealth and comfort was the only obligation which could be safely relied on to draw such a "self-willed" people as the English to school.

But the world moves. The framers of the elementary education act of 1870, which for the first time gave to England and Wales a national system of instruction, ventured to insert a provision *permitting* the local boards of education to make by-laws compelling attendance at school. It was intended as a feeler. Many members of Parliament who voted for it believed it would remain a dead letter.

But it turned out that public opinion was

in advance of the legislators, on this subject. Rate payers who had been compelled to put their hands into their pockets and pay heavily for fine school-houses and good teachers, sufficient for the schoolless multitude, were not long in coming to see the justice and expediency of compelling the street Arabs to go to school, and take a dose of reading and writing and good behavior. The result is almost astounding. Already in all the great towns, comprising millions of inhabitants, compulsory education is as rigorously imposed as it ever was in Prussia. The metropolis, with its three and a quarter millions of inhabitants, is completely covered by a corps of attendance officers under the direction of a general superintendent, who go from house to house with their official lists of children in their hands, to see that all are receiving instruction. As it is always the first step that costs, of course it is often found necessary to exercise coercive powers. The same thing is doing in Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, and many other places.

All this is certainly very noteworthy, but what is still more remarkable, there are unmistakable indications that Parliament will soon be forced by public opinion to make educational compulsion absolute and universal throughout England and Wales. On one day last August, the school board of Sheffield dedicated, with interesting ceremonies, five of the sixteen noble school-houses comprised in their scheme for meeting the educational wants of that town. Excellent speeches were made by the Archbishop of York, Mr. Roebuck, M. P., Mr. Mundella, M. P., and the Rt. Hon. W. E. Forster, the head of the educational department, in the Gladstone ministry, whom Mr. Mundella characterized as "the father of the education act, one of the statesmen of the future, and the hope of the country." Mr. Forster, in his admirable speech, planted himself squarely on the compulsory platform, saying, "I believe the time has come at which it will be only fair to school boards like the Sheffield board, which has been passing a by-law and working it regardless of any obloquy it might possibly cause,—the time has come in which it is only fair to them that Parliament should step forward and support their efforts by declaring by Act of Parliament that it is the duty of every parent to see that his child is taught, and for the state to say, 'We can't allow the parent to exercise what is called parental neglect by leaving his child without food for the mind any more than without food for the body.' It is too dangerous for us; it is too sad and distressing, too fearful in its results for the child; it is too dangerous for the whole community for us to allow it. I believe public opinion is quite ready for this." He expressed the hope that the present government would speedily pass the act, and added, "*Our* government declared that it was the duty of the state to see that in every locality sufficient school room was provided; but it is far nobler for *them* to have an opportunity of passing a law declaring what is the duty of the parent, and how that duty shall be enforced." So it is found at last by actual experiment that these compulsory laws are not un-English at all, but purely an English and practical method.

We are of the same stock, and when it has been fairly tried in America, it will be found that the system is not un-American, or undemocratic, but an eminently democratic instrumentality. Universal suffrage and universal instruction must be one and inseparable. But little has been done as yet in this country in the way of actually enforcing instruction. There has been an over-confidence in the power of moral suasion as a means of securing the school attendance of the more degraded classes, on the one hand, and a want of faith in the efficacy of compulsion, on the other. Although compulsory acts have been passed in eight or ten of the States, no adequate provision has been made for their execution, and so they remain for the most part inoperative. The truant laws of Massachusetts and two or three other States have, however, been to some extent enforced. The truant system of Boston is administered by a corps of fourteen officers who devote their whole time to the looking up of absentees. The compulsory act of the State of New York went into operation on the 1st of last January. The State superintendent of education does not cordially indorse it, but deems it entitled to a fair trial.

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A MIDNIGHT FANTASY.

I.

IT was close upon eleven o'clock when I stepped out of the rear vestibule of the Boston Theatre, and, passing through the narrow court that leads to West Street, struck across the Common diagonally. Indeed, as I set foot on the Tremont Street mall, I heard the Old South drowsily sounding the hour.

It was a tranquil June night, with no moon, but clusters of sensitive stars that seemed to shiver with cold as the wind swept by them, for perhaps there was a swift current of air up there in the zenith. However, not a leaf stirred on the Common; the foliage hung black and massive, as if cut in bronze; even the gas-lights appeared to be infected by the prevailing calm, burning steadily behind their glass screens and turning the neighboring leaves into the tenderest emerald. Here and there, in the sombre row of houses stretching along Beacon Street, an illuminated window gilded a few square feet of darkness; and now and then a footfall sounded on a distant pavement. The pulse of the city throbbed languidly.

The lights far and near, the fantastic shadows of the elms and maples, the falling dew, the elusive odor of new grass, and that peculiar hush which belongs only to midnight — as if Time had paused in his flight and were holding his breath — gave to the place, so familiar to me by day, an air of indescribable strangeness. The vast, deserted park had lost all its wonted outlines; I walked doubtfully on the flag-stones which I had many a time helped to wear smooth; I seemed to be wandering in some lonely unknown garden across the seas, — in that old garden in Verona where Shakespeare's ill-starred lovers met and parted. The white granite façade over yonder — the Somerset Club — might well have been the house of Capulet; there was the clambering vine, reaching up like a pliant silken ladder; there was the low-hung balcony, wanting only the slight girlish figure — immortal shape of fire and dew! — to make the illusion perfect.

I do not know what suggested it, perhaps it was something in the play I had just witnessed, — it is not always easy to put one's finger on the invisible thread that runs from thought to thought, — but as I sauntered on I fell to thinking of the ill-assorted marriages I had known. Suddenly there hurried along the graveled path which crossed mine obliquely a half indistinguishable throng of pathetic men and women; two by two they filed before me, each becoming startlingly distinct for an instant as they passed, — some with tears, some with hollow smiles, and some with firm-set

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lips, bearing their fetters with them. There was little Alice chained to old Bowlsby; there was Lucille, "a daughter of the gods, divinely tall," linked forever to the dwarf Perrywinkle; there was my friend Porphyro, the poet, with his delicate genius shriveled in the glare of the youngest Miss Lucifer's eyes; there they were, Beauty and the Beast, Pride and Humility, Bluebeard and Fatima, Prose and Poetry, Riches and Poverty, Youth and Crabbed Age, — oh sorrowful procession! All so wretched, when perhaps all might have been so happy if they had only paired differently!

I halted a moment to let the weird shapes drift by. As the last of the train melted into the darkness, my vagabond fancy went wandering back to the theatre and the play I had seen, — Romeo and Juliet. Taking a lighter tint, but still of the same sober color, my reflections continued.

What a different kind of woman Juliet would have been if she had not fallen in love with Romeo, or had bestowed her affection on some thoughtful and stately signior, — on one of the Della Scalas, for example! What Juliet needed was a firm and gentle hand to tame her high spirit without breaking a pinion. She was a little too — vivacious, you might say. Gushing would perhaps be the word if you were speaking of a modern maiden with so exuberant a disposition as Juliet's. She was too romantic, too blossomy, too impetuous, too willful; old Capulet had brought her up injudiciously, and Lady Capulet was a nonentity. Yet in spite of faults of training, and some slight inherent flaws of character, Juliet was a superb creature; there was a fascinating dash in her frankness; her modesty and daring were as happy rhymes as ever touched lips in a love-poem. But her impulses required curbing; her heart made too many beats to the minute. It was an evil destiny that flung in the path of so rich and passionate a nature a fire-brand like Romeo. Even if no family feud had existed, the match would not have been a wise one. As it was, the well-known result was inevitable. What could come of it but clandestine meetings, secret marriage, flight, despair, poison, and the Tomb of the Capulets?

I had left the park behind, by this, and had entered a thoroughfare where the street-lamps were closer together; but the gloom of the trees seemed to be still overhanging me. The fact is, the tragedy had laid a black finger on my imagination. I wished the play had ended a trifle more cheerfully. I wished — possibly because I see enough tragedy all around me without going to the theatre for it, or possibly it was because the lady who enacted the leading part was a remarkably clean-cut little person with a golden sweep of eyelashes — I wished that Juliet could have had a more comfortable time of it. Instead of a yawning sepulchre, with Romeo and Juliet dying in the middle foreground, and that luckless young Paris stretched out on the left, spitted like a spring-chicken with Montague's rapier, and Friar Laurence, with a dark lantern, groping about under the melancholy yews, — in place of all this costly piled-up woe, I would have liked a pretty, mediæval chapel scene, with illuminated stained-glass windows, and trim acolytes holding lighted candles, and the great green curtain descending slowly to the first few bars of the Wedding March of Mendelssohn.

Of course Shakespeare was true to the life in making them all die miserably. Besides, it was so they died in the novel of Matteo Bandello, from which the poet took his plot indirectly. Under the circumstances no other dénouement was practicable; and yet it was sad business. There were Mercutio, and Tybalt, and Paris, and Juliet, and Romeo, come to a bloody end in the bloom of their youth and strength and beauty.

The ghosts of these five murdered persons seemed to be on my track as I hurried down Revere Street to West Cedar. I fancied them hovering around the corner opposite the small drug-store where a meagre apothecary was in the act of shutting up the fan-like jets of gas in his show-window.

"No, Master Booth," I muttered in the imagined teeth of the tragedian, throwing an involuntary glance over my shoulder, "you 'll not catch me assisting at any more of your Shakespearean revivals. I would rather eat a pair of Welsh rarebits or a slice of mince-pie at midnight, than sit through the finest tragedy that was ever writ."

As I said this I halted at the door of a house in Charles Place, and was fumbling for my latch-key, when a most absurd idea came into my head. I let the key slip back into my pocket, and strode down Charles Place into Cambridge Street, and across the long bridge, and then swiftly forward.

I remember, vaguely, that I paused for a moment on the draw of the bridge to look at the semicircular fringe of lights duplicating itself in the smooth Charles in the rear of Beacon Street, — as lovely a bit of Venetian effect as you will get outside of Venice; I remember meeting, farther on, near a stiff wooden church in Cambridgeport, a lumbering covered wagon, evidently from Brighton and bound for Quincy Market; and still farther on, somewhere in the vicinity of Harvard Square and the college buildings, I recollect catching a glimpse of a policeman, who, probably observing something suspicious in my demeanor, walked off discreetly in an opposite direction. I recall these trifles indistinctly, for during this preposterous excursion I was at no time sharply conscious of my surroundings; the material world presented itself to me as if through a piece of stained glass. It was only when I had reached a neighborhood where the houses were few and the gardens many, a neighborhood where the closely-knitted town began to ravel out into country, that I came to the end of my dream. And what was the dream? The slightest of tissues, madam; a gossamer, a web of shadows, a thing woven out of starlight. Looking at it by day, I find that its colors are pallid, and its threaded diamonds — they were merely the perishable dews of that June night — have evaporated in the sunshine; but such as it is you shall have it.

II.

The young Prince Hamlet was not happy at Elsinore. It was not because he missed the gay student-life of Wittenburg, and that the little Danish court was intolerably dull. It was not because the didactic lord chamberlain bored him with long speeches, or that the lord chamberlain's daughter was become a shade wearisome. Hamlet had more serious cues for unhappiness. He had been summoned suddenly from Wittenburg to attend his father's funeral; close upon this and while his grief was green, his mother had married with his uncle Claudius, whom Hamlet had never liked.

The indecorous haste of these nuptials — they took place within two months after the king's death, the funeral-baked meats, as Hamlet cursorily remarked, furnishing forth the marriage-tables — struck the young prince aghast. He had loved the queen his mother, and had nearly idolized the late king; but now he forgot to lament the death of the one in contemplating the life of the other. The billing and cooing of the newly-married couple filled him with horror. Anger, shame, pity, and despair seized upon him by turns. He fell into a forlorn condition, forsaking his books, eating little or nothing, drinking deep of Rhenish, letting his long, black locks go unkempt, and neglecting his dress, — he who had been hitherto "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," as Ophelia had prettily said of him.

Often, for half the night, he would wander along the ramparts of the castle, at the imminent risk of tumbling off, gazing seaward and muttering strangely to himself, and evolving frightful spectres out of the shadows cast by the turrets. Sometimes he lapsed into a gentle melancholy; but not seldom his mood was ferocious, and at such times the conversational Polonius, with a discretion that did him credit, steered clear of my lord Hamlet.

He turned no more graceful compliments for Ophelia. The thought of mar-

rying her, if he had ever thought of it seriously, was gone now. He rather ruthlessly advised her to go into a nunnery. His mother had sickened him of women. It was to Ophelia he addressed the notable words, "Frailty, thy name is woman!" which, sometime afterwards, an amiable French gentleman had neatly engraved on the head-stone of his wife, who had long been an invalid. Even the king and queen did not escape Hamlet in his distempered moments. Passing his mother in a corridor or on a staircase of the palace, he would suddenly plant a verbal dagger in her heart; frequently, in full court, he would deal the king such a cutting reply as caused him to blanch, and gnaw his lip.

If the spectacle of Gertrude and Claudius was hateful to Hamlet, the presence of Hamlet, on the other hand, was scarcely a comfort to the royal lovers. At first his uncle had called him "our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son," trying to smooth over matters; but Hamlet would have none of it. Therefore, one day, when the young prince abruptly announced his intention to go abroad, neither the king nor the queen placed impediments in his way, though, some months previously, they had both protested strongly against his returning to Wittenburg.

The small-fry of the court knew nothing of Prince Hamlet's determination until he had sailed from Elsinore; their knowledge then was confined to the fact of his departure. It was only to Horatio, his fellow-student and friend, that Hamlet confided the real cause of his self-imposed exile, though perhaps Ophelia half suspected it.

Polonius had dropped an early hint to his daughter concerning Hamlet's intent. She knew that everything was over between them, and the night before he embarked, Ophelia placed in the prince's hand the few letters and trinkets he had given her, repeating, as she did so, a certain couplet which somehow haunted Hamlet's memory for several days after he was on shipboard: —

"Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind."

"These could never have waxed poor," said Hamlet to himself softly, as he leaned over the taffrail, the third day out, spreading the trinkets in his palm, "being originally of but little worth. I fancy that that allusion to 'rich gifts' was a trifle malicious on the part of the fair Ophelia;" and he quietly dropped them into the sea.

It was as a Danish gentleman voyaging for pleasure, and for mental profit also, if that should happen, that Hamlet set forth on his travels. Settled destination he had none, his sole plan being to get clear of Denmark as speedily as possible, and then to drift whither his fancy took him. His fancy naturally took him southward, as it would have taken him northward if he had been a southron. Many a time while climbing the bleak crags around Elsinore he had thought of the land of the citron and the palm; lying on his couch at night and listening to the wind as it howled along the machicolated battlements of the castle, his dreams had turned from the cold, blonde ladies of his father's court to the warmer beauties that ripen under sunny skies. He was free now to test the visions of his boyhood. So it chanced, after various wanderings, all tending imperceptibly in one direction, that Hamlet bent his steps towards Italy.

In those rude days one did not accomplish a long journey without having wonderful adventures befall, or encountering divers perils by the way. It was a period when a stout blade on the thigh was a most excellent traveling companion. Hamlet, though of a philosophical complexion, was not slower than another man to scent an affront; he excelled at feats of arms, and no doubt his skill, caught of the old fencing-master at Elsinore, stood him in good stead more than once when his wit would not have saved him. Certainly, he had hair-breadth escapes while toiling through the wilds of Prussia and Bavaria and Switzerland. At all events he counted himself fortunate the night he arrived at Verona with nothing more serious than a two-inch scratch on his sword arm.

There he lodged himself, as became a gentleman of fortune, in a suite of chambers in a comfortable palace overlooking the swift-flowing Adige, — a riotous yellow stream that cut the town into two parts, and was spanned here and there by rough-hewn stone bridges, which it sometimes sportively washed away. It was a brave old town that had stood sieges and plagues, and was full of moldy, picturesque buildings and a gayety that has since grown somewhat moldy. A goodly place to rest in for the way-worn pilgrim! He recollected dimly that he had letters to one or two illustrious families; but he cared not to deliver them at once. It was pleasant to stroll about the city, unknown. There were sights to see: the Roman amphitheatre, and the churches with their sculptured sarcophagi and saintly relics, — interesting joints of martyrs, and fragments of the true cross enough to build a ship. The life in the public squares and on the streets, the crowds in the shops, the pageants, the lights, the stir, the color, all mightily took the eye of the young Dane. He was in a mood to be amused. Everything diverted him, — the faint tinkling of a guitar string in an adjacent garden at midnight, or the sharp clash of sword-blades under his window, when the Montecchi and the Cappelletti chanced to encounter each other in the narrow footway.

Meanwhile, Hamlet brushed up his Italian. He was well versed in the literature of the language, particularly in its dramatic literature, and had long meditated penning a gloss to The Murder of Gonzago, a play which Hamlet held in deservedly high estimation.

He made acquaintances, too. In the same palace where he sojourned, lived a very valiant soldier and wit, a kinsman to Prince Escalus, one Mercutio by name, with whom Hamlet exchanged civilities on the staircase, at first, and then fell into companionship. A number of Verona's noble youths, poets and light-hearted men-about-town, frequented Mercutio's chambers, and with these Hamlet soon became on terms.

Among the rest were an agreeable gentleman, with hazel eyes, named Benvolio, and a gallant young fellow called Romeo, whom Mercutio bantered pitilessly and loved heartily. This Romeo, who belonged to one of the first families, was a very susceptible spark, which the slightest breath of a pretty woman was sufficient to blow into flame. To change the metaphor, he fell from one love-affair into another as easily and naturally as a ripe pomegranate drops from a bough. He was generally unlucky in these matters, curiously enough, for he was a handsome youth in his saffron satin doublet slashed with black, and his jaunty velvet bonnet with its trailing plume of ostrich feather.

At the time of Hamlet's coming to Verona, Romeo was in a great despair of love in consequence of an unrequited passion for a certain lady of the city, between whose family and his own a deadly feud had existed for centuries. Somebody had stepped on somebody else's lap-dog in the far ages, and the two families had been slashing and hacking at each other ever since. It appeared that Romeo had scaled a garden wall, one night, and broken upon the meditations of his inamorata, who, as chance would have it, was sitting on her balcony enjoying the moonrise. No lady could be insensible to such devotion, for it would have been death to Romeo if any of her kinsmen had found him in that particular locality. Some tender phrases passed between them, perhaps; but the lady was flurried, taken unawares, and afterwards, it seemed, altered her mind and would have no further commerce with the Montague. This business furnished Mercutio's quiver with innumerable sly shafts, which Romeo received for the most part in good humor.

With these three gentlemen, — Mercutio, Benvolio, and Romeo, — Hamlet saw life in Verona, as young men will see life wherever they happen to be; many a time the nightingale ceased singing and the lark began before they were abed; but perhaps it is not wise to inquire too closely into this. A month had slipped away since Hamlet's arrival;

the hyacinths were opening in the gardens, and it was spring.

One morning as he and Mercutio were lounging arm in arm on a bridge near their lodgings, they met a knave in livery puzzling over a parchment which he was plainly unable to decipher.

"Read it aloud, friend!" cried Mercutio, who always had a word to throw away.

"I would I could read it at all. I pray, sir, can you read?"

"With ease, — if it is not my tailor's bill;" and Mercutio took the parchment, which ran as follows: —

"*Signior Martino, and his wife and daughters; County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow Vitrurio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.*"

"A very select company, with the exception of that rogue Mercutio," said the soldier, laughing. "What does it mean?"

"My master, the Signior Capulet, gives a ball and supper to-night; these the guests; I am his man Peter, and if you be not one of the house of Montague, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine with us. Rest you merry;" and the knave, having got his billet deciphered for him, made off.

"One must needs go, being asked by both man and master; but since I am asked doubly, I 'll not go singly; I 'll bring you with me, Hamlet. It is a masquerade; I have had wind of it. The flower of the city will be there, — all the high-bosomed roses and low-necked lilies."

Hamlet had seen nothing of society in Verona, properly speaking, and did not require much urging to assent to Mercutio's proposal, far from foreseeing that so slight a freak would have a fateful sequence.

It was late in the night when they presented themselves, in mask and domino, at the Capulet mansion. The music was at its sweetest and the torches were at their brightest, as the pair entered the dancing-hall. They had scarcely crossed the threshold when Hamlet's eyes rested upon a lady clad in a white silk robe, who held to her features, as she moved through the figure of the dance, a white satin mask, on each side of which was disclosed so much of the rosy oval of her face as made one long to look upon the rest. The ornaments this lady wore were pearls; her fan and slippers, like the robe and mask, were white — nothing but white. Her eyes shone almost black contrasted with the braids of warm gold hair that glistened through a misty veil of Venetian stuff, which floated about her from time to time and enveloped her, as the blossoms do a tree. Hamlet could think of nothing but the almond-tree that stood in full bloom in the little court near his lodging. She seemed to him the incarnation of that *riant* spring-time which had touched and awakened all the leaves and buds in the sleepy old gardens around Verona.

"Mercutio! who is that lady?"

"The daughter of old Capulet, by her stature."

"And he that dances with her?"

"Paris, a kinsman to Can Grande della Scala."

"Her lover?"

"One of them."

"She has others?"

"Enough to make a squadron; only the blind and aged are exempt."

Here the music ceased and the dancers dispersed. Hamlet followed the lady with his eyes, and seeing her left alone a moment, approached her. She received him graciously, as a mask receives a mask, and the two fell to talking, as people do who have nothing to say to each other and possess the art of saying it. Presently something in his voice struck on her ear, a new note, an intonation sweet and strange, that made her curious. Who was it? It could not be Valentine, nor Anselmo; he was too tall for Signior Placentio; not stout enough for Lucio; it was not her cousin Tybalt. Could it be that rash Montague who — Would he dare? Here, on the very points of their swords? The stream

of maskers ebbed and flowed and surged around them, and the music began again, and Juliet listened and listened.

"Who are you, sir," she cried, at length, "that speak our tongue with feigned accent?"

"A stranger; an idler in Verona, though not a gay one, — a black butterfly."

"Our Italian sun will gild your wings for you. Black edged with gilt goes gay."

"I am already not so sad-colored as I was."

"I would fain see your face, sir; if it match your voice, it needs must be a kindly one."

"I would we could change faces."

"So we shall, at supper!"

"And hearts, too?"

"Nay, I would not give a merry heart for a sorrowful one; but I will quit my mask, and you yours; yet," and she spoke under her breath, "if you are, as I think, a gentleman of Verona — a Montague — do not unmask."

"I am not of Verona, lady; no one knows me here;" and Hamlet threw back the hood of his domino. Juliet held her mask aside for a moment, and the two stood looking into each other's eyes.

"Lady, we have in faith changed faces, inasmuch as I shall carry yours forever in my memory."

"And I yours, sir," said Juliet, softly, "wishing it looked not so pale and melancholy."

"Hamlet," whispered Mercutio, plucking at his friend's skirt, "the fellow there, talking with old Capulet, — his wife's nephew, Tybalt, a quarrelsome dog, — suspects we are Montagues. Let us get out of this peaceably, like soldiers who are too much gentlemen to cause a brawl under a host's roof."

With this Mercutio pushed Hamlet to the door, where they were joined by Benvolio. Juliet, with her eyes fixed upon the retreating maskers, stretched out her hand and grasped the arm of an ancient serving-woman who happened to be passing.

"Quick, good Nurse! go ask his name of yonder gentleman. Not the one in green, dear! but he that hath the black domino and purple mask. What, did I touch your poor rheumatic arm? Ah, go now, sweet Nurse!"

As the Nurse hobbled off, querulously, on her errand, Juliet murmured to herself an old rhyme she knew: —

"If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed!"

When Hamlet got back to his own chambers he sat on the edge of his couch in a brown study. The silvery moonlight, struggling through the swaying branches of a tree outside the window, drifted doubtfully into the room, and made a parody of that fleecy veil which erewhile had floated about the lissome form of the lovely Capulet. That he loved her, and must tell her that he loved her, was a foregone conclusion; but how should he contrive to see Juliet again? No one knew him in Verona; he had carefully preserved his incognito; even Mercutio regarded him as simply a young gentleman from Denmark, taking his ease in a foreign city. Presented, by Mercutio, as a rich Danish tourist, the Capulets would receive him courteously, of course; as a visitor, but not as a suitor. It was in another character that he must be presented, — his own.

He was pondering what steps he could take to establish his identity, when he remembered the two or three letters which he had stuffed into his wallet on quitting Elsinore. He lighted a taper and began examining the papers. Among them were the half-dozen billet-doux which Ophelia had returned to him the night before his departure. They were neatly tied together by a length of black ribbon, to which was attached a sprig of rosemary. "That was just like Ophelia!" muttered the young man, tossing the package into the wallet again; "she was always having cheerful ideas like that." How long ago seemed the night she had handed him these love-letters in her demure little way! How misty and remote seemed everything connected with the old life at Elsinore! His father's death, his mother's marriage, his anguish and isolation, — they were

like things that had befallen somebody else. There was something incredible, too, in his present situation. Was he dreaming? Was he really in Italy, and in love?

He hastily bent forward and picked up a square folded paper lying half concealed under the others. "How could I have forgotten it!" It was a missive addressed in Horatio's angular hand, to the Signior Capulet of Verona, containing a few lines of introduction from Horatio, whose father had dealings with some of the rich Lombardy merchants and knew many of the leading families in the city. With this, and several epistles, preserved by chance, written to him by Queen Gertrude while he was at the university, Hamlet saw he would have no difficulty in proving to the Capulets that he was the Prince of Denmark.

At an unseemly hour the next morning Mercutio was roused from his slumbers by Hamlet, who counted every minute a hundred years until he saw Juliet. Mercutio did not take this interruption too patiently, for the honest humorist was very serious as a sleeper; but his equilibrium was quickly restored by Hamlet's revelation.

The friends were long closeted together, and at the proper, ceremonious hour for visitors, they repaired to the house of Capulet, who did not hide his sense of the honor done him by the prince. With scarcely any prelude Hamlet unfolded the motive of his visit, and was listened to with rapt attention by old Capulet, who inwardly blessed his stars that he had not given his daughter's hand to the County Paris, as he was on the point of doing. The ladies were not visible on this occasion, the fatigues of the ball overnight, etc.; but that same evening Hamlet was accorded an interview with Juliet and Lady Capulet, and a few days subsequently all Verona was talking of nothing but the new engagement.

The destructive Tybalt scowled at first, and twirled his fierce mustache, and young Paris took to writing dejected poetry; but they both soon recovered their serenity, seeing that nobody minded them, and went together to pay their respects to Hamlet.

A new life began now for Hamlet. He shed his inky cloak, and came out in a doublet of insolent splendor, looking like a dagger-handle newly gilt. With his funereal gear he appeared to have thrown off something of his sepulchral gloom. It was impossible to be gloomy with Juliet, in whom each day developed some sunny charm unguessed before. Her freshness and coquettish candor were constant surprises. She had had many lovers, and she confessed them to Hamlet in the prettiest way. "Perhaps, my dear," she said to him one evening, with an ineffable smile, "I might have liked young Romeo very well, but the family were so opposed to it from the very first. And then he was so — so demonstrative, you know."

Hamlet had known of Romeo's futile passion, but he had not been aware until then that his betrothed was the heroine of the balcony adventure. On leaving Juliet he went to look up the Montague; not for the purpose of crossing rapiers with him, as another man might have done, but to compliment him on his unexceptionable taste in admiring so rare a lady.

But Romeo had disappeared, in a most unaccountable manner, and his family were in great tribulation concerning him. It was thought that perhaps the unrelenting Rosaline (who had been Juliet's frigid predecessor) had relented; and Montague's man Abram was dispatched to seek Romeo at her residence; but the Lady Rosaline, who was embroidering on her piazza, placidly denied all knowledge of him. It was then feared that he had fallen in one of the customary encounters; but there had been no fight, and nobody had been killed on either side for as many as two days. Nevertheless, his exit had the appearance of being final. When Hamlet questioned Mercutio, the honest soldier laughed and stroked his blonde mustache.

"The boy has gone off in a heat, I don't know where, — to the icy ends of the earth, I believe, to cool himself."

Hamlet regretted that Romeo should have had any feeling in the matter; but regret was a bitter weed that did not thrive well in the atmosphere in which the fortunate lover was moving. He saw Juliet every day, and there was not a fleck upon his happiness, unless it was the garrulous Nurse, against whom Hamlet had taken a singular prejudice. He considered her a tiresome old person, not too decent in her discourse at times, and advised Juliet to get rid of her; but the ancient serving-woman had been in the family for years, and it was not quite expedient to discharge her at that late day.

With the subtile penetration of old age the Nurse instantly detected Hamlet's dislike, and returned it heartily.

"Ah, ladybird," she cried one night, "ah, well-a-day! you know not how to choose a man. An I could choose for you, Jule! By God's lady, there 's Signior Mercutio, a brave gentleman, a merry gentleman, and a virtuous, I warrant ye, whose little finger-joint is worth all the body of this blackbird prince, dropping down from Lord knows where to fly off with the sweetest bit of flesh in Verona. Marry, come up!"

But this was only a ripple on the stream that flowed so smoothly. Now and then, indeed, Hamlet felt called upon playfully to chide Juliet for her extravagance of language, as when, for instance, she prayed that when he died he might be cut out in little stars to deck the face of night. Hamlet objected, under any circumstances, to being cut out in little stars for any illuminating purposes whatsoever. Once she suggested to her lover that he should come to the garden after the family had retired, and she would speak with him a moment from the balcony. Now, as there was no obstacle to their seeing each other whenever they pleased, and as Hamlet was of a nice sense of honor and a most exquisite practicer of propriety, he did not encourage Juliet in her thoughtlessness.

"What!" he cried, lifting his finger at her reprovingly, "romantic again!"

This was their nearest approach to a lovers' quarrel. The next day Hamlet brought her, as peace-offering, a slender gold flask curiously wrought in niello, which he had had filled with a costly odor at an apothecary's as he came along.

"I never saw so lean a thing as that same culler of simples," said Hamlet, laughing; "a matter of ribs and shanks, a mere skeleton painted black. It is a rare essence, though. He told me its barbaric botanical name, but it escapes me."

"That which we call a rose," said Juliet, holding the perfumery to her nostrils, and inclining herself prettily towards him, "would smell as sweet by any other name."

O Youth and Love! O fortunate Time!

There was a banquet almost every night at the Capulets, and the Montagues, up the street, kept their blinds drawn down, and Lady Montague, who had four marriageable, tawny daughters on her hands, was livid with envy at her neighbor's success. She would rather have had two or three Montagues prodded through the body than that the prince should have gone to the rival house.

Happy prince!

If Rosencrantz and Guildenstern and Laertes, and the rest of the dismal people at Elsinore, could have seen him now, they would not have known him. Where were his wan looks and biting speeches? His eyes were no longer filled with mournful speculation. He went in glad apparel, and took the sunshine as his natural inheritance. If he ever fell into moodiness, — it was partly constitutional with him, — the shadow fled away at the first approach of that "loveliest weight on lightest foot." The sweet Veronese had nestled in his empty heart, and filled it with music. The ghosts and visions that used to haunt him were laid forever by Juliet's magic.

Happy Juliet!

Her beauty had taken a new gloss. The bud had grown into a flower, redeeming the promises of the bud. If

her heart beat less wildly, it throbbed more strongly. If she had given Hamlet of her superabundance of spirits, he had given her of his wisdom and discretion. She had always been a great favorite in society; but Verona thought her ravishing now. The mantua-makers cut their dresses by her patterns, and when she wore turquoise, garnets went out of style. Instead of the groans and tears, and all those distressing events which might possibly have happened if Juliet had persisted in loving Romeo, — listen to her laugh and behold her merry eyes!

Every morning either Peter or Gregory might have been seen going up Hamlet's staircase with a note from Juliet, — she had ceased to send the Nurse on discovering her lover's antipathy to that person, — and some minutes later either Gregory or Peter might have been observed coming down the staircase with a missive from Hamlet. Juliet had detected his gift for verse, and insisted, rather capriciously, on having all his replies in that shape. Hamlet humored her, though he was often hard put to it; for the Muse is a coy immortal and will not always come when she is wanted. Sometimes he was forced to fall back upon previous efforts, as when he translated these lines into very choice Italian: —

> "Doubt thou the stars are fire,
> Doubt that the sun doth move;
> Doubt truth to be a liar,
> But never doubt I love."

To be sure, he had composed this quatrain originally for Ophelia; but what would you have? He had scarcely meant it then; he meant it now; besides, a felicitous rhyme does not go out of fashion. It always fits.

While transcribing the verse his thoughts naturally reverted to Ophelia, for the little poesy was full of a faint scent of the past, like a pressed flower. His conscience did not prick him at all. How fortunate for him and for her that matters had gone no further between them! Predisposed to melancholy, and inheriting a not very strong mind from her father, Ophelia was a lady who needed cheering up, if ever poor lady did. He, Hamlet, was the last man on the globe with whom she should have had any tender affiliation. If they had wed, they would have caught each other's despondency, and died, like a pair of sick ravens, within a fortnight. What had become of her? Had she gone into a nunnery? He would make her abbess, if he ever returned to Elsinore.

After a month or two of courtship, there being no earthly reason to prolong it, Hamlet and Juliet were privately married in the Franciscan Chapel, Friar Laurence officiating; but there was a grand banquet that night at the Capulets', to which all Verona went. At Hamlet's intercession, the Montagues were courteously asked to this festival. To the amazement of every one the Montagues accepted the invitation and came, and were treated royally, and the long, lamentable feud — it would have sorely puzzled either house to explain what it was all about — was at an end. The adherents of the Capulets and the Montagues were forbidden on the spot to bite any more thumbs at each other.

"It will detract from the general gayety of the town," Mercutio remarked. "Signior Tybalt, my friend, I shall never have the pleasure of running you through the diaphragm; a cup of wine with you!"

The guests were still at supper in the great pavilion erected in the garden, which was as light as day with the glare of innumerable flambeaux set among the shrubbery. Hamlet and Juliet, with several others, had withdrawn from the tables, and were standing in the doorway of the pavilion, when Hamlet's glance fell upon the familiar form of a young man who stood with one foot on the lower step, holding his plumed bonnet in his hand. His hose and doublet were travel-worn, but his honest face was as fresh as daybreak.

"What! Horatio?"

"The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever."

"Sir, my good friend; I'll change *that* name with you. What brings you to Verona?"

"I fetch you news, my lord."

"Good news? Then the king is dead."

"The king lives, but Ophelia is no more."

"Ophelia dead!"

"Not so, my lord, she 's married."

"I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student."

"Married to him that sent me hither, — a gentleman of winning ways and a most choice conceit, the scion of a noble house here in Verona, — one Romeo."

The oddest little expression flitted over Juliet's face. There was never woman yet, even on her bridal day, could forgive a jilted lover marrying.

"Ophelia wed!" murmured the bridegroom.

"Do you know the lady, dear?"

"Excellent well," replied Hamlet, turning to Juliet, "a most estimable young person, the daughter of my father's chamberlain. She is rather given to singing ballads of an elegiac nature," added the prince, reflectingly, "but our madcap Romeo will cure her of that. Methinks I see them now" —

"O, where, my lord?"

"In my mind's eye, Horatio, surrounded by their little ones, — noble youths and graceful maidens, in whom the impetuosity of the fiery Romeo is tempered by the pensiveness of the fair Ophelia. I shall take it most unkindly of them, love," toying with Juliet's fingers, "if they do not name their first boy Hamlet."

It was just as my lord Hamlet finished speaking that the last horse-car for Boston — providentially belated between Watertown and Mount Auburn — swept round the curve of the track on which I was walking. The amber glow of the car-lantern lighted up my figure in the gloom, the driver gave a quick turn on the brake, and the conductor, making a sudden dexterous clutch at the strap over his head, sounded the death-knell of my fantasy as I stepped upon the rear platform.

T. B. Aldrich.

CALLING THE DEAD.

My little child, so sweet a voice might wake
So sweet a sleeper for so sweet a sake.
Calling your buried brother back to you,
You laugh and listen — till I listen too!

. . . Why does he listen? It may be to hear
Sounds too divine to reach my troubled ear.
Why does he laugh? It may be he can see
The face that only tears can hide from me.

Poor baby faith — so foolish or so wise!
The name I shape out of forlornest cries
He speaks as with a bird's or blossom's breath. . . .
How fair the knowledge is that knows not Death!

Ah, fools and blind, — through all the piteous years
Searchers of stars and graves, — how many seers,
Calling the dead and seeking for a sign,
Have laughed and listened like this child of mine?

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

CAMPAIGNING WITH MAX.

UNION CITY was not a city at all: it was hardly a village, and "Disunion" would have been its fairer designation. It lay in the woods at the crossing of two railroads, one pointing toward Mobile and one toward Memphis, but neither leading anywhere. There was a tradition that trains had once been run upon each, but many bridges had had to be rebuilt to make the short line to Columbus passable, and the rest was ruin; for Forrest had been there with his cavalry.

The land was just so much raised above the broad swamp of Northwestern Tennessee that whisky with men to drink it, and a Methodist Church South with people to attend it, were possible. With these meagre facilities for life, and the vague inducement of a railroad-crossing, Union City had struggled into an amphibious subsistence; but it had never thriven, and its corner lots had but feebly responded to the hopes of its projectors.

For many a mile around, the forests and swamps were well-nigh impenetrable, and the occasional clearings were but desolate oases in the waste of marsh and fallen timber. The roads were wood-trails leading nowhere in particular, and all marked a region of the most scanty and unfulfilled promise.

General Asboth, seeing (by the map) that it commanded two lines of railroad, sent us to occupy this strategic point, and we gradually accumulated to the number of twenty-five hundred cavalry and four thousand infantry; drawing our regular supplies from Columbus, and occupying our time with a happy round of drills, inspections, horse-races, cock-fights, and poker. It was not an elevating existence, but it was charmingly idle, and we passed the serene and lovely autumn of 1863 in a military dreamland, where nothing ever came to disturb our quiet or to mar our repose with the realities of war. We built ourselves houses, we shot game for our tables, we made egg-nog for our evenings, and we were happy. The charm of camp life — with just enough of occupation and responsibility, and with enough improvement in the troops for a reward — made even this wilderness enjoyable. I had the advantage of seniority and command, and the physical comforts that naturally gravitate toward a commanding officer did not fail me.

My house, built with the mouse-colored logs of a rebel block-house, covered with the roof of the post-office, and floored and ceiled with the smoke-mellowed lining of the Methodist church, was broad and low and snug. Its windows, also taken from the sanctuary in question, were set on their sides, and gave to each of the two rooms wide, low-browed outlooks into the woods and over the drill-ground, that would have made worse quarters agreeable. The bricks of an abandoned domestic fireside built a spacious fire-place across an angle of each of the rooms, and the clay of the locality plastered all our chinks "to keep the wind away." I have seen more pretentious houses and more costly, but never one in which three chosen spirits — I had, in a happy moment, selected Voisin and The Hun for my staff — got more that is worth the getting out of the simple and virtuous life of a cavalry head-quarters. We were at peace with all the world (Forrest was in Mississippi); our pay was regular, our rations were ample, and Asboth had been ordered to Pensacola.

Old A. J., his successor, — every inch a soldier, and a good fellow to the very core, — used sometimes to roll up his camp mattress and run down from Columbus for an inspection. Those are marked days in our memories. He was a lynx in the field, and wry buttoning roused him to articulate wrath; but he unbuckled his sabre at the door, and brought only geniality within, a mellow

geniality that warmed to the influences of our modest hospitality, and lasted far into the night; and then, when the simple and inoffensive game was over, and its scores were settled, the dear old boy — usually with a smile of conquest wandering through his gray beard — would unroll his bundle before the fire and sleep like a baby until reveille. Happy, happy days, and still happier nights!

Naturally, in such a life as we led at Union City, our horses formed a very important element in our occupation and in our amusements. Soon after our arrival at Columbus, an event which had taken place a few months before, a spanking mare that I had bought to replace Ruby had gone hopelessly lame, and it became again important to all who were concerned in my peace of mind that a satisfactory substitute should be found for her. There was still in my stable a little thoroughbred (Guy), who, though excellent in all respects, was a trifle under my weight, and not at all up to the rough riding that was a necessary part of our army life. He could go anywhere, could jump any practicable barrier, was fleet and sound, and in all respects admirable, but he was made for a lighter weight than mine, and, except for show and parade riding, must mainly be used to carry Ike and the saddle-bags, or to mount a friend when a friend favored me.

In a second search, in which most of the officers of the regiment took a lively interest, there was found, in Frank Moore's Battalion of the Second Illinois Cavalry, a tall, gaunt, lean, haggard, thoroughbred-looking beast, which had been captured from Merryweather's men in Western Tennessee. He was not a handsome horse, nor was he to the ordinary eye in any respect promising, but a trial showed that he had that peculiar whalebone character, and wiry, nervous action, which come only with blood, and without which no horse is really fit for the saddle. The chances were very much against him. He did not possess the first element of beauty, save in a clean-cut head, a prominent eye, a quick ear, a thin neck, sloping shoulders, high withers, and the brilliant activity that no abuse had been able to conquer. He was held in abeyance until a careful examination of the two thousand horses at the post showed that, even as he stood, he had no equal there for my purposes. Since he had come into the army he had been in the possession of a private soldier, who had done much scouting duty, and he had been initiated successfully into the scrub racing which Illinois soldiers much affected. The serious amount of one hundred and forty dollars was hazarded in the venture, and he was transferred to our stable. That increment of value which always follows the purchase of a new horse came rapidly in his case, and it needed only a few gallops on the breezy bluffs beyond Fort Halleck to install him as prime favorite among the head-quarters mess.

He was deemed worthy of the noble name of Max, and under Ike's careful grooming he returned daily toward the blooming condition that only Second Illinois abuse had been able to subdue. In an early race with The Hun we were ingloriously beaten, but The Hun rode a marvelous little blood mare, blooming with hundreds of bushels of oats, and with two years of careful handling. Max, though beaten, was not discouraged, and seemed to say that with time and good treatment he would be ready for a more successful trial.

During his period of tutelage, and while he was kept from all excessive exertion, he was inducted into the mysteries of the art, to him quite new, of jumping timber. Columbus had been occupied by Rebel and Union soldiers since the outbreak of the war, and its fences, far and wide, had all disappeared, but nowhere in the world was there a greater variety nor a more ample stock of fallen trees, whose huge boles made capital leaping-bars; and over these almost daily for some months, beginning with the smaller ones and going gradually to the largest we could find, Max learned to carry a heavy weight with a power and precision that even Ruby could not have excelled.

During all this time, ample feed, good

shelter, regular exercise, and a couple of hours of Ike's hand-rubbing daily, worked an uninterrupted improvement in limb and wind and sinews and coat, until by the time we were ordered to Union City, Max had become the pride of the camp. He was over sixteen hands high, of a solid dark bay color, glistening like polished mahogany, and active and spirited as a horse in training for the Derby.

At Union City the head-quarters horses were stabled under a capital shed close at hand, and all that master's eye and servant's labor could accomplish for their care and improvement was lavished upon them, so that during our long months' stay, we were among the best mounted men in the Western army. Our pleasure riding, and our work, was through swampy wood-roads, over obstructions of every sort, and across the occasional grass farms, with their neglected rail fences. The weather was almost uninterruptedly fine, our few visiting neighbors were miles away from us, the shooting was good, and the enjoyment we got from our vagabond life in camp was well supplemented by the royal rides we almost daily took.

Naturally, in a camp full of idle men given largely to sport, the elevating entertainment of horse-racing played a prominent part. Both Max and Guy were conspicuous by their successes until, long before the close of our leisurely career, but only after they had hung my walls with spurs and whips and other trophies of their successful competition with all comers, both were ruled out by the impossible odds they were obliged to give. The actual military service required was only enough to convince me that Max was a beast of endless bottom and endurance, and that, accidents apart, he would need no help in any work he might be called on to perform; for the rest of the war, with much duty of untold severity, I habitually rode no other horse for light work or for hard, for long rides or for short ones, on the march or on parade; and with all my sentiment for his charming predecessors, I had to confess that his equal as a campaigner had never come under my leg. He would walk like a cart-horse at the head of a marching column, would step like a lord in passing in review, would prance down the main street of a town as though vain of all applause, would leap any fence or ditch or fallen timber to which he might be put, would fly as though shot from a gun in passing along the line; and when, whether early or late, he was taken to his stable, would eat like a hungry colt and sleep like a tired plow-horse. In all weathers and under all circumstances he was steady, honest, intelligent, and ready for every duty. I had ridden before, at home and in the army, horses ideally good; I have ridden since, over the hunting country of Warwickshire and Northamptonshire, horses that were counted of the best, but never, before or since, have I mounted such a magnificent piece of perfectly trained and perfectly capable horseflesh.

On one occasion, at Union City, word was brought in that a flag of truce from Faulkner had arrived at our picket line, and I rode out for a parley over a trifling matter of an exchange of prisoners. The officer in charge of the flag, with the company escorting him, had originally come from our neighborhood and had belonged to Merryweather's "band." As Max trotted up to their bivouac, he was greeted with cries of recognition, and a lieutenant of the company was kind enough to warn me that I had shown them a stronger inducement than they had hitherto had to make an attack on our position; for, since Frank Moore had captured the horse I rode, they had determined to regain him at any risk. Happily, this laudable wish was never fulfilled, and Max remained, in spite of the devices they may have laid for his recapture.

During the five months of our stay at this post, we made some hard scouts in a hard country, and we held a good part of West Tennessee under strict surveillance, but the most memorable feature of all our scouting was generally the welcome dismounting under the wide eaves of our own house; not, I hope, that we had grown effeminate, but a

week's tramp through the woods of West Tennessee offers little that memory can cherish, and prepares one for a sensation on the near approach of comfort.

But five months of such life is enough, and I was not sorry when the order came that I must go for a soldier again.

Sherman was about to advance eastward from Vicksburg, destroy the lines of railroad by which Forrest received supplies from the fertile prairie region of Northern Mississippi, and strike the Rebellion a blow in the pit of its stomach. A. J. was to take all my infantry down the river, and the cavalry was to move to Colliersville, on the line of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, joining a considerable cavalry force gathering there under Sooy Smith and Grierson; thence we were to move southeasterly through Mississippi, to engage Forrest's forces and to meet Sherman's army at the crossing of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad at Meridian.

We lay in camp more than a week, ready to move, but awaiting orders. The country (a very wet one) was frozen hard and covered with snow. Our order to march and the thaw came together, on the 22d of January. We were to cross the Obion River (and bottom) at Sharp's Ferry, twenty-three miles southwest of our camp. The command consisted of the Fourth Missouri (with a battery), Second New Jersey, Seventh Indiana, Nineteenth Pennsylvania, and Frank Moore's Battalion of the Second Illinois; in all about twenty-five hundred well-mounted men present for duty. The roads were deep with mud and slush, and every creek was "out of its banks" with the thaw. We reached the ferry only at nightfall of the 23d, over roads that had hourly grown deeper and more difficult. Two regiments had crossed, through floating ice (eight horses at a trip), by a rope-ferry, and at nine o'clock in the evening, under a full moon and a summer temperature, I crossed with staff and escort. The river was already so swollen that we landed in two feet of water, and still it was rising. Our camp was fixed five miles away on the upland. The first mile was only wet and nasty, and the trail not hard to follow. Then we came to the "back slough," thirty feet wide, four feet deep, and still covered with four inches of ice. Those who had gone before had broken a track through this, and swept the fragments of ice forward until near the shore they were packed in for a width of ten feet or more, and to the full depth of the water. I can make no stronger statement than that we all got through safely, only wet to the skin. How it was done I do not pretend to know. Some went in one way and some in another. All I can assert is that my stalwart old Max, when he found himself standing, belly deep, in broken ice, settled quietly on his haunches and took my two hundred pounds with one spring on to dry land four feet higher than his starting point and twelve feet away,—but then, Max always was a marvel. Guy, who carried Ike, scrambled over the top of the broken ice as only he or a cat could do. The others fared variously. All were drenched, and some were hurt, but all got to the shore at last. Then came the hour-long tug to get my ambulance through, with its store of tent-hold gods, and we started for our remaining four miles. The trail, even of cavalry, is not easily followed by moonlight when covered with half a foot of water, and we lost our way, reaching camp, after fourteen miles of hard travel, at four o'clock in the morning.

The river was still rapidly rising, and word was brought that Kargé, with more than half the brigade, would have to make a detour of fifty miles and cross the three forks of the Obion far to the eastward, joining us some days later, near Jackson. So we idled on, marching a few miles each day, camping early, cooking the fat of the land for our evening meal, cultivating the questionable friendship of the rebel population by forced contributions of subsistence, and leading, on the whole, a peaceful, unlaborious, and charming picnic life. Finally, taking Kargé again under our wing, we pushed on, resolutely and rap-

idly, over flooded swamps, across deep, rapid rivers, and through hostile towns, to our rendezvous; whence, under the command of two generals, and as part of an army of eight thousand well-mounted cavalry and light artillery, and all in light marching order, we started for our more serious work.

The chief in command was a young and handsome, but slightly nervous individual, who eschewed the vanities of uniform, and had about himself and his horse no evidence of his military character that could not be unbuckled and dropped with his sword-belt in case of impending capture. He was vacillating in his orders, and a little anxious in his demeanor; but he had shown himself cool and clear-headed under fire, and seemed resolutely bent on the destruction of the last vestige of Forrest's troublesome army. It would be tedious to tell all the adventures of our forward expedition; how we marched in three columns over different roads, each for himself, and with only a vague notion where and how we should meet, and how we should support each other. As it afterward proved, the details of the order of march had been given to the commanders of the other brigades, while I had been forgotten; so that the whole advance was vexed with cross-purposes and with the evidences of a hidden misunderstanding. The *contre-temps* that thus came about were annoying, and, in one instance, came near being serious: as we were going into camp at Prairie Station, my advance reported having come in sight of the camp-fires of the enemy; a skirmish-line was sent forward, and only on the eve of engaging did they discover that we were approaching Hepburn's brigade, of our column, which had reached the same point by another road.

The first days of our march in Mississippi were through Tippah County, as rough, hopeless, God-forsaken a country as was ever seen outside of Southern Missouri. Its hills were steep, its mud was deep, its houses and farms were poor, its facilities for the subsistence of a protecting army like ours were of the most meagre description, and its streams delayed us long with their torrents of bottomless muddy water, fast swelling from the thaw that had unlocked the snow of all the deep-buried hills and morasses of their upper waters. We built ferry-boats and swamped them, built bridges and broke them, and slowly and painfully, horse by horse, transferred the command across the nasty river beds. Tippah Creek detained us and kept us hard at work all day and all night, and we reached the Tallahatchie at New Albany barely in time to ford our last man across before it rose to an impassable depth. And then for two days we pressed forward, in company with the whole column, through the rough, rocky, and wooded country, reaching Okolona only at nightfall.

Here we struck the marvelous prairie region of Northeastern Mississippi, literally a land flowing with milk and honey. An interminable, fertile, rolling prairie lay before us in every direction. The stern rule of the Confederacy had compelled the planters to offset every small field of cotton with a wide area of corn, until the region had become known as the granary of the Southern army. Not only must every land-owner devote his broadest fields to the cultivation of the much-needed cereal, but one tenth of all his crop must be stacked for public use in cribs at the side of the railroad.

It was an important incident of our mission to destroy everything which directly or indirectly could afford subsistence to the rebel army; and during the two days following our arrival at Okolona, while we marched as far south as West Point, the sky was red with the flames of burning corn and cotton. On a single plantation, our flanking party burned thirty-seven hundred bushels of tithe corn, which was cribbed near the railroad; no sooner was its light seen at the plantation houses than hundreds of negroes, who swarmed from their quarters to join our column, fired the rail-built cribs in which the remaining nine tenths of the crop was stored. Driven wild with the infection, they set the torch to mansion-house, stables, cotton-gin, and quarters, until the whole vil-

lage-like settlement was blazing in an unchecked conflagration. To see such wealth and the accumulated products of such vast labor swept from the face of the earth, gave to the aspect of war a saddening reality, which was in strong contrast to the peaceful and harmless life our brigade had thus far led. In all this prairie region there is no waste land, and the evidences of wealth and fertility lay before us in all directions. As we marched, the negroes came *en masse* from every plantation to join our column, leaving only fire and absolute destruction behind them. It was estimated that during these two days' march two thousand slaves and one thousand mules were added to our train.

The incidents of all this desolation were often sickening and heart-rending; delicate women and children, whom the morning had found in peace and plenty, and glowing with pride in the valor of Southern arms and the certainty of an early independence for their beloved half-country, found themselves, before nightfall, homeless, penniless, and alone, in the midst of a desolate land.

Captain Frank Moore, the Cossack of our brigade, went at night to an outlying plantation, of which the showy mansion-house stood on a gentle acclivity in the edge of a fine grove. Here lived alone with an only daughter, a beautiful girl, a man who had been conspicuous in his aid to the Rebellion, and whose arrest had been ordered. The squadron drew up in front of the house and summoned its owner to come forth. He came, armed, sullen, stolid, and determined, but obviously unnerved by the force confronting him. Behind him followed his daughter, dressed in white, and with her long light hair falling over her shoulders. The sight of the hated "Yanks" crazed her with rage, and before her father could reply to the question with which he had been accosted, she called to him wildly, "Don't speak to the villains! Shoot! shoot them down, shoot them down!" wringing her hands, and screaming with rage. The excitement was too much for his judgment, and he fired wildly on the troops. He was riddled through and through with bullets; and as Moore turned away, he left that fine house blazing in the black night, and lighting up the figure of the crazy girl as she wandered, desolate and beautiful, to and fro before her burning home, unheeded by the negroes who ran with their hastily made bundles to join the band of their deliverers. Moore's description of this scene in the simple language that it was his unpretending way to use, gave the most vivid picture we had seen of the unmitigated horror and badness of war.

As an instrument of destruction in the enemy's country, our raid had thus far been more successful than we could have anticipated; but we had come for even more serious business than this, and there were already indications that its main purpose would be a failure. Our commander had evidently no stomach for a close approach to the enemy, and his injunctions at Colliersville that we were to try always to "fight at close quarters!" "go at them as soon as possible with the sabre!" and other valorous ejaculations, were in singular contrast to the impressions he evinced as the prospect of an actual engagement drew near.

Forrest was in our front with about our own number of cavalry, but without artillery, of which we had twenty good pieces. The open country offered good fighting ground, and gave to our better drilled and more completely organized forces a decided advantage, even without our great odds in artillery. There lay before us a fair opportunity for dispersing the most effective body of cavalry in the rebel service; and, could we effect a junction with Sherman, we should enable him to divide the Confederacy from Vicksburg to Atlanta. One of the most brilliant and damaging campaigns of the war seemed ready to open. Its key lay in a successful engagement, on a fair field, with an inferior force. Yet all of us who were in a position to know the spirit with which we were commanded were conscious of a gradual oozing out at the finger ends of the determination to make a successful fight, and it was a sad night for us all when at West Point, with our skirmish-line steadily en-

gaging the rebel outposts, an order came that we were to fall back before daybreak toward Okolona.

The brigade commanders and their staffs had had severe duty in the scattered work of destruction, and even Max, tough though he was, had been almost overworked with constant galloping to and fro, and with the frequent countermarching our varying orders had required. Still he was better than his comrades, and many a man was anxious for his mount, should our retreat be pressed.

Early in the morning we were on our way toward the rear, — about eight thousand cavalry, ten sections of artillery, two thousand pack-mules, and an unnumbered cloud of fugitive slaves mounted on their masters' mules, often two or three on each, and clustering under our shadow as their only means of escape to the happy land of freedom. In an organized advance, all of this vast hanging on could be kept at the rear and in good order; but on a retreat the instinct of self-preservation always attacks first the non-combatant element, and during all the days that followed, we found our way constantly blocked with these throngs of panic-stricken people.

No sooner had we turned tail than Forrest saw his time had come, and he pressed us sorely all day and until nightfall, and tried hard to gain our flanks. A hundred times we might have turned and given him successful battle; but, at every suggestion of this, we received from our general, who was well in advance of the retiring column, the order to push forward and give our rear a free road for retreat. Midnight found us again in the vicinity of Okolona, and the next daybreak showed the enemy's long column filing out of the woods and stretching well on toward our right flank.

Even the plains of Texas could offer no field better suited for a cavalry engagement, and it was with satisfaction that we received, at five o'clock in the morning, an order to prepare at once for a fight; but our men were barely mounted and in line when an order came to turn our backs upon this open field, and to retreat with all expedition toward Memphis.

When we left Okolona we left hope behind, for our road struck at once into a wooded, hilly country, full of by-ways and cross-roads known to the enemy and unknown to us, and we well perceived that this movement would double Forrest's power and divide our own. Then, for a long day, tired and hungry from the hard work and constant movement we had just gone through, and with our horses half-fed and overworked, we pushed on, our rear often attacked and sometimes broken, our mule-train and negroes thrown into frequent confusion, one of our brigades demoralized and put to flight, and the enemy still pressing our rear and reaching for our flanks. At last, towards night, it became evident that a stand must be made or all would be entirely lost, and at Ivy Farm, near Pontotoc, we found a broad, open hilltop, with large fields, high fences, and stout log-houses, which offered an opportunity. By this time the command was too widely separated, and some of it too much disorganized, for the concentration of even a whole brigade, but a part of Hepburn's and a part of my own were disentangled from the corral of fugitives and brought into line. Both of our generals were upon the field, and to our surprise both seemed brave and resolute; not with the resolution of despair, for the actual immediate necessity of fighting often steadies nerves which are easily shaken by the anticipation of danger. Brave they were, but not always of the same mind, and conflicting orders continued to add to our embarrassment and insecurity.

It is not worth while to detail all the incidents of the opening of the short engagement; it was ended by the only legitimate cavalry charge made by the "Vierte Missouri" during the whole of its four years' history.

We had withdrawn from the line where we had been fighting on foot, mounted, formed, and drawn sabre; the road about one hundred yards in front of us was swarming with rebels, who crept along the fence lines and in the edge of the

bordering woods, and kept up a steady rain of fire well over our heads, where we heard that *pfwit — pfwit — pfwit!* of flying bullets which, happily, has no relative in the whole chorus of sounds, and which is heard above all the din of battle, and is felt through every remotest nerve.

At the command "Forward!" excitement ran down the line, and there was a disposition for an immediate rush. But "Steady — right dress — trot!" in a measured tone, taken up in turn by the company officers, brought back all the effect of our three years' discipline of the drill-ground. Later, "Steady — right dress — gallop!" accelerated the speed without disturbing the alignment, and then, at last, "Charge!" and with a universal yelling and brandishing of sabres we went forward like the wind. I then felt how mad a venture we had undertaken, for before us was the enemy, it is true, but the enemy behind a high and stout, staked and ridered rail fence. As we drew very near this, still under heavy fire, which now at the short range was telling, the command became conscious that the six-foot fence would withstand our shock, and it wavered. I turned to my bugler to sound the recall, when I saw him out of the corner of my eye, his white horse rearing literally to his full height and falling backward with a crash that must have killed the poor boy at once. The recall was not needed: the regiment had turned and was running. The officers, being the best mounted and generally the lightest weights, soon reached the front, and "Steady — right dress — trot! Steady — right dress — trot!" was repeated along the line, until the drill-ground precision was regained, and then "By fours — right about — wheel!" and we stood facing the enemy again, ready for another advance. Max had been struck by a grazing bullet and had been plunging heavily, but the wound was not serious and he was soon quieted. We now saw that our charge, futile though it seemed, had done its work. The advance of the enemy was checked; the sight of troops that could retire and reform for a new attack seemed to have a stunning effect upon them. Practically the engagement was ended.

Subsequently, one of Forrest's staff officers told The Hun that the size of the division which had charged was variously estimated at from five to ten thousand, but that he had been accustomed to such things and knew that we were not more than two thousand. In fact, we were less than six hundred. Forrest's report of the battle of Pontotoc states that the engagement was ended "by a cavalry charge of the enemy, which was repulsed."

There was still some sharp scrimmaging, and we had to make two or three more squadron and company charges to drive away small attacks upon our retreating guns, but the battle, as a battle, was over, and Forrest's whole advance had been checked and ended by six hundred Fourth Missouri Dutchmen, galloping, yelling, and swinging their sabres at several thousand men well secured behind a rail fence. I had before, in drill-ground charges, seen old soldiers and experienced officers jump down and run away from a fence on which they were sitting to watch the advance of charging cavalry which they knew must wheel before coming within five rods of them; but I had never supposed that hot-blooded soldiers, in the full excitement of a successful attack, could be unnerved and turned by the roar and thundering oncoming of a regiment that could by no possibility reach them. Our first setting out had driven back a thin skirmish-line which had to cross the fence under high speed; this, doubtless, aided in the *débâcle;* the charge had stunned them, but it was the rally that stopped the pursuit.

The rest of our march was without interesting incident all the way to Memphis, but it was almost incessant, day and night; without incident, that is, that it is worth while to tell here, but our days and nights upon the road were filled with annoyance and disgust, and with a store of unhappy and ludicrous memories that will last the life-time of all who knew them.

One day, at New Albany, Max and I were feeding and sleeping in the door of an old mill while the command was slowly crossing the antiquated bridge over the Tallahatchie, when I was awakened by Grierson's riding up in great alarm, calling upon me "for God's sake" to use the ford as well as the bridge, for Hepburn was being cut to pieces in the rear, and I must give him the full road for his retreat. I had always been a respectful subordinate, but none of us were then in the best temper; I did not believe a word of it, and I frankly told him so. Even old Max pricked up his ears and snorted as if in derision. Almost as we were talking, there came an aid from Hepburn saying that he had found a good supply of forage and would be glad to go into camp for the night. But there was no camp to be thought of for that tired crew; the bogey of incessant pursuit loomed up portentously close upon our rear-guard, and sent its shadow deep into the bowels of our commander, who was miles away in the advance, and who would allow us only the fewest possible hours in the very dead of night for hasty cooking and scant repose; and we were a worn and weary lot as we finally went into camp at the rear of the town; worn and weary, sadly demoralized, and almost dismounted. I had lost fifteen hundred good horses, and my men, who had been eager and ready for a successful campaign, were broken in spirit and sadly weakened in discipline.

All who had had to bear the brunt of the hard work needed for themselves and their horses absolute rest for days; but being called into the city the morning after our arrival, my eyes were greeted with the spectacle of General Sooy Smith, no longer ill, and with no trace of shame or annoyance on his face. He had shed his modest and prudent attire, and shone out with all the brass radiance of a full-fledged major-general. From this time until the Fourth Missouri cavalry was mustered out of service, our head-quarters were in the immediate neighborhood of Memphis, and our life was much more active than it had been at Union City.

Not very much is to be said for Max during this time, except in connection with the Sturgis expedition, beyond the fact that we lay long in the immediate vicinity of the race-course, which we repaired and used faithfully, and, so far as he was concerned, with eminent success. The more frequent necessity for duty, the great labor of re-mounting, re-organizing, and re-drilling the command, united with the greater publicity of our position to lay some restraint on our mode of life, and to make our conduct more circumspect. Still we were not miserable, and the neighborhood of a large town has, to a well-regulated head-quarters' mess, its compensations as well as its drawbacks.

Sturgis's expedition to Guntown and back — especially back — has passed into history, and its unwritten memories will always remain with those who took part in it.

Guntown is far away in Northeastern Mississippi. It is not laid down on the map of the country, but it lies just across the Tishamingo Creek, and it consists mainly of two plantation houses and a school-house. Our stay there was not long, and we were too much occupied to study the locality minutely, but it is my impression that the most important incident in its history was connected with our visit.

We were a force of about nine thousand infantry, cavalry, and artillery, — some black and some white, some good and some bad, — sent out by Sherman as a tub to the Forrest whale; a diversion to keep this commander from joining Hood in Northern Georgia; though I doubt if even General Sherman in his moments of wildest enthusiasm anticipated just the issue that followed. Our march out was not rapid, and it was well ordered. We were allowed to take our train, and old John Ellard's four stupendous mules drew our head-quarters' wagon, well laden with the comforts we had accumulated during a long service, including a brand new, well-furnished, and abundantly stored camp-chest that had just arrived from St. Louis. So far as the comforts of a home

for five youngsters can be stored in one mule-wagon, we were well supplied for a campaign of any length; and judging from the mess-tables to which we were invited, others of the command were no less well provided. In due time we reached the town of Ripley, a rather pretty New England-looking village, but like all Southern towns at that time, entirely devoid of men and overflowing with women of the most venomous and spiteful sort, who did all in their power to add to the interest of the Sunday evening we passed in their company.

We had some light skirmishing on our arrival, but whoever it was that attacked us withdrew and left us in undisturbed possession of the comfortable rooms and fire-places of the town. Our next day's march brought us to a large open plantation on a commanding hill, whence our evening scouting parties soon found the enemy posted in some force and apparently disposed for an engagement.

It seemed always Forrest's plan to select his own fighting ground, and the plan of our commanders to gratify him. Sturgis committed the usual folly of trying to hold every inch he had gained, and of forming his line of battle on the head of the column and under fire.

We breakfasted at three in the morning, and marched at half past four. My command had the advance. The enemy allowed himself to be easily driven until half past eight, when he made some show of resistance. At this time the last of our regiments could hardly have left the camping-ground, and probably a judicious retreat would have drawn Forrest's whole force back to the open country we had left. But "retreat" was not yet written on our banners (of that day), and orders came from our general to support the advance-guard, form line of battle, and hold our position. So far as the cavalry brigade was concerned this was easily done, and we got into good line near the edge of a wood without difficulty. Here, for four mortal hours, or until half past twelve, we carried on a tolerably equal warfare, both sides blazing away at each other with little effect across the six hundred yards of cleared valley that lay between two skirts of wood. So far as the endurance of our troops was concerned, this engagement could have been kept up until nightfall, though our ranks were slowly thinning. Several desperate charges were made on our position, and were repulsed with considerable loss to both sides. Pending the arrival of the infantry it would have been folly for us to attempt a further advance, but had we been properly supported, or, better, had we at once fallen back upon our support, we might have given, as the *post bellum* reports of Forrest's officers show, a better ending to the day's work. It was only at half past twelve, when our ammunition was reduced to five rounds per man, and when our battery had fired its last shot, that the infantry began to arrive, and then they came a regiment at a time, or only so fast as the Forrest mill could grind them up in detail.

They had taken our place, and we had withdrawn to their rear, where we were joined by one after another of the defeated or exhausted infantry regiments. Little by little the enemy pressed upon us, gaining rod after rod of our position, until finally our last arriving troops, a splendid colored regiment, reached the field of battle at double-quick, breathless and beaten by their own speed, barely in time to check the assault until we could cross the creek and move toward the rear. The retreat was but fairly begun when we came upon our train of two hundred wagons piled pell-mell in a small field and blocked in beyond the possibility of removal. With sad eyes we saw John Ellard cut his traces and leave all that was dear to us, tents, camp-chest, poker-table, and all that we cherished, to inevitable capture. The train was *our* tub to the whale; and while Forrest's men were sacking our treasures, and refilling the caissons of all our batteries, which they had captured, we had time to form for the retreat, more or less orderly according as we had come early or late off the field. The demoralizing roar of our own guns, and the howling over our heads of our own shells, together with the sharp rattle of musket-

ry on our rear, hastened and saddened the ignominious flight of the head of our column, though, for some reason, the enemy's advance upon us was slow.

All that long night we marched on, without food and without rest. At early dawn we reached Ripley, where we paused for breath. Max had been ridden almost uninterruptedly for twenty-four hours, and for four hours had done the constant hard work that the supervision of a long line in active engagement had made necessary; and he was glad to be unsaddled and turned for fifteen minutes into a scantily grown paddock, where he rolled and nibbled and refreshed himself as much as ordinary horses do with a whole night's rest. The ambulances with our groaning wounded men came pouring into the village, and to our surprise, those women, who had so recently given evidence only of a horrified hatred, pressed round to offer every aid that lay in their power, and to comfort our suffering men as only kind-hearted women can.

With the increasing daylight the pursuit was reopened with vigor, and on we went, and ever on, marching all that day, our rear-guard constantly engaged, and hundreds of our men being captured, thousands more scattering into the woods. My lieutenant-colonel, Von Helmrich, who had been for twenty-eight years a cavalry officer in Germany, and who, after thirteen months in Libby Prison, had overtaken us as we were leaving Memphis, was recaptured and carried back to Richmond, — to die of a good dinner on his second release, ten months later. At nightfall, the pursuit growing weak, we halted to collect together our stragglers, but not to rest, and after a short half-hour pushed on again; and all that interminable night, and until half past ten the next morning, when we reached Colliersville and the railroad, reinforcements and supplies, we marched, marched, marched, without rest, without sleep, and without food. The cavalry-men were mainly dismounted and driving their tired jades before them, only Max and a few others carrying their riders to the very end, and coming in with a whinny of content to the familiar stables and back-yards of the little town.

Most other officers whose service had been as constant as mine had had extra horses to ride for relief, but I had never yet found march too long for Max's wiry sinews, and trusted to him alone. He had now been ridden almost absolutely without intermission, and much of the time at a gallop or a rapid trot, for fifty-four hours. I had had for my own support the excitement and then the anxious despair of responsible service, and Ike had filled his haversack with hard-bread from John Ellard's abandoned wagon; an occasional nibble at this, and unlimited pipes of tobacco, had fortified me in my endurance of the work; but Max had had in the whole time not the half of what he would have made light of for a single meal. I have known and have written about brilliant feats of other horses, but as I look over the whole range of all the best animals I have seen, I bow with respect to the wonderful courage, endurance, and fidelity of this superbly useful brute.

There is an elasticity in youth and health, trained and hardened by years of active field-service, which asserts itself under the most depressing circumstances. Even this shameful and horrible defeat and flight had their ludicrous incidents, which we were permitted to appreciate. Thus, for instance, during a lull in the engagement at Guntown, I had seated myself in a rush-bottomed chair under the lee of a broad tree-trunk; a prudent pig, suspecting danger, had taken shelter between the legs of the chair, leaving, however, his rear unprotected. Random bullets have an odd way of finding weak places, and it was due to one of these that I was unseated, with an accompaniment of squeal, by the rapid and articulate flight of my companion.

During our last night's march, my brigade having the advance, and I being at its rear, Grierson ordered me to prevent the pushing ahead of the stragglers of the other brigades, who were to be recognized, he reminded me,

by their wearing hats (mine wore caps). The order was peremptory, and was to be enforced even at the cost of cutting the offenders down. Grierson's adjutant was at my side; we were all sleeping more or less of the time, but constantly some hatted straggler was detected pushing toward the front, and ordered back, — the adjutant being especially sharp-eyed in detecting the mutilated sugar-loaves through the gloom. Finally, close to my right and pushing slowly to the front, in a long-strided walk, came a gray horse with a hatted rider, — an india-rubber poncho covering his uniform. I ordered him back; the adjutant, eager for the enforcement of the order, remonstrated at the man's disobedience; I ordered again, but without result; the adjutant ejaculated, "Damn him, cut him down!" I drew my sabre and laid its flat in one long, stinging welt across that black poncho: "——! who are you hitting!" Then we both remembered that Grierson too wore a hat; and I tender him here my public acknowledgment of a good-nature so great that an evening reunion in Memphis over a dozen of wine won his generous silence.

George E. Waring, Jr.

IMMORTELLES.

JUST as when summer laughed, they linger yet,
  Here in my chamber, while the world is cold;
Their pale-gold, brittle petals primly set
  About dry, brittle hearts of deeper gold.

Do I but fancy that an aching need
  Lives in the wan, inanimate looks they lift,
And that Tithonus-like they dumbly plead
  The awful goddess to revoke her gift?

Yes, if I read their joyless calm aright,
  Mere immortality can ill repay
This sluggish veto of corruption's blight,
  This dull and charmless challenge to decay!

For surely these are flowers that well might sleep
  Near Stygian waves, and shiver in the breath
Of long disconsolate breezes when they sweep
  Out from the dreamy meadowlands of death!

Ah! where in this white urn they dimly smile,
  Full oft, I doubt not, each poor bloom has sighed
To have been some odorous radiance that erewhile
  Divinely was a rose, although it died!

Edgar Fawcett.

"THE THING WHICH HATH BEEN SHALL BE."

A GREAT many years ago, longer than I like to own, there stood a house in my native town that had for me a peculiar interest. It was one of the oldest houses in the place, wooden, and at first the real red of old Yankeedom, but white when I knew it. Its style was not the ordinary New England routine of nine windows and a door in front; it was not so regular: and instead of standing in the middle of its goodly lot, its north side came up to the sidewalk of a damp, paved alley, sunless even in midsummer, where green moss grew on the brick foundations, and horses stumbled on the round paving-stones always slippery with mud or frost. But the southern half was sunny enough. A garden full of all old-fashioned blooms lay about the wide front door and south of the side entrance. Old pear-trees, knotty and awkward, but veiled always in the spring with snowy blossoms, and hung thereafter with golden fruit, shaded a little the formal flower-beds where grew tulips, lifting scarlet and golden cups or creamy chalices, striped with pink and purple, toward the sun; peonies, round and flaunting; ragged-robins; flowering almond, that bloomed like Aaron's rod with myriads of tiny roses on a straight stick; fleur-de-lis with languid and royal banners of blue, white, or gold; flowering currant, its prim yellow blossoms breathing out spice to the first spring winds; snowdrops, virginal and graceful; hyacinths, crocuses, jonquils, narcissus, daffadowndillys; velvet and parti-colored roses, the rich buds of Provence and moss, the lavish garlands of the old white rose, and the delicate odorous damask. Why should I catalogue them? Yet they all rise crowding on my memory, and the air swims with their odors. Ah! not alone their bloom and perfume, but the faces and the speech of the dead come with them; they who rise no more with the recurring spring, who leave no generation after them to repeat those faces and voices for which the heart forever hungers and forever mourns! Long before I knew this quaint old house, a family lived there for whom it was fashioned, and under whose culture all these gardens sprung to life and bloomed and fruited. The son of a clergyman, Mr. Wyllys received the usual social and religious training of New England in the last century, but seems to have had no ambition to follow his father's calling; being threatened with the universal malady of the country, consumption, he betook himself to the sea, and followed it for ten years, regaining health and making money, — moreover, getting married; for the first of this yellow bundle of letters that lies beside me, and tells me the story I try to re-tell with note and comment, is dated at "Barbadoes the 13th July, 1767," and is addressed to "Miss Mable Ray." Now truth — that dreadful necessity to the historian — compels me to state that this young lady's name was really Mehetabel! but he was a lover, and spelling a rare accomplishment then. I am almost afraid to spell so long a name myself; shall I blame my equally cautious hero? But here is the letter, given, as I shall give them all, verbatim: —

DEAR MABLE, — This pr Capt. Hopkins will inform You that I am in good health as I sincerely wish this to find You. I hope to be at home in ye beginning of September, when I doubt not You will be ready to complete our Union, which God send may be lasting and happy. I shou'd have wrote by Cap't W—— but for reasons mention'd when at home. I 'm impatient to leave this Place as I shall then be on my way to what I hold most dear. Farewell my dear Girl, and believe me to be

Truly Yours, JOHN WYLLYS.

This succinct and honest letter seems to have had its wishes fulfilled, for the

next, without date except of April 28th, comes from Mable herself, and is directed to "Capt. J. Wyllys."

Dear Sir, — this I hope will find you well, as it leaves me and the Child. it Seems along time that you are lik to be absent, pray make it as Short as you can. Helena is as wild as you can wish she would be devertion anuf for you if you was hear. our friends at H. and M. are well as common. May Heaven prescarve you and return you safe home again is the Constant prayer of

your Loveing wife, M. W.

Now comes a long hiatus in the letters. They are scattered about among so many descendants that my share is small. I must fill the gap with my own narration, which will be less graphic and terse than the language of my ancestors, no doubt, but let me console myself, if not my readers, with the fact that it will be at least better spelled! When Captain W—— was about thirty, he took possession of our old house, which his father had built and inhabited for his life-time, and brought with him his wife and three children to add to the inmates already there, — his two sisters, girls then, who lived for and with each other to a good old age, figuring in all the chronicles related to my childish ears as Aunt Sybil and Aunt Polly.

Here, for a year or two, things went on smoothly; other children came, the flowers blossomed in the garden, and the smooth-cheeked, crisp apricots ripened against the wall; bell-pears — a fruit passsed out of modern reach, a wondrous compound of sugar and wine and fragrance — dropped in the rank grass; peaches that are known no more to man, great rose-flushed globes of honey and perfume that set the very wasps crazy, drooped the slight trees to earth with their gracious burden; cherries and plums strewed the ground, and were wasted from mere profusion; curculio was a stranger in the land, fire-blight unknown, yellows a myth, black knot never tied, and the hordes of ravaging insects yet unhatched; there was enough for men and robins; the land was full of food, but the landsmen were unquiet, and the Revolution blew its fiery blast among New England hills as well as through Southern plantations — there was no West then, or rather, it was Ohio! Now there was no more peaceful sea-going, British ships infested the waters that had been free to commerce, and Captain Wyllys's captainship was mere sound and fury; but he was a "canny" man, "cute" as our own patois hath it, and his shrewd business capacities pointed him out as serviceable for commissary, at first as deputy, then, being tested, as principal for that district.

That war of the Revolution seems to us now a small matter set beside our own fearful experience, which multiplied those battles and those dead by thousands, and stretched for hundreds of miles beyond what was a century ago savage wilderness. But looking at the population, the resources, the knowledge of warfare, and the momentous results, it was as terrific a crisis to New England as the last bitter conflict; and women were women then of the same type as now; they too had weak and shrinking souls that were tempered to steel in this bath of blood and fire. Mable rose to the occasion: she managed her household with thrift as became its necessities, she opened her doors to receive and administer to the official guests of her husband, she offered gracious hospitality when every possession of life trembled in the balance; little children slipped out of her arms into mother earth's, and she mourned them silently, for who knew from what evil to come they were taken? Her husband was harassed with work and anxiety, her country was a divided household, her family hung upon her strong character for support, and she met every demand as it arose with ample strength. She may not have been a lovable woman. I rather doubt it from the little I can gather, but she stood in her lot to the end of her days, stern, self-reliant, generous, and just; neither coaxing for indulgence nor clamoring for "rights."

A few more like her would be something to our advantage in these days!

The war went on, slowly enough. Colonel Wyllys (for by this time he had a military title) did good service, for gathering supplies in a distracted and half-settled country was no light matter. I remember hearing how he rode once on horseback from Albany to Dartford, a distance of ninety miles, without leaving the saddle, on some great emergency; he was lifted from his horse at his own door and carried to a chair, and so swollen were his legs with the fixed position and dreadful fatigue, that people were obliged to fill his horseman's boots with brandy before they could be forced off. Here is one letter in which his indignation speaks, that gives some insight into his difficulties: —

DARTFORD, *Sept.* 18, 1775.

To JOSEPH TRUMBULL, ESQ., Commissary General.

DEAR SIR, — I am told that their are People in Tolland — where the Bearer lives that Bid $^4/_6$ for all the Wheat and their is in every Town Purchasers; who employ them I know not perhaps you may learn of him, he has carried some oats and I expect more of him, but perhaps he may meet with some of Your good Nighbours to buy them, but his former punctuality forbids my believing he wou'd disappoint us. When You come this way you will know more about this Matter and all others I believe their is not a Town in this Collony But has some Body to serve the Devel in this way; and 't is said they are purchasing for the Massachusetts. I am D'r Sir Your Very Humb. Serv't J. W.

But while the colonel rode and raged about the country, and wrote energetic letters, and abused his "Nighbours" much as we do now, the three children grew up in the old house from dimpled babyhood into childish talk and activity. The three left were "Helena," who from being "wild as you can wish" developed into a shy, delicate, sensitive little creature; David, an intelligent but sickly boy, with strong affections, though somewhat priggish and fussy, one would think, as might well enough be the result of exclusively feminine training on an only son. Strange enough to me are the revealings of these yellow letters, for I remember him old, bent, harsh of aspect, and with all the thousand notions of a life-long invalid; soured and made suspicious by life, instead of sweetened; a childless, rich old man, who showed always his husk to outsiders, but had within as warm a heart and as just a soul as ever inspired a weak human body. I loved him with all my heart, and I hardly know another creature who could honestly say that; but I was with him in his last years, and knew him as never before. I owe him an inexpressible debt of gratitude and affection, and now he needs them no more.

The last and youngest of the triad was Maria; a rosy, willful, sweet, high-spirited baby, evidently her father's idol. Here again "the thing that hath been" recurs, for her very self has come back to earth in the third generation, romping, blooming, blue-eyed, and bewitching as her great-grandmother, with the same wide, clear eyes, and softly curving lips, the imperious frown, broad white forehead, and careless waving hair, that charmed the eyes of Rochambeau and Washington, and made the gay and gallant French officers clink their glasses in honor of little Molly, when she was set on the dining-table at dessert, to drink the general's health at a dinner-party. How often has she herself told me of that wonderful experience, and of her disgust at peeping into the kitchen before dinner, and seeing the cook of the French commissariat, a dirty creature addicted to snuff, strain the soup through his filthy apron. Sitting at her feet on a cricket, and looking up at the wrinkled face and ruffled cap above me, it seemed more incredible than my wildest fairy tales, that she should ever have been young and beautiful; but her picture taken in the prime of womanhood attests, with its noble beauty, all that tradition tells.

Now come more indignant letters; but I will not transcribe them; in this war as in all others there was cowardice and

treachery and indolence and self-seeking enough to rouse the indignation of a just man and an earnest patriot. The cloud lay heavy on the land; its gloom was smitten with lightning and shaken with thunder, and the people's hearts failed them; have we not seen the like? The first glitter of day brightens these few lines: —

WILLIAMSBURG 29th *Septr* 1781.

MY DEAR MABLE, — I am well, and the Sickly season being passed I hope to continue so. Yesterday our army set down before York in which Lord Cornwallis is with 5000 men besides blacks. General Green has obtained a Victory over the Enemy near Charlestown, the particulars in my next — my love to Sisters and the Children. I am my dear very affectionately Yours J. W.

One has to smile to see the distinction between men and blacks even then. One more letter only during the war, and that is "the beginning of the end;" it bears the same date of Williamsburg, but October 18th: —

MY DEAR MABLE, — Cornwallis has surrendered! with all his army; this gives us a hope of returning soon. . . .

My love to Sisters and the dear Children. I am in too much haste to be particular but will write again soon. I am my dear Mable your affectionate husband J. W.

Now came, though with delaying steps, the long-looked-for day of peace, and to arrange his accounts as commissary, and obtain a final settlement with the officers of the French army, Colonel Wyllys sailed for France. David was ailing, and had trouble with his eyes; one had been partially blinded by an accident in his childhood, and the other weakened sympathetically; it was thought best to take him abroad. In those times a passage of twenty-seven days was short, and our next letter to the inmates of the old house is from Paris. Only part of it relates to the home life, which is all we have to do with hereafter, since war is over, and prosperous dullness reigns. This father and husband is even such as we are now; only a month in Paris, and his fatherly heart yearns toward his baby, the little maid who danced on the dinner-table before the French officers, and turned up her pretty nose at the French cook. Here is a letter that he writes to her in real father fashion: —

PARIS *September* 30th 1783.

Well my dear little Moll how do you do, are you well and happy, do you take good care of Your Mamma and aunts — and do you learn fast. Your brother is well and doing well he makes tollerable progress in French and is grown strong healthy and fat. his Eyes are very well and reads a great deal he dances every day at home with a good Master and I think you will see next Spring a very pretty accomplished lad who you love very much he will have many things to tell you, but one thing will give him great trouble if you don't take care, he finds it is very wrong to Stoop and hold down the Head. the little Girls of his acquaintance here are very streight and he is so well pleased with it that he walks stands sits and dances very reight up, and so must you my love, otherwise you will make me and your brother unhappy. If you find yourself as good a Girl as when I left you try to keep so — if you are less good mend imediately my love or you will grow worse, but learn to be very clean in your Person and dress, dont burn Yourselfe by the fire this Winter nor let Helena do so, clean your teeth well EVERY DAY and tell Helen to do so, if she forgets it remind her of it, if you cou'd persuade Yourselfe to have one or both of those Ugly teeth puled out it wou'd be greatly to your advantage and oblidge me very much. try my dear Molly you will always repent delaying it for sooner or later you will consent and the sooner the better on every account, write me a letter tell me they are out. Your old friend Mr. D'Corney is here and remembers You all very affectionately, he is married to a Widow Lady very amiable and who loves him as he does her very much & they con-

tribute greatly to our happiness. They have a son 20 Years old an officer in the army now here on a Visit an agreeable Young Man & plays the Violin better than his father he is modest and well accomplished, they are our neighbors and our friends, they all join in affectionate good wishes to Your mamma aunts Your sister and you, if you was here you would love Mrs de Corney's little dog as well as Your cats, it is a clean little beauty. David has seen many agreeable things here and wishes he could send you all some of these Grapes which he eats every day, give my love to all the little Girls of your acquaintance especially the Hopkins, write me a long letter my love and write it very well, goodnight my love if you find yourself angry or ill-natured shut yourselfe up for half an hour which will cure you & keep you from repeating the fault but why shoud I give you this advise you are not apt to be angry or ill-natured There has been very lately a huge Ball filled with inflameable air and it mounted up to the Skies and flew away several Leagues, it was 60 feet high and forty broad made of canvas and covered with wax or gum, and some people here are of the Opinion that in a short time by this kind of Ball we shall travel in the Skies with great ease and rapidity, tell Mr. Strong this Story and ask him not to laugh too much at it. I saw one of these Balls with a *Sheep* a *Duck* and a *Cock* in a cage go up to an immense heighth, but the canvas was not well closed and the inflameable air was let out, it fell gradually and hurt neither of the animals, this progress through the air before y'e wind is rapid beyond description, what a fine thing it will be if we can fly from Europe to America, good night my dear girl Your affectionate parent and sincere friend,

J. W.

This odd mixture of advice and affection and information — not to say punctuation — seems not to have affected spoiled Miss Molly deeply; perhaps she resented the idea that anything could injure that bloom like the sunny side of a peach, or that her beautiful head needed to be held "streight." She certainly did not answer her fond father's letters, or even write to the "very pretty accomplished lad," David; for two months later we find the absent colonel starved for home news. Poor man! his family did behave shabbily. Evidently they were not as apt at letter-writing as their father, whose spelling improves mightily with years; a few words still, the words that try men's souls, he cannot master, but the average is one of improvement, and here and there he shows symptoms of French that betray his locality. Still his precious Molly does not write, and the next letter is brief enough:—

PARIS *Feb* 6*th* 1784.

Not one letter from my dear little Molly, well it is not because she don't love me. neither is it because she is idle. what then can be the reason — why uncle John Trimble I suppose has got one for me and will keep it till I arrive in London but why not write me by Mr Platt and everybody else that came, was you busy at Captain Hopkins with your dear Anna or was you taking care of your Cat and Kittens, but I am sure you have some good excuse which you shall tell me when I come home, but till then do you hold up your head walk and stand streight, eat no Salmon for breakfast keep your teeth very clean & tell your sister to do so too, dress yourselfe neat clean & elegant keep out of ye Sun, & be very good, learn much but especially to spell & read & write well, take care never to be angry or ill-natured, be cheerfull good humoured and gay but never wild. Your dear little brother is so good that I am afraid I shall love him too much he says he has no such fears nor have all the fine things in Paris made him forget the old red House at Dartford nor all the fine folks detached him from his dear friends at Dartford he learns french fast he sees pretty well with his poorest Eye perfectly well with the other, and has good health, so has your Papa, don't forget to ride nor to dance, be very good to your Mamma Aunts Sister and everybody especially to ye poor and unhappy,

give my love to all your little friends and kiss Anna at least a dozen times for me, tell her you will write me a long letter and send her love to me, adieu my dear child I am

Your affectionate friend and Father
J. W.

In all these letters there is no word of love for poor Helena; "unto him that hath shall be given!" Molly, the happy, bright, clamorous child, beautiful and brilliant, had her father's heart; and Helena, fragile, sensitive, full of deep feeling that her shy nature could never express, drooped in the shade and deepened its shadow by drooping. Her face, shadowed out for the future by a painter of those days, ill as it is drawn and colored, still portrays a character so delicate, so introspective, so shrinking, that one cannot regret that the clear cheek, the hollow temple, and the sad gray eye, lit by the scarlet flush on either cheek, tell their true and blessed story, "Whom the gods love die young!" Colonel W—— was a good man, with a warm heart. I think it possible he may not even have been aware of his own partiality for Molly, self-evident as it was to others. It is no uncommon thing, but all these years after it makes one's heart ache to think of that tender, starving soul, whose need was so great, receiving so little. Life offered her its bitterest cup afterward, but she drank it meekly; perhaps the storm that beat upon this lily broke it the more easily for its weak and sunless growth. It is a curious problem in physiological science to see the entire unlikeness of those born of the same parents, in the same place, reared together to maturity. One would expect some vital unity between them, some likeness of soul as well as of feature; but how often are they more widely separated than those of different lands and different races; how often so radically diverse, so incapable of comprehending each other, that to live together is a mutual torture or a mutual martyrdom! Here comes another letter to Molly, also written from England, for in March Colonel W—— had left France, having obtained his money and settled his affairs. I have somewhere a strange old document, with a picture of Versailles at the top of the discolored sheet, that sets forth the merits and successes of David W—— at his Parisian school; a sort of diploma that he brought back in triumph to his mamma. For her his affection was always profound, and even in manhood had in it an element of dependence; her picture, taken with a handkerchief thrown over the head, I always supposed in my childhood to be that of an old man, so stern and masculine were the regular features, the set lips, the keen, cold, gray eyes. That chill and steel come out here and there among her descendants, and temper, perhaps desirably, the facile good-nature and *bonhommie* that her husband bequeathed also among us. But her son, as I have said, loved her to the last hours of his long life. I shall never forget one day sitting alone with him in the great, sombre parlor where he spent his days in winter, when hearing the door open, I rose up suddenly with a joyful exclamation of "Mother!" and ran to meet her; as we turned back together, the poor old man was sobbing like a child. I coaxed and caressed him into quiet, and as soon as he could speak he whispered brokenly, "*I* shall never say 'Mother!' again!"

In this next letter Helena finds a place; one can imagine how this blame, or rather dispraise, falls upon her dejected soul; even her father seems to have thought of it for once, and tried to mend matters in the next page, but there is no proverb truer than that of the Arab, "There are three things that return not: the spoken word, the spent arrow, and the lost opportunity!" This time Molly has written.

London 24th *April* 1784.

My dear little Moll, — I rec'd your several letters which are written with a great deal of cheerfullness which I admire. I read them all carefully over to see if you had told me that you had pulled out those ugly teeth but don't find you have, perhaps you chose to sur-

prise me when I returned by shewing me they were gone — or perhaps it hurt you so little that you have forgot it but no matter if they are but out. David says he will learn you french when he comes home he thinks you will attend to it — he don't seem to be quite so certain about Helen, he thinks she is not quite so steady and persevering as Moll but I hope she is as proud and that may push her on to keep pace with you. Don't tell Helena of this least she shoud be angry, but on second thought you may for she is too good to be angry with her Brother and Sister, give my love to all hands and tell them I have quite got rid of my Head-ach, & hope to return to America without it — I have not had one hours Headach these twenty days.

Adieu my love hold up your head Wear a Callash & Gloves when you romp out of Doors, I need not tell you to be a good Girl because you are never otherwise — but take care people sometimes grow naughty insensibly therefore watch yourselfe but be good Humoured cheerfull and happy and render your Mamma Aunts Sister and all friends happy, which you have much in your Power

Your affectionate father and
Sincere friend &
Hum^ble Servant.
J. W.

Here in England the colonel stayed till July; no further letters are in my hands, but tradition tells me that he had a very good time. He was presented at court, and partook of other less regal festivities; probably tasted the delights of the world, the flesh, and the "devel," much as modern travelers do. I well remember the gorgeous garments that lay in a certain garret, and were once in a while displayed to my admiring eyes, on occasion of the great annual house-cleaning, when a war of extermination was declared against moths to the very eaves of the house. If one should lay up to-day even the American ambassador's court suit, would it offer a spectacle of delight ninety years hence? But how goodly were those ample suits of Genoa velvet! — coats whose skirts would make a modern garment, with silver buttons wherever buttons could be sewed; breeches with paste buckles at the knees, so bright in their silver setting that my childish soul secretly cherished a hope that they might possibly be diamonds after all; and waistcoats of white satin embroidered with gold or silver, tarnished it is true by time, — but what use is an imagination only eight years old if the mere tarnish of eighty years counts for anything in its sight? These coats were wonderful to me; how wonderful would they not be in the streets to-day! One was of scarlet velvet, with a silvery frost on its pile like the down on a peach, — velvet so thick that I pricked my fingers painfully, attempting to fashion a pincushion out of a fragment thereof; another was purple, with a plum-like bloom on its royal tint, and another sober gray, and glittering only with buttons and buckles of cut steel. Think how a goodly and personable man dazzled the eyes of fair ladies in those days, arrayed like a tulip, with shining silk stockings, and low shoes all of a sparkle with steel, or paste, or diamonds; his shapely hands adorned with rich lace frills, his ample bosom and muscular throat blossoming out with equally soft and costly garniture!

But these gay times were not for long indulgence by a father of a family in a new and unsettled republic, so our gay and gallant colonel betook himself to a ship, and after being tossed therein for fifty-six days, during which, no doubt, he repented any of his peccadilloes abroad, and longed earnestly for his own *terra firma*, he arrived in Delaware Bay, and perhaps ate salmon for breakfast in his own house a fortnight thereafter, regardless of his advice to Molly; for salmon in those days were far more plentiful than shad now, and I have heard that farm-servants hired for the season made it a clause in their agreements that they should not be fed on that unctuous fish more than four days in a week! Now our *pater-familias* is at home, and busy with Indian treaties, government land-warrants, raising horses, breeding cattle, and general affairs of the town; never-

theless he finds time to look after his family, and the next letter is from Helena, now about sixteen or seventeen, who is in New York, apparently for a little "finishing," a little more of the world and its ways than quiet Dartford could offer for her polishing. This is to Molly, and shows us that "the thing which hath been" is still; for the "fashions," quaint as they are, form the topic of the epistle.

New York, *March* 5th 1785.

How do you do my dear sister are you well and happy, I hope you will forgive me for not writing you befoer, for if you knew how many employments I have I am shure you would.

Methinks I wish I was with you. New York has many charms but Dartford has many more I look around but don't find My Lovely Maria to talk too, and Who with such kind good-nature used to pity and endevour to comfort me when unhappy and bair with me in everything. How does aunt Tapscot, have you heard from her and Aunt Hannah lately, write me everything about everybody, write often my Dear Girl for your letters give Sincere Satisfaction to your Helen. Dont expect me to be punctual in answering your letters for indeed I write every Leasure moment that I have from my Studdys and visits. I must beg you to get me two yards of that pink lutestring at aunt Elery's thats like my gown — I wish you to send by the first opertunity as I am wating to have my gown altered — Give my love to our Dear David beg him to write me oftner you dont even mention him in your letter. I have bought you a very pritty brown bever hat But it is not yet trimd but as soon as it is and I have a good opertunity I will send it Now for the fashions — the misses of your age were their hair cut on their forehead and Curled in the neck, frocks or little frisquisks with narrow scollopt capes and frils to the frisques — long Sleaves or short as they please, they likewise were Gowns, Habbits they call them here with a pin-up to them put on ither at the top or bottom of the back with long Sleaves and Scollopt capes — and sashes with everything and caps if they are much drest, the ladies of mamas age dress here very much as in Dartford, tell aunt elery that I would have bought her some borders as she desir'd but I have seen none but what I thought too dear to buy for her purpos as they are very much worn Give my love to aunt betsy and Eunice, beg them to write Me adieu My Dear Molly I am your affectionate sister

Helena W.

Here is great field for conjecture in the matter of "frisquisks" — what is *not* in a name! How appropriate would this title be to certain of the garments that astound our modern eyes; how familiar is the "pin-up behind," though by another phrase; and what pretty glimpses we get of Helena's love for Molly, who comforted her when she was "unhappy," sweet, sorry soul! and of her thrifty foresight for "aunt Elery" in the matter of borders. Here is another letter to her dear David, whom she has renamed as Mr. Hopeful, signing herself D. Gray; but there is no date, and its qnaint piety and morality seem premature; or rather, an early warning of the end, like that fragrant "life-everlasting" that even in August begins to give out its curious perfume on the high hillsides of New England, where its dull, silvery leaves, and sleek, never-opened buds chill us even in the dog-days, with a sense of autumn and the falling leaf.

My dearest kindest of brothers may you be ever as happy as you were when you finised your dear good letter to me and never let that baneful wretch Spleen oppress those hours of life when it is your duty to make yourself as blest as possible, & you will be so if you attend as well to the religious as well as the Morral Duties of Life which I hope you ever will & to descharge the first will of the All good all Bounteous Creator is to be Contented with your lot (& who has more reason). If you wish to obey his will Drive Every maloncholy thought from your mind, speak act think in short Do everything with alacrity and Cheerfulness & recollect that you can by no

means more fully obey the Sovereign of the universe than by enjoying in their greatest extent every blessing he has Kindly given — you will be surprised no doubt at receiving lectures of Morrality from your giddy Helena especially while in the gay disappated City of New York but you know tho' apparently thoughtless I sometimes have my serious moments. . . . I am rejoiced Heaven has so kindly sent in the persons of Mr Cunningham and Mr T. D. friends whose feelings are like your own Alive to every Idea of friendship & who can so kindly Share in all your joys and sorrows, poor Theodore I pitty him sincerely the Heart thats frought with woe has ever a Claim to my simpathy and the uneasiness that arises from grief needs no excuse. May a Sisters folly never embitter your hours of pleasure. . . . Yesterday I was very busy all day and spent the evening at a Miss Caty Dedloms where we Danced I Danced nine or ten Dances came home at two and lay in bed this day untill twelve, finished breakfast at half after one receiv'd morning visits until half past two then put up my Cloaths began to have my hair Drest at three, & a quarter past four seated myself to write to you. . . .

Adieu my Dear Brother may you be Blest prays yours most sincerely

D. Gray.

How refreshing it is to have the "Morrality" supplemented with this natural youthful enjoyment! We draw a long breath, and wonder where the poor child learned to preach the blessed creed, so hard for her melancholy nature to practice. Perhaps Molly's overflowing vitality, her mirth and mischief, her rosy, beaming beauty, had helped to drive away from Helena's heart that "baneful wretch Spleen," and sung to her the benign gospel of cheerfulness. Certainly a very tender friendship had sprung up between her and her brother since his return from abroad; a friendship so strong that after her death, until his own, he never would speak her name voluntarily or allude to her without tears. Is it blessed to the dead to be so remembered? Surely it is a perpetually rankling wound to the living who so remember them. Now our Helena comes back to Dartford, but David is away at school in Fairfield, and she must write him at once.

And now, somewhere in the hiatus of two years which occurs in the letters, there comes to our poor girl a new and bitter-sweet experience. In no family legend does this fact figure; it is hid away, like all our skeletons, in a closet. That I ever saw its blanched bones through a crack was owing to the garrulity of an old lady long since dead, who well remembered Helena in her sweet youth, and who lived so near the family that even this strictly guarded bit of gossip reached her ears and was impressed on her mind by the sad and fatal results. There came to Dartford a young physician, poor and a stranger,

"A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,"

but a man gifted with God's nobility and a nature so sunny, so genial, so sweet, that it was like the cheer of some spicy cordial to look into his face and hear his voice. Of him I never heard an evil or an unkind, nay an indifferent word spoken; his own family — for in after years they gathered about his hearth — worshiped him, and when he died one stricken daughter followed him at once, for her heart was broken at his loss. Before I lived he died, but he left behind him descendants who vindicate their ancestry; and I count to-day as closer to my heart than almost any friend among the dear circle I possess, one of his children who repeats her father. Looking at her, I know what her father was, and I cannot wonder that Helena, keenly alive to all that was lovely, more keenly sensitive to any affection, was drawn in every fibre of her nature toward this warm and manly soul that showered its treasure of love and devotion upon her. Think what it is to a plant struggling upward after long winter days to bask in the full summer sunshine, to feel in every vein the rush of life and bloom; think what it is to have that sun darkened and snow again cover

the earth! Perhaps it is not to be supposed that Colonel W——, the first and richest man in Dartford, would give his lovely daughter to a struggling young physician; it was a "bad match," — words that have a far more vital interpretation than the conventional one, but which meant in those days merely a disparity of position. Nor can I give Helena's mother the benefit of a doubt in this matter; those keen, cold eyes of hers, the indomitable pride and resolution of those lips, do not tell a story of maternal weakness or consideration. That their daughter's tender, faithful heart would suffer, was nothing to them; their pride must be intact, if it involved a human sacrifice, and the thing was peremptorily put an end to. How far it had proceeded I do not know; nor does it matter. Love that is true is born of full stature, and dies with as dreadful struggles soon as late — if indeed it dies! "Sorrows destroy us or themselves," and Helena had no strength to fight, no nerve to resist the selfish cruelty of her family. It is hard to set one's face as a flint against those dearer than your own soul, even to do what your deliberate judgment pronounces right and best; it is impossible, if they have wisdom enough to lavish on you all the love and kindness in their own hearts, to supply the place of that they would have you relinquish for them; and this wisdom Helena's family seem to have had. They detached her from the dangerous propinquity of this man whose sole want was money, with gentle touches and tender pretext of giving her pleasure. Nothing cruel, no hard words, no bitter accusations, no lies — perhaps no deception. Philadelphia was a pleasant and a gay city; her father was elected to the first Congress: what more natural than that his eldest daughter should go with him? There was no talk, no scene — that was visible; the skeleton was padded and neatly dressed and put up-stairs in a wardrobe; but it was a skeleton, and the death's-head nodded at them with fleshless grin and awful mockery before long.

There is nothing said, of course, in these letters, of past pain or regret; all the actors in this brief tragedy went to their graves sure that their secret was voiceless as that grave itself; they forgot the "neighbors."

I almost doubt, on exploring further, if Helena herself were conscious of any intervention on the part of her family, she is so pensively sweet toward them; and charity whispers to me that my judgment of them may be hard; it is so easy for us to think that what we do for our own ends is done for somebody else's good! She writes from Philadelphia to David, but the letter I have is short and not especially interesting; the last paragraph runs thus: —

"Adieu my beloved Brother! never shall I forget that 'there is no love so tender and so true' as that which unites me to my familly, and my heart which now beats with the liveliest affection for you all bears me witness that no earthly tie can be dearer.

"Yours forever, HELENA."

The next one is to "Dear Mama," and expresses at first a doubt as to her receiving it in time, "as the ferry's between this place and New York are almost impassable." So much for the State of Camden and Amboy in 1791! Her scrap of journal that follows is more entertaining: —

"Sunday evening we spent very happily at Mrs I——'s, Monday we were in the evening at a card party at Mrs K——'s. Our days are all spent in paying visits, shopping, or getting in order what we are to wear in the evening. The party at Mrs K——'s was much the most agreeable of the kind I have ever been at. Tuesday we were all day very busy preparing for the evening when we were to Celebrate the birthnight of the President of the United States, you may be sure there was in this a kind of enthusiasm which led us to go thro' all the fatigues of dress even with Cheerfullness. Such a crowd I never saw before but a particular account of it must be reserved for the hours when Pen and Paper are not necessary. The President and Mrs Washington

were there. Wednesday we dined at Mrs H——'s & drank tea at Mrs P——'s where Also the President was one of the party. . . . You see my Dear Mama in what a round of dissipation your child is engaged and can easily imagine with what a variety of people she has to associate. Your excellent precepts and kind advice are ever present to me and often succour me from many disagreeable situations in which but for them I should be at a loss how to conduct. I rejoice in the hope that a few weeks will restore me to your arms where I shall find tranquillity and rest. We talk of setting out next week on Friday but *I* have no idea that we shall quit this City till week after next on Monday, & as soon after as the roads will admit we shall reach our Dear home & Dearer friends

"Your dutiful & affect^te^ Daughter
"H. Wyllys."

It is June again before Helena writes, and this time from New Haven, where she had gone on a visit, having long before returned from Philadelphia. No doubt ere this she began to show some symptom of failing flesh as well as sinking heart, and the old remedy of diversion for her mind was again brought to bear. It is touching to see her try to be "very well and feel no fatigue." The journey in those days was a long one; from Boston to Philadelphia now would take less time than the heavy stage-coach demanded for thirty miles. Helena speaks of getting hungry as if it were not usual with her: —

"You guessed right I should have liked a piece of the 'Goose Poy' vastly, long before we came to Durham, think then what my disappointment must have been to find at the smart Mr Johnson's new Tavern a very bad breakfast of mouldy bread and Coffee *water* however it was Clean and hunger found it much better than nothing. Adieu my brother may heaven reward you for all your goodness to your truly affectionate sister
"H. Wyllys."

It is one of the terrors of life to discover too late that some evils cannot be averted when once invited; these are the places where hope must be left, and regret, if not remorse, accepted. Helena grew weaker; perhaps, they thought, the keen, dry air of Hermon, the odor of its pine-groves, the gentle ministrations of her friend Hope Endicott, the gentlest and purest of creatures, afterward to be David's wife, might rally this poor child's flickering life. So in the heats of August they sent her to Hermon, and from her letter it seems she received injunctions not to write too often. Was it because of an ominous weakness in her chest, or because she might in some spasm of agony betray her sufferings to her brother, who, I think, knew nothing of her heart-ache till it was forever stilled? Who can tell? Here is the letter: —

Hermon *August* 12th 1791.

I have never seriously regretted the promise I made to Papa with respect to writing because I really believe it was for the best, but I sometimes feel as though it would give me great pleasure to ask my dear friends at Dartford how they are a little oftener than I do. I have felt all day as tho' I had some gratification in prospect and a moment's reflection has told me that I was going to write to you my Dear Brother. Maria's letter (for which I give her many thanks) informed me you arrived safe at home on Tuesday evening, I hope for one from you to-day and to hear that you are quite well. Hopey and I went to Ipswich on the stage on Wednesday evening and returned in the morning. Aunt Lummis is better than when you left her Aunt Sybil and Aunt Polly much the same. Tell Maria the silk I want is sewing-silk, that the Slippers are to be found either in the Closet or the second draw from the top of my Beaurow. . . . Say everything for me to our best of Mothers that gratitude and affection can inspire give my best love to our Dear Sister and be assured my Brother that no attachment can be stronger than that which binds me to you. H. W.

P. S. Since the above was written I

have received my Dear Sister's letter and cannot express half the gratitude I feel for it . . . I should not think it worth while for me to have a white lutestring peticoat till I come home but if for any reason Mama thinks it had better be bought now very well I shall be much obliged to her for it, 6 yards and a quarter and half quarter and a nail is the pattern Goodnight. Hopey's love to the family.

Think of this! what modest dimensions for a "peticoat!" How many could be made out of one modern one of this same "lutestring"? There are few letters now; one can fancy how the fevered and languid hand became more idle and listless, how the dull pain gnawed her side, and the beautiful hectic flush rose high upon her cheek and lit her eye with fatal fire. There is one more little note, in December, the last December whose dreadful drifts and glittering ice javelins should strike their mortal chill to her feeble, fluttering heart; for when that month came round again it found her a meek exile in a foreign island, dying with a divine patience, far away from home. "Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him, but weep ye sore for him that goeth away, for he shall return no more nor see his native country." This last letter is to her father, who has taken Molly to Philadelphia, and is delighting himself with the sensation his beautiful and brilliant daughter makes in the high society of the capital.

DARTFORD 17th *December* 1791.

MY DEAR FATHER, — Accept my sincere thanks for your affectionate letter of the 4th instt you speak to me of my health, I would fain rejoice the heart of my Parent by telling him it is perfect, but I cannot consistent with truth, sometimes I flatter myself that it is a little better than when you left us, my spirits continue good, and I suffer more from the idea that my friends feel anxious for me, and the reflection that I cannot apply myself to those studies in which I am desirous of improving than from any bodily complaint.

I rejoice to hear of Maria's health and happy situation, to reflect upon that and the satisfaction she must afford you, is one of my sweetest pleasures, I doubt not She will return to us improved in her manners and with a correct knowledge of the world, for a little more use of it was all that was necessary, her own good understanding having provided against any gross errors.

We hope for letters from you this evening, and to hear that you are well and happy, that you may ever be so my Dear Father is the ardent prayer of your dutiful and affectionate daughter

H. WYLLYS.

This is the last. Slowly the disease that held her in a closer embrace than that of lover or friend tightened its relentless grasp; by and by danger hung out its scarlet signal — blood dripped from those white and patient lips; her family became at last alarmed, but it was November before they resolved to try the last expedient. In November, 1792, she sailed for Bermuda with her broken-hearted and devoted brother, and a female companion, half friend, half nurse. Nancy Potter writes to Mrs. Wyllys directly on their arrival, and tells her that Helena has borne the voyage well, and seems better. Of the next three months, or four, we know but little. Colonel Wyllys sends by sailing vessels a horse and chaise, money, apples; with the proverbial alacrity of people who try to make amends for their losses or mistakes too late. Whether he takes refuge in a stern sense of duty done, or whether he ever feels a pang of remorse as he sees the sad gravity of that young physician's face in church or street, and recollects that he has put out his hand to meddle with two lives and made shipwreck of one entirely, we shall never know. By and by there comes a letter from St. George; not from Helena — she is safe, and her dust is turning to blossoms already under that tropic sod; not from David, for he has put his hand on his mouth and his mouth in the dust; but from the kind stranger who entertained this angel not unawares, and who

weeps her flight even as if he were one of her kindred. He says, after preliminary flourish, —

"*April* 11th 1793.

. . . "Your daughter died yesterday. . . . She possessed the faculties of her mind to her last moment, informed us that she felt little pain or regret, and expired very easily and I believe very happily. She has left us a great consolation derived from her dignity of conduct throughout her sickness in patience, fortitude, and resignation."

There are now the proper letters of condolence, written in the proper style. David is exhorted to control his feelings and send an estimate of what money he wants. All the family are resigned and full of fortitude, etc. Aunt Tapscott is informed that "if our reason was strong enough to control our passions, it would do away our grief;" which is because Aunt Tapscott has written rather a gushing letter of condolence. The world goes on in our old house; the fruit trees bloom and ripen their gracious burdens; the flower-beds flaunt as bravely as ever, though Helena is dead.

Now comes Molly's turn to have a lover; not the first, by any means, but the first favored one, and no more acceptable to the powers that be than our young doctor, who still, perhaps, remembers Helena, and does not yet solace himself with another. But Molly is a different flower from the lily by whose side she grew and bloomed. This is "a rosebud set with little willful thorns," and the man who tries to gather it is a handsome, plucky, brilliant young fellow, poor enough, but with a big brain and heart worth more than money. Molly will have him,

"Though father and mother and a' should go mad;"

and she does have him, and the subjected and overcrowed parent builds them a fine house on a knoll overlooking the great river and the green meadows, where they take up their abode with their first-born, and lead their lives to the end. David prosperously marries to please everybody; for if she had not a dollar in all the world, Hope Endicott is known by everybody who ever saw her to be one of the perfect ones of earth. Her sweet, changeful, spiritual face, with its silken, gold-brown hair and clear gray eyes, is fit expression of the lovely soul within: and when that face was lined with the thousand seams of unselfish care and the long sorrow of a childless life, when the auburn curls were thin and snow-stricken, when the eyes were sunken and dim, that radiant soul glorified the faded dust it inhabited, and made her more lovely than before.

They too left the old house for a better; but under that odd roof, with its little squat gable-end toward the street, the old folks lived and died one after another, and when they were gone tenants took their places: "Le roi est mort; vive le roi!" But now the palace is dead too. Before David died that house was moved away, and its place taken by a great granite pile devoted to arts and literature — such as they are. I remember seeing the white frame, mounted on screws and pegs and what not, move groaningly down the street; and since I have been older I have wondered if it was pure philanthropy that made David Wyllys give that place for a public purpose. I wonder if he did not long to have that garden obliterated, where the very pear-trees outlived the generation that set them, and the old flowers laughed and bloomed when the old faces were gone forever.

I do not know where that old shell abides now; nor do I care. It is probably the nest of Irish hordes in some unpleasant quarter of the town. An old house is a mummy, altogether unpleasant; when its soul is fled, let the body die and go to dust. I have no respect for the Catacombs; they are a human rag-bag. Let me and mine die the death of leaves and flowers, that sink into the grass and sleep unto a yearly resurrection in kind. For "the thing which hath been shall be."

Rose Terry Cooke.

DIANA.

She had a bow of yellow horn,
Like the old moon at early morn.

She had three arrows, strong and good,
Steel set in feathered cornel wood.

Like purest pearl her left breast shone
Above her kirtle's emerald zone;

Her right was bound in silk well-knit,
Lest her bowstring should sever it.

Ripe lips she had, and clear gray eyes,
And hair, pure gold, blown hoiden-wise

Across her face like shining mist
That with dawn's flush is faintly kissed.

Her limbs, how matched and round and fine!
How free, like song! How strong, like wine!

And, timed to music wild and sweet,
How swift her silver-sandaled feet!

Single of heart and strong of hand,
Wind-like she wandered through the land.

No man — or king, or lord, or churl —
Dared whisper love to that fair girl.

And woe to him who came upon
Her nude, at bath, like Actæon!

So dire his fate, that one who heard
The flutter of a bathing bird —

What time he crossed a breezy wood —
Felt sudden quickening of his blood,

Cast one shy look, then ran away
Far through the green, thick groves of May,

Afeared lest, down the wind of spring,
He 'd hear an arrow whispering!

James Maurice Thompson.

RODERICK HUDSON.

IV.

EXPERIENCE.

Rowland passed the summer in England, staying with several old friends and two or three new ones. On his arrival, he felt it on his conscience to write to Mrs. Hudson and inform her that her son had relieved him of his tutelage. He felt that she considered him an incorruptible Mentor, following Roderick like a shadow, and he wished to let her know the truth. But he made the truth very comfortable, and gave a succinct statement of the young man's brilliant beginnings. He owed it to himself, he said, to remind her that he had not judged lightly, and that Roderick's present achievements were more profitable than his inglorious drudgery at Messrs. Striker and Spooner's. He was now taking a well-earned holiday and proposing to see a little of the world. He would work none the worse for this; every artist needed to knock about and look at things for himself. They had parted company for a couple of months, for Roderick was now a great man and beyond the need of going about with a keeper. But they were to meet again in Rome in the autumn, and then he should be able to send her more good news. Meanwhile, he was very happy in what Roderick had already done — especially happy in the happiness it must have brought to her. He ventured to ask to be kindly commended to Miss Garland.

His letter was promptly answered — to his surprise, in Miss Garland's own hand. The same mail brought also an epistle from Cecilia. The latter was voluminous, and we must content ourselves with giving an extract.

"Your letter was filled with an echo of that brilliant Roman world, which made me almost ill with envy. For a week after I got it I thought Northampton really unpardonably tame. But I am drifting back again to my old deeps of resignation, and I rush to the window, when any one passes, with all my old gratitude for small favors. So Roderick Hudson is already a great man, and you turn out to be a great prophet? My compliments to both of you; I never heard of anything working so smoothly. And he takes it all very quietly, and does n't lose his balance nor let it turn his head? You judged him, then, in a day better than I had done in six months, for I really did n't expect that he would settle down into such a jog-trot of prosperity. I believed he would do fine things, but I was sure he would intersperse them with a good many follies, and that his beautiful statues would spring up out of the midst of a straggling plantation of wild oats. But from what you tell me, Mr. Striker may now go hang himself. . . . There 's one thing, however, to say as a friend, in the way of warning. That candid soul can keep a secret, and he may have private designs on your equanimity which you don't begin to suspect. What do you think of his being engaged to Miss Garland? The two ladies had given no hint of it all winter, but a fortnight ago, when those big photographs of his statues arrived, they first pinned them up on the wall, and then trotted out into the town, made a dozen calls, and announced the news. Mrs. Hudson did, at least; Miss Garland, I suppose, sat at home writing letters. To me, I confess, the thing was a perfect surprise. I had not a suspicion that all the while he was coming so regularly to make himself agreeable on my veranda, he was quietly preferring his cousin to any one else. Not, indeed, that he was ever at particular pains to make himself agreeable! I suppose he has picked up a few graces in Rome. But he must not acquire too many: if he 's too polite when he comes back, Miss Garland will count

him as one of the lost. She will be a very good wife for a man of genius, and such a one as they are often shrewd enough to take. She 'll darn his stockings and keep his accounts, and sit at home and trim the lamp and keep up the fire while he studies the Beautiful in pretty neighbors at dinner-parties. The two ladies are evidently very happy, and, to do them justice, very humbly grateful to you. Mrs. Hudson never speaks of you without tears in her eyes, and I 'm sure she considers you a specially patented agent of Providence. Verily, it 's a good thing for a woman to be in love: Miss Garland has grown almost pretty. I met her the other night at a tea-party; she had a white rose in her hair, and sang a sentimental ballad in a fine contralto voice."

Miss Garland's letter was so much shorter that we may give it entire.

My dear Sir, — Mrs. Hudson, as I suppose you know, has been for some time unable to use her eyes. She requests me, therefore, to answer your favor of the 22d of June. She thanks you extremely for writing, and wishes me to say that she considers herself in every way under great obligations to you. Your account of her son's progress and the high estimation in which he is held has made her very happy, and she earnestly prays that all may continue well with him. He sent us, a short time ago, several large photographs of his two statues, taken from different points of view. We know little about such things, but they seem to us wonderfully beautiful. We sent them to Boston to be handsomely framed, and the man, on returning them, wrote us that he had exhibited them for a week in his store, and that they had attracted great attention. The frames are magnificent and the pictures now hang in a row on the parlor wall. Our only quarrel with them is that they make the old papering and the engravings look dreadfully shabby. Mr. Striker stood and looked at them the other day full five minutes, and said, at last, that if Roderick's head was running on such things it was no wonder he could n't learn to draw up a deed. We lead here so quiet and monotonous a life that I am afraid I can tell you nothing that will interest you. Mrs. Hudson requests me to say that the little more or less that may happen to us is of small account, as we live in our thoughts and our thoughts are fixed on her dear son. She thanks Heaven he has so good a friend. Mrs. Hudson says that this is too short a letter, but I can say nothing more.

Yours most respectfully,
Mary Garland.

It is a question whether the reader will know why, but this letter gave Rowland extraordinary pleasure. He liked its very brevity and meagreness, and there seemed to him an exquisite modesty in its saying nothing from the young girl herself. He delighted in the formal address and conclusion; they pleased him as he had been pleased by an angular gesture in some expressive girlish figure in an early painting. The letter renewed that impression of strong feeling combined with an almost rigid simplicity, which Roderick's betrothed had personally given him. And its homely stiffness seemed a vivid reflection of a life concentrated, as the young girl had borrowed warrant from her companion to say, in a single devoted idea. The monotonous days of the two women seemed to Rowland's fancy to follow each other like the tick-tick of a great time-piece, marking off the hours which separated them from the supreme felicity of clasping the far-away son and lover to lips sealed with the excess of joy. He hoped that Roderick, now that he had shaken off the oppression of his own importunate faith, was not losing a tolerant temper for the silent prayers of the two women at Northampton.

He was left to vain conjectures, however, as to Roderick's actual moods and occupations. He knew he was no letter-writer, and that, in the young sculptor's own phrase, he had at any time rather model a colossus than write a note. But when a month had passed without news of him, he began to be half anx-

ious and half angry, and wrote him three lines, in the care of a Continental banker, begging him at least to give some sign of whether he was alive or dead. A week afterwards came an answer — brief, and dated Baden-Baden. "I know I have been a great brute," Roderick wrote, "not to have sent you a word before; but really I don't know what has got into me. I have lately learned terribly well how to be idle. I 'm afraid to think how long it is since I wrote to my mother or to Mary. Heaven help them — poor, patient, trustful creatures! I don't know how to tell you what I 'm doing. It seems all amusing enough while I do it, but it would make a poor show in a narrative intended for your formidable eyes. I found Baxter in Switzerland, or rather he found me, and he grabbed me by the arm and brought me here. I was walking twenty miles a day in the Alps, drinking milk in lonely châlets, sleeping like a Trojan, and thinking it was all very good fun; but Baxter told me it would never do, that the Alps were 'd——d rot,' that Baden-Baden was the place, and that if I knew what was good for me I would come along with him. It is a wonderful place, certainly, though, thank the Lord, Baxter departed last week, blaspheming horribly at *trente et quarante*. But you know all about it and what one does — what one is liable to do. I have succumbed, in a measure, to the liabilities, and I wish I had some one here to give me a thundering good blowing up. Not you, dear friend; you would draw it too mild; you have too much of the milk of human kindness. I have fits of horrible homesickness for my studio, and I shall be devoutly grateful when the summer is over and I can go back and swing a chisel. I feel as if nothing but the chisel would satisfy me; as if I could rush in a rage at a block of unshaped marble. There are a lot of the Roman people here, English and American; I live in the midst of them and talk nonsense from morning till night. There is also some one else; and to her I don't talk sense, nor, thank Heaven, mean what I say. I confess, I need a month's work to recover my self-respect."

These lines brought Rowland no small perturbation; the more, that what they seemed to point to surprised him. During the nine months of their companionship Roderick had shown so little taste for dissipation that Rowland had come to think of it as a canceled danger, and it greatly perplexed him to learn that his friend had apparently proved so pliant to opportunity. But Roderick's allusions were ambiguous, and it was possible they might simply mean that he was out of patience with a frivolous way of life and fretting wholesomely over his absent work. It was a very good thing, certainly, that idleness should prove, on experiment, to sit heavily on his conscience. Nevertheless, the letter needed, to Rowland's mind, a key: the key arrived a week later. "In common charity," Roderick wrote, "lend me a hundred pounds! I have gambled away my last franc and I have made a mountain of debts. Send me the money first; lecture me afterwards." Rowland sent the money by return of mail; then he proceeded, not to lecture, but to think. He hung his head; he was acutely disappointed. He had no right to be, he assured himself; but so it was. Roderick was young, impulsive, unpracticed in stoicism; it was a hundred to one that he was to pay the usual vulgar tribute to folly. But his friend had regarded it as securely gained to his own belief in virtue that he was not as other foolish youths are, and that he would have been capable of looking at folly in the face and passing on his way. Rowland for a while felt a dumb sense of wrath. What right had a man who was engaged to that fine girl in Northampton to behave as if his consciousness were a common blank, to be overlaid with coarse sensations? Yes, distinctly, he was disappointed. He had accompanied his missive with an urgent recommendation to leave Baden-Baden immediately, and an offer to meet Roderick at any point he would name. The answer came promptly; it ran as follows: "Send me another fifty pounds!

I have been back to the tables. I will leave as soon as the money comes, and meet you at Geneva. There I'll tell you everything."

There is an ancient terrace at Geneva, planted with trees and studded with benches, overlooked by gravely aristocratic old dwellings and overlooking the distant Alps. A great many generations have made it a lounging-place, a great many friends and lovers strolled there, a great many confidential talks and momentous interviews gone forward. Here, one morning, sitting on one of the battered green benches, Roderick, as he had promised, told his friend everything. He had arrived late the night before; he looked tired, and yet flushed and excited. He made no professions of penitence, but he practiced an unmitigated frankness, and his self-reprobation might be taken for granted. He implied in every phrase that he had done with it all, and that he was counting the hours till he could get back to work. We shall not rehearse his confession in detail; its main outline will be sufficient. He had fallen in with some very idle people, and had discovered that a little example and a little practice were capable of producing on his own part a considerable relish for their diversions. What could he do? He never read, and he had no studio; in one way or another he had to pass the time. He passed it in dangling about several very pretty women in wonderful Paris toilets, and reflected that it was always something gained for a sculptor to sit under a tree, looking at his leisure into a charming face, and saying things that made it smile and play its muscles and part its lips and show its teeth. Attached to these ladies were certain gentlemen who walked about in clouds of perfume, rose at midday, and supped at midnight. Roderick had found himself in the mood for thinking them very amusing fellows. He was surprised at his own taste, but he let it take its course. It led him to the discovery that to live with ladies who expect you to present them with expensive bouquets, to ride with them in the Black Forest on well-looking horses, to come into their opera-boxes on nights when Patti sang and prices were consequent, to propose little, light suppers at the Conversation House after the opera or drives by moonlight to the Castle, to be always arrayed and anointed, trinketed and gloved, — that to move in such society, we say, though it might be a privilege, was a privilege with a penalty attached. But the tables made such things easy; half the Baden world lived by the tables. Roderick tried them and found that at first they smoothed his path delightfully. This simplification of matters, however, was only momentary, for he soon perceived that to seem to have money, and to have it in fact, exposed a good-looking young man to peculiar liabilities. At this point of his friend's narrative, Rowland was reminded of Madame de Cruchecassée in The Newcomes, and though he had listened in tranquil silence to the rest of it, he found it hard not to say that all this had been, under the circumstances, a very bad business. Roderick admitted it with bitterness, and then told how much — measured simply financially — it had cost him. His luck had changed; the tables had ceased to back him, and he had found himself up to his knees in debt. Every penny had gone of the solid sum which had seemed a large equivalent of those shining statues in Rome. He had been an ass, but it was not irreparable; he could make another statue in a couple of months.

Rowland frowned. "For Heaven's sake," he said, "don't hazard such stakes on your facility. If you've got facility, revere it, respect it, adore it, treasure it, — don't speculate on it." And he wondered what his companion, up to his knees in debt, would have done if there had been no good-natured Rowland Mallet to lend a helping hand. But he did not formulate his curiosity audibly, and the contingency seemed not to have presented itself to Roderick's imagination. The young sculptor reverted to his late adventures again in the evening, and this time talked of them more objectively, as the phrase is; more as if they had been the adventures of another

person. He related half a dozen droll things that had happened to him, and, as if his responsibility had been disengaged by all this free discussion, he laughed extravagantly at the memory of them. Rowland sat perfectly grave, on principle. Then Roderick began to talk of half a dozen statues that he had in his head, and set forth his design with his usual vividness. Suddenly, as it was relevant, he declared that his Baden doings had not been altogether fruitless, for that the lady who had reminded Rowland of Madame de Cruchecassée was tremendously statuesque. Rowland at last said that it all might pass if he felt that he was really the wiser for it. "By the wiser," he added, "I mean the stronger in purpose, in will."

"Oh, don't talk about will!" Roderick answered, throwing back his head and looking at the stars. This conversation also took place in the open air, on the little island in the shooting Rhone where Jean-Jacques has a monument. "The will, I believe, is the mystery of mysteries. Who can answer for his will? who can say beforehand that it's strong? There are all kinds of indefinable currents moving to and fro between one's will and one's inclinations. People talk as if the two things were essentially distinct; on different sides of one's organism, like the heart and the liver. Mine, I know, are much nearer together. It all depends upon circumstances. I believe there is a certain group of circumstances possible for every man, in which his will is destined to snap like a dry twig."

"My dear boy," said Rowland, "don't talk about the will being 'destined.' The will is destiny itself. That's the way to look at it."

"Look at it, my dear Rowland," Roderick answered, "as you find most comfortable. One conviction I have gathered from my summer's experience," he went on — "it's as well to look it frankly in the face — is that I possess an almost unlimited susceptibility to the influence of a beautiful woman."

Rowland stared, then strolled away, softly whistling to himself. He was unwilling to admit even to himself that this speech had really the sinister meaning it seemed to have. In a few days the two young men made their way back to Italy, and lingered a while in Florence before going on to Rome. In Florence Roderick seemed to have won back his old innocence and his preference for the pleasures of study over any others. Rowland began to think of the Baden episode as a bad dream, or at the worst as a mere sporadic piece of disorder, without roots in his companion's character. They passed a fortnight looking at pictures and exploring for out the way bits of fresco and carving, and Roderick recovered all his earlier fervor of appreciation and comment. In Rome he went eagerly to work again, and finished in a month two or three small things he had left standing on his departure. He talked the most joyous nonsense about finding himself back in his old quarters. On the first Sunday afternoon following their return, on their going together to Saint Peter's, he delivered himself of a lyrical greeting to the great church and to the city in general, in a tone of voice so irrepressibly elevated that it rang through the nave in rather a scandalous fashion, and almost arrested a procession of canons who were marching across to the choir. He began to model a new statue — a female figure, of which he had said nothing to Rowland. It represented a woman seated, leaning lazily back in her chair, with her head drooping as if she were listening, a vague smile on her lips, and a pair of remarkably beautiful arms folded in her lap. With rather less softness of contour, it would have resembled the noble statue of Agrippina in the Capitol. Rowland looked at it and was not sure he liked it. "Who is it? what does it mean?" he asked.

"Anything you please!" said Roderick, with a certain petulance. "I call it A Reminiscence."

Rowland then remembered that one of the Baden ladies had been "statuesque," and asked no more questions. This, after all, was a way of profiting by experience. A few days later he took his first ride of the season on the Campagna, and

as, on his homeward way, he was passing across the long shadow of a ruined tower, he perceived a small figure at a short distance, bent over a sketch-book. As he drew near, he recognized his friend Singleton. The honest little painter's face was scorched to flame-color by the light of southern suns, and borrowed an even deeper crimson from his gleeful greeting of his most appreciative patron. He was making a careful and charming little sketch. On Rowland's asking him how he had spent his summer, he gave an account of his wanderings which made poor Mallet sigh with a sense of more contrasts than one. He had not been out of Italy, but he had been delving deep into the picturesque heart of the lovely land, and gathering a wonderful store of subjects. He had rambled about among the unvisited villages of the Apennines, pencil in hand and knapsack on back, sleeping on straw and eating black bread and beans, but seeing the most fascinating little nooks and corners, and laying up a treasure of pictorial observations. He took a devout satisfaction in his hard-earned wisdom and his happy frugality. Rowland went the next day, by appointment, to look at his sketches, and spent a whole morning turning them over. Singleton talked more than he had ever done before, explained them all, and told some quaintly humorous anecdote about the production of each.

"Dear me, how I 've chattered!" he said at last. "I 'm afraid you had rather have looked at the things in peace and quiet. I did n't know I could talk so much. But somehow, I feel very happy; I feel as if I had improved."

"That you have," said Rowland. "I doubt whether an artist ever passed a more profitable three months. You must feel much more sure of yourself."

Singleton looked for a long time with great intentness at a knot in the floor. "Yes," he said at last, in a fluttered tone, "I feel much more sure of myself. I 've got more facility!" And he lowered his voice as if he were communicating a secret which it took some courage to impart. "I hardly like to say it, for fear I should after all be mistaken. But since it strikes you, perhaps it 's true. It 's a great happiness; I would n't exchange it for a great deal of money."

"Yes, I suppose it 's a great happiness," said Rowland. "I shall really think of you as living here in a state of scandalous bliss. I don't believe it 's good for an artist to be in such brutally high spirits."

Singleton stared for a moment, as if he thought Rowland was in earnest; then suddenly fathoming the kindly jest, he walked about the room, scratching his head and laughing intensely to himself. "And Mr. Hudson?" he said, as Rowland was going; "I hope he is well and happy."

"He 's very well," said Rowland. "He 's back at work again."

"Ah, there 's a man," cried Singleton, "who has taken his start once for all, and does n't need to stop and ask himself in fear and trembling every month or two whether he 's advancing or not. When he stops, it 's to rest! And where did he spend his summer?"

"The greater part of it at Baden-Baden."

"Ah, that 's in the Black Forest," cried Singleton, with extreme simplicity. "They say you can make capital studies of trees there."

"No doubt," said Rowland, with a smile, laying an almost paternal hand on the little painter's yellow head. "Unfortunately trees are not Roderick's line. Nevertheless, he tells me that at Baden he made some studies. Come when you can, by the way," he added after a moment, "to his studio, and tell me what you think of something he has lately begun." Singleton declared that he would come delightedly, and Rowland left him to his work.

He met a number of his last winter's friends again, and called upon Madame Grandoni, upon Miss Blanchard, and upon Gloriani, shortly after their return. The ladies gave an excellent account of themselves. Madame Grandoni had been taking sea-baths at Rimini, and Miss Blanchard painting wild flowers in the Tyrol. Her complexion was somewhat tanned, which was very becoming,

and her flowers were uncommonly pretty. Gloriani had been in Paris and had come away in high good-humor, finding no one there, in the artist-world, cleverer than himself. He came in a few days to Roderick's studio, one afternoon when Rowland was present. He examined the new statue with great deference, said it was very promising, and abstained, considerately, from irritating prophecies. But Rowland fancied he observed certain signs of inward jubilation on the clever sculptor's part, and walked away with him to learn his private opinion.

"Certainly; I liked it as well as I said," Gloriani declared, in answer to Rowland's anxious query; "or rather I liked it a great deal better. I did n't say how much, for fear of making your friend angry. But one can leave him alone now, for he 's coming round. I told you he could n't keep up the transcendental style, and he has already broken down. Don't you see it yourself, man?"

"I don't particularly like this new statue," said Rowland.

"That 's because you 're a purist. It 's deuced clever, it 's deuced knowing, it 's deuced pretty, but it is n't the topping high art of three months ago. He has taken his turn sooner than I supposed. What has happened to him? Has he been disappointed in love? But that 's none of my business. I congratulate him on having become a practical man."

Roderick, however, was less to be congratulated than Gloriani had taken it into his head to believe. He was discontented with his work, he applied himself to it by fits and starts, he declared that he did n't know what was coming over him; he was turning into a man of moods. "Is this of necessity what a fellow must come to," — he asked of Rowland, with a sort of peremptory flash in his eye, which seemed to imply that his companion had undertaken to insure him against perplexities and was not fulfilling his contract, — "this damnable uncertainty when he goes to bed at night as to whether he is going to wake up in a working humor, or in a swearing humor? Have we only a season, over before we know it, in which we can call our faculties our own? Six months ago I could stand up to my work like a man, day after day, and never dream of asking myself whether I felt like it. But now, some mornings, it 's the very devil to get going. My statue looks so bad when I come into the studio that I have twenty minds to smash it on the spot, and I lose three or four hours in sitting there, moping and getting used to it."

Rowland said that he supposed that this sort of thing was the lot of every artist and that the only remedy was plenty of courage and faith. And he reminded him of Gloriani's having forewarned him against these sterile moods, the year before.

"Gloriani 's an ass!" said Roderick, almost fiercely. He hired a horse and began to ride with Rowland on the Campagna. This delicious amusement restored him in a measure to cheerfulness, but seemed to Rowland on the whole not to stimulate his industry. Their rides were always very long, and Roderick insisted on making them longer by dismounting in picturesque spots and stretching himself in the sun among a heap of overtangled stones. He let the scorching Roman luminary beat down upon him with an equanimity which Rowland found it hard to emulate. But in this situation Roderick talked so much amusing nonsense that, for the sake of his company, Rowland consented to be uncomfortable, and often forgot that, though in these diversions the days passed quickly, they brought forth neither high art nor low. And yet it was perhaps by their help, after all, that Roderick secured several mornings of ardent work on his new figure, and brought it to rapid completion. One afternoon, when it was finished, Rowland went to look at it, and Roderick asked him for his opinion.

"What do you think yourself?" Rowland demanded, not from pusillanimity, but from real uncertainty.

"I think it 's curiously bad," Roderick answered. "It was bad from the first; it has fundamental vices. I have

shuffled them in a measure out of sight, but I have n't corrected them. I can't — I can't — I can't!" he cried passionately. "They stare me in the face — they 're all I see!"

Rowland offered several criticisms of detail, and suggested certain practicable changes. But Roderick differed with him on each of these points; the thing had faults enough, but they were not those faults. Rowland, unruffled, concluded by saying that whatever its faults might be, he had an idea people in general would like it.

"I wish to Heaven some person in particular would buy it, and take it off my hands and out of my sight!" Roderick cried. "What am I to do now?" he went on. "I have n't an idea. I think of subjects, but they remain mere lifeless names. They are mere words — they are not images. What am I to do?"

Rowland was a trifle annoyed. "Be a man," he was on the point of saying, "and don't, for Heaven's sake, talk in that confoundedly querulous voice." But before he had uttered the words, there rang through the studio a loud, peremptory ring at the outer door.

Roderick broke into a laugh. "Talk of the devil," he said, "and you see his horns! If that 's not a customer, it ought to be."

The door of the studio was promptly flung open, and a lady advanced to the threshold, — an imposing, voluminous person, who quite filled up the doorway. Rowland immediately felt that he had seen her before, but he recognized her only when she moved forward and disclosed an attendant in the person of a little bright-eyed, elderly gentleman, in a bristling white mustache. Then he remembered that, just a year before, he and his companion had seen in the Ludovisi gardens a wonderfully beautiful girl, strolling in the train of this conspicuous couple. He looked for her now, and in a moment she appeared, following her companions with the same nonchalant step as before, and leading her great snow-white poodle, decorated with motley ribbons. The elder lady offered the two young men a sufficiently gracious salute; the little old gentleman bowed and smiled with extreme alertness. The young girl, without casting a glance either at Roderick or at Rowland, looked about for a chair, and, on perceiving one, sank into it listlessly, pulled her poodle towards her, and began to rearrange his top-knot. Rowland saw that, even with her eyes dropped, her beauty was still dazzling.

"I trust we are at liberty to enter," said the elder lady, with majesty. "We were told that Mr. Hudson had no fixed day, and that we might come at any time. Let us not disturb you."

Roderick, as one of the lesser lights of the Roman art-world, had not hitherto been subject to incursions from inquisitive tourists, and, having no regular reception day, was not versed in the usual formulas of welcome. He said nothing, and Rowland, looking at him, saw that he was looking amazedly at the young girl, and was apparently unconscious of everything else. "By Jove!" he cried precipitately, "it 's that goddess of the Villa Ludovisi!" Rowland, in some confusion, did the honors as he could, but the little old gentleman begged him with the most obsequious of smiles to give himself no trouble. "I have been in many a studio!" he said, with his finger on his lips and a strong Italian accent.

"We are going about everywhere," said his companion. "I 'm passionately fond of art!"

Rowland smiled sympathetically, and let them turn to Roderick's statue. He glanced again at the young sculptor, to invite him to bestir himself, but Roderick was still gazing wide-eyed at the beautiful young mistress of the poodle, who by this time had looked up and was gazing straight at him. There was nothing bold in her look; it expressed a kind of languid, imperturbable indifference. Her beauty was extraordinary; it grew and grew as the young man observed her. In such a face the maidenly custom of averted eyes and ready blushes would have seemed an anomaly; nature had produced it for man's delight, and meant that it should surrender itself free-

ly and coldly to admiration. It was not immediately apparent, however, that the young lady found an answering entertainment in the physiognomy of her host; she turned her head after a moment and looked idly round the room, and at last let her eyes rest on the statue of the woman seated. It being left to Rowland to stimulate conversation, he began by complimenting her on the beauty of her dog.

"Yes, he 's very handsome," she murmured. "He 's a Florentine. The dogs in Florence are handsomer than the people." And on Rowland's caressing him: "His name is Stenterello," she added. "Stenterello, give your hand to the gentleman." This order was given in Italian. "Say *come sta?*"

Stenterello thrust out his paw and gave two short, shrill barks; upon which the elder lady turned round and raised her forefinger.

"My dear, my dear, remember where you are! Excuse my foolish child," she added, turning to Roderick with an agreeable smile. "She can think of nothing but her poodle."

"I 'm teaching him to talk for me," the young girl went on, without heeding her mother; "to say little things in society. It will save me a great deal of trouble. Stenterello, love, give a pretty smile and say *tanti complimenti!*" The poodle wagged his white pate — it looked like one of those little pads in swan's-down, for applying powder to the face — and repeated the barking process.

"He 's a wonderful beast," said Rowland.

"He 's not a beast," said the young girl. "A beast is something black and dirty — something you can't touch."

"He 's a very valuable dog," the elder lady explained. "He was presented to my daughter by a Florentine nobleman."

"It 's not for that I care about him. It 's for himself. He 's better than the prince."

"My dear, my dear!" repeated the mother in deprecating accents, but with a significant glance at Rowland, which seemed to bespeak his attention to the glory of possessing a daughter who could deal in that fashion with the aristocracy.

Rowland remembered that when their unknown visitors had passed before them, a year previous, in the Villa Ludovisi, Roderick and he had exchanged conjectures as to their nationality and social quality. Roderick had declared that they were Old World people; but Rowland now needed no telling to feel that he might claim the elder lady as a fellow-countrywoman. She was a person of what is called a great deal of presence, with the faded traces, artfully revived here and there, of once brilliant beauty. Her daughter had come lawfully by her loveliness, but Rowland mentally made the distinction that the mother was silly and that the daughter was not. The mother had a very silly mouth — a mouth, Rowland suspected, capable of expressing an inordinate degree of unreason. The young girl, in spite of her childish satisfaction in her poodle, was not a person of feeble understanding. Rowland received an impression that, for reasons of her own, she was playing a part. What was the part and what were her reasons? She was interesting; Rowland wondered what were her domestic secrets. If her mother was a daughter of the great republic, it was to be supposed that the young girl was a flower of the American soil; but her beauty had a robustness and tone uncommon in the somewhat facile loveliness of our western maidenhood. She spoke with a vague foreign accent, as if she had spent her life in strange countries. The little Italian apparently divined Rowland's mute imaginings, for he presently stepped forward, with a bow like a master of ceremonies. "I have not done my duty," he said, "in not announcing these ladies. Mrs. Light, Miss Light!"

Rowland was not materially the wiser for this information, but Roderick was aroused by it to the exercise of some slight hospitality. He altered the light, pulled forward two or three figures, and made an apology for not having more to show. "I don't pretend to have any-

thing of an exhibition — I 'm only a novice."

"Indeed? — a novice! For a novice this is very well," Mrs. Light declared. "Cavaliere, we have seen nothing better than this."

The Cavaliere smiled rapturously. "It is wonderful!" he murmured. "And we have been to all the studios."

"Not to all — Heaven forbid!" cried Mrs. Light. "But to a number that I have had pointed out by artistic friends. I delight in studios: they are the temples of the beautiful, here below. And if you 're a novice, Mr. Hudson," she went on, "you have already great admirers. Half a dozen people have told us that yours were among the things to see." This gracious speech went unanswered; Roderick had already wandered across to the other side of the studio, and was revolving about Miss Light. "Ah, he 's gone to look at my beautiful daughter; he 's not the first that has had his head turned," Mrs. Light resumed, lowering her voice to a confidential undertone; a favor which, considering the shortness of their acquaintance, Rowland was bound to appreciate. "The artists are all crazy about her. When she goes into a studio, she is fatal to the pictures. And when she goes into a ball-room, what do the other women say? Eh, Cavaliere?"

"She is very beautiful," Rowland said, gravely.

Mrs. Light, who through her long, gold-cased glass was looking a little at everything, and at nothing as if she saw it, interrupted her random murmurs and exclamations, and surveyed Rowland from head to foot. She looked at him all over; apparently he had not been mentioned to her as a feature of Roderick's establishment. It was the gaze, Rowland felt, which the vigilant and ambitious mamma of a beautiful daughter has always at her command for well-dressed young men of candid physiognomy. Her inspection in this case seemed satisfactory. "Are you also an artist?" she inquired, with an almost caressing inflection. It was clear that what she meant was something of this kind: "Be so good as to assure me without delay that you are really the young man of substance and amiability that you appear."

But Rowland answered simply the formal question — not the latent one. "Dear me, no; I 'm only a friend of Mr. Hudson."

Mrs. Light, with a sigh, returned to the statues, and after mistaking the Adam for a gladiator, and the Eve for a Pocahontas, declared that she could not judge of such things unless she saw them in the marble. Rowland hesitated a moment, and then, speaking in the interest of Roderick's renown, said that he was the happy possessor of several of his friend's works, and that she was welcome to come and see them at his rooms. She bade the Cavaliere make a note of his address. "Ah, you 're a patron of the arts," she said. "That 's what I should like to be if I had a little money. I delight in beauty in every form. But all these people ask such monstrous prices. One must be a millionaire, to think of such things, eh? Twenty years ago my husband had my portrait painted, here in Rome, by Papucci, who was the great man in those days. I was in a ball dress, with all my jewels, my neck and arms, and all that. The man got six hundred francs, and thought he was very well treated. Those were the days when a family could live like princes in Italy for five thousand scudi a year. The Cavaliere once upon a time was a great dandy — don't blush, Cavaliere; any one can see that, just as any one can see that I was once a pretty woman! Get him to tell you what he made a figure upon. The railroads have brought in the vulgarians. That 's what I call it now — the invasion of the vulgarians! What are poor *we* to do?"

Rowland had begun to murmur some remedial proposition, when he was interrupted by the voice of Miss Light calling across the room, "Mamma!"

"My own love?"

"This gentleman wishes to model my bust. Please speak to him."

The Cavaliere gave a little chuckle. "Already?" he cried.

Rowland looked round, equally surprised at the promptitude of the proposal. Roderick stood planted before the young girl with his arms folded, looking at her as he would have done at the Medicean Venus. He never paid compliments, and Rowland, though he had not heard him speak, could imagine the startling distinctness with which he made his request.

"He saw me a year ago," the young girl went on, "and he has been thinking of me ever since." Her tone, in speaking, was peculiar; it had a kind of studied inexpressiveness, which was yet not the vulgar device of a drawl.

"I *must* make your daughter's bust — that 's all, madam!" cried Roderick, with warmth.

"I had rather you made the poodle's," said the young girl. "Is it very tiresome? I have spent half my life sitting for my photograph, in every conceivable attitude and with every conceivable coiffure. I think I have posed enough."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Light, "it may be one's duty to pose. But as to my daughter's sitting to you, sir — to a young sculptor whom we don't know — it 's a matter that needs reflection. It 's not a favor that 's to be had for the mere asking."

"If I don't make her from life," said Roderick, with energy, "I will make her from memory, and if the thing 's to be done, you had better have it done as well as possible."

"Mamma hesitates," said Miss Light, "because she does n't know whether you mean she shall pay you for the bust. I can assure you that she 'll not pay you a sou."

"My darling, you forget yourself," said Mrs. Light, with an attempt at majestic severity. "Of course," she added, in a moment, with a change of note, "the bust would be my own property."

"Of course!" cried Roderick, impatiently.

"Dearest mother," interposed the young girl, "how can you carry a marble bust about the world with you? Is it not enough to drag the poor original?"

"My dear, you 're nonsensical!" cried Mrs. Light, almost angrily.

"You can always sell it," said the young girl, with the same artful artlessness.

Mrs. Light turned to Rowland, who pitied her, flushed and irritated. "She 's very wicked to-day!"

The Cavaliere grinned in silence and walked away on tiptoe, with his hat to his lips, as if to leave the field clear for action. Rowland, on the contrary, wished to avert the coming storm. "You had better not refuse," he said to Miss Light, "until you have seen Mr. Hudson's things in the marble. Your mother is to come and look at some that I possess."

"Thank you; I 've no doubt you will see us. I dare say Mr. Hudson is very clever; but I don't care for modern sculpture. I can't look at it!"

"You shall care for my bust, I promise you!" cried Roderick, with a laugh.

"To satisfy Miss Light," said the Cavaliere, "one of the old Greeks ought to come to life."

"It would be worth his while," said Roderick, paying, to Rowland's knowledge, his first compliment.

"I might sit to Phidias, if he would promise to be very amusing and make me laugh. What do you say, Stenterello? would *you* sit to Phidias?"

"We must talk of this some other time," said Mrs. Light. "We 're in Rome for the winter. Many thanks. Cavaliere, call the carriage." The Cavaliere led the way out, backing, like a silver-stick, and Miss Light, following her mother, nodded, without looking at them, to each of the young men.

"Immortal powers! what a head!" cried Roderick, when they had gone. "There 's my fortune!"

"She is certainly very beautiful," said Rowland. "But I 'm sorry you 've undertaken her bust."

"And why, pray?"

"I fancy it will bring trouble with it."

"What kind of trouble?"

"I hardly know. They are queer people. The mamma, I suspect, is the least bit of an adventuress. Heaven knows what the daughter is."

"She 's a goddess!" cried Roderick.

"Just so. She 's all the more dangerous."

"Dangerous? What will she do to me? She does n't bite, I imagine."

"It remains to be seen. There are two kinds of women — you ought to know it by this time — the safe and the unsafe. Miss Light, if I 'm not mistaken, is one of the unsafe. A word to the wise."

"Much obliged!" said Roderick, and he began to whistle a triumphant air, in honor, apparently, of the advent of his beautiful model.

In calling this young lady and her mamma "queer people," Rowland but roughly expressed his sentiment. They were so marked a variation from the monotonous troop of his fellow-country-people that he felt much curiosity as to the sources of the change, especially since he doubted greatly whether, on the whole, it elevated the type. For a week he saw the two ladies driving daily in a well-appointed landau, with the Cavaliere and the poodle in the front seat. From Mrs. Light he received a gracious salute, tempered by her native majesty; but the young girl, looking straight before her, seemed profoundly indifferent to observers. Her extraordinary beauty, however, had already made observers numerous and given the *habitués* of the Pincian plenty to talk about. The echoes of their commentary reached Rowland's ears; but he had little taste for random gossip, and desired a distinctly veracious informant. He found one in the person of Madame Grandoni, for whom Mrs. Light and her beautiful daughter were a pair of old friends.

"I have known the mamma for twenty years," said this judicious critic, "and if you ask any of the people who have been living here as long as I, you will find they remember her well. I have held the beautiful Christina on my knee when she was a little, wizened baby with a very red face and no promise of beauty but those magnificent eyes. Ten years ago Mrs. Light disappeared, and has not since been seen in Rome, except for a few days last winter, when she passed through on her way to Naples. Then it was you met the trio in the Ludovisi gardens. When I first knew her, she was the unmarried but very marriageable daughter of an old American painter of very bad landscapes, which people used to buy from charity and use for fire-boards. His name was Savage; it used to make every one laugh, he was such a mild, melancholy, pitiful old gentleman. He had married a horrible wife, an Englishwoman who had been on the stage. It was said she used to beat poor Savage with his mahl-stick, and when the domestic finances were low, to lock him up in his studio and tell him he should n't come out until he had painted half a dozen of his daubs. She had a good deal of showy beauty. She would then go forth, and, her beauty helping, she would make certain people take the pictures. It helped her at last to make an English lord run away with her. At the time I speak of she had quite disappeared. Mrs. Light was then a very handsome girl, though by no means as handsome as her daughter has now become. Mr. Light was an American consul, newly appointed at one of the Adriatic ports. He was an amiable, blonde young man, with some little property, and my impression is that he had got into bad company at home, and that his family procured him his place to keep him out of harm's way. He came up to Rome on a holiday, fell in love with Miss Savage, and married her on the spot. He had not been married three years when he was drowned in the Adriatic, on a boating party. The young widow came back to Rome, to her father, and here shortly afterwards, in the shadow of Saint Peter's, her little girl was born. It might have been supposed that Mrs. Light would marry again, and I know she had opportunities. But she overreached herself. She would take nothing less than a title and a fortune, and they were not forthcoming. She was admired and very fond of admiration; very vain, very worldly, very silly. She remained a pretty widow, with a surprising variety of bonnets, and a dozen men always in her train. Giacosa

dates from this period. He calls himself a Roman, but I have an impression he came up from Ancona with her. He was *l'ami de la maison.* He used to hold her bouquets, clean her gloves (I was told), run her errands, get her opera-boxes, and fight her battles with the shopkeepers. For this he needed courage, for she was smothered in debt. She at last left Rome to escape her creditors. Many of them must remember her still, but she seems now to have money to satisfy them. She left her poor old father here alone — helpless, infirm, and unable to work. A subscription was shortly afterwards taken up among the foreigners, and he was sent back to America, where, as I afterwards heard, he died in some sort of asylum. From time to time, for several years, I heard vaguely of Mrs. Light as a wandering beauty at French and German watering-places. Once came a rumor that she was going to make a grand marriage in England; then we heard that the gentleman had thought better of it and left her to keep afloat as she could. She was a terribly scatter-brained creature. She pretends to be a great lady, but I consider that old Filomena, my washer-woman, is in essentials a greater one. But certainly, after all, she has been fortunate. She embarked at last on a law-suit about some property, with her husband's family, and went to America to attend to it. She came back triumphant, with a long purse. She reappeared in Italy, and established herself for a while in Venice. Then she came to Florence, where she spent a couple of years and where I saw her. Last year she passed down to Naples, which I should have said was just the place for her, and this winter she has laid siege to Rome. She seems very prosperous. She has taken a floor in the Palazzo F——, she keeps her carriage, and Christina and she, between them, must have a pretty milliner's bill. Giacosa has turned up again, looking as if he had been kept in cotton at Ancona, for her return."

"What sort of education," Rowland asked, "do you imagine the mother's adventures to have been for the daughter?"

"A strange school! But Mrs. Light told me, in Florence, that she had given her child the education of a princess. In other words, I suppose, she speaks three or four languages, and has read several hundred French novels. Christina, I suspect, is very clever. When I saw her, I was amazed at her beauty, and, certainly, if there is any truth in faces, she ought to have the soul of an angel. Perhaps she has. I don't judge her; she 's a strange, perplexing child. She has been told twenty times a day by her mother, since she was five years old, that she is a beauty of beauties, that her face is her fortune, and that, if she plays her cards, she may marry a duke. If she has not been fatally corrupted, she is a very superior girl. My own impression is that she is a mixture of good and bad, of ambition and indifference. Mrs. Light, having failed to make her own fortune in matrimony, has transferred her hopes to her daughter, and nursed them till they have become a kind of monomania. She has a hobby, which she rides in secret; but some day she 'll let you see it. I 'm sure that if you go in some evening unannounced, you 'll find her scanning the tea-leaves in her cup, or telling her daughter's fortune with a greasy pack of cards, preserved for the purpose. She promises her a prince — a reigning prince. But if Mrs. Light is silly, she is shrewd, too, and, lest considerations of state should deny her prince the luxury of a love-match, she keeps on hand a few common mortals. At the worst she would take a duke, an English lord, or even a young American with a proper number of millions. The poor woman must be rather uncomfortable. She is always building castles and knocking them down again, — always casting her nets and pulling them in. If her daughter were less of a beauty, her transparent ambition would be very ridiculous; but there is something in the girl, as one looks at her, that seems to make it very possible she is marked out for one of those wonderful romantic fortunes that history

now and then relates. 'Who, after all, was the Empress of the French?' Mrs. Light is forever saying. 'And beside Christina the empress is a dowdy!' "

"And what does Christina say?"

"She makes no scruple, as you know, of saying that her mother is a fool. What she thinks, Heaven knows. I suspect that, practically, she does n't commit herself. She is excessively proud, and thinks herself good enough to occupy the highest station in the world; but she knows that her mother talks nonsense, and that even a beautiful girl may look awkward in making unsuccessful advances. So she remains superbly indifferent, and lets her mother take the risks. If the prince is secured, so much the better; if he 's not, she need never confess to herself that even a prince has slighted her."

"Your report is as solid," Rowland said to Madame Grandoni, thanking her, "as if it had been prepared for the Academy of Sciences;" and he congratulated himself on having listened to it when, a couple of days later, Mrs. Light and her daughter, attended by the Cavaliere and the poodle, came to his rooms to look at Roderick's statues. It was more comfortable to know just with whom he was dealing.

Mrs. Light was prodigiously gracious, and showered down compliments not only on the statues, but on all his possessions. "Upon my word," she said, "you men know how to make yourselves comfortable. If one of us poor women had half as many easy-chairs and knick-knacks, we should be nicely abused. It 's really selfish to be living all alone in such a place as this. Cavaliere, how should you like this suite of rooms and a fortune to fill them with pictures and statues? Christina, love, look at that mosaic table. Mr. Mallet, I could almost beg it from you. Yes, that Eve is certainly very fine. We need n't be ashamed of such a great-grandmother as that. If she was really such a beautiful woman, it accounts for the good looks of some of us. Where is Mr. What 's-his-name, the young sculptor? Why is n't he here to be complimented?"

Christina had remained but for a moment in the chair which Rowland had placed for her, had given but a cursory glance at the statues, and then, leaving her place, had begun to wander round the room — looking at herself in the mirror, touching the ornaments and curiosities, glancing at the books and prints. Rowland's sitting-room was encumbered with bric-à-brac, and she found plenty of occupation. Rowland presently joined her, and pointed out some of the objects he most valued.

"It 's an odd jumble," she said frankly. "Some things are very pretty — some are very ugly. But I like ugly things, when they have a certain look. Prettiness is terribly vulgar nowadays, and it is n't every one that knows just the sort of ugliness that has *chic*. But chic is getting dreadfully common too. There 's a hint of it even in Madame Baldi's bonnets. I like looking at people's things," she added in a moment, turning to Rowland and resting her eyes on him. "It helps you to find out their characters."

"Am I to suppose," asked Rowland, smiling, "that you have arrived at any conclusions as to mine?"

"I 'm rather muddled; you have too many things; one seems to contradict another. You are very artistic and yet you are very prosaic; you have what is called a 'catholic' taste and yet you are full of obstinate little prejudices and habits of thought, which, if I knew you, I should find very tiresome. I don't think I like you."

"You make a great mistake," laughed Rowland; "I assure you I 'm very amiable."

"Yes, I 'm probably wrong, and if I knew you, I should find out I was wrong, and that would irritate me and make me dislike you more. So you see we are necessary enemies."

"Nay, I don't dislike you."

"Worse and worse; for you certainly will not like me."

"You 're very discouraging."

"I 'm fond of facing the truth, though some day you 'll deny that. Where is that queer friend of yours?"

"You mean Mr. Hudson. He 's represented by these beautiful works."

Miss Light looked for some moments at Roderick's statues. "Yes," she said, "they are not so silly as most of the things we have seen. They have no chic, and yet they are beautiful."

"You describe them perfectly," said Rowland. "They are beautiful and yet they have no chic. That 's it!"

"If he will promise to put none into my bust, I have a mind to let him make it. A request made in those terms deserves to be granted."

"In what terms?"

"Did n't you hear him? 'Mademoiselle, you almost satisfy my conception of the beautiful. I must model your bust.' That *almost* should be rewarded. He 's like me; he likes to face the truth. I think we should get on together."

The Cavaliere approached Rowland, to express the pleasure he had derived from his beautiful "collection." His smile was exquisitely bland, his accent appealing, caressing, insinuating. But he gave Rowland an odd sense of looking at a little waxen image, adjusted to perform certain gestures and emit certain sounds. It had once contained a soul, but the soul had leaked out. Nevertheless, Rowland reflected, there are more profitless things than mere sound and gesture, in a consummate Italian. And the Cavaliere, too, had soul enough left to desire to speak a few words on his own account, and call Rowland's attention to the fact that he was not, after all, a hired cicerone, but an ancient Roman gentleman. Rowland felt sorry for him; he hardly knew why. He assured him in a friendly fashion that he must come again; that his house was always at his service. The Cavaliere bowed down to the ground. "You do me too much honor," he murmured. "If you will allow me — it is not impossible!"

Mrs. Light, meanwhile, had prepared to depart. "If you are not afraid to come and see two quiet little women, we shall be most happy!" she said. "We have no statues nor pictures — we have nothing but each other. Eh, darling?"

"I beg your pardon," said Christina.

"Oh, and the Cavaliere," added her mother.

"The poodle, please!" cried the young girl.

Rowland glanced at the Cavaliere; he was smiling more blandly than ever.

A few days later Rowland presented himself, as civility demanded, at Mrs. Light's door. He found her living in one of the stately houses of the Via dell' Angelo Custode, and, rather to his surprise, was told she was at home. He passed through half a dozen rooms and was ushered into an immense saloon, at one end of which sat the mistress of the establishment, with a piece of embroidery. She received him very graciously, and then, pointing mysteriously to a large screen which was unfolded across the embrasure of one of the deep windows, "I'm keeping guard!" she said. Rowland looked interrogative; whereupon she beckoned him forward and motioned him to look behind the screen. He obeyed, and for some moments stood gazing. Roderick, with his back turned, stood before an extemporized pedestal, ardently shaping a formless mass of clay. Before him sat Christina Light, in a white dress, with her shoulders bare, her magnificent hair twisted into a classic coil, and her head admirably poised. Meeting Rowland's gaze, she smiled a little, only with her deep gray eyes, without moving. She looked divinely beautiful.

Henry James, Jr.

URVASI.

'T is a story told by Kalidasa —
  Hindoo poet — in melodious rhyme,
How with train of maidens, young Urvasi
  Came to keep great Indra's festal time.

'T was her part in worshipful confession
  Of the god-name on that sacred day,
Walking flower-crowned in the long procession,
  "I love Puru-shotta-ma" to say.

Pure as snow on Himalayan ranges,
  Heaven-descended, soon to heaven withdrawn,
Fairer than the moon-flower of the Ganges,
  Was Urvasi, Daughter of the Dawn.

But it happened that the gentle maiden
  Loved one Puru-avas, — fateful name! —
And her heart, with its sweet secret laden,
  Faltered when her time of utterance came.

"I love" — then she stopped, and people wondered;
  "I love" — she must guard her secret well;
Then from sweetest lips that ever blundered,
  "I love Puru-avas" — trembling fell.

Ah, what terror seized on poor Urvasi!
  Misty grew the violets of her eyes,
And her form bent like a broken daisy,
  While around her rose the mocking cries.

But great Indra said, "The maid shall marry
  Him whose image in her faithful heart
She so near to that of God doth carry,
  Scarce her lips can keep their names apart."

Call it then not weakness or dissembling,
  If, in striving the high name to reach,
Through our voices runs the tender trembling
  Of an earthly name too dear for speech!

Ever dwells the lesser in the greater;
  In God's love the human: we by these
Know he holds Love's simplest stammering sweeter
  Than cold praise of wordy Pharisees.

Helen Barron Bostwick.

A PIECE OF SECRET HISTORY: PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION OF 1861.

THE inception of the late war between the States, the causes which led to it, and the motives and conduct of those in authority on either side who waged the fratricidal strife, will long remain a fruitful theme for contemplation and discussion by those who shall undertake to investigate or record its history.

To the many contributions of materials recently offered to that history, it seems pertinent and necessary to add yet another in the narrative embodied in this paper.

Subsequent events have imparted to the incidents, facts, and conversations here disclosed a remarkable value. The speakers and actors in the scenes and interviews recounted have all passed away, the contributor of this paper alone surviving to save from oblivion a part of the history of an eventful epoch in our country's annals.

In the spring of the year 1861, I was a resident of the city of Washington, a practicing lawyer of the firm of Chilton and Magruder. On Tuesday, April 3, 1861, I was called upon in my office by Mr. Robert S. Chew (since deceased), an officer of the State Department, and requested to accompany him to Mr. Seward's office, where that gentleman desired to see me without delay. As I was not personally known to Mr. Seward, I inquired of Mr. Chew if he knew why he wished to see me. He said Mr. Seward would explain; that it had something to do with a communication to be sent to Richmond; that Mr. Seward had asked him to nominate some suitable person to whom business of importance could be intrusted, and he had mentioned my name to him.

Entertaining, I confess, a suspicious dislike of the Secretary of State, I was at first disinclined to see him; but on reflection, and resolving to be on my guard as to any political complications in which he might involve me, I repaired to the desired interview. After my introduction Mr. Seward said the president wished to communicate confidentially with Mr. Summers, of the Virginia Convention then in session at Richmond; that I had been mentioned to him as a Virginian, a whig, a Union man, and a suitable person to bear the message; and he inquired whether I would go. I replied that this would depend on the nature and object of the errand. He asked a little brusquely what I meant by that reply. I said that as I was a Virginian, I would not undertake any errand or agency which might be injurious or offensive to my native State; although a Union man and opposed to secession, I regarded the Union only as a means to an end; by the Union we could best secure the great end of preserving and securing our liberties; but that whenever the Union became oppressive and destructive of civil liberty, it was the right of the people of the States to devise new defenses for their safety and security. I did not think, however, that such a crisis had yet arisen in our history, and hence I opposed the secession movement; but in the event of hostilities being unhappily forced upon us, I held that my allegiance and my first duty belonged to my native State. He replied that, much as we might differ on this point, he could not say he was surprised at my sentiments; that he knew such convictions of duty prevailed among Southern gentlemen; that for his own part, while his State had honored him by conferring on him many distinguished stations and had therefore every claim upon him, he did not hesitate to declare that his allegiance to the Union was always prior and paramount to every other, and that no earthly consideration could make him lift his hand against its perpetuity. I told him I knew that he, like other Northern statesmen, had been bred in that school, and looked upon the gen-

eral government as the great central balance-wheel of a system designed to control and regulate the movements of the State governments at will, but that we of the South had not so learned our public duties; that I did not forget that Virginia, my own State, was a great commonwealth, a free and independent State with a complete government, years before the Union was formed.

Seeming to waive any further discussion of the subject, Mr. Seward said politely he was happy to assure me that the president would ask nothing of me inconsistent with my sense of duty to my native State; that Mr. Lincoln's object was to preserve the Union, and maintain and secure the public peace and safety. On his invitation I accompanied him to the president. Mr. Seward introduced me as a Virginian, a member of the bar of Washington, an old-line whig, and a Union man, saying that although I was engaged as the judge-advocate of the naval court-martial then in session[1] for the trial of Commodore Armstrong for the surrender of the navy-yard at Pensacola, the court was at present in recess, waiting for witnesses, and that I would have time to go to Richmond.

After some preliminary conversation, in the course of which, with characteristic jocoseness, the president related an anecdote suggested by my name, saying he had once won an important law-case on the authority of a decision of my kinsman the late Judge R. B. Magruder, of Baltimore, he asked me if I knew Judge Summers of the Virginia Convention then in session at Richmond. On my affirmative answer, he said he desired to see Judge Summers at Washington on matters of the highest importance, which he would not trust to the mail or telegraph; he preferred to send a special messenger requesting him to come to him at once, and to communicate with him confidentially; he said he knew Mr. Summers, and that he thought very highly of him as a prudent and wise man; that he had great confidence in him; that indeed he "had confidence in all those Virginians;" that although they might differ from him about secession, he believed they were men who could be depended on in any matter in which they pledged their honor, and that when they gave their word they would always keep it. He then said, "Tell Mr. Summers I want to see him at once, for there is no time to be lost; what is to be done must be done quickly." On my suggesting that it would be well to fix some time within which Judge Summers should come, and that it was even possible that he might not be able to come at all, — for I knew that an important vote was about to be taken in the convention, and that as he was a leading man in the body he might not feel at liberty to come as soon as the president desired, — Mr. Lincoln said, after a moment's reflection, "This is Tuesday; I will give him three days. Let him come by Friday next;" and he added, "If Mr. Summers cannot come himself, let him send some friend of his, some Union man in the convention, in whom he has confidence and who can confer freely with me."

Having received these instructions, I retired with Mr. Seward; the latter, I had observed, though present during the whole interview, had remained entirely silent, taking no part whatever in the conversation. On our way back to the State Department, I warmly expressed to him my hope that the step taken by the president in seeking the counsel of one so able, patriotic, and conservative as Judge Summers would lead to the adjustment of our unhappy sectional strife and to the pacification of the country. He replied that he did not doubt it, and seemed to be hopeful and even buoyant, remarking, "These troubles will all blow over. There will be no war. The Union will be preserved. It only requires time and moderation to make all things right." I told him that while time was a remedy for some maladies, it exasperated others, and that I thought the president was right in saying "there was no time to be lost;" then, with a view of extracting, if possible, some expression of opinion from him as to what

[1] This court had been instituted and organized under the Buchanan administration.

the president proposed to do, I added, "I hope the president will by a public proclamation withdraw the troops from Fort Sumter, and thereby relieve the Southern people from the menace which their hostile presence creates. I am sure such a step will prevent the secession of Virginia and the border States, and the cotton States will not persevere in their mad schemes without the aid and coöperation of Virginia and the other border States."

Without directly responding to this remark, and as if unwilling to commit himself, he wished me a pleasant journey, bade me a courteous adieu, and we separated.

That night I went to Richmond, and on delivering my message to Mr. Summers it turned out, as I had anticipated, that he could not come, owing to the business of the convention. After private consultation with some few friends, as he informed me, he prevailed upon Colonel John B. Baldwin, a leading member of the convention from Augusta County, Virginia, to go. Accordingly on Wednesday night we left Richmond, and reaching Washington early next morning (Thursday), I called about ten o'clock on Mr. Seward, and introduced Colonel Baldwin as the gentleman whom Mr. Summers had requested to come in his stead, to see the president.

What passed at the subsequent interview with Mr. Lincoln of course I only know from Colonel Baldwin's version of it, given to me afterwards. Colonel Baldwin was my guest while he remained in Washington. He dined on that day at my house with some other gentlemen, at a somewhat early hour, as he was to make a public speech in Alexandria, Virginia, that evening. I had no opportunity to learn the particulars of the conference beyond a brief statement by Colonel Baldwin when he came in, to the effect that nothing was accomplished; that the president seemed embarrassed by his coming and was reserved as to his own future proceedings; that the president asked him, "Why don't you adjourn the convention?" adding, "I can take care of the Union;" that Baldwin replied, "Adjourn the convention? Do you want to drive Virginia into secession?" and on the president's saying "No," Baldwin rejoined, "The people of Virginia have delegated to us the duty of fixing the *status* of Virginia, of defining her position and course in this crisis, and should we adjourn and go home without doing so, another convention would be assembled in a few weeks and the State would inevitably be precipitated into the secession movement." Mr. Lincoln said to him more than once, "You came too late."

Colonel Baldwin, who had gone to the interview full of hope and confidence as to its results, was obviously much depressed and disappointed at the unfavorable turn of affairs. He expressed to me his fears for the country; said that the president's reserve, after having invited him to the interview, and sent a special messenger to him, convinced him that he had changed his mind; Mr. Lincoln refused to make any explanation of his remark, often repeated, "You came too late," and when Colonel Baldwin reminded him that he had said, on sending for Mr. Summers, that he must get there by *Friday;* that it was now only *Thursday*, and asked, "Too late for what?" he received no reply.

Colonel Baldwin, an honorable gentleman, a distinguished citizen, and an eminent lawyer of Virginia, in the front rank of her statesmen and civilians, is no more. It is fortunate, however, that he preserved in writing the particulars of this important and remarkable interview. His narrative is a clear and simple statement of the facts in the exact order in which they happened, and is full of dramatic interest. It is as follows: —

On the 3d of April, 1861, I was in the convention at Richmond. I was called out by Judge Summers, a member of the convention, who informed me that there was a messenger in Richmond, sent by Mr. Lincoln, asking him (Summers) to Washington, as the president wanted to have an interview with him, and stating that if for any reason he was unable to come, he would be glad if the Union

men of the convention would select and send one of their number, who enjoyed their confidence and who would be regarded as a representative man, competent to speak their sentiments, as the president wished to have some communication with them. Mr. Summers told me that he and a number of other members of the convention, Union men (calling their names over), had concurred in the opinion that I was the proper man to go, and that he wanted me immediately to get ready and return with the special messenger. I consented to come. Mr. Allan B. Magruder, who was at that time a lawyer residing in the city of Washington, turned out to be the messenger. We came to Washington, arriving about breakfast-time. I went to Mr. Magruder's house. About ten or eleven o'clock we called at the Department of State, and I was introduced to Mr. Seward. Mr. Magruder informed him that I had been selected by the members of the Virginia Convention — the Union men — in accordance with the president's request, and that I came indorsed by them as a person authorized to speak their sentiments. Mr. Seward said he would not anticipate at all what the president desired to say to me, but would take me immediately to see him. We went to the president's house, and I was taken to the audience chamber. The president was engaged for some time; and at last Mr. Seward, when the president became disengaged, took me up and introduced me to him in a whisper, indicating, as I thought, that it was a strictly confidential affair. As nearly as I can recollect, the language he used was, "Mr. Baldwin, of the Virginia Convention." Mr. Lincoln received me very cordially, and almost immediately arose and said that he desired to have some private conversation with me. He started through to a back room, opening into another room, but we found two gentlemen there engaged in writing; he seemed to think that that would not do, and we passed across the hall into a corresponding small room opposite, and through that into a large front room immediately corresponding with the private audience hall. There was a bed in it. He locked the door, and, stepping around into the space behind the bed, drew up two chairs and asked me to take a seat. Mr. Seward did not go in with us. As I was about sitting down, said he, "Mr. Baldwin, I am afraid you have come too late." "Too late for what?" said I. Said he, "I am afraid you have come too late; I wish you could have been here three or four days ago." "Why," said I, "Mr. President, allow me to say I do not understand your remark; you sent a special messenger to Richmond, who arrived there yesterday; I returned with him by the shortest and most expeditious mode of travel known. It was physically impossible that I or any one else answering to your summons could have got here sooner than I have arrived. I do not understand what you mean by saying that I have come too late." Said he, "Why do you not adjourn the Virginia Convention?" I said, "Adjourn it! how? Do you mean *sine die?*" "Yes," said he, "sine die. Why do you not adjourn it? It is a standing menace to me which embarrasses me very much." It will be understood that I do not pretend to recollect the language at all, but this is about the substance of it. Said I, "Sir, I am very much surprised to hear you express that opinion; the Virginia Convention is in the hands of Union men; we have in it a clear and controlling majority of nearly three to one. We are controlling it for conservative results; we can do it with perfect certainty, if you will uphold our hands by a conservative policy here. I do not understand why you want a body thus in the hands of Union men to be dispersed, or why you should look upon their sessions as in any respect a menace to you. We regard ourselves as coöperating with you in the objects which you profess to seek. Besides," said I, "I would call your attention to this view: if we were to adjourn that convention sine die, leaving these questions unsettled in the midst of all the trouble that is upon us, it would place the Union men of Virginia in the attitude of confessing an inability to meet

the occasion; the result would be that another convention would be called as soon as legislation could be put through for the purpose, and the Union men of Virginia could not with a proper self-respect offer themselves as members of that convention, having had the full control of one, which adjourned without effecting any sort of settlement. The result would be that the next convention would be exclusively under the control of secessionists, and that an ordinance of secession would be passed in less than six weeks. Now," said I, "sir, it seems to me that our true policy is to hold the position that we have, and for you to uphold our hands by a conservative, conciliatory, national course. We can control the matter, and will control it if you help us; and, sir, it is but right for me to say another thing to you: that the Union men of Virginia, of whom I am one, would not be willing to adjourn that convention until we either effect some settlement of this matter, or ascertain that it cannot be done. As an original proposition the Union men of Virginia did not desire amendments to the constitution of the United States; we were satisfied with the constitutional guarantees that we had, and thought our rights and interests perfectly safe. But circumstances have changed. Seven States of the South (the cotton States) have withdrawn from us, and have left us in an extremely altered condition with reference to the safeguards of the constitution. As things stand now, we are helpless in the hands of the North. The balance of power which we had before for our protection against constitutional amendment is gone. And we think now that we of the border States, who have adhered to you against all the promptings of sympathy and association with the Southern States, have a claim on the States of the North which is of a high and very peculiar character. You all say that you do not mean to injure us in our peculiar rights. If you are in earnest about it, there can be no objection to your saying so in such authentic form as will give us constitutional protection. And we think you ought to do it, not grudgingly, not reluctantly, but in such a way as would be a fitting recognition of our fidelity in standing by you under such trying circumstances — fully, generously, and promptly. If you will do it in accordance with what we regard as due to our position, it will give us a stand-point from which we can bring back the seceded States."

I cannot follow the conversation through, but he asked me the question, "What is your plan?" Said I, "Mr. President, if I had the control of your thumb and forefinger for five minutes, I could settle the whole question." "Well," said he, "that would seem to be a simple process. What is your plan?" Said I, "Sir, if I were in your place, I would issue a proclamation to the American people, somewhat after this style. I would state the fact that you had become President of the United States, as the result of a struggle partaking of more bitterness than had usually marked such contests; that in the progress of that struggle there had naturally arisen a great deal of misunderstanding and misrepresentation of the motives and intentions of both sides; that you had no doubt you had been represented, and to a large extent believed, to be inimical to the institutions and rights and interests of a large portion of the United States, but that however you might, in the midst of a partisan struggle, have been more or less excited at times, as all men are, yet, occupying the position of President of the United States, you had determined to take your stand on the broad platform of the constitution, and to do equal and exact justice to all, without regard to party or section; and that, recognizing the fact without admitting, but protesting against the right, that certain States had undertaken to withdraw themselves from the Union, you had determined to appeal to the American people to settle the question in the spirit in which the constitution was made, — American fashion, — by consultation and votes, instead of by appeal to arms. And I would call a national convention of the people of the United States, and urge upon them to

come together and settle this question. In order to prevent the possibility of any collision or clash of arms interfering with this effort at a pacific settlement, I would declare the purpose (not by any admission of want of right, at all, but with a distinct protest of the right to place the forces of the United States wherever in her territory you chose) to withdraw the forces from Sumter and Pickens, avowing that it was done for the sake of peace, and in the effort to settle this dangerous controversy; and that you were determined, if the seceded States chose to make a collision, that they should come clearly out of their way to do it. Sir," said I, "if you take that position, there is national feeling enough in the seceded States themselves, and all over the country, to rally to your support, and you would gather more friends than any man in the country ever had." He said something to the effect, as I understood him, that he looked with some apprehension to the fear that his friends would not be pleased with such a step, and I said to him, "Mr. President, for every friend whom you would lose by such a policy, you would gain ten who would rally to you and to the national standard of peace and union." Said he, rather impatiently, "That is not what I am thinking about. If I could be satisfied that I am right, and that I do what is right, I do not care whether people stand by me or not." Said I, "Sir, I beg your pardon; I only know you as a politician, a successful politician, and possibly I have fallen into the error of appealing to you by the motives which are generally potent with politicians — especially the motive of gaining friends. I thank you that you have recalled to me the higher and better motive of being and doing right, and I assure you that henceforth I will appeal to you only by those motives that ought to influence a gentleman." He laughed a little at my distinction between a politician and a gentleman. He then said something about a withdrawal of the troops from Sumter on the ground of military necessity. I said, "That will never do under heaven. You have been president a month to-day, and if you intended to hold that position, you ought to have strengthened it so as to make it impregnable. To hold it in the present condition of force there is an invitation to assault. Go upon higher ground than that. The better ground is to make a concession of an asserted right, in the interests of peace."

"Well," said he, "what about the revenue? What would I do about the collection of duties?" I said, "Sir, how much do you expect to collect in a year?" He said, "Fifty or sixty millions." "Why, sir," said I, "four times sixty is two hundred and forty: say two hundred and fifty millions would be the revenue of your term of the presidency. That is but a drop in the bucket, compared with the cost of such a war as we are threatened with. Let it all go if necessary; but I do not believe that it will be necessary, because I believe that you can settle it on the basis I suggest." He said something about feeding the troops at Sumter. I told him that would not do. I said, "You know perfectly well that the people of Charleston have been feeding them already. That is not what they want. They are asserting a right; they will feed the troops, and fight them while they are feeding them. They seek the assertion of a right. Now the only way that you can manage them is to withdraw from them the means of striking a blow, until time for reflection, time for influence, can be brought to bear, can be gained, and thus settle the matter. If you do not take this course, if there is a gun fired at Sumter, — I do not care on which side it is fired, — the opportunity for settlement is lost." "Oh," said he, "sir, that is impossible." I said, "Mr. President, if there is a gun fired at Sumter, as sure as there is a God in heaven, all is lost. Virginia herself, strong as the Union majority in the convention now is, will be out in forty-eight hours." "Oh," said he, "sir, that is impossible." I said, "Mr. President, I did not come here to argue with you. I am here as a witness. I know the sentiments of the people of Virginia, and you do not. As I understood it, I came here to give you information of the sentiments

of the people, and especially of the Union men of the convention. I wish to know, before we go any further in this matter, for it is of too grave importance to leave any doubt of it, whether I am accredited to you in such a way as that what I tell you is worthy of credence." He replied, "You come to me introduced as a gentleman of high standing and talent in your State." I said, "That is not the point. Do I come to you vouched for as an honest man, who will tell you the truth?" He said, "You do." "Then," said I, "I tell you before God and man, that if there is a gun fired at Sumter, war is inevitable. And I wish to say to you, Mr. President, with all the respect and solemnity that the occasion inspires, that if you intend to do anything to settle this question, you must do it promptly. I think another fortnight will be too late. You have the power now to settle it. You have the choice to make, and you must make it very soon. You have, I believe, the power to place yourself by the side of Washington himself, as the saviour of your country; or, by taking a different course, to send down your name on the page of history, notorious forever as the man so odious to the American people that, rather than submit to his domination, they overthrew the best government that God ever allowed to exist. It is you that have the choice to make, and you have, in my judgment, only a very brief time to make it in." He seemed dissatisfied and irresolute, and after some further unimportant conversation, I took leave and withdrew.

The object I had in going to this interview was to meet what I regarded, and what our friends in the convention regarded, as an overture to what we had long desired — an understanding with Mr. Lincoln. We thought that if we could get into communication with him and could convey to him a clear and honest expression of the sentiments prevailing in Virginia, we could influence his policy in such a way as to enable us to bring about a settlement. It is proper to state that in the president's rooms I saw and was introduced to a number of governors of the Northern States. It was at the time these governors, nine in number, had come to confer with the president; a time when there was an immense outside pressure brought to bear upon him, and designed to control his course. In Virginia, we thought that if we could only present fairly to the mind of Mr. Lincoln the necessities of our situation, the difficulties by which we, as Union men, were surrounded, and the prospect of success on the line of policy which we could suggest, we could win his confidence and contribute greatly towards settling the question. Such were, undoubtedly, the patriotic hopes and aspirations which inspired us all. For myself, I went to Washington, not with any defined purpose of action of my own, but with the general purpose of establishing a good understanding with the president, and of inducing him, as far as possible, to take the views which universally prevailed among Union men in the Richmond convention and elsewhere in the country.

I went to Alexandria that night, whither I had telegraphed an acceptance of an invitation to make a Union speech. I addressed to a large audience what I believe was the last Union speech made in Virginia before the war. I went thence to Richmond and reported to my colleagues in the convention, at whose instance I had gone to Washington.

It is due to Mr. Seward and to the complete statement of the transaction, to add Colonel Baldwin's narration of his subsequent interview with Mr. Seward.

"I went back to Mr. Seward's from the president's house that afternoon and had a long interview with him. I found Mr. Seward extremely earnest, as far as I could judge from his manifestations, in the desire to settle the matter. He seemed to have a shrinking from the idea of a clash of arms; and the impression that he made upon me was that he thought the days of philosophic statesmanship were about to give place to the mailed glove of the warrior, and that he was earnestly engaged in the effort to secure peace and safety as a means of

averting the military era which he thought he saw dawning upon the country."

Recurring to this remarkable interview and the imposing facts and circumstances preceding and surrounding it, it becomes a matter of deep interest to inquire, What was President Lincoln's intention and purpose in seeking the counsel and advice of the Union convention of Virginia, through Judge Summers? What effected the president's sudden and radical change of mind, in respect to the proper course to be pursued?

It seems clear that Mr. Lincoln had fully resolved on the policy of peace, and did not mean to permit the war to be inaugurated, if it were possible — by patience and conciliation, by any patriotic sacrifice — to avert that calamity. There is no other possible solution of his plan in summoning to his confidence at this crisis so pronounced a Unionist as Judge George W. Summers, and his colleagues of the Virginia Convention, then pledged against secession by an overwhelming majority. All the facts of the case go to fortify this conclusion. Now, in my opinion, the only means of carrying out this object was undoubtedly the withdrawal of the troops from Fort Sumter and an earnest appeal to the country, by proclamation, to stand by the Union and the constitution, and stay the mad career of secession.

By this step actual hostilities would have been effectually prevented. It was, as I believe, the well-considered conviction of the coolest and wisest heads in the country that such a course — heartily approved and warmly supported as it would have been by the border States, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky, with Arkansas and Missouri yet remaining firm and steadfast in the Union — would have arrested further disruption and even effected the restoration of the revolted cotton States. These, unsupported, could not and would not have encountered and sustained the unequal burdens resulting from separation from their Southern sisters, and would have ultimately yielded to the necessity which impelled their return. But it was not written in the book of nations that thus it should be.

The urgent appeals and the promises of aid and support in the programme marked out for Mr. Lincoln by the Northern governors already referred to, whose warlike spirit was intensified by the attrition of personal association in Washington in this crisis, proved too strong to be resisted, and the pressure they exercised upon Lincoln sufficed to defeat the policy suggested by Colonel Baldwin and the Virginia Convention.

It is well known that a preconcerted meeting of these governors was held at this time in Washington. The number of States represented in this conclave has been variously stated at seven and nine. It seems certain that Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Michigan were all represented by their respective executive chief magistrates on the occasion in question. The Star of the West had been sped on her fateful mission to Charleston harbor before Colonel Baldwin, though summoned in a far different spirit, could repair to the appointed interview. Thus we have the explanation of President Lincoln's uneasiness and embarrassment in the interview with Colonel Baldwin, and the meaning of the remark, oft repeated, "You came too late. It is now too late."

Allan B. Magruder.

OLD TIMES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

IV.

THE "CUB" PILOT'S EDUCATION NEARLY COMPLETED.

WHOSOEVER has done me the courtesy to read my chapters which have preceded this may possibly wonder that I deal so minutely with piloting as a science. It was the prime purpose of these articles; and I am not quite done yet. I wish to show, in the most patient and painstaking way, what a wonderful science it is. Ship channels are buoyed and lighted, and therefore it is a comparatively easy undertaking to learn to run them; clear-water rivers, with gravel bottoms, change their channels very gradually, and therefore one needs to learn them but once; but piloting becomes another matter when you apply it to vast streams like the Mississippi and the Missouri, whose alluvial banks cave and change constantly, whose snags are always hunting up new quarters, whose sand-bars are never at rest, whose channels are forever dodging and shirking, and whose obstructions must be confronted in all nights and all weathers without the aid of a single light-house or a single buoy; for there is neither light nor buoy to be found anywhere in all this three or four thousand miles of villainous river. I feel justified in enlarging upon this great science for the reason that I feel sure no one has ever yet written a paragraph about it who had piloted a steamboat himself, and so had a practical knowledge of the subject. If the theme were hackneyed, I should be obliged to deal gently with the reader; but since it is wholly new, I have felt at liberty to take up a considerable degree of room with it.

When I had learned the name and position of every visible feature of the river; when I had so mastered its shape that I could shut my eyes and trace it from St. Louis to New Orleans; when I had learned to read the face of the water as one would cull the news from the morning paper; and finally, when I had trained my dull memory to treasure up an endless array of soundings and crossing-marks, and keep fast hold of them, I judged that my education was complete: so I got to tilting my cap to the side of my head, and wearing a toothpick in my mouth at the wheel. Mr. B—— had his eye on these airs. One day he said, —

"What is the height of that bank yonder, at Burgess's?"

"How can I tell, sir? It is three quarters of a mile away."

"Very poor eye — very poor. Take the glass."

I took the glass, and presently said, —

"I can't tell. I suppose that that bank is about a foot and a half high."

"Foot and a half! That 's a six-foot bank. How high was the bank along here last trip?"

"I don't know; I never noticed."

"You did n't? Well, you must always do it hereafter."

"Why?"

"Because you 'll have to know a good many things that it tells you. For one thing, it tells you the stage of the river — tells you whether there 's more water or less in the river along here than there was last trip."

"The leads tell me that." I rather thought I had the advantage of him there.

"Yes, but suppose the leads lie? The bank would tell you so, and then you 'd stir those leadsmen up a bit. There was a ten-foot bank here last trip, and there is only a six-foot bank now. What does that signify?"

"That the river is four feet higher than it was last trip."

"Very good. Is the river rising or falling?"

"Rising."

"No it ain't."

"I guess I am right, sir. Yonder is some drift-wood floating down the stream."

"A rise *starts* the drift-wood, but then it keeps on floating a while after the river is done rising. Now the bank will tell you about this. Wait till you come to a place where it shelves a little. Now here; do you see this narrow belt of fine sediment? That was deposited while the water was higher. You see the drift-wood begins to strand, too. The bank helps in other ways. Do you see that stump on the false point?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Well, the water is just up to the roots of it. You must make a note of that."

"Why?"

"Because that means that there 's seven feet in the chute of 103."

"But 103 is a long way up the river yet."

"That 's where the benefit of the bank comes in. There is water enough in 103 *now*, yet there may not be by the time we get there; but the bank will keep us posted all along. You don't run close chutes on a falling river, up-stream, and there are precious few of them that you are allowed to run at all down-stream. There 's a law of the United States against it. The river may be rising by the time we get to 103, and in that case we 'll run it. We are drawing — how much?"

"Six feet aft, — six and a half forward."

"Well, you do seem to know something."

"But what I particularly want to know is, if I have got to keep up an everlasting measuring of the banks of this river, twelve hundred miles, month in and month out?"

"Of course!"

My emotions were too deep for words for a while. Presently I said, —

"And how about these chutes? Are there many of them?"

"I should say so. I fancy we shan't run any of the river this trip as you 've ever seen it run before — so to speak. If the river begins to rise again, we 'll go up behind bars that you 've always seen standing out of the river, high and dry like the roof of a house; we 'll cut across low places that you 've never noticed at all, right through the middle of bars that cover fifty acres of river; we 'll creep through cracks where you 've always thought was solid land; we 'll dart through the woods and leave twenty-five miles of river off to one side; we 'll see the hind-side of every island between New Orleans and Cairo."

"Then I 've got to go to work and learn just as much more river as I already know."

"Just about twice as much more, as near as you can come at it."

"Well, one lives to find out. I think I was a fool when I went into this business."

"Yes, that is true. And you are yet. But you 'll not be when you 've learned it."

"Ah, I never can learn it."

"I will see that you *do*."

By and by I ventured again: —

"Have I got to learn all this thing just as I know the rest of the river — shapes and all — and so I can run it at night?"

"Yes. And you 've got to have good fair marks from one end of the river to the other, that will help the bank tell you when there is water enough in each of these countless places, — like that stump, you know. When the river first begins to rise, you can run half a dozen of the deepest of them; when it rises a foot more you can run another dozen; the next foot will add a couple of dozen, and so on: so you see you have to know your banks and marks to a dead moral certainty, and never get them mixed; for when you start through one of those cracks, there 's no backing out again, as there is in the big river; you 've got to go through, or stay there six months if you get caught on a falling river. There are about fifty of these cracks which you can't run at all except when the river is brim full and over the banks."

"This new lesson is a cheerful prospect."

"Cheerful enough. And mind what

I 've just told you; when you start into one of those places you 've got to go through. They are too narrow to turn around in, too crooked to back out of, and the shoal water is always *up at the head;* never elsewhere. And the head of them is always likely to be filling up, little by little, so that the marks you reckon their depth by, this season, may not answer for next."

"Learn a new set, then, every year?"

"Exactly. Cramp her up to the bar! What are you standing up through the middle of the river for?"

The next few months showed me strange things. On the same day that we held the conversation above narrated, we met a great rise coming down the river. The whole vast face of the stream was black with drifting dead logs, broken boughs, and great trees that had caved in and been washed away. It required the nicest steering to pick one's way through this rushing raft, even in the day-time, when crossing from point to point; and at night the difficulty was mightily increased; every now and then a huge log, lying deep in the water, would suddenly appear right under our bows, coming head-on; no use to try to avoid it then; we could only stop the engines, and one wheel would walk over that log from one end to the other, keeping up a thundering racket and careening the boat in a way that was very uncomfortable to passengers. Now and then we would hit one of these sunken logs a rattling bang, dead in the centre, with a full head of steam, and it would stun the boat as if she had hit a continent. Sometimes this log would lodge and stay right across our nose, and back the Mississippi up before it; we would have to do a little craw-fishing, then, to get away from the obstruction. We often hit *white* logs, in the dark, for we could not see them till we were right on them; but a black log is a pretty distinct object at night. A white snag is an ugly customer when the daylight is gone.

Of course, on the great rise, down came a swarm of prodigious timber-rafts from the head waters of the Mississippi, coal barges from Pittsburgh, little trading scows from everywhere, and broadhorns from "Posey County," Indiana, freighted with "fruit and furniture" — the usual term for describing it, though in plain English the freight thus aggrandized was hoop-poles and pumpkins. Pilots bore a mortal hatred to these craft; and it was returned with usury. The law required all such helpless traders to keep a light burning, but it was a law that was often broken. All of a sudden, on a murky night, a light would hop up, right under our bows, almost, and an agonized voice, with the backwoods "whang" to it, would wail out:

"Whar 'n the —— you goin' to! Cain't you see nothin', you dash-dashed aig-suckin', sheep-stealin', one-eyed son of a stuffed monkey!"

Then for an instant, as we whistled by, the red glare from our furnaces would reveal the scow and the form of the gesticulating orator as if under a lightning-flash, and in that instant our firemen and deck-hands would send and receive a tempest of missiles and profanity, one of our wheels would walk off with the crashing fragments of a steering-oar, and down the dead blackness would shut again. And that flatboatman would be sure to go into New Orleans and sue our boat, swearing stoutly that he had a light burning all the time, when in truth his gang had the lantern down below to sing and lie and drink and gamble by, and no watch on deck. Once, at night, in one of those forest-bordered crevices (behind an island) which steamboatmen intensely describe with the phrase "as dark as the inside of a cow," we should have eaten up a Posey County family, fruit, furniture, and all, but that they happened to be fiddling down below and we just caught the sound of the music in time to sheer off, doing no serious damage, unfortunately, but coming so near it that we had good hopes for a moment. These people brought up their lantern, then, of course; and as we backed and filled to get away, the precious family stood in the light of it — both sexes and various ages — and cursed us till everything turned blue. Once a coal-boatman sent a bullet through our pilot-

house when we borrowed a steering-oar of him, in a very narrow place.

During this big rise these small-fry craft were an intolerable nuisance. We were running chute after chute, — a new world to me, — and if there was a particularly cramped place in a chute, we would be pretty sure to meet a broadhorn there; and if he failed to be there, we would find him in a still worse locality, namely, the head of the chute, on the shoal water. And then there would be no end of profane cordialities exchanged.

Sometimes, in the big river, when we would be feeling our way cautiously along through a fog, the deep hush would suddenly be broken by yells and a clamor of tin pans, and all in an instant a log raft would appear vaguely through the webby veil, close upon us; and then we did not wait to swap knives, but snatched our engine bells out by the roots and piled on all the steam we had, to scramble out of the way! One does n't hit a rock or a solid log raft with a steamboat when he can get excused.

You will hardly believe it, but many steamboat clerks always carried a large assortment of religious tracts with them in those old departed steamboating days. Indeed they did. Twenty times a day we would be cramping up around a bar, while a string of these small-fry rascals were drifting down into the head of the bend away above and beyond us a couple of miles. Now a skiff would dart away from one of them and come fighting its laborious way across the desert of water. It would "ease all," in the shadow of our forecastle, and the panting oarsmen would shout, "Gimme a pa-a-per!" as the skiff drifted swiftly astern. The clerk would throw over a file of New Orleans journals. If these were picked up *without comment*, you might notice that now a dozen other skiffs had been drifting down upon us without saying anything. You understand, they had been waiting to see how No. 1 was going to fare. No. 1 making no comment, all the rest would bend to their oars and come on, now; and as fast as they came the clerk would heave over neat bundles of religious tracts tied to shingles. The amount of hard swearing which twelve packages of religious literature will command when impartially divided up among twelve raftsmen's crews, who have pulled a heavy skiff two miles on a hot day to get them, is simply incredible

As I have said, the big rise brought a new world under my vision. By the time the river was over its banks we had forsaken our old paths and were hourly climbing over bars that had stood ten feet out of water before; we were shaving stumpy shores, like that at the foot of Madrid Bend, which I had always seen avoided before; we were clattering through chutes like that of 82, where the opening at the foot was an unbroken wall of timber till our nose was almost at the very spot. Some of these chutes were utter solitudes. The dense, untouched forest overhung both banks of the crooked little crack, and one could believe that human creatures had never intruded there before. The swinging grape-vines, the grassy nooks and vistas glimpsed as we swept by, the flowering creepers waving their red blossoms from the tops of dead trunks, and all the spendthrift richness of the forest foliage, were wasted and thrown away there. The chutes were lovely places to steer in; they were deep, except at the head; the current was gentle; under the "points" the water was absolutely dead, and the invisible banks so bluff that where the tender willow thickets projected you could bury your boat's broadside in them as you tore along, and then you seemed fairly to fly.

Behind other islands we found wretched little farms, and wretcheder little log-cabins; there were crazy rail fences sticking a foot or two above the water, with one or two jeans-clad, chills-racked, yellow-faced male miserables roosting on the top-rail, elbows on knees, jaws in hands, grinding tobacco and discharging the result at floating chips through crevices left by lost milk-teeth; while the rest of the family and the few farm-animals were huddled together in an empty wood-flat riding at her moorings close at hand. In this flatboat the fam-

ily would have to cook and eat and sleep for a lesser or greater number of days (or possibly weeks), until the river should fall two or three feet and let them get back to their log-cabin and their chills again — chills being a merciful provision of an all-wise Providence to enable them to take exercise without exertion. And this sort of watery camping out was a thing which these people were rather liable to be treated to a couple of times a year: by the December rise out of the Ohio, and the June rise out of the Mississippi. And yet these were kindly dispensations, for they at least enabled the poor things to rise from the dead now and then, and look upon life when a steamboat went by. They appreciated the blessing, too, for they spread their mouths and eyes wide open and made the most of these occasions. Now what *could* these banished creatures find to do to keep from dying of the blues during the low-water season!

Once, in one of these lovely island chutes, we found our course completely bridged by a great fallen tree. This will serve to show how narrow some of the chutes were. The passengers had an hour's recreation in a virgin wilderness, while the boat-hands chopped the bridge away; for there was no such thing as turning back, you comprehend.

From Cairo to Baton Rouge, when the river is over its banks, you have no particular trouble in the night, for the thousand-mile wall of dense forest that guards the two banks all the way is only gapped with a farm or wood-yard opening at intervals, and so you can't "get out of the river" much easier than you could get out of a fenced lane; but from Baton Rouge to New Orleans it is a different matter. The river is more than a mile wide, and very deep — as much as two hundred feet, in places. Both banks, for a good deal over a hundred miles, are shorn of their timber and bordered by continuous sugar plantations, with only here and there a scattering sapling or row of ornamental China-trees. The timber is shorn off clear to the rear of the plantations, from two to four miles. When the first frost threatens to come, the planters snatch off their crops in a hurry. When they have finished grinding the cane, they form the refuse of the stalks (which they call *bagasse*) into great piles and set fire to them, though in other sugar countries the bagasse is used for fuel in the furnaces of the sugar mills. Now the piles of damp bagasse burn slowly, and smoke like Satan's own kitchen.

An embankment ten or fifteen feet high guards both banks of the Mississippi all the way down that lower end of the river, and this embankment is set back from the edge of the shore from ten to perhaps a hundred feet, according to circumstances; say thirty or forty feet, as a general thing. Fill that whole region with an impenetrable gloom of smoke from a hundred miles of burning bagasse piles, when the river is over the banks, and turn a steamboat loose along there at midnight and see how she will feel. And see how you will feel, too! You find yourself away out in the midst of a vague dim sea that is shoreless, that fades out and loses itself in the murky distances; for you cannot discern the thin rib of embankment, and you are always imagining you see a straggling tree when you don't. The plantations themselves are transformed by the smoke and look like a part of the sea. All through your watch you are tortured with the exquisite misery of uncertainty. You hope you are keeping in the river, but you do not know. All that you are sure about is that you are likely to be within six feet of the bank *and* destruction, when you think you are a good half-mile from shore. And you are sure, also, that if you chance suddenly to fetch up against the embankment and topple your chimneys overboard, you will have the small comfort of knowing that it is about what you were expecting to do. One of the great Vicksburg packets darted out into a sugar plantation one night, at such a time, and had to stay there a week. But there was no novelty about it; it had often been done before.

I thought I had finished this number, but I wish to add a curious thing, while

it is in my mind. It is only relevant in that it is connected with piloting. There used to be an excellent pilot on the river, a Mr. X., who was a somnambulist. It was said that if his mind was troubled about a bad piece of river, he was pretty sure to get up and walk in his sleep and do strange things. He was once fellow-pilot for a trip or two with George E——, on a great New Orleans passenger packet. During a considerable part of the first trip George was uneasy, but got over it by and by, as X. seemed content to stay in his bed when asleep. Late one night the boat was approaching Helena, Arkansas; the water was low, and the crossing above the town in a very blind and tangled condition. X. had seen the crossing since E—— had, and as the night was particularly drizzly, sullen, and dark, E—— was considering whether he had not better have X. called to assist in running the place, when the door opened and X. walked in. Now on very dark nights, light is a deadly enemy to piloting; you are aware that if you stand in a lighted room, on such a night, you cannot see things in the street to any purpose; but if you put out the lights and stand in the gloom you can make out objects in the street pretty well. So, on very dark nights, pilots do not smoke; they allow no fire in the pilot-house stove if there is a crack which can allow the least ray to escape; they order the furnaces to be curtained with huge tarpaulins and the sky-lights to be closely blinded. Then no light whatever issues from the boat. The undefinable shape that now entered the pilot-house had Mr. X.'s voice. This said, —

"Let me take her, Mr. E——; I 've seen this place since you have, and it is so crooked that I reckon I can run it myself easier than I could tell you how to do it."

"It is kind of you, and I swear *I* am willing. I have n't got another drop of perspiration left in me. I have been spinning around and around the wheel like a squirrel. It is so dark I can't tell which way she is swinging till she is coming around like a whirligig."

So E—— took a seat on the bench, panting and breathless. The black phantom assumed the wheel without saying anything, steadied the waltzing steamer with a turn or two, and then stood at ease, coaxing her a little to this side and then to that, as gently and as sweetly as if the time had been noonday. When E—— observed this marvel of steering, he wished he had not confessed! He stared, and wondered, and finally said, —

"Well, I thought I knew how to steer a steamboat, but that was another mistake of mine."

X. said nothing, but went serenely on with his work. He rang for the leads; he rang to slow down the steam; he worked the boat carefully and neatly into invisible marks, then stood at the centre of the wheel and peered blandly out into the blackness, fore and aft, to verify his position; as the leads shoaled more and more, he stopped the engines entirely, and the dead silence and suspense of "drifting" followed; when the shoalest water was struck, he cracked on the steam, carried her handsomely over, and then began to work her warily into the next system of shoal marks; the same patient, heedful use of leads and engines followed, the boat slipped through without touching bottom, and entered upon the third and last intricacy of the crossing; imperceptibly she moved through the gloom, crept by inches into her marks, drifted tediously till the shoalest water was cried, and then, under a tremendous head of steam, went swinging over the reef and away into deep water and safety!

E—— let his long-pent breath pour out in a great, relieving sigh, and said:

"That 's the sweetest piece of piloting that was ever done on the Mississippi River! I would n't believed it could be done, if I had n't seen it."

There was no reply, and he added: —

"Just hold her five minutes longer, partner, and let me run down and get a cup of coffee."

A minute later E—— was biting into a pie, down in the "texas," and comforting himself with coffee. Just then the night watchman happened in, and

was about to happen out again, when he noticed E—— and exclaimed, —

"Who is at the wheel, sir?"

"X."

"Dart for the pilot-house, quicker than lightning!"

The next moment both men were flying up the pilot-house companion-way, three steps at a jump! Nobody there! The great steamer was whistling down the middle of the river at her own sweet will! The watchman shot out of the place again; E—— seized the wheel, set an engine back with power, and held his breath while the boat reluctantly swung away from a "towhead" which she was about to knock into the middle of the Gulf of Mexico!

By and by the watchman came back and said, —

"Did n't that lunatic tell you he was asleep, when he first came up here?"

"No."

"Well, he was. I found him walking along on top of the railings, just as unconcerned as another man would walk a pavement; and I put him to bed; now just this minute there he was again, away astern, going through that sort of tight-rope deviltry the same as before."

"Well, I think I 'll stay by, next time he has one of those fits. But I hope he'll have them often. You just ought to have seen him take this boat through Helena crossing. *I* never saw anything so gaudy before. And if he can do such gold-leaf, kid-glove, diamond-breastpin piloting when he is sound asleep, what *could n't* he do if he was dead!"

Mark Twain.

ACROSS THE STREET.

I DO not know it if she knows
I watch her, as she comes and goes:
  I wonder if she dreams of it.
Sitting and working at my rhymes,
I weave her sunny hair at times
  Into my verse, or gleams of it.

Upon her window-ledge is set
A box of flowering mignonnette;
  Morning and night she tends to them,
The senseless flowers, that do not care
To kiss that strand of loosened hair
  As prettily she bends to them.

If I could once contrive to get
Into that box of mignonnette,
  Some morning as she tends to them! —
Dear me! I see the sweet blood rise
And bloom about her cheeks and eyes
  And bosom, as she bends to them!

T. B. Aldrich.

THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN OF JOHN BROWN.

IV.

THE TRUE NATURE OF HIS PLANS.

FROM the first moment of their disclosure to the public, by the midnight attack at Harper's Ferry in October, 1859, there has been a persistent mistake concerning the plans and purposes of Brown in making that attack. It was assumed at once that he struck his blow at that particular point in order to get possession of the arms stored in the national arsenal at Harper's Ferry; and although this was immediately denied by Brown, the denial was little heeded. It was next assumed that he wanted these thousands of arms in order to put them in the hands of thousands of men, whom he expected, it was said, to rally to his support, either from the North or from the South; and then the next assumption followed at once, as an inference, that he meant to excite a general insurrection of slaves, and thus bring on a servile war. This also Brown denied, again and again; but though his word was not doubted, it was hardly taken as evidence, and this fiction of his purposes having once gained currency, it seemed quite impossible to withstand it. Then came the next link in the chain of fallacies: if he was exciting a general insurrection he must have powerful supporters, who had contrived the whole conspiracy and were using Brown as their instrument in the work. This mistake at once fastened upon the public mind at the South, and in a large part of the North, and led to many of the proceedings taken in 1859–60 to inculpate leading statesmen of the North. Mr. Vallandigham, the Ohio democrat, was one of the first to declare that Brown could not have planned the campaign. Writing to the Cincinnati Gazette a week after the attack, he said: —

"Though engaged in a wicked, mad, and fanatical enterprise, Brown is the farthest possible remove from the ordinary ruffian, fanatic, or madman; but his powers are rather executory than inventive, and he himself never had the depth or breadth of mind to originate and contrive the plan of insurrection which he undertook to carry out. The conspiracy was, unquestionably, far more extended than yet appears, numbering among the conspirators many more than the handful of followers who assailed Harper's Ferry, and having in the North and West, if not also in the South, as its counselors and abettors, men of intelligence, position, and wealth. Certainly, it was among the best planned and executed conspiracies that ever failed."

I suppose it is now clear, as it soon became evident to the Southern leaders in Congress, that this opinion of Vallandigham was completely unfounded. The plan of Brown was wholly his own, so far as I know, both in its general scope and in its details; nor was it known, even in a vague way, to many persons at the North. There were thousands of persons who knew that Brown meant to do what he could against slavery; there were a few hundred, perhaps, who knew that he meant to harass the slave-holders in some part of the South, with an armed force; but of those who knew with any fullness the details of his Virginia enterprise, I suppose the number never at any one time exceeded a hundred, — perhaps they were not more than fifty, — and these were scattered over the whole country from Boston to Kansas, from Maryland to Canada. Many of them were fugitive slaves; indeed, the first person, out of his own family, to whom Brown communicated his purpose seems to have been a Maryland fugitive, Thomas Thomas, who was a porter in Brown's wool-warehouse at Springfield in 1846–48. Another Maryland fugitive, a woman named Harriet Tubman, was trusted with the secret ten years later, and was engaged in recruiting soldiers for Brown's company when he made his

attack at Harper's Ferry. Probably no more than thirty or forty of the persons cognizant of the undertaking were ever assembled together, and most of them were unknown to each other and held no correspondence. Many of them, too, had derived their knowledge of what was to be done from brief hints given them by Brown, or from the statements of other persons to whom Brown had spoken. Thus there was much difference of opinion among Brown's own men as to what his plans actually were; and it was not until a few weeks before the blow was struck that the men who were with him knew they were going to Harper's Ferry. Still less was this known to his friends at a distance, who were surprised, when the outbreak came, to find Brown there instead of farther South and West. Hence the readiness with which some of them afterwards declared that they knew nothing of his Harper's Ferry plot, as certainly they did not; and, further, that they would have disapproved it, had they known it, for so they would. It was, in fact, protested against not only by Frederick Douglass, who learned it for the first time at Chambersburg, three or four weeks before the attack, but by all Brown's men, including his own sons. Edwin Coppoc said to his captors at Charlestown, "Brown wrote to me in July, 1859, to come on from Iowa to Chambersburg, where he first revealed the whole plot. The whole company was opposed to making the first demonstration at Harper's Ferry, but Captain Brown would have it his own way, and we had to obey orders." The same statement was made to me in March, 1860, by Charles Tidd, one of those who escaped with Owen Brown. Frederick Douglass, in a letter to Gerrit Smith, published in 1867, said, "Three or four weeks previous to his invasion of Harper's Ferry, Captain Brown requested me to have an interview with him at Chambersburg; and in that interview he informed me that he had determined upon that invasion, instead of carrying out his old plan of going into the mountains. He did not tell me that you knew anything of this new plan. I do not suppose that any of his friends at the North, outside of his own family, knew of it." Very few of his friends did, in fact, know of it; and by this circumstance several of them were enabled to deny, as they did, any knowledge of his actual plans.

It was not possible for me, however, to plead any such ignorance and I therefore avoided very carefully all occasions of testifying in regard to the matter, both in the winter of 1859–60, and at one or two periods afterwards. Brown had sounded me, in 1858, as to the expediency of attacking the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, not for the sake of capturing the arms, but in order to strike terror into the South by an audacious exhibition of strength; and although he never returned to the subject, and I had forgotten the proposition, it all came back to my recollection when the attack was really made there. I then remembered how Brown spoke of capturing the arsenal as we were sitting together in his room at the American House in Boston, one day in the spring of 1858, and what arguments he used in favor of it. He said that nothing would give the country a greater opinion of his resources than the fact that he had ventured to attack a government arsenal; that he would be supposed to have a thousand men, at least, and that after such a stroke he could retire to the mountains and carry out his original plan all the more easily. Whether he used these same arguments with Douglass and his own men in 1859 I cannot say, but I have never seen any cause to believe that he meant to occupy Harper's Ferry, or to make a stand in that immediate neighborhood. As Douglass says, in the letter already cited: "For years before, Captain Brown's long-entertained plan was to go into the mountains in the slave States, and invite the slaves to flee there and stand for their freedom. His object was to make slavery unprofitable by making it insecure." Brown himself, when questioned concerning his plans at Harper's Ferry, the day after his capture, made statements quite consistent with this. Being asked if he did not expect to encounter

the Federal troops, he replied, "Not if I had followed up my plans. I intended to remain here only a few hours; but a lenient feeling towards the citizens led me to a parley with them as to compromise, and by prevarication on their part I was delayed until attacked, and then in self-defense was forced to intrench myself." When asked which way he would have marched, he replied, "I had a general idea on that point, but do not wish to be too closely questioned, lest I should say something which might compromise me hereafter. But to your inquiry I answer, I purposed a general southwest course through Virginia, varying as circumstances dictated or required." The language here is that of the reporter, and not Brown's own words; but the substance of what was said he repeated to others. When Governor Wise, accompanied by Andrew Hunter, questioned him about his designs on the day of his capture, he was particularly asked whether he meant to carry the slaves off, and "he promptly and distinctly replied," as Hunter testifies, "that such was not his purpose; he designed to put arms in their hands to defend themselves against their masters, and to maintain their position in Virginia and the South." As his strength increased, he told Governor Wise, he meant to "enlarge the area under his control, furnishing a refuge for the slaves and a rendezvous for all whites who were disposed to aid him," until eventually he should overrun the whole South. When during his trial he said something which seemed to imply that his purpose was to carry off the slaves to Canada, as he had done the year before in Missouri, Governor Wise was struck with the inconsistency of this statement with the one previously made, and went to see Brown about it, in his cell, where the prisoner reiterated that his purpose was to free the slaves in Virginia and keep them there. He also sent for Mr. Hunter and gave him an explanation in writing of the "seeming confliction," as he calls it, between his two statements.[1]

Should any doubt remain of Brown's purpose respecting the freed slaves in Virginia, my own testimony may be introduced. He explained to me in the spring of 1858 what his method of warfare would be, and it certainly did not involve the sending away of slaves to Canada, except as a last resort. His intention was, he told me, to gain possession of both slaves and masters; to hold the latter as hostages and the former for soldiers or laborers as might be best. He did not expect the colored people would all fight for him, or the white people all against him, and the particular service which he desired of me was to take charge of his white hostages, the slave-holders, and convince them in one way or another that their best course was to set free their own slaves and advise others to do the same. His band, at first small, was to intrench itself in log forts, made proof against bombs and cannon shot by being covered with earth,

[1] Since many have been misled by imperfectly understanding Brown's meaning in his speech to the court, November 2, 1859, it may be well to quote here his exact words, and his explanation of them to Governor Wise and Mr. Hunter some weeks after. In the beginning of his speech to the court he said, "I have all along admitted the design on my part to free the slaves. I intended certainly to have made a clean thing of that matter, as I did last winter, when I went into Missouri, and there took slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side, moved them through the country, and finally left them in Canada. I designed to have done the same thing again, on a larger scale. That was all I intended. I never did intend murder or treason, or the destruction of property, or to excite or incite slaves to rebellion, or to make insurrection." This might easily be understood to imply that he meant to take his freed slaves out of Virginia. But on the 22d of November, writing to Mr. Hunter, Brown alludes to his former statement to Governor Wise, and says, "I had given Governor Wise a full and particular account of that, and when called in court I was taken wholly by surprise, as I did not expect my sentence before the others. In the hurry of the moment I forgot much that I had before intended to say, and did not consider the full bearing of what I then said. I intended to convey this idea, that it was my object to place the slaves in a condition to defend their liberties, if they would, without any bloodshed, *but not that I intended to run them out of the slave States.* What I said to Governor Wise was spoken with all the deliberation I was master of, and was intended for truth; and what I said in court was equally intended for truth, but required a more full explanation than I then gave."

He also in an interview with Mr. Hunter assured him that the statement originally made at Harper's Ferry was the correct one, and desired Mr. Hunter to vindicate his memory from the charge of having intended to deceive by his statement in court.

and protected against musketry and assault by timber palisades, in which a few men could maintain themselves against great odds. Provision was to be made for retreating from one of these forts to another, and for extending them, when an incursion was successful, until finally they should inclose and protect a considerable space of arable land near the mountains, which were to be his base of operations. This land was to be occupied and tilled by the colored people, only a part of whom were to be kept under arms, except in case of attack, when all, even women and children, were to have pikes put in their hands and be set to defend the fortifications. For this purpose he had a thousand pikes made in Connecticut, considering that rude and simple weapon better than more costly arms, for the use he had in mind. His own soldiers were to be armed with Sharpe's rifles, of which he had two hundred, and with pistols, of which he also had two hundred. I did not understand from him that he expected to arm more than two hundred soldiers at first; indeed, I think his chosen number was a hundred; and with this small force, skillfully handled, he hoped to be a match for all the militia that would be sent against him. His Kansas experience had made him confident on this point; and he anticipated less trouble from the United States dragoons in the Virginia mountains than on the Kansas prairies. His own forces were to act either as infantry or cavalry; and he meant to press into his service all the horses of the slaveholders that he might need. Any other property of theirs which was needed to support their slaves or his own men he meant to take without scruple, but not to burn or pillage, nor to permit bloodshed, except in battle or as retaliation for the killing of his own men when captured. His hostages were to be held partly for purposes of retaliation, but more as a means of obtaining recruits and making converts; for he would have given up each white man in exchange for a certain number of slaves, and he hoped to persuade many of them either to join him or to remain neutral. Upon this point he has left written evidence, in a letter addressed to Theodore Parker, and sent to him (by my hand) from the American House in Boston, on Sunday afternoon, March 7, 1858. He begins his letter by apologizing for writing on the Lord's day, thus: "Since you know that I have an almost countless brood of poor, hungry chickens to 'scratch for,' you will not reproach me for scratching even on the Sabbath; at any rate, I trust God will not." Then he asks Parker to write him an address "directed to the officers and soldiers of the United States army;" and finally he says: —

"I also want a similar short address, appropriate to the peculiar circumstances, intended for all persons, old and young, male and female, slave-holding and non-slave-holding, to be sent out broadcast over the entire nation. *So by every male and female prisoner on being set at liberty, and to be read by them during confinement.* I know that men will listen and reflect, too, under such circumstances. Persons will hear your antislavery lectures, or abolition lectures, when they have become virtually slaves themselves. The impressions made on prisoners by kindness and plain-dealing (instead of barbarous and cruel treatment, such as they might give, and instead of being slaughtered like vile reptiles, as they might very naturally expect) are not only powerful but lasting. Females are susceptible of being carried away entirely by the kindness of an intrepid and magnanimous soldier, even when his bare name was a terror but the day previous." [1]

This letter was written within a fortnight from the time when I met Brown in Central New York, and there first heard from him the outlines and many of the details of his plan. In this fortnight (from February 22 to March 7, 1858) I had returned to Massachusetts, and Brown had followed me at an interval of perhaps a week. Meantime I had communicated his plans, at his request, to Theodore Parker, Wentworth Higginson, and Dr. Howe, and had given Mr. Stearns some general conception of

[1] Weiss's Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker, ii. 164, 165.

them. For a special reason, Captain Brown wished to make the disclosure to Mr. Stearns himself, and did so during his visit to Boston between the 4th and the 8th of March. How full this disclosure then was I cannot say, but in all our councils afterwards Mr. Stearns was a participant, and it was by him that more than half the money raised, and nearly all the arms furnished, were supplied. No other person in New England except these four was informed by me of the affair, though there were many who knew or suspected Brown's general purpose. I was given to understand by Mr. Stearns, some months afterwards, that his wife was acquainted with Brown's Virginia enterprise, but I cannot remember that I ever talked with her concerning it, until after it culminated. Mr. Parker did not communicate it to any of his family or friends, who were surprised after his death to learn how much he had known concerning it. His knowledge was, indeed, in some respects, more complete than that of either Mr. Stearns or Dr. Howe, for I remember talking with him about the proposal to attack Harper's Ferry, of which neither of the others, nor, I believe, Colonel Higginson, was informed. Parker called on Brown at the American House, in March, 1858, and met him there again in May and June of that year, after which he never saw him, though many of Brown's letters of the summer and autumn of 1858 passed through Parker's hands. In raising money for Brown's enterprise, Parker drew upon some of his friends who were in the habit of giving him money to be used at his discretion, without inquiring what became of it. He was not very sanguine of Brown's success, but he used to say, "We shall make many mistakes before we find the right way to abolish slavery; this plan may be one of them; it may fail, but it is worth trying." So, in writing to Francis Jackson from Rome, in November, 1859, Parker could well say, "Of course I was not astonished that an attempt had been made to free the slaves in a certain part of Virginia. Such things are to be expected; for they do not depend on the private will of men like Captain Brown and his associates, but on the great general causes which move all humankind to hate wrong and love right. Such 'insurrections' will continue as long as slavery lasts, and will increase both in frequency and in power, just as the people become intelligent and moral." It was in the spirit of these utterances that he had acted the year before, in counseling with Brown and raising money for his Virginia campaign.

Brown's first request in 1858 was for a fund of a thousand dollars only; with this in hand he promised to take the field either in April or May. Mr. Stearns acted as treasurer of this fund, and before the first of May nearly the whole amount had been paid in or subscribed, Stearns contributing three hundred dollars and the rest of the committee smaller sums. It soon appeared, however, that the amount named would be too small, and Brown's movements were embarrassed from lack of money before the disclosures of Forbes, in the early part of May, came to his knowledge. What Forbes did has already been briefly mentioned; but the result was such as to call for a more extended notice. I do not find among my papers the precise language of Forbes's threats, but the effect of them is visible enough in the letters before me. On the 20th of April, 1858, I had written thus to one of the secret committee: —

"I have lately had two letters from Mr. Hawkins,[1] who has just left Canada for the West, on business connected with his enterprise. He has found in Canada several good men for shepherds, and, if not embarrassed by want of means, expects to turn his flock loose about the 15th of May. He has received four hundred and ten dollars of the five hundred guaranteed him in Massachusetts, but wants more, and we must try to make up to him the other five hundred dollars. Part of it is pledged and the rest ought to be got, though with some difficulty. . . . Hawkins's address is 'Jason Brown,' under cover to John Jones, Chicago. He has gone West to

[1] This was Brown's assumed name in 1858; the next year it was "Isaac Smith."

move his furniture and bring on his hands. He has received two hundred and sixty dollars from other sources than our friends, and is raising more elsewhere, but got little in New York or Philadelphia."

On the 28th of April Brown was still at Chicago, ignorant of Forbes's treachery, and was on his way a day or two later, with a dozen or twenty "shepherds," for the "market" at Chatham in Canada, where he wrote his Massachusetts friends to meet him. But just then came a letter to me from Forbes, followed by one to Dr. Howe, threatening to make the matter public. On the 2d of May, Dr. Howe, Mr. Stearns, and myself met for consultation on the new aspect of affairs presented by these letters from Washington, where Forbes then was. Mr. Parker was also consulted on the same day, and I wrote the result to Higginson as follows: —

"It looks as if the project must, for the present, be deferred, for I find by reading Forbes's epistles to the doctor that he knows the details of the plan, and even knows (what very few do) that the doctor, Mr. Stearns, and myself are informed of it. How he got this knowledge is a mystery. He demands that Hawkins be dismissed as agent, and *himself* or some other be put in his place, threatening otherwise to make the business public. Theodore Parker and G. L. Stearns think the plan must be deferred till another year; the doctor does not think so, and I am in doubt, inclining to the opinion of the two former."

This was written on the 5th of May. On the 7th, the most important person in our counsels from outside of New England wrote me: "It seems to me that in these circumstances Brown must go no further, and so I write him. I never was convinced of the wisdom of his scheme. But as things now stand, it seems to me it would be madness to attempt to execute it. Colonel Forbes would make such an attempt a certain and most disastrous failure. I write Brown *this evening.*"

On the 9th of May, Higginson wrote to Parker from Brattleboro', protesting against delay. "I regard any postponement," he said, "as simply abandoning the project; for if we give it up now, at the command or threat of H. F., it will be the same next year. The only way is to circumvent the man somehow (if he cannot be restrained in his malice). When the thing is well started, who cares what he says?"

To this, on the 10th of May, Parker replied: "If you knew all we do about 'Colonel' Forbes, you would think differently. Can't you see the wretch in New York?" At the same time Dr. Howe wrote thus to Higginson: "T. P. will tell you about matters. They have held a different view from the one I have taken, which agrees mainly with yours. I think that the would-be traitor is now on the wrong track. I told him some truth, which he will think to be false (for he thinks evil), and he will probably be bungling about in the dark and hesitating until the period for his doing harm has passed. Forbes has disclosed what he knows to Senator Seward, or *says* he has." A few days after this, however, Dr. Howe also became satisfied that the enterprise must be postponed. I was in almost daily consultation with him, and on the 18th of May I wrote to Higginson: "Wilson as well as Hale and Seward, and God knows how many more, have heard about the plot from Forbes. To go on in the face of this is mere madness, and I place myself fully on the side of Parker, Stearns, and Dr. Howe. Mr. Stearns and the doctor will see Hawkins in New York this week, and settle matters finally."

On the 20th, Mr. Stearns was in New York, and wrote to Higginson that "we are all agreed" about the recall of the arms, "for reasons that cannot be written." On the 14th of May Mr. Stearns had written to Brown that the arms were not to be used for any other purpose than the defense of Kansas, and on the 15th Dr. Howe had written to Senator Wilson that there would be no perversion of Kansas funds to a totally different object. On the 24th of May a meeting of the secret committee was held at the Revere House, in which it was agreed

that Brown himself should go to Kansas. A few days later he came to Boston, consented to go there, and postponed his enterprise for a year, in accordance with the opinion of six out of the seven persons consulted.

Thus far I have written with the original letters of 1858 before me, and have quoted from them enough, perhaps, to convince the reader that the persons whom I have named — Parker, Howe, Higginson, and Stearns — did know in much detail the Virginia plans of Brown, though only one or two of them had heard of Harper's Ferry as a possible point of attack. In regard to one phase of the matter in 1858, the nominal withdrawal of the Kansas arms from Brown's custody, something more needs to be said, because there has been more or less of public controversy upon this point. In 1858 the State Kansas Committee of Massachusetts, though never formally dissolved, and still continuing at intervals to pass votes and write letters in its executive committee, had long been practically defunct, for the very good reason that its funds were exhausted, and there was little expectation of raising more. It had supplied the starving people of Kansas with wheat and clothing in 1857, and in order to do this had advanced money far beyond the amount raised in that year. I remember this with much distinctness because I had myself advanced two or three hundred dollars at that time; but the principal advances were made by our chairman, Mr. Stearns, whose liberality, where his heart was interested, knew no bounds but the limit of his means.[1] At the time, therefore, when his Massachusetts friends first heard of the Virginia plans of Brown, and gave them their reluctant approval, as has been mentioned, the rifles in Brown's possession, though nominally belonging to the Massachusetts Kansas Committee, were pledged to Mr. Stearns, along with the other property, for the reimbursement of his advances; and it was with his full consent, as owner, *not* as chairman of the committee, that they remained in Brown's hands for use in Virginia. But the public had never been notified that the committee had thus turned them over to its chairman, with liberty to sell them or dispose of them in any other way; and had it been disclosed to the public that they were in Brown's possession for an attack on slavery in Virginia in 1858, it would have been impossible to convince people that the committee had not acted in bad faith. It had not so acted, because the transaction by which the arms were pledged to Mr. Stearns really took place long before any of us knew of the Virginia plans, although the formal vote transferring

[1] I have forgotten how many thousand dollars he advanced in this way, but it was so many that the value of the arms in the custody of the committee was not enough to reimburse him, and it was agreed that he should not only have these as a security for his money, but should also be at liberty to reimburse himself out of the avails of promissory notes given by the Kansas farmers in payment for the wheat and other supplies furnished to them in 1857. At the time these notes were given, it was hoped that most of them would be paid, and many of them were, but I fancy very little of the money ever came into the hands of Mr. Stearns. Some of it was paid to John Brown, as the agent of the committee, in the summer and autumn of 1858, by the agents of Mr. E. B. Whitman, in whose hands most of the notes were first placed. I have before me, in Brown's handwriting, an "account of money, etc., collected of E. B. Whitman's agents on National Kansas Committee account," in which something less than two hundred dollars, mostly in small sums, is set down as received from S. L. Adair, William Partridge, William Hutchinson, and other Kansas residents, between August 21, 1858, and January 20, 1859. Mr. Whitman acted as agent both for the National Committee and for the Massachusetts Committee, and the business had become so complicated in one way and another, that when Brown levied upon the committees' agents for moneys claimed by him under votes of the committees, it excited a lively dispute in Kansas. The Massachusetts Committee, however, stood firmly by Brown, even after its three active members (Stearns, Howe, and Sanborn) were apprised of his Virginia plans — as they were before he began to collect money on their notes in 1858. Indeed, Mr. R. P. Hallowell has quoted from a report of mine as secretary, made in September, 1858, in which, among the assets of the Massachusetts Kansas Committee, are mentioned "one hundred and ninety rifles in the hands of our agent," who was no other than John Brown. I should be glad to see the whole report published, because I fancy it is the document the executive committee drew up in order to avoid the awkward complication in which Senator Wilson's letter of May, 1858, had found them. This letter, it may be said, is still in existence, and might well be published. The original was destroyed by Dr. Howe, but the copy that was sent to Brown and had his indorsement upon it was preserved at North Elba, and, I suppose, is still extant.

them to his custody, "to meet any liabilities," may not have been passed until after March 1, 1858. But a statement of the exact facts in the case, if made after an outbreak in Virginia, would have seemed like a mere device to conceal the bad faith of the committee in allowing Brown to use the arms there. The three members of the committee who had knowledge of Brown's purposes were therefore placed by Senator Wilson's letter in a false position. If they allowed the project to proceed, they could be charged by Wilson and others with having knowingly perverted a trust to uses which those who made them trustees would never have sanctioned; and they could also have been reproached by their colleagues on the committee with having concealed from them some very important matters. In reality, everything that the committee had done was completely regular, and appropriate to the exigency of 1856–57; they had collected much money, had expended it judiciously, and had allowed a generous individual, their chairman, to place in their hands more money, for which he was willing to wait without payment until the property of the committee could be turned into cash. Then, to give him all the security in its power, the committee had made over this property to him, with no restriction as to what he should do with it. Mr. Stearns had chosen, after hearing Brown's plans in the spring of 1858, to intrust him with the further use of the arms, without calling upon the committee in any way to sanction it, because he was dealing with his own property. Yet this transaction, perfectly legitimate in itself, not having been made public, nor even communicated to the whole committee (which had not met for months), would have had a very suspicious look to the public; and it was this circumstance which really prevailed most strongly with some of the friends of Brown to have his first attack postponed. They were indifferent to the reproach of having aided him, but they could not bear the thought of being charged with diverting other people's money into his hands. I have always understood that this weighed much with Mr. Stearns, who, as a merchant, was scrupulous of his credit in such matters; and with Dr. Howe, who, in a long experience, collecting and disbursing philanthropic contributions, had never found himself in exactly such a dilemma. Hence, although he agreed with Colonel Higginson that it was bad policy to delay the attack, he felt that it was necessary to make the postponement. As soon as possible after Brown had consented to the alternative of going to Kansas in the summer of 1858, the business of the Kansas committee was put in such shape that its responsibility for the arms in Brown's possession should no longer fetter his friends in aiding his main design.

It was very evident that Brown himself did not cheerfully consent to the change of plan. On the 14th of May, while these consultations were going on in Boston, but before the final decision was reached, he wrote from Chatham in Canada, in these words: "As it is an invariable rule with me to be governed by circumstances, or, in other words, not to do anything while I do not know what to do, none of our friends need have any fears in relation to hasty or rash steps being taken by us. As 'knowledge is (said to be) power,' we propose to become possessed of more knowledge. We have many reasons for begging our Eastern friends to keep clear of Forbes personally, unless he throws himself upon them. We have those who are thoroughly posted up to put on his track, and we humbly beg to be allowed to do so. We also beg our friends to supply us with two or three hundred dollars without delay; pledging ourselves not to act other than to secure perfect knowledge of facts in regard to what F. has really done and will do; so that we may ourselves know how we ought to act. None of us here or with you should be *hasty* or *decide* the course to be taken while under excitement. 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.' A *good* cause is *sure* to be *safe* in the hands of an all-good, all-wise, and all-powerful Director and

Father. Dear sir, please send this to the friends at Boston and at Concord at once; and in the mean time send on without delay all that Forbes may hereafter write and say, in a plain copy." A day or two after this, Brown must have received Senator Wilson's letter to Dr. Howe, which was mailed to him on the 14th of May from Boston by Mr. Stearns, accompanied by positive directions not to proceed with the Kansas rifles in the direction of Virginia. As soon as possible after this, Brown visited Boston, and while there held a conversation with the person to whom the letter just quoted was sent. A record of this conversation, made at the time (June 1, 1858), states that Brown was full of regret at the decision of the Revere House council (May 24th), at which it was determined to postpone the attack till the winter or spring of 1859, when the secret committee would raise for Brown two or three thousand dollars; "he meantime to blind Forbes by going to Kansas, and to transfer the property so as to relieve them" (the Kansas committee) "of responsibility, and they in future not to know his plans." "On probing Brown," this record goes on, "I found that he considered delay very discouraging to his thirteen men, and to those in Canada. Impossible to begin in the autumn, and he would not lose a day" (he finally said), "if he had three hundred dollars; it would not cost twenty-five dollars apiece to get his men from Ohio, and that was all he needed. The knowledge that Forbes could give of his plan would be injurious, for he wished his opponents to underrate" (overrate?) "him; but still the increased terror produced would perhaps counterbalance this, and it would not make much difference. If he had the means he would not lose a day." He complained that his Massachusetts friends were not men of action, that they were intimidated by Wilson's letter and magnified the obstacles. Still, it was essential that they should not think him reckless, he said, "and as they held the purse, he was powerless without them, having spent nearly everything received this campaign, on account of delay, — a month at Chatham, etc." The same friend who noted down this conversation learned, a few days afterwards, from Dr. Howe, that Brown left Boston on the 3d of June, or thereabout, with five hundred dollars in gold and liberty to retain all the arms, and that "he went off in good spirits."

At this time Forbes was in Philadelphia, on his way from Washington back to New York. On the 6th of June, 1858, he wrote to Colonel Higginson a long, rambling, self-conceited letter, in course of which he said: "The patent business which called me to Washington detained me longer than I anticipated; besides, certain financial difficulties threw obstacles in my way. . . . I am little disposed to trust certain letters by the U. S. mail addressed to obnoxious individuals. You can get from F. B. Sanborn and Dr. S. G. Howe a sight of my letters to them, unless Dr. H. may have thrown them behind the fire, as he said he would do if he did not like their tone, — as if he thought himself the Pope, or the autocrat of Austria, Japan, or China. I have been grossly defrauded in the name of humanity and antislavery. . . . I have for years labored in the antislavery cause, without wanting or thinking of a recompense. Though I have made the least possible parade of my work, it has nevertheless not been entirely without fruit; the very protest presented to the U. S. Senate and House against the Clayton clause of the organic Act, which deprived foreigners of the right of voting in Kansas, was mainly my doing. . . . I consider, therefore, that if my family were from any circumstance to be in distress, that distress ought cheerfully and effectually to be alleviated by the antislavery men of every school. . . . Patience and mild measures having failed, I reluctantly have recourse to harshness. Let them not flatter themselves that I shall eventually become weary and shall drop the subject; it is as yet quite at its beginning. The Massachusetts senators, Sumner and Wilson, wrote to Boston about it; but Howe, Lawrence, Sanborn, and associates, prefer to accumulate injury

on injury rather than acknowledge their fallibility by redressing a wrong they have committed. I am on my way to New York, but I shall stop in this city" (Philadelphia) "for three days, because I wish to see some antislavery people here. I had letters to Mr. Miller McKim, but by him I was told that I could expect nothing from the Pennsylvania wing of the antislaveryites, because my remedy lay in New England, and because funds were low and prospects gloomy, etc., etc. Of course funds *must* be low, and prospects *must* be gloomy, if antislavery men pillage the families of antislavery men, so that mutual reliance and coöperation vanish. For my own part, I will, from principle, always do whatever I may be able to do against slavery; but never will I act in connection with the rascals who have cheated me and have persecuted my family."

This fragment of a letter will be enough to show what sort of man Forbes was, and it may easily be imagined how correspondence with him was a pleasure that soon grew monotonous. Let it be remembered that the persons whom he pestered with his letters and interviews had either never seen him at all, or as an unknown adventurer; that they never made nor authorized any person to make (nor ratified after it was made) any agreement with him of any kind, and that his whole claim upon them was founded on baseless assumptions. The more one knew of him, the less one desired to know; and when he disappeared from our knowledge, as he did after this letter, nobody took much pains to learn anything more about him, except, indeed, Brown himself, who dispatched Richard Realf from Cleveland to New York about the time Forbes was returning thither from Philadelphia, say the 10th of June, 1858. The reason for sending Realf (who was a young Englishman, and Brown's "secretary of state" under the "provisional constitution") was thus given by Realf before Mason's committee of the Senate, January 21, 1860, after Brown's execution: —

"John Brown sent me to New York city for this purpose: knowing that Forbes had made these revelations of which I have spoken, and knowing, too, that it incapacitated him for the time being from prosecuting his plan, he desired me to go on to New York, [and] somehow or other procure an introduction to Forbes; and he being an Englishman and I an Englishman, he thought we might presently establish mutual good relations; that, by ingratiating myself into his esteem, I might ultimately be able to possess myself, acting for Brown, of that obnoxious correspondence held by Forbes, written by Brown to him, in which Brown had developed his plans. For that purpose I went on to New York, with the intention of securing that correspondence; . . . so that, when Forbes was called upon (as Brown supposed would be the case) to substantiate his statements, he should not have the means of doing so. . . . I did not see Colonel Forbes in New York city. I cannot recollect whether I made any attempt to see him or not."

In fact, instead of looking up Forbes, as he had undertaken to do, Realf himself slipped back to England, and from England went over to France and sailed thence to New Orleans in the spring of 1859, giving himself no further trouble about Brown or his purposes. Forbes seems to have been equally indifferent, for nothing more was heard from him until after the attack on Harper's Ferry. It is not probable, in spite of what Realf testified, that Forbes ever had possession of much written matter that could have compromised Brown; though he doubtless had knowledge enough of the details of the grand plan to thwart its execution if he had chosen to make it public, which he never did. His disclosures to Senator Wilson and others at Washington were very general in their character, and, though they had the effect of deferring Brown's attack for a year, they were not so followed up by any one as to put the secret project within the knowledge of persons to whom it had not been otherwise communicated. When Brown made his raid into Missouri eight months

after Forbes's disclosures, Senator Wilson, and no doubt others, imagined that to have been the enterprise which Forbes was trying to thwart.

Returning from this long digression to the further consideration of what the details of Brown's project were, let me here call attention to Realf's own account of them, which he professed to have made up from recollections of a speech delivered by Brown at the secret convention in Chatham, in May, 1858. It is evidently colored and exaggerated in many of its particulars by the imagination of the reporter, and at several points it is contrary to what is otherwise known of Brown's plans. But with these abatements, it may be taken as a good general outline of what Brown actually said. This is Realf's testimony: —

"John Brown, on rising, stated that for twenty or thirty years the idea had possessed him like a passion of giving liberty to the slaves; that he made a journey to England in 1851 (in which year he took to the International Exhibition in London samples of wool from Ohio) during which he made a tour upon the European continent, inspecting all fortifications, and especially all earthwork forts, which he could find, with a view of applying the knowledge thus gained, with modifications and inventions of his own, to a mountain warfare in the United States. He stated that he had read all the books upon insurrectionary warfare that he could lay his hands on: the Roman warfare, the successful opposition of the Spanish chieftains during the period when Spain was a Roman province — how with ten thousand men, divided and subdivided into small companies, acting simultaneously, yet separately, they withstood the whole consolidated power of the Roman empire through a number of years.[1] In addition to this, he said he had become very familiar with the successful warfare waged by Schamyl, the Circassian chief, against the Russians; he had posted himself in relation to the war of Toussaint L'Ouverture; he had become thoroughly acquainted with the wars in Hayti and the islands round about; and from all these things he had drawn the conclusion,[2] — believing, as he stated there he did believe, and as we all (*if I may judge from myself*) believed,[3] that upon the first intimation of a plan formed for the liberation of the slaves, they would immediately rise all over the Southern States. He supposed that they would come into the mountains to join him, where he purposed to work, and that, by flocking to his standard, they would enable him (making the line of mountains which cuts diagonally through Maryland and Virginia, down through the Southern States into Tennessee and Alabama, the base of his operations) to act upon the plantations on the plains lying on each side of that range of mountains; that we should be able to establish ourselves in the fastnesses; and, if any hostile action (as would be) were taken against us, either by the militia of the States or by the armies of the United States, we purposed to defeat first the militia, and next, if possible, the troops of the United States; and then organize the free blacks under this provisional constitution, which would carve out for the locality of its jurisdiction all that mountainous region in which the blacks were to be established, in which they were to be taught the useful and mechanical arts, and all the business of life. Schools were also to be established, and so on. The negroes were to be his soldiers. John Brown expected that all the free negroes in the Northern States would immediately flock to his standard;[4] that all the

[1] The reference here is to Sertorius in the days of Pompey and Metellus Pius.

[2] Here Mr. Realf, pausing to take breath, solaced himself, apparently, with the rhetorical restorative called *anacoluthon*, or *non-sequitur*, — the latter part of his sentence forgetting the beginning. The conclusion that Brown really drew from these historical examples was that which Byron had expressed long before, that

"Freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

[3] Speak for yourself, Mr. Realf; there is no evidence that John Brown ever believed or even hoped for any such thing.

[4] He expected no such impossibility; but he supposed that a portion of them would do so, and especially such as had fled from the region in which he might be fighting.

slaves in the Southern States would do the same. He believed, too, that as many of the free negroes in Canada as could accompany him would do so. The slave-holders were to be taken as hostages, if they refused to let their slaves go; they were not to be killed. They were to be held as hostages for the safe treatment of any prisoners of John Brown's that might fall into the hands of hostile parties. Those non-slave-holders who would not join the organization of John Brown, but who would not oppose it, were to be protected; but those who did oppose it were to be treated as the slave-holders themselves. John Brown said that he believed a successful incursion could be made; that it could be successfully maintained; that the several slave States could be forced (from the position in which they found themselves) to recognize the freedom of those who had been slaves within the respective limits of those States; that immediately such recognitions were made, then the places of all the officers elected under this provisional constitution would become vacant."

In this last sentence Realf unquestionably understood Brown correctly, though he has in other places supplied his own words and thoughts in the place of Brown's. The forty-sixth article of the provisional constitution deals with this matter, and says: "The foregoing articles shall not be construed so as in any way to encourage the overthrow of any State government, or of the general government of the United States, *and look to no dissolution of the Union*, but *simply to amendment and repeal.*" That is to say, Brown believed it possible to carry on the sort of warfare he should wage without necessarily interfering with the civil government of Virginia or of the Union, although the local functions of government might be suspended through fear, or absolutely superseded, for a time, by his own frame-work of provisional government. In this forecast of a possible struggle for emancipation, he was not so far as he might have been from the expectations of John Quincy Adams on the same subject, in 1820. When the Missouri Compromise was under fierce debate in Congress, Mr. Adams (being then Secretary of State, and Mr. Calhoun Secretary of War to President Monroe) made this entry in his journal:[1] —

"*February* 24, 1820. I had some conversation with Calhoun on the slave question pending in Congress. He said he did not think it would produce a dissolution of the Union, but, if it should, the South would be from necessity compelled to form an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Great Britain. I said that would be returning to the colonial state. He said, 'Yes, pretty much, but it would be forced upon them.' . . . I pressed the conversation no further, but if the dissolution of the Union should result from the slave question, it is as obvious as anything that can be foreseen of futurity, that it must shortly afterwards be followed by the universal emancipation of the slaves; . . . the destructive progress of emancipation, which, like all great religious and political reformations, is terrible in its means, though happy and glorious in its end. Slavery is the great and foul stain upon the North American Union, and it is a contemplation worthy of the most exalted soul, whether its total abolition is or is not practicable; if practicable, by what means it may be effected, and, if a choice of means be within the scope of the object, what means would accomplish it at the smallest cost of human sufferance. A dissolution, *at least temporary*, of the Union, as now constituted would be certainly necessary, and the dissolution must be upon a point involving the question of slavery, and no other. *The Union might then be reorganized on the fundamental principle of emancipation.* This object is vast in its compass, awful in its prospects, sublime and beautiful in its issue. *A life devoted to it would be nobly spent or sacrificed.*"

Such a life was that of John Brown. He entered upon it when, as a boy, "during the war with England," seven years before this colloquy of Adams with Calhoun, he saw his little black playmate starved and beaten, and with boy-

[1] Memoirs of John Quincy Adams, vol. iv. 530, 531.

ish ardor "swore eternal war with slavery."[1] He ended it on the gallows in Virginia, and men said he "died as a fool dieth." But the method that he devised for emancipation was that which, within five years after his death, the nation adopted and carried to a successful issue. It was the method of force, and it proceeded gradually, as Brown had foreseen that it must, from State to State, and without overthrowing the general government. There was, however, what Adams had predicted, a temporary dissolution of the Union, followed by "amendment and repeal" as Brown had desired, and then by that which both Adams and Brown had longed for, a reorganization of the Union "on the fundamental principle of emancipation." Thus again in human history, as so many times before, did the divine paradox reassert itself, and the stone which the builders rejected became the head of the corner. Beside the Potomac, where the Founder of our Republic lived and died, crowned with honors, it was decreed that the Restorer of the Republic should also die by the hangman's hand. The work that Washington left unfinished, Brown came to complete; and Lincoln with his proclamations, Grant and Sherman with their armies, and Sumner with his constitutional amendments, did little more than follow in the path which Brown had pointed out. "Of all the men who were said to be my contemporaries," wrote a Concord poet, "it seemed to me that John Brown was the only one who had not died. I meet him at every turn. He is more alive than ever he was; he is no longer working in secret; he works in public, and in the clearest light that shines on this land."

F. B. Sanborn.

[1] See Brown's autobiography, in the January Atlantic.

THE TWO ANGELS.

God called the nearest angels who dwell with him above:
The tenderest one was Pity, the dearest one was Love.

"Arise," he said, "my angels! a wail of woe and sin
Steals through the gates of heaven, and saddens all within.

"My harps take up the mournful strain that from a lost world swells,
The smoke of torment clouds the light and blights the asphodels.

"Fly downward to that under world, and on its souls of pain
Let Love drop smiles like sunshine, and Pity tears like rain!"

Two faces bowed before the Throne veiled in their golden hair;
Four white wings lessened swiftly down the dark abyss of air.

The way was strange, the flight was long; at last the angels came
Where swung the lost and nether world, red-wrapped in rayless flame.

There Pity, shuddering, wept; but Love, with faith too strong for fear,
Took heart from God's almightiness and smiled a smile of cheer.

And lo! that tear of Pity quenched the flame whereon it fell,
And, with the sunshine of that smile, hope entered into hell!

Two unveiled faces full of joy looked upward to the Throne,
Four white wings folded at the feet of Him who sat thereon!

And deeper than the sound of seas, more soft than falling flake,
Amidst the hush of wing and song the Voice Eternal spake:

"Welcome, my angels! ye have brought a holier joy to heaven;
Henceforth its sweetest song shall be the song of sin forgiven!"

John G. Whittier.

CRIME AND AUTOMATISM.

WITH A NOTICE OF M. PROSPER DESPINE'S PSYCHOLOGIE NATURELLE.

THE occurrence among us within the last few years of crimes of singular atrocity and wanton cruelty has called the attention of many thinking persons to the condition of mind under which such acts are committed. A fellow-creature at whose deeds a whole community shudders, while he himself, even after they have been brought home to him, looks upon them with entire indifference, must have a moral nature very unlike that of ordinary human beings. Nothing is more difficult than to study such a being fairly. Instinct, Law, and Theology have all taken up their positions with reference to him.

Instinct urges the common mind to swift, certain, and extreme measures. As the serpent when he is trodden on strikes, as the man who is smitten returns the blow as if he were a machine of which the spring is suddenly released, so a popular gathering executes prompt vengeance on the doer of an atrocious deed, where law does not stand between him and the instinct of the multitude. If lynch-law knew enough to have a Latin motto for its symbol, it would be *cito, certe, sœve.* It listens to no argument, for it is very little more than a mere animal movement. One might as well reason with a she-bear from whom he had stolen her cubs, as with a border mob dragging a murderer to the nearest tree. "Why, what evil hath he done?" was Pilate's very fair question to the roughs of Jerusalem. "Crucify him!" was all the answer he got. Instinct, whether we call its rulings natural justice or natural injustice, has its place, none the less, in settling the character and determining the punishment of crime. It rids society of a nuisance or subjects the offender to a cautionary discipline. It strengthens the abhorrence of crime in a community, and to some extent deters those who are ill-disposed from carrying out their inclinations. But it makes mistakes about persons, it gratifies dangerous passions in those who execute its mandates, and it has no graduated scale of punishment. *À la lanterne* is its shortest, most frequent, and very convenient formula. Civilization may hide it more or less completely under statutes and moral and religious precepts, but it lies as a struggling force beneath their repressive weight, and every now and then betrays itself in the court-room and even in the sanctuary.

Law is an implement of society which is intended for every-day work. It is a coarse tool and not a mathematical instrument. It deals with the acts of criminals and their immediate motives. Its efforts to get behind these proximate causes are not very satisfactory to those who have made a special study of the mechanism of human actions. It arraigned men formerly because the devil

had prompted them to kill their fellow-man. Not being able to hang the devil, it followed the Hudibrastic method and swung off his victims as a substitute. It does indeed recognize complete mental alienation as an excuse of forbidden acts, and heat of passion as their palliation. But while it accepts the chemist's analysis of the contents of a stomach, it cares very little for a psychologist's analysis of a criminal's mental and moral elements, unless this criminal can be shown to present the technical conditions of the state defined as insanity. Its scale of punishments is graduated in a rough way, but it has no fixed standard except the hanging point. Instinct, tradition, convenience, in various combinations and changing from age to age, settle the marks on the scale below this highest level, which itself is only conditionally fixed, and changes in different times and places, so that in some communities crime never reaches it. Of relative justice law may know something; of expediency it knows much; with absolute justice it does not concern itself.

Theology, as represented in the formulæ of its councils and synods, while nominally treating of divinity, has chiefly contemplated the divine character in its relations to man, and consequently, inverting its thought, has become little more than traditional anthropology. Deriving its warrant, or claiming to, from the supreme source of law, it has transferred the whole subject of moral transgression from the region of the natural to that of the supernatural. It lent the devil to the lawyers to help out their indictments. It comes with its accepted axioms about human nature to confound the studies of the philosopher. Measuring the finite by an infinite standard, it abolishes all terms of comparison. Testing all humanity in the scholastic vacuum left by pumping out the whole moral atmosphere, it sees two souls, one freighted with the burden of fourscore guilty years, the other chargeable only with the lightest petulance of pulpy infancy, drop with the same swiftness into the abyss of boundless and endless retribution, just as the feather and the guinea fall side by side in an exhausted bell-glass and reach the bottom at the same moment. Accepting the mechanical idea of transferable moral responsibility, it violates the plain law of homology, which declares that like must be compared with like, that virtue cannot be meted out with a yard-stick, that courage cannot be measured in a pint pot (though sometimes found in it), that a right or wrong act cannot be weighed in a grocer's balance. Theological speculation has thus climbed out of sight of the facts of human nature, to find itself

"Pinnacled dim in the intense inane,"

and the anthropologist of to-day must request it to stand aside, as the geologist of yesterday has done with the old cosmogonies.

In the face of all these obstacles, the subject of crime and the character of the criminal must be studied calmly, exhaustively, and independently of all inherited prejudices. The idols of the market, of the bench, and of the pulpit must be treated as so many stocks and stones by the naturalist who comes to the study of man as Huber gave himself to the study of bees, or Agassiz to that of tortoises. Savage instincts, barbarous usages, ancient beliefs, will all find themselves confronted with a new order of facts which has not been studied, and with new interpretations of facts which have never been hazarded.

Every novel growth of ideas has to encounter the weight of vested opinions and mortgaged prejudices. It has to face a society more or less unprepared for it; the Chinese with their fixed customs, the North American Indians with their feral natures, are not in a condition to listen to the last revelations of that multiple Messiah, modern civilization, as it speaks through its anointed races. The Pi-Utes and the Kickapoos of the wilderness are hard to reason with. But there is another tribe of irreclaimables, living in much larger wigwams and having all the look of civilized people, which is quite as intractable to the teachings of a new philosophy that upsets their ancestral totems. This is the tribe of the Pooh-Poohs, so called from the

leading expression of their vocabulary, which furnishes them a short and easy method of disposing of all novel doctrines, discoveries, and inventions of a character to interfere with their preconceived notions. They may possibly serve a useful purpose, like other barbarous and semi-barbarous human beings, by helping to keep down the too prolific family of noxious or troublesome animals — the thinking, or rather talking and writing ones. Beyond this they are of small value; and they are always retreating before the advance of knowledge, facing it, and moving backwards, still opposing the leaders and the front rank with their inextinguishable war-cry, Pooh-Pooh! But the most obstinate of them all can scarcely fail to recognize that the issues of to-day really turn on points which within easy remembrance would have hardly been considered open to discussion except in proscribed circles.

In place of the question of the deity's foreknowledge as limiting human freedom, we have under discussion the statistician's tables showing that the seeming contingencies of what we call voluntary action are so much matters of certainty that they can be confidently predicted. So many persons, of such and such ages and sexes, will, within a given district and within a given time, commit suicide by such and such methods, distributed according to their age and sex. So many children will die within the same district and period from drinking hot water out of the spouts of tea-kettles. In other words, will, like weather, obeys definite laws. The wind, be it not irreverently spoken, by no means literally bloweth where it listeth, but where it must, as certain precedent conditions have settled the question for it, and we know every morning whence it cometh and whither it goeth. No priest or soothsayer that ever lived could hold his own against Old Probabilities. The will, like the wind, is anything but free; it is so largely governed by organic conditions and surrounding circumstances that we calculate upon it as on sunrise, and all the provisions are made for its anticipated decisions, as those minute habiliments, mysterious and manifold, are got ready beforehand for an expected little stranger.

In place of the doctrine of predestination, in virtue of which certain individuals were to become or remain subjects of wrath, we are discussing organic tendencies, inborn idiosyncrasies, which, so far as they go, are purely mechanical, and are the best excuse that can be pleaded for a human being, exempting him from all moral responsibility when they reach a certain extreme degree, and exculpating him just so far as they are uncontrollable, or unenlightened by any moral sense.

We hear comparatively little of that "original sin" which made man *ex officio* a culprit and a rebel, and liable to punishment as such. But we have whole volumes on hereditary instincts of all kinds, sometimes in the direction of the worst crimes, and the more of this kind of original sin we find in a man, the more we are disposed to excuse his evil deeds.

While our catechisms are still charging man with the responsibility of "evil," including suffering and death, our textbooks are inferring from the material record of the earth's strata that it existed in the form of violence, disease, and destruction of life, long before man or beings like man existed on our planet.

In place of following or combating the theorists who consider this world as an intermediate penitentiary adjusted for the discipline of souls that have sinned in a previous state (E. Beecher), or who maintain that it was contrived beforehand to accord in its discords with "the miracle of sin" (Bushnell), we have to fight for or against the iconoclastic doctrines of the evolutionists.

In place of considering man as a creature so utterly perverted from birth that the poles of his nature must be reversed, the tendency is to look upon him rather as subject to attractions and repulsions which are to be taken advantage of in education. As he does not give himself these attractions and repulsions, but receives them through natural parentage, nor educate himself, but lies at the mercy

of his conditions, the tendency is, again, to limit the range of his moral responsibilities.

In place of debating upon the forfeits of criminals to society, philosophers and philanthropists are chiefly occupying themselves with the duties of society to criminals.

At the bottom of all the more prevalent thought of the time is the conviction that there is not enough in the history of humanity to account for the suffering which we are forced to witness, and that the hardest task of those who think and feel is that which Milton set himself —

"To justify the ways of God to man."

All these newer modes of thought are to a large extent outgrowths of what we may call physiological psychology. The foundations of this were laid in those studies of individual character made by the phrenologists, much in the same way that the foundations of chemistry were laid by the alchemists. In the pursuit of an unattainable end, and in the midst of great hallucinations, they made those observations and discoveries which, divorced from their fancies and theories, lent themselves to the building up of a true science.

But the development of the connection of motive and determination has been, in the main, an expansion of the doctrine of reflex action. This doctrine, which started from the fact of the twitching of a decapitated frog's hind legs, has grown to such dimensions that it claims to solve some of the gravest questions in psychology, and to deal, in the face of the great endowed and incorporated beliefs, with the most serious problems of responsibility and retribution.

Following the idea of Descartes, who considered all the lower animals as only living machines, and man himself as a machine with a superadded spiritual essence, we may glance a moment at the movements of the human mechanism. Circulation, secretion, and nutrition go on in health without our consent or knowledge. The heart's action is felt occasionally, but cannot be controlled by a direct act of the will. The respiration is often perceived and partially under the influence of the will, but for the most part unnoticed and involuntary. Passing to what we call the voluntary movements, we find that even when they obey our wishes the special actions which conspire to produce the effect wished for are neither ordered nor taken distinct cognizance of. Nothing shows this more clearly than the voice. Its tones and character, varying with the state of mind and feeling, are regulated by the nicest adjustments of a system of delicate antagonizing muscles, the very existence of which would never be suspected but for the researches of the anatomist. Sudden and sharp sensations produce involuntary movements of voluntary muscles. By a similar mechanical connection different impressions produce their corresponding emotions and ideas. These again produce other ideas and emotions by a mechanism over which we have only a partial control. We cannot always command the feelings of disgust, pity, anger, contempt, excited in us by certain presentations to our consciousness. We cannot always arrest or change the train of thoughts which is keeping us awake, however much we may long to do so. Now the observation of certain exceptional natures tends to show that a very large portion of their apparent self-determinations or voluntary actions, such as we consider that *we* should hold ourselves responsible for, are in reality nothing more nor less than reflex movements, automatic consequences of practically irresistible causes existing in the inherited organization and in preceding conditions.

It is to a comparatively recent work, which treats of these subjects from a new point of view, namely, the study of the mental and moral conditions of individual criminals, that the reader's attention is now called. The slight analysis will itself furnish the text of a running comment. It will not, of course, be inferred that the critic always agrees with or is responsible for the author's statements or opinions. Neither should the reader suppose that all the facts or opinions cited from the work are entirely original in the author. Many things, on the contrary, in this, as in every such work,

are commonplaces to all who have studied its subject.

In the year 1868, M. Prosper Despine, Doctor of Medicine, gave to the public three large volumes in which the psychology or mental mechanism of crime is studied from nature. The first volume expounds his general doctrine as to the motives of human action, and the degree to which they are ordered by the will or simply automatic. The second volume begins with the consideration of mental alienation and imbecility, and passes to the description and illustration of moral insanity and idiocy as seen in criminals. Then follow clinical observations, as they may be called, upon parricides and homicides. The third volume studies the mental and moral conditions of infanticides, suicides, incendiaries, robbers, and others belonging to the criminal class. This quasi-medical study of criminals is followed by an attempt to lay down the proper moral treatment to which they should be submitted.

M. Despine's own abstract, or his analytical headings of his chapters, would exceed the limits of this article. It will be expedient instead of following these to give a more general view of the drift and method of the book.

And first, though the author alludes to the difficulty with which new doctrines get a hearing, though he evokes the injured and somewhat weary ghosts of Copernicus and Galileo, he begins with an expression of reverential feeling. Science represents the thought of God discovered by man. By learning the natural laws he attaches effects to their first cause, the will of the Creator.

M. Despine had been struck with the absence of emotion (*sang froid*) which appears as so frequent a trait in criminals. This set him to studying their psychological history, and for that purpose he ransacked the Gazette des Tribunaux from the year 1825 until the time of writing, to study the cases there recorded, exactly as a physician studies a similar record of bodily diseases. Out of this clinical study came his ideas about crime and criminals, and working his way backwards into general psychology he arrived at the conclusions which he has unfolded in his first volume.

The instincts, or natural desires, are the great springs of human action. The perfection of man consists in the perfection of the instinctive faculties, and these again are determined by the organization of the brain, their instrument. Studying the races of mankind in succession, the author finds in each inherent and characteristic differences, which belong to it as much as its stature, color, and other outward characteristics. So in individuals, and in their different conditions relative to sex, age, state of health or disease, and other variable circumstances, he finds a wide range of diversities. A man who had always been amiable and affectionate became exceedingly irritable and quarrelsome after an attack of small-pox, and retained this character fourteen years later, when he was the subject of the observation. A profligate mentioned by Plutarch had a fall and struck his head, after which accident he became a most virtuous citizen.

In studying the criminal we wish to know how far he is such in virtue of his own free act. As the doctrine which M. Despine teaches might be misinterpreted to mean more than he intends, his own statement of his position may be here introduced: "Although I have demonstrated the very small part taken by free-will in the performance of human actions, I have not hesitated to proclaim still more emphatically that no one has more fully recognized and proved the existence of this power than myself." M. Despine cannot therefore be reproached with either atheism or fatalism.

His test of free-will, or self-determination, is the sense of effort by which a desire is overcome, and the self-approval or self-reproach which follows a right or wrong action. But desire is only overcome by the sense of duty. Where this does not intervene there is nothing to hinder the strongest desire from having its own way; there is no occasion for effort. Under these circumstances the man is as much a machine as the new-

born babe, which has no choice, but simply obeys the impulse of its desires. There is no struggle between desire and the sense of duty before the commission of a crime, and no remorse after it, in persons destitute of the moral instinct.

Nothing, then, is in the way of the selfish motive which leads to crime except some stronger selfish motive, as fear, for instance. Crime will be like our ordinary every-day acts, without moral character and without moral responsibility. A careful study of criminals shows that in a large proportion of cases they are devoid of the ordinary moral instincts; that they have no struggle beforehand except of purely selfish principles, that they have no true remorse for their guilt, and that their apparent repentance is nothing but fear of the future suffering with which they are threatened. These offenders against the laws of society are moral idiots; their "crime" is not a *sin* any more than eating or drinking or the satisfaction of any other natural desire. Our impressions about their mental conditions are mostly mere reflections of what we think would be our own feelings. Contrast the two following extracts, the first from Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, the second from M. Despine.

"*Peter* in his bonds slept secure, for he knew God protected him, and *Tully* makes it an argument of *Roscius Amerinus*' innocency that he killed not his father, because he so securely slept."

"How far from the reality presented by facts to the idea which moralists and poets have formed of the criminal! 'The tiger tears his prey and sleeps; man becomes a homicide and is sleepless,' says Chateaubriand, taking for granted an impossibility, namely, that the criminal is endowed with the sentiments which make man a moral being. But the observer who studies the facts relating to the sleep of criminals has an opinion directly opposite to that of the poet. 'Nothing more nearly resembles the sleep of the just than the sleep of the assassin,' said, in 1867, Maitre Guerin, the *courrièriste* of the Monde Illustré, speaking of an individual who after committing a horrible, premeditated murder lay down tranquilly and slumbered soundly."

"I slept sound till three o'clock, awaked, and writ these lines: —

"Come, pleasing rest, eternal slumber fall,
Seal mine, that once must seal the eyes of all;
Calm and composed my soul her journey takes,
No guilt that troubles, and no heart that aches" —

Thus wrote Eugene Aram on the night before he was hanged.

The moral sense may be paralyzed for the moment, and its voice silenced by passion. In this condition a man may do a great wrong, use the most unmeasured language, or commit the most violent acts, without any thought of their evil nature. He is completely blinded, and his conduct is involuntary, because it is not combated by his moral sense. There is no struggle in the consciousness, and without this struggle there is, the author maintains, no proper exercise of free-will. When a man in a certain extremity of passion strikes another, M. Despine would recognize no more self-determining agency in what he does than he would in the involuntary movement by which one withdraws his hand from the accidental contact with a heated iron.

M. Despine's doctrine as to the passions is a reassertion and a philosophical expansion of the epigrammatic saying of Horace, *Ira furor brevis est:* Anger — more generally, passion — is an insanity of short duration.

A man, the author says, ought to bear everything rather than do wrong. But it is not in a man's power, he adds, to bear everything; some things are too much for the forces with which nature has endowed him. We must, if we would not be unjust and cruel, allow for the existence of special moral impossibilities, which differ greatly in different individuals in virtue of the instinctive impulses peculiar to each. The existence of such moral impossibilities can only be denied by persons whose nature is such that they can know nothing of them by their own experience.

To recapitulate his leading ideas in his own language: "The sense of duty

being a necessary condition for the exercise of free-will, it becomes evident that one who does not possess the moral sense, or who has lost it for the moment in a state of passion, is deprived of free-will, of moral liberty, and is not morally responsible for his wrong-doings: if he commits any evil deeds, it is because the desire which prompts him to commit them is stronger than the innocent selfish desires which would lead him in another direction, and where selfish desires alone exist, whatever may be their character, as they are not matters of choice, the strongest always prevail over the weaker ones, by the action of a natural law."

In short, it is evident that the author substitutes mental automatic action for exercise of the will in the very cases commonly thought to involve the largest amount of responsibility, as implying the greatest amount of guilty volition. Instinct with its horror of cold-blooded, remorseless acts of cruelty, Law with its penalties roughly graduated in the ratio of the inveterate malignity of the outrage, Theology with its deadly sins in distinction from venial offences, are all squarely met with the statement, professedly derived from a careful study of the facts as shown in the history of criminals, that the most frightful crimes, committed without a sign of compunction, and leaving not a shadow of regret, are without any moral character whatever; from which it follows that the unfortunate subject of moral idiocy is just as innocently acting out the tendencies he inherits as the rattlesnake, which we hate by instinct, which we extirpate through legislation if necessary, which we take as a type of evil in our theologies, but which is just as much a poor, dependent, not ill-meaning citizen of the universe as the lamb and the dove, which are our most sacred symbols.

There is nothing absolutely new in this doctrine. Reid compared the condition of the man destitute of that inner light which gives the sense of right and wrong to that of the blind man with reference to colors. When Dr. Reid wrote, "Daltonism" had not been described. It was not generally known that many men are from their birth unable to distinguish between certain colors, green and red for instance. So, too, when he wrote, the term "moral insanity" and the condition corresponding to it were not distinctly recognized. Careful observation has revealed the frequent existence of Daltonism, and M. Despine's book is mainly a collection of observations and studies to show that moral Daltonism, or partial mental blindness, though Instinct, Law, and Theology have generally overlooked it, is of frequent occurrence. "Blood reddens the pavement — that 's all," said a would-be murderer who had just missed killing his man and regretted his failure. "Cut my head off or send me to the galleys, I don't care which; but I 'm sorry I did n't kill him." To the lamp-post, shouts lynch-law; Full term of imprisonment, pronounces the Chief-Justice; Bound for perdition, exclaims the Priest. A moral idiot, says M. Despine; take him up tenderly (to the constable); treat him gently, for he is an unfortunate brother entitled to a double share of pity, as suffering under the gravest of inherited calamities.

This congenital want of moral sense shows itself very early. M. Despine quotes largely from a writer in the Gazette des Hopitaux on Children as Subjects of the Law. He recognizes a large class of children characterized by their physical development, to whom education seems of no use, and on whom the ordinary motives to good action are thrown away. These children constitute the infant school of crime, for out of this class come the great majority of adult criminals.

We need not follow M. Despine through the more or less detailed histories of crime and criminals. Such accounts are commonly sought for by readers fond of lively sensations, and there is enough of the exciting element to afford this vulgar interest. But while it is impossible to read about the famous criminals here mentioned without recognizing a certain melodramatic fascination in their stories, these are not told with any such aim, but

always to get at the mechanism of crime, the mental and moral conditions, so different from those of the student who is trying to analyze them, under which the criminals acted.

A few of the more obvious predisposing causes of moral insensibility may be briefly referred to. Many criminals come from families in which *insanity* prevails, in some of its common forms, and in many of them it either exists at the time the act considered as a crime was committed, or declares itself afterwards. — In the collection of casts at the Medical College in Boston is one taken from the face of a toothless old creature who died insane at La Salpetrière, — the old woman's hospital of Paris. These were once the features of the famous Théroigne de Méricourt, "La belle Liégoise," the beautiful fury who headed the Parisian mob which brought back the Royal family from Versailles to Paris. It is probable that in cases like this a less degree of the mental perversion, which afterwards became recognized as insanity, already existed while the subject of it was only noted for violence or eccentricity of conduct.

Age is a notable factor in the production of moral obliquities. Thus incendiarism is a specialty of young persons between the ages of ten and twenty-five years. There is no large community which cannot furnish examples of young children who had an irresistible tendency to set fire to anything that would make a good blaze. Of this state of mind M. Despine says: "The neuropathic tendency which produces the incendiary passion not infrequently gives rise to hallucinations, and these have commonly a relation to the prevailing passion. Thus the person hears voices that cry to him, Burn! Burn!" There can be little doubt that similar "neuropathic" conditions account for other obliquities of conduct chiefly observed in children and adolescents.

Sex shows itself in the extraordinary moral perversions of hysteria. In a case adjudged at Berne, in 1864, a married woman accused herself falsely, under the influence of hallucination, of lying and theft, of infidelity to her marriage vows, and called herself the assassin of her husband.

Intoxication suspends the influence of the will, and turns the subject of it into an automaton not properly responsible for his actions, excepting when he drinks to fit himself for the execution of a criminal purpose. M. Despine gives a lamentable picture of the habits of many of his countrymen. The abuse of alcohol is a scourge growing worse all the time. In the army, according to General Trochu's report, the old soldiers have by no means the value generally attributed to them, on account of the great prevalence of drinking habits among them. *Absinthe* comes in for its denunciation. For the last ten years, says a writer whom M. Despine quotes, this strange drink has been sought after with the same passion that opium is in China. "If during the warm season one will walk along the boulevards between the hours of four and six in the afternoon, he will be surprised to see what an incalculable number of glasses of absinthe are set out on those little tables which are allowed to obstruct the sidewalk. What multitudes are to be found in this rash assembly! At this hour Paris is poisoning itself!" Drunkenness is a desperate disease, to be cured by prohibitory measures of all sorts. "Qui a bû, boira." The patient must be restrained, as he has lost the power of self-command. The most radical measures are recommended to prevent the production of alcoholic drinks. M. Despine would even limit the cultivation of the vine by law.

The author makes small account of the religious professions so common in convicted criminals. They are found for the most part to be dictated by fear of the future, and not by remorse for the crime committed. Strange instances are given of the manner in which crime sometimes goes hand in hand with devotion. In 1858 one Parang was condemned to death for robbing and murdering an old lady. His wife said, "This happened the other day, and while he was at the old woman's, I was praying to God that he might succeed in his enterprise." A

member of a band of assassins and robbers was in the habit, as a witness stated, of going down on his knees in church, and praying, like an Italian brigand, after a robbery or other misdeed.

Those who remember the "chourineur" in Eugene Sue's Mysteries of Paris, may find in the pages of the work before us portraits of criminals with fiercer instincts and far more malignant natures than those of the stabber of that famous story. Jarvot, who had murdered a couple of old people, said that after he had killed the wife he was no longer master of himself; "the devil pushed me on; if there had been a dozen of them, a dozen I should have killed; I did not know any longer what I was about." Here is the story of the too famous Lacenaire, a criminal with thirty different charges against him, — forgeries, robberies, assassinations; here is the frightful record of Dumollard, "l'assassin des servantes," who kept a private cemetery for his victims, as we were told in our newspapers of the time, on his own premises; sixteen young women were known to have been murdered by him; here is a long account of the examination of Charles Lemaire, a pale-faced, blond-haired young cutthroat, nineteen years old, whose regrets after a bloody deed were only that he had not killed three other persons, of whom his father was one. A very brief extract from the trial will repay the reading, shocking as it is to common humanity. It fixes for us the zero of moral sensibility, and incidentally gives us a glimpse of how they manage an examination in France, which, whether better or not, is very different from the English and American way.

The President. After your mother's death your father said to you, "You are now the only object of my affections. I will work for you as I worked for your mother." Such language must have made a strong impression on you?

The Prisoner. Not the slightest.

The President. You have not been willing to work?

The Prisoner. As much as at any time; yes, I have always been a lazy fellow.

The President. But this thing is odious that you are saying!

The Prisoner. I know that very well; I understand perfectly that if all the world was like me, it could never go on.

The President. So you understand that everybody else must work, and you do not choose to do anything?

The Prisoner. To work, one must make an exertion, and that I will not do.

. . . . . .

The President. Your father was afraid you would poison him?

The Prisoner. He was wrong about that. I had thought of doing it, to be sure; I had even spoken of it to him; it was not the will that was wanting, but I am not much of an expert at that business.

. . . . . .

The President. And your only regret is that you did not kill three persons in place of one?

The Prisoner. Four.

The President. You did not stop at the thought of parricide, then?

The Prisoner. On the contrary, I was happy in the idea of vengeance; I will hold to that to the last.

The President. So you keep to the same sentiments.

The Prisoner. Always; they will never change. If I had spared my father, I should have left out the principal part of the performance.

This youth, of not unprepossessing aspect, kept up his character from the first moment when he stood twirling his mustache at the bar, to the last hour when he wanted his locks smoothed down, his forehead well shown, and his back hair parted before going to execution; and he stretched his neck out for the axe as calmly as if he had been John the Baptist. — The mob stones such a wretch, or tears him in pieces, or strings him up to the next bough; the court has the gallows or the block ready for such a criminal; the priest points to the fiery *oubliette*, where God forgets his creatures, ready-heated for such a sinner; the philosopher sees in such an unfortunate a malformed human being. These monsters of crime, he will tell you, do not come into the world by

accident; they are the product of antecedent conditions. There is just as certainly something wrong in their nervous centres, — wrong proportion of parts, insufficiency here, excess there; some faulty or even diseased state, — as there is a disarrangement in the electric telegraph apparatus when it does not work well under the ordinary surrounding conditions. In most cases crime can be shown to run in the blood, as M. Despine proves by different examples. — An instance illustrating this fact was recently reported by Dr. Harris, of New York, and is briefly mentioned in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal for January 28, 1875. Finding crime and poverty out of proportion prevalent in a certain county on the upper Hudson, he looked up the genealogy of the families whose names were oftenest on the criminal records. He found that a young girl called Margaret was left adrift about seventy (?) years ago in a village of the county. Nine hundred descendants can be traced to this girl, including six generations. Two hundred of these are recorded as criminals, and a large number of the others, idiots, imbeciles, drunkards, and of otherwise degraded character. If genius and talent are inherited, as Mr. Galton has so conclusively shown; if honesty and virtue are heirlooms in certain families; if Falstaff could make King Henry know his son by a villainous trick of the eye and a foolish hanging of the nether lip, — and who that has seen two or three generations has not observed a thousand transmitted traits, villainous or other, in those all around him? — why should not deep-rooted moral defects and obliquities show themselves, as well as other qualities, in the descendants of moral monsters? Shall there be whole families with supernumerary fingers, families of "bleeders," families with deep-dimpled chins, with single strands of prematurely white hair, and other trivial peculiarities, and shall there not be families in which it is the fatal instinct of the child, almost as soon as it can distinguish right and wrong, to say, "Evil, be thou my good?" We have a right to thank God, with the Pharisee, that we are not as some other men, but we must not forget to ask with the Apostle, "Who maketh thee to differ from another?" We cannot add one cubit to our stature, and there is no more reason for believing that a person born without any moral sense can acquire it, than there is that a person born stone-deaf can become a musician. Its apparent absence does not prove, however, that it does not exist in some rudimentary form, and in such cases it may be developed to a certain extent, like other imperfect faculties.

It is plain enough from M. Despine's doctrines as to the mechanism of crime, especially in the worst cases, that he would substitute a moral hospital for a place of punishment. Moral idiocy is the greatest calamity a man can inherit, and the subjects of it deserve our deepest pity and greatest care.

A slight sketch of the programme laid down in the work before us for the treatment of criminals is all that can be here given. Its author does not consider himself at all as an idealist, working in a sphere of Utopian impossibilities. He would only extend to adults the methods which have been successfully applied on the large scale to young persons in various reform schools, especially in that of Mettray in France, the course pursued in which and the admirable results it has produced are detailed at some length. Miss Carpenter, to whom he refers, holds the same belief as M. Despine, considering adult criminals as only larger children whose regeneration society must attempt by means similar to those used with the latter. Criminals must be "moralized," to give an English termination to M. Despine's French word.

Of course, then, hanging is not the best use to which the criminal can be put. The author argues against capital punishment on the ground that it is unjust as applied to moral idiots, immoral considered as revenge, useless as a means of intimidation, and dangerous to society by cheapening the value of life.

The convict prisons of France (*bagnes*) are, to borrow the energetic language of Dr. Bertrand, "lazarettos which one enters ailing and comes out of pestilential." "Vice," says Edward Living-

ston, "is more contagious than disease."

Transportation has replaced the convict prison, but the transported criminal having had no fitting moral treatment, and being in constant relation with persons of evil disposition, comes back as bad as or worse than he went away.

Solitary imprisonment injures the subject of it in mind and character, unfits him for resuming his relations with the community when he is discharged, and leads to insanity and to suicide.

All too severe penalties are less likely to be inflicted than if they were more moderate, because the juries will try to fasten on some doubt so as to avoid their infliction. Magistrates are liable to grow cruel by the mere effect of habitually sentencing criminals. The old author of the Antiquities of Paris says that the origin of the criminal chamber of the parliament, called the Tournelle, explains its name, which was given because the counsellors served in rotation, three months at a time; perhaps, as he suggests, for the reason that the habit of condemning men to death was liable to render them hard-hearted and inhuman. It used to be thought that a certain magistrate in this community had become too used to flaying his eels, so to speak, and that he had grown somewhat too indifferent to the suffering he inflicted in the form of a sentence, though a kind-hearted body enough by nature.

We are to have done with gibbets and fetters, then, for the most desperate offenders, and are to substitute moral hospitals. We are to give up the idea of punishment for these unfortunates, and institute proper methods of palliative and curative treatment. If restraint is used it is only as the strait-jacket is employed to keep a maniac from doing mischief; if pain is inflicted, it is only as a blister or a moxa is applied to a patient. M. Despine borrows a lesson from our famous countryman, Rarey, whose treatment of horses was founded on a patient study of equine psychology. How much may be learned from studying the mental and moral characters and developments of children, and of the lower animals, we hardly know as yet, but it would not be very rash to predict that another generation will see great volumes on Comparative Psychology and Psychological Embryology.

It may seem rather singular to many readers, that while the most frightful acts are considered as proofs of innocence, that is, of moral idiocy, and to be treated as disease, not vindictively, offences less grave in aspect are to be visited with penalties proportioned in kind and degree to their character. The whole question is how far there was an act of self-determination. If the person committing homicide, for instance, was destitute of moral instincts, as shown by his killing wholesale, without compunction, without remorse, with every kind of barbarity; if he were in a violent passion at the time; if he were drunk, not having got drunk on purpose: he was an automaton that did mischief, to be sure, but was no more to blame for the particular acts in question than a locomotive that runs off the track is to blame for the destruction it works. If, on the other hand, the criminal who had committed a less aggravated offence gave evidence that he had a consciousness he was doing wrong, and if there was no proof that he was blinded by passion or drink, he should undergo a moderate punishment to give him a salutary lesson and to deter others from doing like him.

In short, the man who commits the most atrocious and multiplied enormities seems to be looked upon by M. Despine as in a state of moral *mania;* and no superintendent of an insane asylum would consider the worst acts a patient suffering from mania could commit as so fitly calling for the employment of discipline, as a slight offence committed by a patient who, though not perfectly sane, knew better than to do what he had done.

The preventive treatment of crime is considered at length, but inasmuch as this includes pretty nearly every civilizing agency, and the elimination of pretty nearly every social wrong, it may be very briefly disposed of here. It involves the moral education of the people, — removing, combating, and suppressing

all the causes of moral degradation, such as poverty, luxury, popular excitements, drunkenness, the contagion of bad passions, and restraining the publication of criminal trials and of debasing literature. Persons shown to be dangerous should be shut up, it is maintained, before they have a chance to repeat their acts of violence or other wrong.

This is a very suggestive hint. Do we not see, in certain well-known localities of our own city, gamblers and other sharpers, well known as such, lying in wait day after day for their victims, undisturbed by the very officers who from time to time parade the story of their breaking into apartments and capturing faro-tables, "chips," and similar implements of rascality in the dens at the doors of which these rogues watch for their prey? and is there no way of dealing with them as the poor evening strollers are dealt with from time to time on the strength of their well-known characters and occupation? Have not some of our great cities gangs of burglars whose business is as publicly notorious as any calling that is not advertised in the papers? and must the law wait until they have robbed or killed some new victim before it undertakes to meddle with them? Honest-minded people may well ask why these dangerous persons should not be dealt with as summarily as harmless drunkards and homeless vagrants. Moral treatment might possibly do something for them, and even if it took the form of discipline, it might not hurt them. At any rate the community would be better protected, and the shameful insult of allowing these notorious rogues to have their regular stands, like the apple and orange women, would be spared to our citizens. A little something of the Turkish Cadi's methods infused into our city police management would be very refreshing.

A principal object of this article is to call attention to the questions discussed in the very curious and remarkable work of M. Despine, and to the book itself as one which cannot fail to interest any one who will take it up, whether he agrees with its somewhat startling propositions or not. The psychologist will be attracted by its studies of the working of motives in the minds of criminals; the philanthropist will find confirmation of many of his cherished beliefs; the magistrate may learn something which will cause him to think more leniently of the unhappy creatures whom he is compelled to sentence; the divine may be led to reconsider his traditional formula of human nature. How far the practical measures recommended may prove generally applicable is another matter. They can be met at every step by the most obvious objections. Yet that they are founded in essential justice and true humanity towards the criminal, very many will be ready to grant. What society in its present imperfect condition cares most for is the cheapest and surest protection against the effects of crime, not the moral education which is expected to prevent the formation of the criminal character, or the remedial measures which are to restore the criminal to moral sanity. That the movement of reform should be in this last direction is plain enough, but even M. Despine himself does not look forward to the time when sin and crime shall be educated out of the community. The millennium is a delightful vision, but our imaginations can hardly make it real to us when we see what men are as we know them at present. The evil-doers as well as the poor we have always with us. We cannot help smiling at the sanguine hopes of those simple-hearted reformers who look forward to the time when ginger will not be hot in the mouth; when there shall be cakes but no ale;

> When the roughs, as we call them, grown loving and dutiful,
> Shall worship the true and the pure and the beautiful,
> And, preying no longer as tiger and vulture do,
> All read The Atlantic as persons of culture do.

What we are doing now is only getting ready for the twentieth century, and this book is full of suggestions of great social changes involving new duties which will call for the self-devotion of a yet unborn generation of brothers and sisters of charity.

Independently of all the instruction the psychologist will derive from this most

interesting work, of the practical lessons it suggests or enforces, the reader who is in search of mere entertainment will find enough to keep him in good humor. There is always a peculiar delight in reading a book written in a foreign language, if we are tolerably familiar with that language. Effects of style which a native would never dream of, add to the value of whatever merit there is in what we are reading. An idea worded in our own tongue is like silver on silver; the same idea reaching us through an alien idiom is like zinc on silver, — the contact produces a kind of galvanic effect. Besides, a Frenchman always amuses an English-speaking reader, with his dramatic way of putting things, no matter what he is talking about. He cannot give an account of his mother's funeral without provoking an Anglo-Saxon's smile. One sentence must be quoted here in the original; it illustrates this sub-ridiculous impression made at a serious moment, — the incendiary was imprisoned for life, — and conveys at the same time in a neat and compendious form the leading doctrine of the work and the comment of "common-sense" as represented by one of the great tribe of the Pooh-Poohs: —

"*Le Président.* Vous pretendez que la multiplicité des incendies est une preuve de la folie. En vérité, les bras me tombent! Il suffira donc de commettre six incendies pour être considéré comme un monomane, et vingt pour être inviolable et sacré!"

We learn, too, the most wonderful things about ourselves in a Frenchman's books. Some years ago *feu* Monsieur Trousseau, the famous Parisian doctor, told the audience which listened to one of his lectures that if a milliner left the boulevards for Broadway, in six weeks after she had opened her shop the bonnets she made would frighten a Choctaw. M. Despine tells us we have in this country adherents of the sect of Adamites, a religious body which dispenses with all the disguises in the way of clothing which have been contrived since the days of innocence. This could hardly be as far north as New England. Possibly he may refer to New York, where, as we know on the excellent authority of Mr. William Allen Butler, some of the persons who live in the most showy quarters of the city are so destitute that they literally have nothing to wear. M. Despine quotes Mittermaier as saying that an incendiary was hung in Boston in 1846, the first for a long time, that incendiary fires became more frequent after that in the city and its neighborhood, and that an inquiry instituted by the government showed that all the incendiaries were present at the execution referred to. *Two* incendiaries, Russell and Crockett, were hung in Boston in 1836, and it has commonly been said that there were no more incendiary fires for a long time afterwards. The ingenuity of French writers in twisting English names and words into fanciful shapes is a never-failing source of pleasure in reading any of their books which give them a chance to do it. If they can get the letters wrong they will. Thus we are introduced by M. Despine to Miss Marry Carpenter and Mr. Edgard Pöe, and recognize a well-known arrangement for affording healthful, useful, but involuntary exercise and amusement to convicts as Le Thredmill. Altogether one can find a good deal of entertainment in a book written with a very startling theory as its basis and a very important practical purpose as its chief end. Many who take it up with no higher aim than entertainment may find in its pages reasons for reconsidering their long-cherished views of human nature, the springs of human action, and the claims of those who have been considered as self-elected outcasts to commiseration, even while a social order in which justice is practically impossible treats them according to the law of expediency as locally and temporarily interpreted.

Some books are edifices to stand as they are built; some are hewn stones ready to form a part of future edifices; some are quarries from which stones are to be split for shaping and after use. This book is a quarry of facts; it furnishes many well-shaped inferences and conclusions; and some of these are so put together that they may be considered as forming a threshold if not a porch

for that fair temple of justice which we may hope is yet to be constructed.

There is a considerable literature relating to the subject of prison reform, to which only a brief reference need be made in this connection, as the object of the paper before the reader is rather to open for him the question of the true moral condition of criminals as responsible beings in the light of an individual study of their mental conditions, than to deal with the practical matters which can only be properly handled by men of trained experience who devote themselves expressly to their consideration.

The very intelligent and interesting reports and communications of Mr. F. B. Sanborn, of Massachusetts, as Secretary of the Board of State Charities and as member of the Social Science Association, are full of information with reference to the reformatory methods which have been on trial, more especially during the last twenty years. Of these, the Irish system, so called, the invention of Captain Maconochie, carried out to some extent in Great Britain by Sir Walter Crofton, is the one most promising of lasting results. To state its principal features in a single sentence, it proceeds on the idea that no man is utterly incorrigible, or at least that no man is to be dealt with on that supposition, until proper efforts have been made to reclaim him; that hope and not fear is the chief motive to be addressed to the criminal; it makes provision that while he brings upon himself, by his crime, consequences which prove a very severe discipline, he can yet by his own effort obtain their gradual and progressive alleviation, shortening of the term of imprisonment, relaxation of the most trying parts of the discipline, and in due time promotion to what is called an intermediate prison, followed, where there is sufficient evidence of reformation of character and habits, by a conditional discharge, the restored patient, if we may call him so, still remaining under the general superintendence of the moral health-officer commonly known as policeman.

This Irish system is, our secretary says, "common-sense applied to convicts." It is really an attempt to extend to moral unsoundness, which, as we have seen, often has many of the characters of congenital imperfection, the reform which Pinel introduced into the treatment of common insanity.

To see what can be done with boys and adolescents it is only necessary to refer to M. Bonneville de Marsangy's most interesting account of the Colonie Pénitentiaire of Mettray. Allowing for the dramatic element which is born with the gesticulating Frenchman, and comes out in his rhetoric, the results claimed for that institution are extraordinary. The account given by M. Demetz of the "Maison Paternelle," where children from families of good condition who have proved refractory to domestic influences, young reprobates dyed in the wool with perversity, are taken into a kind of moral bleachery and come out white as lambs, is still more surprising in the results alleged to have been obtained.

The motives which have proved so efficient with young persons have been relied on by the two reformers to whom the Irish system is due, in the case of adults, and the best effects have followed their substitution for harsher measures. "The prevention of crime and the reformation of the criminal," says Mr. Sanborn, "are the great objects of prison discipline, and any system which does not secure these is costly at any price." But we must remember Lord Stanley's saying that "the reformation of men can never become a mechanical process." Those who look into the methods which have proved successful will see that they are the same by which savages and barbarians are reclaimed, so far as that is ever effected, namely, the personal efforts of self-devoted individuals. A system may be perfect, but if it is not administered by sincere and faithful agents, it is of little use.

It need not be supposed that those who take the views of criminal psychology of which M. Despine may be considered the extreme advocate are always in favor of that emollient treatment of crime, of

the influence of which Coleridge gives an eloquent and slightly absurd portraiture in his tragedy of Remorse. The guilty creature whom "our pampered mountebanks" (my lord chief justice and other functionaries) have shut up in a dungeon is wrought upon by the influences of nature, — her

> "sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets,
> (Her) melodies of woods and winds and waters,
> Till he relent, and can no more endure
> To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
> Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;
> But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
> His angry spirit healed and harmonized
> By the benignant touch of love and beauty."

Such hopeful and florid anticipations indulged with reference to a criminal like Mrs. Brownrigg —

> "Dost thou ask her crime?
> She whipped two female 'prentices to death
> And hid them in the coal-hole" —

might well provoke the satire of the author of the Needy Knife-Grinder and the laugh of the readers of the Anti-Jacobin.

But it is not every reformer who would confine society to "secondary punishments," excluding capital ones, and it is not a necessary consequence of "physiological" views of the criminal nature, that sharp discipline shall not be applied to it. M. Bonneville de Marsangy, an old and experienced judge, whose work on the amelioration of the criminal law is of very high authority with prison reformers, says, with reference to the case of Dumollard, and M. Victor Hugo's plea against capital punishment, "I add that if, having to pronounce against one of those abominable attempts which shock the feelings of the public, the jury, guided by false notions of philanthropy, should at the present time reject the death penalty, it would in so doing thrust back all civilization; for in annulling the supreme guaranty of public security, it would infallibly restore the era of private revenges, and with these all the bloody and horrible reprisals of barbarous ages." It seems a little singular to find a magistrate writing in behalf of the criminal, recognizing not the less the claims of instinct even in the form of lynch-law. Insanity itself is not necessarily a sufficient reason against discipline, and it is the esoteric opinion of a celebrated expert that a whipping may, under certain circumstances, be very useful to a patient who is not in full possession of his reason. Captain Maconochie, the father of the Irish system, does not condemn punishment, as such, but believes it indispensable. It is not, however, to be administered as a vindictive measure, but as a benevolent means, having reform for its object. His men at Norfolk Island, where the experiment was first instituted, had to endure the legal penalties of imprisonment and hard labor, in the fullest sense of the words, as a retribution of their misdoings. Mr. Sanborn believes that habitual criminals should be sentenced for much longer periods than they commonly are, — twice and even three times as long. Obviously these reformers are not fanatics; they are not ultraists and Utopians; they have striking results to show, and the objections and obstacles they have to encounter are such as the advanced guard of every onward movement of society must expect to encounter.

In looking over this whole subject we must remember that anthropology is in its infancy, in spite of the heaven-descended precept of antiquity and the copy-book pentameter line of Pope. Instinct still moves in us as it did in Cain and those relatives of his who he was afraid would lynch him. Law comes to us from a set of marauders who cased themselves in iron, and the possessions they had won by conquest in edicts as little human in their features as the barred visors that covered their faces. Poor fantastic Dr. Robert Knox was still groaning in 1850 over the battle of Hastings; not quite ineptly, it may be. Our most widely accepted theologies owe their dogmas to a few majority votes passed by men who would have hanged our grandmothers as witches and burned our ministers as heretics.

Insanity was *possession* in times well remembered. Malformed births, "monsters," as they were called, frightened our New England fathers almost as much as comets, the legitimate origin and

harmless character of which eccentric but well-meaning citizens of the universe had to be defended against learned and excellent John Prince, the minister of the Old South, by Professor Pierce's predecessor at the fifth remove in the Chair of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy of Harvard University. Abbas (probably Haly Abbas, the great physician), says Haller, came very near being thrown away, at his birth, as a monster. By and by came the nineteenth century, and Geoffroy-Saint-Hilaire's treatise on Teratology, which did for malformations what Cuvier's Ossemens Fossiles did for the *lusus naturæ*, as fossil organic remains were called by the old observers of curious natural phenomena.

Just in the same way moral anomalies must be studied. "Psychology," says M. Ribot (Heredity, Translation, London, 1875), "like physiology, has its rare cases, but unfortunately not so much trouble has been taken to note and describe them. — There are some purely moral states which are met with in a certain class of criminals — murderers, robbers, and incendiaries — which, if we renounce all prejudices and preconceived opinions, can only be regarded as physiological accidents, more painful and not less incurable than those of deaf-muteness and blindness. — These creatures, as Dr. Lucas says, partake only of the form of man; there is in their blood somewhat of the tiger and of the brute: they are innocently criminal, and sometimes are capable of every crime." The writer of this article may perhaps be pardoned for saying that he published in this magazine for the year 1860 a tale which he has never forgiven one of his still cherished and charming friends for calling "a medicated novel," the aim of which was to illustrate this same innocently criminal automatism with the irresponsibility it implies, by the supposed mechanical introduction before birth of an ophidian element into the blood of a human being.

How different are the views brought before the reader in this paper, as regards the range of the human will and the degree of human accountability, from those taught by the larger number of the persons to whom we are expected to look for guidance, is plain enough. They may dispute the dogma "*omnis peccans est ignorans*," if they will, but they cannot efface the prayer "forgive them, for they know not what they do," which recognizes moral blindness, nor the petition "lead us not into temptation," which recognizes moral infirmity. Moral psychology does no more for the criminal than to furnish a comprehensive commentary on these two texts. If we cannot help feeling more and more that it is God who worketh in us to will and to do, by the blood we inherit and the nurture we receive; nay, even if the destructive analysis of our new schoolmen threatens to distil away all we once called self-determination and free-will, leaving only a *caput mortuum* of animal substance and "strongest motive," we need not be greatly alarmed.

For the *belief* in a power of self-determination, and the idea of possible future remorse connected with it, will still remain with all but the moral incapables, — and the metaphysicians, — and this belief can be effectively appealed to and will furnish a "strongest motive" readily enough in a great proportion of cases. In practice we must borrow a lesson from martial law. A sentry does not go to sleep at his post, because he knows he will be shot if he does. Society must present such motives of fear to the criminally disposed as are most effective in the long run for its protection. Its next duty is to the offender, who has his rights, were these only to be hanged with a rope strong enough to hold his weight, by an artist who understands his business. A criminal, as we now contemplate him, may deserve our deepest pity and tenderest care as much as if he were the tenant of a hospital or an asylum instead of a prison. And in the infliction of the gravest penalties it must not be taken for granted that while we are punishing "crime" we are punishing *sin*, for if this last were in court the prisoner might not rarely sit in judgment on the magistrate.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

WILLIAM BLAKE.[1]

In Mr. W. M. Rossetti's edition of William Blake's lyrical and miscellaneous poems, and Blake's Illustrations of the Book of Job, with notes and an introductory essay by Mr. Charles E. Norton, we have two books which cannot fail to make the reading public more familiar with the works of one of the most noteworthy of English poets and artists. It is a great merit of these two volumes that they give us Blake unaltered, in one case returning to the original text of the poems as they left the author's hand; while as to the designs, the heliotype process comes nearest of all methods to faithfully reproducing the artist's wonderful engravings. In Gilchrist's Life of Blake, Mr. D. G. Rossetti had made certain changes in the poems here and there, correcting faults of grammar, and smoothing occasional rugged lines, always in such a way, to be sure, as to make them more impressive; but his brother did not feel justified in reprinting these alterations in what pretended to be an accurate edition of Blake's poems. Fully to understand a poet the reader should have his writings unmodified by even the most obvious improvements.

As we have said, Mr. W. M. Rossetti's edition is an exact reprint of the original poems, and with the exception of three pieces, omitted on the ground of copyright, it is complete. The three not included are two slight songs, entitled respectively By a Shepherd and By an Old Shepherd, and another, far less interesting, called Long John Brown and Little Mary Bell.

The first runs as follows: —

> "Welcome, stranger, to this place,
> Where joy doth sit on every bough,
> Paleness flies from every face;
> We reap not what we do not sow.
>
> "Innocence doth like a rose
> Bloom on every maiden's cheek;
> Honor twines around her brows,
> The jewel health adorns her neck."

The second is this: —

> "When silver snow decks Sylvio's clothes,
> And jewel hangs at shepherd's nose,
> We can abide life's pelting storm,
> That makes our limbs quake, if our hearts be warm.
>
> "While Virtue is our walking-staff,
> And Truth a lantern to our path,
> We can abide life's pelting storm,
> That makes our limbs quake, if our hearts be warm.
>
> "Blow, boisterous wind; stern Winter, frown;
> Innocence is a Winter's gown.
> So clad, we 'll abide life's pelting storm,
> That makes our limbs quake, if our hearts be warm."

Neither of these pieces stands among the best that Blake wrote; of the third perhaps a single stanza will suffice. We give that which opens the poem: —

> "Little Mary Bell had a fairy in a nut,
> Long John Brown had the devil in his gut;
> Long John Brown loved little Mary Bell,
> And the fairy drew the devil into the nutshell.'

He is a bold admirer of Blake who mourns the absence of this poem. Almost everything of his that the reader will care to see can be found in this edition.

Mr. Rossetti's prefatory memoir is full and intelligent. It contains a complete account of Blake's life, and some discussion of such questions as his sanity, the nature of the visions he saw, the merit of his designs and poems, etc. Mr. Gilchrist, in his valuable Life of Blake, it will be remembered, denied that Blake was a madman. But Mr. Rossetti, with what seems more fairness, is inclined to hold the contrary opinion. Biographers so often assume the part of advocate that an admission of this sort might appear at first sight to carry more condemnation than is designed. Mr. Rossetti explicit-

[1] *The Poetical Works of William Blake, Lyrical and Miscellaneous.* Edited, with a Prefatory Memoir, by William Michael Rossetti. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

William Blake's Illustrations of the Book of Job. With Descriptive Letter-press, and a Sketch of the Artist's Life and Works. By Charles Eliot Norton. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

ly disowns any malevolence in this statement: "For my own part," he says, "with the deepest reverence for Blake, the keenest enjoyment of a great deal of his work, and an inclination to accept the rest of it as in some way or other justifiable to the author's intellect, and responsive to and representative of his large conceptions and deep meanings, I must nevertheless avow that I think there was something in his mind not exactly sane." And again: "I cannot pretend to furnish — what has baffled many persons incomparably more qualified than myself for such a task — a fair definition of the term 'madness;' but when I find a man pouring forth conceptions and images for which he professes himself not responsible, and which are in themselves in the highest degree remote, nebulous, and intangible, and putting some of these moreover into words wherein congruent sequence and significance of expression or of analogy are not to be traced, then I cannot resist a strong presumption that that man was in some true sense of the word mad."

This is the opinion with which we think most of those who read any account of Blake's life will readily agree. The folly of calling him merely a madman, however, cannot be too severely condemned. Indeed, much that he wrote may serve as his best defense against so partial a judgment. Mr. Norton's statement of the case is even more favorable; he says, "Blake was a most childlike man, — childlike in simplicity and faith; childlike even to childishness, as mystics are apt to be, in the indulgence of wayward moods, and in the defect of the sense of proportion between individual conceits and the wisdom of mankind." This certainly can content us; a harsher judgment might be approved of, but the whole question is not of the greatest importance; what more nearly concerns us is the merit of Blake's work.

How well Blake could write may be seen by any one who will open Mr. Rossetti's collection of his lyrics and miscellaneous pieces. When the reader remembers the lamentable condition of English poetry at the time most of these poems were written, he will be amazed at the simplicity and loveliness of Blake's verse. However slighting our opinion may be of the taste of our grandfathers, it can hardly exaggerate the feebleness of most of the verse-makers of the period. Pope's trick of rhyming had at last come nearly to its cloying end. Darwin's Botanic Garden is perhaps not an unfair specimen of the pompous mediocrity which assumed to be poetry, and had for a long time been read and admired. Cowper's earliest poems, the signal of a change, were published in 1782, the year before Blake's first venture, The Poetical Sketches, appeared. It was very long since there had been heard such words as these in the poem To the Muses, which stood in that volume: —

"Whether on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the Sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceased;

"Whether in heaven ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air,
Where the melodious winds have birth;

"Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,
Beneath the bosom of the sea,
Wandering in many a coral grove;
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry,

"How have you left the ancient love
That bards of old enjoyed in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move,
The sound is forced, the notes are few!"

At the time these lines were written Blake was not over twenty years old. He was the son of poor parents who had been able to give him only the barest rudiments of education, but when he had once learned to read and write, he devoted himself zealously to the study of early models. Even if there were not direct testimony to the truth of this statement, it could not be doubted after reading some of the poems which contain echoes of the lyrics of the old dramatists. Such, for example, is the following: —

"My silks and fine array,
My smiles and languished air,
By love are driven away;
And mournful, lean Despair
Brings me yew to deck my grave:
Such end true lovers have.

"His face is fair as heaven
When springing buds unfold;
Oh why to him was 't given,
Whose heart is wintry cold?
His breast is love's all-worshiped tomb,
Where all love's pilgrims come.

"Bring me an ax and spade,
Bring me a winding-sheet;
When I my grave have made,
Let winds and tempests beat:
Then down I 'll lie, as cold as clay.
True love doth pass away!"

It is hardly too great praise to say of this that it is almost a fit pendant to the song from Twelfth Night: —

"Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;"

or to the song from Beaumont and Fletcher's Maid's Tragedy: —

"Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear,
Say I died true.

"My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth;
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth."

The melody, the pathos, the artistic and unaffected expression, are all in Blake's lines as truly as in those of his great masters. Even without regarding the age of the writer, and the aridity of the period in which he was living, it is impossible not to call such poems as this and the Address to the Muses, quoted above, simply marvelous productions. In none of his later poems did Blake excel the best of the Poetical Sketches. In some there are to be found indications of boyishness and crudity, but others need no apology; the two already given are perhaps the most favorable specimens. Another, almost as good, is this song: —

"Memory, hither come,
And tune your merry notes:
And, while upon the wind
Your music floats,
I 'll pore upon the stream
Where sighing lovers dream,
And fish for fancies as they pass
Within the watery glass.

"I 'll drink of the clear stream,
And hear the linnet's song,
And there I 'll lie and dream
The day along:
And when night comes, I 'll go
To places fit for woe,
Walking along the darkened valley
With silent Melancholy."

In every one of these poems one cannot help noticing, besides the graceful melody, the simplicity and the appropriateness of the epithets employed. He is especially fond of the adjectives sweet and golden, yet they never cloy the ear. Blake is rich in words, but, in these simpler poems at least, never extravagant with them. Here is another charming one, said to have been written when he was but fourteen years old: —

"How sweet I roamed from field to field,
And tasted all the summer's pride,
Till I the Prince of Love beheld,
Who in the sunny beams did glide

"He showed me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow;
He led me through his gardens fair
Where all his golden pleasures grow

"With sweet May-dews my wings were wet,
And Phœbus fired my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

"He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty."

Perhaps no poet since Blake has so well understood how to write songs and lyrics. In his best pieces he has the rare art of the true poet which enables him to exclude words as mere ornament, while at the same time he is far from being indifferent to their real value in expression. There are those who find traces of artifice even in Tennyson, while generally in his followers there is but little else. Indeed, the modern fashion of picking out epithets from a poem, serving them up for approbation, and letting their neatness and singularity stand instead of the truer poetic value, — making a scrap suffice for the whole pattern, — tends to encourage in poets the sacrifice of the substance to the form, and in readers too great readiness to rest satisfied with an agreeable titillation of the ear. With Blake's delicious melody and simplicity of language, there is no trace of effort; he never seems struggling for the right word, for a happy epithet; he was a poet because the thought and its expression came to him. When in reading him a line particularly strikes us, it is either by the beauty and

accuracy of the expression, as in the poem to the Evening Star, —

> "Speak silence with thy glimmering eyes,
> And wash the dusk with silver,"

or, in addition, by the grace of the melody, as, —

> "Ah, sunflower, weary of time,
> Who countest the steps of the sun;
> Seeking after that sweet, golden clime
> Where the traveler's journey is done;"

never by the cheaper attraction of a mere ingenious word. There is to be found in Blake a charm which it is hard to describe. It is the exaltation of simple words into memorable lines, producing an effect like that which we are conscious of in a few notes of a great musician, or a few lines drawn by a great artist; it is, in short, the mark of genius. In English poetry the best examples of this quality, — which attracts immediately the reader's attention, while it eludes analysis,— are to be found in the lyrics of the Elizabethan dramatists, as, for example, the bridal song from Beaumont and Fletcher's Two Noble Kinsmen: —

> "Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
> Not royal in their smells alone,
> But in their hue," etc.

It is felt notably in many of Shakespeare's songs, and, among later poets, there can be found in Shelley and Landor passages which either sing or recite themselves, as if they were written to the finest music, delighting the ear and haunting the memory. In Goethe there is the same charm of melody, which lies in a few simple words chosen and arranged by a master. Every reader of German can be trusted to recall many examples.

The quotations made from Blake show that it is not merely in what some may slightingly call this mechanical merit that his poems excel. In the Songs of Innocence (1789) we find added a new element, that of tender sympathy with children and with joyous innocent life. The Little Black Boy, The Chimney Sweeper, which Lamb admired, Night, and On Another's Sorrow, are examples of this to which the reader can be referred without need of quotation. In the Songs of Experience (1794), there are frequent traces of the mysticism which marked so much of Blake's later writing. In many poems this tendency showed itself by a disposition to use an allegorical form such as is frequently employed by Goethe. A good example is the poem entitled My Pretty Rose-Tree: —

> "A flower was offered to me,
> Such a flower as May never bore;
> But I said, 'I 've a pretty rose-tree,'
> And I passed the sweet flower o'er.
>
> "Then I went to my pretty rose-tree
> To tend her by day and by night;
> But my rose turned away with jealousy,
> And her thorns were my only delight."

This certainly bears a close resemblance to Goethe's *Gefunden*, in the nature of the subject treated, as well as in the employment of allegory, and indeed of very similar allegorical expression: —

> "Ich ging im Walde
> So für mich hin,
> Und nichts zu suchen
> Das war mein Sinn.
>
> "Im Schatten sah ich
> Ein Blümchen stehn," etc.

Other similar songs of Blake's are The Wild Flower's Song and In a Myrtle Shade. They are not the best he wrote.

In Mr. Rossetti's collection there are many poems which are obscure, and some of which it is impossible to form any satisfactory explanation. In his Critical Essay, Mr. Swinburne undertakes with great zest the task of unriddling Blake's more enigmatical writing. It cannot be denied that the surest way of getting at one poet's meaning is to set another poet to explaining it, and in many cases Mr. Swinburne throws light on dark passages. The later poet's enthusiasm was what was needed to clear away the willful suspensions of intelligibility of which Blake's poems are full. Some of the interpretations are wise, and many are ingenious. Others again, and these not the least ingenious, seem to have for their object enrolling Blake among free-lovers and other rebels against society. Many of the explanations given the rugged text tend over-violently in this direction. Part of the joy Mr. Swinburne feels at flying in the face of "Philistia" is made over by him to Blake, who was probably unconscious of the heresy which was to be as-

cribed to him in these later days. Blake's occasional enthusiastic over-toppling of social walls bears much more resemblance to the wanton thoughtlessness of a child, than it does to the disgust of a man who takes hold of the world in a way sure to produce satiety, or to the scorn of one who has carefully weighed the world as it is and the world as he would have it, and who has then taken the side of those who wish to remodel it. It may be doubted whether Blake would have acknowledged himself responsible for all that some of his more fervent disciples find in his writings. The impression the Philistine gets is that Blake shot his arrows very much at random, and not, like many bards of the present time, with deliberate intent of preaching what is called a new gospel, which is really a very old one, — as old as human nature.

The mysticism in which Blake buried his meaning in his later poems, the Prophetic Books, makes them often really inexplicable. Part of this mysticism is doubtless insanity, and perhaps a greater part is due to the fact that he thought it much more his duty to be a prophet than to be a poet. Goethe and, in a way, Wordsworth are both examples of how much easier it is for a poet to be spoiled, than for a trustworthy prophet to be made, by this determination. Then, too, in Blake's case the habit was probably strengthened by his contempt for a public which had shown itself insensible to the beauty of his former simpler poems, and for whom he did not think it worth while to take the trouble of making himself clear. He would follow any whim that entered his head to its wildest result, not so much, apparently, from a desire of complying with any logical laws, as from a lack of self-control; and in his expression he was sometimes carried away by love of the sound of words, preferring what was big, tumid, grandiose, to the charming simplicity of the Poetical Sketches, and the best of the Songs of Innocence and Experience.

It is interesting to observe a similar tendency to mysticism and unintelligibility in Goethe's later poetry. This may be seen especially in the second part of Faust, which is a stumbling-block even to German commentators. All human interest, which is the heart of poetry, has left it, and in its place is an attempted solution of some of the graver problems of the universe, the task which prophets are accustomed to set themselves. Goethe felt no need of trying to make himself clear to his readers. He felt justified in employing allegory, remote allusions, mysterious obscurity, because he knew that his position was so firmly established that the worshiping public would be ready to take the trouble of finding out his meaning, no matter in what apparent impenetrability it was wrapped up. He was wise enough never to give the slightest useful clew. But even when he was most obscure, he was at the same time most melodious. Euphorion, in the poem just mentioned, in whom Goethe intended to embody the spirit of poetry, almost makes himself known by the delicious melody of his song. Goethe did not lay aside all his skill; he was too good a critic, too wise a man, to lose himself entirely in the clouds. Blake, on the other hand, who had shown himself so little affected by the artificial verses of his age, became too ready a follower of Ossian, who, with all his exaggeration, was one of the first signs of a return to natural models. Goethe, too, it will be remembered, had known what it was to admire Ossian, in the days in which he was studying Shakespeare and reading the Vicar of Wakefield.

But even where Blake is obscurest, there are gems which repay the reader. One such is included in Mr. Rossetti's volume, the Book of Thel. This poem, save perhaps at the end, is not beyond easy comprehension and real enjoyment. A short extract may show some of its qualities. Thel, "a daughter of the Seraphim," laments the transitoriness of life, and is answered in turn by the lily of the valley, the cloud, the earthworm, and the clod of clay, who teach her that "everything that lives, lives not alone nor for itself." This is not a

novel lesson, but the method is certainly novel.

'The Lily of the Valley, breathing in the humble grass,
Answered the lovely maid, and said, 'I am a watery weed,
And I am very small, and love to dwell in lowly vales;
So weak the gilded butterfly scarce perches on my head.
Yet I am visited from heaven; and he that smiles on all
Walks in the valley, and each morn over me spreads his hand,
Saying, "Rejoice, thou humble grass, thou new-born lily-flower,
Thou gentle maid of silent valleys and of modest brooks;
For thou shalt be clothed in light, and fed with morning manna,
Till summer's heat melts thee beside the fountains and the springs,
To flourish in eternal vales!" Then why should Thel complain?'

. . . . . .

Thel answered: 'O thou little virgin of the peaceful valley,
Giving to those that cannot crave, the voiceless, the o'ertired,
Thy breath doth nourish the innocent lamb; he smells thy milky garments,
He crops thy flowers, while thou sittest smiling in his face,
Wiping his mild and meekin mouth from all contagious taints.'"

The quaint innocence of this is very characteristic of Blake. The Book of Tiriel, here for the first time published, has what Mr. Rossetti suggests might be called Indo-Ossianic grandeur. It is as impressive and quite as unintelligible as most nightmares. The effect of reading it is not unlike the vague impression made by an opera sung in a foreign tongue, — or in English, for that matter, — upon a listener who is only dimly conscious of the cause of the violent emotions represented on the stage. For most readers this taste of Blake's obscurity will be sufficient. In the volume there are many very difficult poems included, however, for some of which more or less probable explanations are suggested by the editor. We would not quarrel with this. It gives a fairer view of Blake; and what is unintelligible to one man will be clear enough to another, so that it would be hard to know what to leave out; all tastes could not be suited. But it is of more importance to urge attention to what is clearest in Blake's writings, than it is to try to inculcate an artificial respect for that which can never be read with the certainty that the author's meaning is caught. Blake's audience is small enough now, but it would only be smaller if one had to read everything he wrote. At present, too, there is more danger of Blake's receiving affected admiration than of his being treated with unmerited neglect. There is enough in his poetry, however, that can be sincerely liked, and that can withstand what is so fatal to just appreciation of a poet's merits, namely, too lavish praise of what is less worthy of approbation.

Blake's designs have merits which correspond in many ways with those of his poetry. In the volume containing the heliotype reproductions of the Illustrations of the Book of Job, we are told by the editor that the plates give us "the general character of the original engravings; but they fail to render the most delicate beauties of expression, and the finest touches of execution. The inmost, evanescent, vital spirit of the original is not to be found in these copies. But, for what they do afford, — the poetic and pictorial conception, the general composition, the distribution (though not the scale) of light and shade, — these heliotypes are greatly to be prized; and by their means many a lover of art, who without them could know little of Blake's style, may gain a near, and, so far as it goes, a true acquaintance with the best designs of the most spiritually imaginative of English painters."

He who works in the art of design has free scope for his fancy, because he addresses himself directly to the imagination of others, while one who writes addresses the imagination through the intelligence; he has first to make himself understood, and then to let the image be drawn by his hearer. The painter uses a more universal language; one who looks at a painting or drawing cannot fail to get some notion of the scene represented; he does not ask for the meaning of every line, as he does, or is liable to do, for every word in reading poetry, for instance; he merely feels the impres-

sion the picture makes. An uncultivated person demands that the illustration of a book should be a pictorial translation of the words, should give what has been described in language, and only that. But such illustrations are as inartistic as hieroglyphics. It is encumbering the art which has its home in the imagination with the fetters that belong to unadorned narration. Blake nowhere creeps in this way. He gives us the story of Job pictorially; he does not translate the words, he impresses us with the sight of what cannot be described in written language, but which conveys to our minds all the feeling, whether it be solemn praise, as in Plate 14, or despair, as in Plate 8, which in the text is given in another way.

What was obscurity in Blake's poetry becomes at times grotesqueness, as in Plate 11, or, more frequently, decorative beauty with but vague significance. When we are reading it is impossible for us to be long charmed by the mere sound of words; in looking at the designs it is very possible for us to be gratified by what is graceful, or impressed by what is awful, without perplexing ourselves for too literal an explanation. Our eyes may detect in these designs certain faults of drawing, but we see much more promptly the combination of great majesty with tender grace, and both of the most imaginative sort. They show what Blake meant when he said, "I assert for myself that I do not behold the outward creation, and that, to me, it is hindrance and not action. 'What!' it will be questioned, 'when the sun rises, do you not see a round disk of fire somewhat like a guinea?' Oh! no, no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host crying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty!' I question not my corporeal eye any more than I would question a window concerning a sight. I look through it, and not with it."

These two books, the one giving a tolerably complete notion of his poems, — giving all, that is to say, except the mystical Prophetic Books, and even a taste of them, — and the other some of his most impressive drawings, may open to many of our readers a new and most interesting subject of study. In each may be found a concise and sympathetic account of Blake's life, and generous tributes to his singular powers. They do not give the material necessary for a complete study of his mingled genius and eccentricity, but they do give what is easiest to understand, and, on the whole, what is most admirable in Blake. Let every one who studies use forbearance, lest he judge that great man by too narrow a test, and he will find much to delight in, even while resisting the obvious temptation to praise too lavishly what merely attracts the fancy by novelty and singularity. You who study him will find few poets and artists who, like him, to use his own words, enable you —

> "To see a world in a grain of sand,
> And a heaven in a wild flower;
> Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
> And eternity in an hour."

T. S. Perry.

OUR COMRADES.

We walked along a splendid street, —
We always walk, my love and I, —
And many a stately home we saw,
Till he looked down with half a sigh,

And half a smile: "Grand folk live here."
I laughed a gay defiance then,

And said, "We 're grander far than they!
You 're grander far than all the men,

"And I am grand as any dame
Who walks in velvet down the street,
For strength and youth and love are mine!"—
Ah, but his answering smile was sweet!

A brilliant carriage past us rolled,
A gray-beard sat in it, alone.
My love said lightly, "There he rides,
A rich man." "Yes, and makes his moan;

"For all his wealth that man would give
If life were fresh and love were young,
And he could walk, like us, and sing
The song that yesterday we sung!"

My love ceased sighing. How we laughed,
And tossed our darts of harmless fun,
And praised the blueness of the sky,
And praised the glory of the sun!

We drank a draught of fragrant wine,
We breathed a pure, inspiring air.
"And why, dear, did you marry me?"
"Because you 're good and dear and fair."

"And why, and why?" . . . Oh happy hour!
Oh charming street and park and square,
Where we beheld that brightest flower
Which bloomed when Eve was young and fair!

Ah, many a sober face we met
That looked, and questioned, "Who are these,—
These plain young people, who forget
The winter's cold, the naked trees?"

Our eyes were clear, and theirs were blind;
They saw not our companions gay,
For Love was smiling close behind,
And Joy danced wildly all the way!

M. B. C.

RECENT LITERATURE.[1]

Mr. Henry James, Jr., has so long been a writer of magazine stories, that most readers will realize with surprise the fact that he now presents them for the first time in book form. He has already made his public. Since his earliest appearance in The Atlantic people have strongly liked and disliked his writing; but those who know his stories, whether they like them or not, have constantly increased in number, and it has therefore been a winning game with him. He has not had to struggle with indifference, that subtlest enemy of literary reputations. The strongly characteristic qualities of his work, and its instantly recognizable traits, made it at once a question for every one whether it was an offense or a pleasure. To ourselves it has been a very great pleasure, the highest pleasure that a new, decided, and earnest talent can give; and we have no complaint against this collection of stories graver than that it does not offer the author's whole range. We have read them all again and again, and they remain to us a marvel of delightful workmanship. In richness of expression and splendor of literary performance, we may compare him with the greatest, and find none greater than he; as a piece of mere diction, for example, The Romance of Certain Old Clothes in this volume is unsurpassed. No writer has a style more distinctly his own than Mr. James, and few have the abundance and felicity of his vocabulary; the precision with which he fits the word to the thought is exquisite; his phrase is generous and ample. Something of an old-time stateliness distinguishes his style, and in a certain weight of manner he is like the writers of an age when literature was a far politer thing than it is now. In a reverent ideal of work, too, he is to be rated with the first. His aim is high; he respects his material; he is full of his theme; the latter-day sins of flippancy, slovenliness, and insincerity are immeasurably far from him.

In the present volume we have one class of his romances or novelettes: those in which American character is modified or interpreted by the conditions of European life, and the contact with European personages. Not all the stories of this sort that Mr. James has written are included in this book, and one of the stories admitted — The Romance of Certain Old Clothes — belongs rather to another group, to the more strictly romantic tales, of which the author has printed several in these pages; the scene is in America, and in this also it differs from its present neighbors. There is otherwise uncommon unity in the volume, though

[1] *The Passionate Pilgrim and other Tales.* By Henry James, Jr. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

Parnassus. Edited by Ralph Waldo Emerson. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

Field, Cover, and Trap Shooting. By Adam H. Bogardus, Champion Wing Shot of America. Edited by Charles J. Foster. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. 1874.

Prairie and Forest. A Description of the Game of North America, with Personal Adventures in their Pursuit. By Parker Gilmore. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1874.

American Wild-Fowl Shooting: Describing the Haunts, Habits, and Methods of Shooting Wild Fowl, particularly those of the Western States, with Directions concerning Guns, Boats, etc. By Joseph W. Long. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. 1874.

Democracy and Monarchy in France. From the Inception of the Great Revolution to the Overthrow of the Second Empire. By Charles Kendall Adams, Professor of History in the University of Michigan. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1874.

The Principles of Science. A Treatise on Logic and Scientific Method. By W. Stanley Jevons. Special American Edition, bound in one volume New York: Macmillan & Co 1874.

History of the Conflict between Religion and Science. By John William Draper, M. D., LL. D., etc. International Scientific Series, Vol. XII. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1874.

Ismailia: A Narrative of the Expedition to Central Africa for the Suppression of the Slave Trade. Organized by Ismail, Khedive of Egypt. By Sir Samuel W. Baker, Pasha, M. A., F. R. S., F. R. G S., Major-General of the Ottoman Empire, Member of the Orders of the Osmanié and the Medjidié, etc., etc. Author of The Albert N'yanza Great Basin of the Nile, The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia, etc., etc. With Maps, Portraits, and upward of Fifty Full-Page Illustrations by Zwecker and Durand. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1875.

History of the First Parish in Danvers, 1672–1872. By Charles B. Rice. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. 1874.

Social Life in Greece from Homer to Menander. By the Rev. J. P. Mahaffy, M. A., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

Report made to the Department of State on the Condition of the Industrial Classes in Sweden and Norway. By C. C. Andrews, United States Minister Resident at Stockholm. Washington: Government Printing Office 1874.

it has at first glance that desultory air which no collection of short stories can escape. The same purpose of contrast and suggestion runs through A Passionate Pilgrim, Eugene Pickering, The Madonna of the Future, and Madame de Mauves, and they have all the same point of view. The American who has known Europe much can never again see his country with the single eye of his old ante-European days. For good or for evil, the light of the Old World is always on her face; and his fellow-countrymen have their shadows cast by it. This is inevitable; there may be an advantage in it, but if there is none, it is still inevitable. It may make a man think better or worse of America; it may be refinement or it may be anxiety; there may be no compensation in it for the loss of that tranquil indifference to Europe which untraveled Americans feel, or it may be the very mood in which an American may best understand his fellow-Americans. More and more, in any case, it pervades our literature, and it seems to us the mood in which Mr. James's work, more than that of any other American, is done. His attitude is not that of a mere admirer of Europe and contemner of America — our best suffers no disparagement in his stories; you perceive simply that he is most contented when he is able to confront his people with situations impossible here, and you fancy in him a mistrust of such mechanism as the cis-Atlantic world can offer the romancer.

However this may be, his book is well worth the carefullest study any of our critics can give it. The tales are all freshly and vigorously conceived, and each is very striking in a very different way, while undoubtedly A Passionate Pilgrim is the best of all. In this Mr. James has seized upon what seems a very common motive, in a hero with a claim to an English estate, but the character of the hero idealizes the situation: the sordid illusion of the ordinary American heir to English property becomes in him a poetic passion, and we are made to feel an instant tenderness for the gentle visionary who fancies himself to have been misborn in our hurried, eager world, but who owes to his American birth the very rapture he feels in gray England. The character is painted with the finest sense of its charm and its deficiency, and the story that grows out of it is very touching. Our readers will remember how, in the company of the supposed narrator, Clement Searle goes down from London to the lovely old country-place to which he has relinquished all notion of pretending, but which he fondly longs to see; and they will never have forgotten the tragedy of his reception and expulsion by his English cousin. The proprietary Searle stands for that intense English sense of property which the mere dream of the American has unpardonably outraged, and which in his case wreaks itself in an atrocious piece of savagery. He is imagined with an extraordinary sort of vividness which leaves the redness of his complexion like a stain on the memory; and yet we believe we realize better the dullish kindness, the timid sweetness of the not-at-once handsome sister who falls in love with the poor American cousin. The atmosphere of the story, which is at first that of a novel, changes to the finer air of romance during the scenes at Lockley Park, and you gladly accede to all the romantic conditions, for the sake of otherwise unattainable effects. It is good and true that Searle should not be shocked out of his unrequited affection for England by his cousin's brutality, but should die at Oxford, as he does, in ardent loyalty to his ideal; and it is one of the fortunate inspirations of the tale to confront him there with that decayed and reprobate Englishman in whom abides a longing for the New World as hopeless and unfounded as his own passion for the Old. The character of Miss Searle is drawn with peculiar sweetness and firmness; there is a strange charm in the generous devotion masked by her trepidations and proprieties, and the desired poignant touch is given when at the end she comes only in time to stand by Searle's death-bed. Throughout the story there are great breadths of deliciously sympathetic description. At Oxford the author lights his page with all the rich and mellow picturesqueness of the ancient university town, but we do not know that he is happier there than in his sketches of Lockley Park and Hampton Court, or his study of the old London inn. Everywhere he conveys to you the rapture of his own seeing; one reads such a passage as this with the keen transport that the author felt in looking on the scene itself: —

"The little village of Hampton Court stands clustered about the broad entrance of Bushey Park. After we had dined we lounged along into the hazy vista of the great avenue of horse-chestnuts. There is a rare emotion, familiar to every intelligent traveler, in which the mind, with a great,

passionate throb, achieves a magical synthesis of its impressions. You feel England; you feel Italy. The reflection for the moment has an extraordinary poignancy. I had known it from time to time in Italy, and had opened my soul to it as to the spirit of the Lord. Since my arrival in England I had been waiting for it to come. A bottle of excellent Burgundy at dinner had perhaps unlocked to it the gates of sense; it came now with a conquering tread. Just the scene around me was the England of my visions. Over against us, amid the deep-hued bloom of its ordered gardens, the dark red palace, with its formal copings and its vacant windows, seemed to tell of a proud and splendid past; the little village nestling between park and palace, around a patch of turfy common, with its tavern of gentility, its ivy-towered church, its parsonage, retained to my modernized fancy the lurking semblance of a feudal hamlet. It was in this dark, composite light that I had read all English prose; it was this mild, moist air that had blown from the verses of English poets; beneath these broad acres of rain-deepened greenness a thousand honored dead lay buried."

A strain of humor which so pleasantly characterizes the descriptions of the London inn, tinges more sarcastically the admirable portrait of the shabby Rawson at Oxford, and also colors this likeness of a tramp — a fellow-man who has not had his picture better done: —

"As we sat, there came trudging along the road an individual whom from afar I recognized as a member of the genus 'tramp.' I had read of the British tramp, but I had never yet encountered him, and I brought my historic consciousness to bear upon the present specimen. As he approached us he slackened pace and finally halted, touching his cap. He was a man of middle age, clad in a greasy bonnet, with greasy earlocks depending from its sides. Round his neck was a grimy red scarf, tucked into his waistcoat; his coat and trousers had a remote affinity with those of a reduced hostler. In one hand he had a stick; on his arm he bore a tattered basket, with a handful of withered green stuff in the bottom. His face was pale, haggard, and degraded beyond description, — a singular mixture of brutality and finesse. He had a history. From what height had he fallen, from what depth had he risen? Never was a form of rascally beggarhood more complete. There was a merciless fixedness of outline about him, which filled me with a kind of awe. I felt as if I were in the presence of a personage — an artist in vagrancy.

"'For God's sake, gentlemen,' he said, in that raucous tone of weather-beaten poverty suggestive of chronic sore-throat exacerbated by perpetual gin, — 'for God's sake, gentlemen, have pity on a poor fern-collector!' — turning up his stale dandelions. 'Food has n't passed my lips, gentlemen, in the last three days.'

"We gaped responsive, in the precious pity of guileless Yankeeism. 'I wonder,' thought I, 'if half a crown would be enough?' And our fasting botanist went limping away through the park with a mystery of satirical gratitude superadded to his general mystery."

Mr. James does not often suffer his sense of the ludicrous to relax the sometimes over-serious industry of his analyses, and when he has once done so, he seems to repent it. Yet we are sure that the poetic value of A Passionate Pilgrim is enhanced by the unwonted interfusion of humor, albeit the humor is apt to be a little too scornful. The tale is in high degree imaginative, and its fascination grows upon you in the reading and the retrospect, exquisitely contenting you with it as a new, fine, and beautiful invention.

In imaginative strength it surpasses the other principal story of the book. In Madame de Mauves the spring of the whole action is the idea of an American girl who will have none but a French nobleman for her husband. It is not a vulgar adoration of rank in her, but a young girl's belief that ancient lineage, circumstances of the highest civilization, and opportunities of the greatest refinement, must result in the noblest type of character. Grant the premises, and the effect of her emergence into the cruel daylight of facts is unquestionably tremendous: M. le Baron de Mauves is frankly unfaithful to his American wife, and, finding her too dismal in her despair, advises her to take a lover. A difficulty with so French a situation is that only a French writer can carry due conviction of it to the reader. M. de Mauves, indeed, justifies himself to the reader's sense of likelihood with great consistency, and he is an extremely suggestive conjecture. Of course, he utterly misconceives his wife's character and that of all her race, and perceives little and understands nothing not of his own tradition: —

"They talked for a while about various things, and M. de Mauves gave a humorous account of his visit to America. His tone was not soothing to Longmore's excited sensibilities. He seemed to consider the country a gigantic joke, and his urbanity only went so far as to admit that it was not a bad one. Longmore was not, by habit, an aggressive apologist for our institutions; but the baron's narrative confirmed his worst impressions of French superficiality. He had understood nothing, he had felt nothing, he had learned nothing; and our hero, glancing askance at his aristocratic profile, declared that if the chief merit of a long pedigree was to leave one so vaingloriously stupid, he thanked his stars that the Longmores had emerged from obscurity in the present century, in the person of an enterprising lumber merchant. M. de Mauves dwelt of course on that prime oddity of ours, the liberty allowed to young girls; and related the history of his researches into the 'opportunities' it presented to French noblemen, — researches in which, during a fortnight's stay, he seemed to have spent many agreeable hours. 'I am bound to admit,' he said, 'that in every case I was disarmed by the extreme candor of the young lady, and that they took care of themselves to better purpose than I have seen some mammas in France take care of them.' Longmore greeted this handsome concession with the grimmest of smiles, and damned his impertinent patronage."

This is all very good character, and here is something from the baron that is delicious: —

"I remember that, not long after our marriage, Madame de Mauves undertook to read me one day a certain Wordsworth, — a poet highly esteemed, it appears, *chez vous*. It seemed to me that she took me by the nape of the neck and forced my head for half an hour over a basin of *soupe aux choux*, and that one ought to ventilate the drawing-room before any one called."

The baron's sister, in her candid promotion of an intrigue between Madame de Mauves and Longmore, we cannot quite account for even by the fact that she hated them both. But Madame de Mauves is the strength of the story, and if Mr. James has not always painted the kind of women that women like to meet in fiction, he has richly atoned in her lovely nature for all default. She is the finally successful expression of an ideal of woman which has always been a homage, perhaps not to all kinds of women, but certainly to the sex. We are thinking of the heroine of Poor Richard, of Miss Guest in Guest's Confession, of Gabrielle de Bergerac in the story of that name, and other gravely sweet girls of this author's imagining. Madame de Mauves is of the same race, and she is the finest, — as truly American as she is womanly; and in a peculiar fragrance of character, in her purity, her courage, her inflexible high-mindedness, wholly of our civilization and almost of our climate, so different are her virtues from the virtues of the women of any other nation.

The Madonna of the Future is almost as perfect a piece of work, in its way, as A Passionate Pilgrim. It is a more romantic conception than Madame de Mauves, and yet more real. Like A Passionate Pilgrim, it distinguishes itself among Mr. James's stories as something that not only arrests the curiosity, stirs the fancy, and interests the artistic sense, but deeply touches the heart. It is more than usually relieved, too, by the author's humorous recognition of the pathetic absurdity of poor Theobald, and there is something unusually good in the patience with which the handsome, common-minded Italian woman of his twenty years' adoration is set before us. Our pity that his life should have slipped away from him in devout study of this vulgar beauty, and that she should grow old and he should die before he has made a line to celebrate her perfection or seize his ideal, is vastly heightened by the author's rigid justice to her; she is not caricatured by a light or a shadow, and her dim sense of Theobald's goodness and purity is even flattered into prominence. In all essentials one has from this story the solid satisfaction given by work in which the conception is fine, and the expression nowhere falls below it — if we except one point that seems to us rather essential, in a thing so carefully tempered and closely wrought. The reiteration of the Italian figure-maker's philosophy, "Cats and monkeys, monkeys and cats; all human life is there," is apparently of but wandering purport, and to end the pensive strain of the romance with it is to strike a jarring note that leaves the reader's mind out of tune. Sometimes even the ladies and gentlemen of Mr. James's stories are allowed a certain excess or violence in which the end to be achieved is not distinctly discernible, or the effect so reluctantly responds to the intention as to leave merely the sense of the excess.

Eugene Pickering is, like Madame de

Mauves, one of those realistic subjects which we find less real than the author's romantic inspirations. There is no fault with the treatment; that is thoroughly admirable, full of spirit, wit, and strength; but there is a fancifulness in the outlines of Pickering's history and the fact of his strange betrothal which seems to belong to an old-fashioned stage-play method of fiction rather than to such a modern affair as that between the unsophisticated American and Madame Blumenthal; it did not need that machinery to produce this effect, thanks to common conditions of ours that often enough keep young men as guileless as Pickering, and as fit for sacrifice at such shrines as hers. However, something must always be granted to the story-teller by way of premises; if we exacted from Mr. James only that he should make his premises fascinating, we should have nothing to ask here. His start, in fact, is always superb; he possesses himself of your interest at once, and he never relinquishes it till the end; though there he may sometimes leave your curiosity not quite satisfied on points such as a story-teller assumes to make clear. What, for example, were exactly the tortuous workings of Madame Blumenthal's mind in her self-contradictory behavior towards Pickering? These things must be at least unmistakably suggested.

Since Hawthorne's Donatello, any attempt to touch what seems to be the remaining paganism in Italian character must accuse itself a little, but The Last of the Valerii is a study of this sort that need really have nothing on its conscience. It is an eminently poetic conceit, though it appeals to a lighter sort of emotions than any other story in Mr. James's book; it is an airy fabric woven from those bewitching glimpses of the impossible which life in Italy affords, and which those who have enjoyed them are perfectly right to overvalue. It has just the right tint of ideal trouble in it which no living writer could have imparted more skillfully than it is here done. If the story is of slighter material than the others, the subtlety of its texture gives it a surpassing charm, and makes it worthy to be named along with the only other purely romantic tale in the book.

To our thinking, Mr. James has been conspicuously fortunate in placing his Romance of Certain Old Clothes in that eighteenth-century New England when the country, still colonial, was no longer rigidly puritanic, and when a love of splendor and accumulating wealth had created social conditions very different from those conventionally attributed to New England. It is among such bravely dressing provincials as Copley used to paint, and as dwelt in fine town mansions in Boston, or the handsome country-places which still remember their faded grandeur along Brattle Street in Cambridge, that Mr. James finds the circumstance and material of his personages; and we greatly enjoy the novelty of this conception of what not only might, but must have existed hereabouts in times which we are too prone to fancy all close-cropped and sad-colored. The tale is written with heat, and rapidly advances from point to point, with a constantly mounting interest. The sisterly rivalry is shown with due boldness, but without excess, and the character of Viola is sketched with a vigor that conveys a full sense of her selfish, luxurious beauty. The scene between her and Perdita when the engagement of the latter is betrayed, the scene in which she unrolls the stuff of the wedding-dress and confronts herself in the glass with it falling from her shoulder, and that in which she hastily tries the garment on after her sister's marriage, are pictures as full of character as they are of color. The most is made of Perdita where she lies dying, and bids her husband keep her fine clothes for her little girl; it is very affecting indeed, and all the more so for the explicit human-nature of the dying wife's foreboding. In the whole course of the story nothing is urged, nothing is dwelt upon; and all our story-tellers, including Mr. James himself, could profitably take a lesson from it in this respect. At other times he has a tendency to expatiate upon his characters too much, and not to trust his reader's perception enough. For the sake of a more dramatic presentation of his persons, he has told most of the stories in this book as things falling within the notice of the assumed narrator; an excellent device; though it would be better if the assumed narrator were able to keep himself from seeming to patronize the simpler-hearted heroes, and from openly rising above them in a worldly way.

But this is a very little matter, and none of our discontents with Mr. James bear any comparison to the pleasure we have had in here renewing our acquaintance with stories as distinctly characteristic as anything in literature. It is indeed a marvelous first book in which the author can invite his critic to the same sort of reflection

that criticism bestows upon the claims of the great reputations; but one cannot dismiss this volume with less and not slight it. Like it or not, you must own that here is something positive, original, individual, the result of long and studious effort in a well-considered line, and mounting in its own way to great achievement. We have a reproachful sense of leaving the immense suggestiveness of the book scarcely touched, and we must ask the reader to supply our default from the stories themselves. He may be assured that nothing more novel in our literature has yet fallen in his way; and we are certain that he will not close the book without a lively sense of its force. We can promise him, also, his own perplexities about it, among which may be a whimsical doubt whether Mr. James has not too habitually addressed himself less to men and women in their mere humanity, than to a certain kind of cultivated people, who, well as they are in some ways, and indispensable as their appreciation is, are often a little narrow in their sympathies and poverty-stricken in the simple emotions; who are so, or try to be so, which is quite as bad, or worse.

— Mr. Emerson himself supplies us with a "coigne of vantage" from which to regard his anthology, in the first words of his preface: "This volume took its origin from an old habit of copying any poem or lines that interested me into a blank book. In many years my selections filled the volume, and required another; and still the convenience of commanding all my favorites in one album, instead of searching my own and other libraries for a desired song or verse, and the belief that what charmed me probably might charm others, suggested the printing of my enlarged selection." That Parnassus should thus have a special interest to the collector, and certainly be more convenient for use than two manuscript albums, cannot be denied; but the question which confronts us upon opening the book, and reading this account of its origin, is how far this or any similar collection is a mere private convenience, and how far it is a public service. Undoubtedly a collection of poems made by a man of taste and generous reading, especially if it grew under his hand rather than was manufactured to order, must contain a large number of verses that will charm others as they charmed him; but the worth of the collection to the collector will be quite out of proportion to its worth to all other lovers of poetry. To him it is a store-house into which he has gathered treasures, of which the gathering is a large part, and its chief use to others is to stimulate them to similar collections. It is a great gain, we believe, for every one who has an ear for verse to make a collection, saving thus what might otherwise be lost to him; it is an outside memory, if his own is fickle and incapacious; he may carry it with him when he must leave his library behind, and the transcribing is itself an act of courtesy toward his favorites which brings a gracious return. He may even share it with a friend, as he shares his table or his daily walk, but it is because he gives so much of himself with it that the sharing has worth.

On the other hand, he who turns to a book of selections in expectation of satisfying his thirsty soul, or sends others to it with a charitable purpose, is doomed to disappointment. Mr. Emerson hints at this in his essay on the Poet, when after giving a glimpse at the latent poetry in American life, still unsung, he says, "If I have not found that excellent combination of gifts in my countrymen which I seek, neither could I aid myself to fix the idea of the poet by reading now and then in Chalmers's collection of five centuries of English poets." We may add that it is not in the order of nature that a desultory reading of Parnassus should cultivate a true knowledge of and love for poetry. If we may humbly interpret the bee's wisdom by our own experience, its flight from flower to flower has a good deal to do with its pleasure in sipping. It is a delusion to place such a book as this in the hands of a girl or boy and count upon it for an inspiration of poetic feeling. Indeed, it seems as though such collections inevitably forced the editor into a mechanical habit of mind in regarding poetry in general; else why the attempt at a scientific classification which runs through this and similar volumes? It can at best be but the rudest boundaries that separate the several pastures on Parnassus, faint lines only to the gods on the summit, and easily overpassed by Pegasus. Yet here we have twelve separate books, with suggested subdivisions marked over each. We open to Nature, and find Wordsworth's poem To Joanna. It is true that in Wordsworth's poetry human figures look at a distance very much like bushes, yet this poem, as others, is penetrated with a subtle breath of human life — here, Joanna's movement to the poet's side — which at once lifts the whole scene

into a tender human place, and we should have had no reason to complain of a classification which cast this poem under the head of Friendship. Indeed, our first impulse is to erase all the distinctions that are made; they only embarrass us and tend to make our first attitude toward poetry a critical rather than a receptive one. So from this point also we find ourselves returning to our first proposition, for, getting rid of all the divisions in the book we easily reach the conclusion of getting rid of the book itself.

We have hinted above, however, at a reason which may seem to suffice for the book's existence, in its being in some sense an opportunity given to the public to share Mr. Emerson's scrap-books with him, and be taken into his confidence as regards his special favorites in poetry. It would seem to be an excellent chance for discovering what are the poems which a poet treasures, and the collection is manifestly not one made to give specimens of all fine poets, but examples of fine poetry. Yet we fear that any one who set out to discover Mr. Emerson's judgment of poetry by this book would have to be satisfied with a very general induction. There may be noted the large preponderance of poems which appeal to the intellect rather than to the emotions; a curious paucity, as compared with other collections, of love poems; the presence of enigmatical poetry, represented by H. H.'s verses, George Herbert, and Donne; the limited showing of comic and humorous poems, drawn mainly from Holmes, Lowell, and Harte, with nothing from Hood, who, by the way, is not represented at all in the volume; the omission of certain poems which one would have supposed quick to find their way to Mr. Emerson's scrap-book, such as some of Hake's Parables, and at any rate Whitman's burst of sorrow, My Captain, O my Captain! which makes the remorseful threnody on Lincoln by Tom Taylor, given in this volume, seem an intrusion; the general adherence to well-known poets, there being few names which had not already received a tolerably secure place on the real Parnassus; and the general freedom from commonplace, there being very few poems which could be so characterized, though we should hardly have looked for the tinsel majesty of Mrs. Alexander's Burial of Moses or the cheap fun of Derby's A Collusion between a Alegaiter and a Water-Snaik. A few poems also have been rescued from partial oblivion and helped, some of them, into a well-deserved fame. Among these may be named Miss Palfrey's Sir Pavon and St. Pavon, Walter Mitchell's Tacking Ship off Shore, Messenger's Give me the Old, Jones Very's The Strangers, and Blake's A Little Boy Lost, which Mr. Emerson renames Orthodoxy. We wonder indeed that so few of Blake's lyrics are given. The few pages of preface by Mr. Emerson will be welcome to all readers for the sketches in charcoal, so to speak, which he draws of the chief poets represented in his collection. The collection itself, as we have intimated, will be found interesting by those who already have an acquaintance with its contents, and a matter of convenience to them; it is moreover exclusive enough to satisfy a poet, but we can find but a barren use for such a book, and would rather set a boy or girl upon some one poet nearest akin to their mental aptitude, and leave them by this clew to grope their way into the secret place where Poetry dwells.

— Captain Bogardus has, it is to be feared, not been entirely successful in the selection of an editor for his book. It is difficult not to suppose that a man as skillful as Bogardus is known to be with his gun, and who, as his book announces, has for a quarter of a century supported his family by its successful use, would have a vast deal to say about the habits of game and the best way and circumstances under which to shoot it, which less proficient persons would be glad to hear. Yet there is so much personal experience and autobiographical sketch, so many stories of successful days and of men less successful, and such numerous offers to bet accepted or still open for acceptance, compared with what should properly belong to the book, that the general effect is very far from being satisfactory. Even the plan of the book is not to be commended: it treats of field, cover, and trap shooting as though the subjects were cognate; to a sportsman they certainly are not. That great skill may be reached in killing pigeons according to the rules in such cases provided, and that Bogardus is perhaps unequaled in this direction, may be admitted; but it is not sport; indeed, it is scarcely any training for it — certainly not the best. Many are very successful pigeon shots, and yet very unsuccessful in the field. The reason is not far to seek: in all pigeon shooting there is the assurance that from a particular, well-defined spot in full view, or from one of sev-

eral such spots, the birds will rise; the similarity between this and the shooting of grouse, Virginia partridges, and most game is very faint indeed. Generally game rises while the sportsman is walking up to the point, ignorant of the place (excepting in a very general way) where it is, which in the most open shooting is from cover of grass, bush, and brier, more or less close; and which in cover is from the thickest tangles of vine and bush and branch. The gunner does not know at what moment it will rise; and when it does the game is usually in some numbers, which confuse the shot of the brace singled for the two barrels.

Much the best part of Bogardus's book is the chapter on the Art of Shooting: all that can be learned from a book and without practice is here given, though very much the same appeared in The Dead Shot, published ten years since.

The reader will learn with some surprise of a way of breaking dogs to their work which it is believed is at least new. Hitherto the heedlessness and faults of dogs in the field have been corrected by rating or whipping, or both, unless their owners were fortunate enough to know and use the more reasonable and less troublesome method detailed in Dinks on the Dog. It was the lot of Bogardus to buy from the widow of a deceased butcher a setter heretofore used as a watch-dog, which, when taken afield, fell to chasing the birds as doubtless he had his former owner's sheep and cattle. The dog in his pursuit took no notice of the hallooing, and was thereupon shot by Bogardus with small shot from the right and left barrel; a subsequent shooting converted this watch-dog into an excellent sporting dog. This success was so marked that the shooting was not confined to the watch-dogs of deceased butchers, as the reader might not unnaturally hope, but it was adopted as part of a system of training, and is so recommended by Bogardus. Those who have neither seen nor used this system might not unreasonably suppose that after being shot, a dog would be demoralized into yelping and headlong flight, and that every report of the gun afterwards would set him in retreat. But it will comfort such as are inclined to shoot their dogs into obedience, to learn that "the dog knows in a moment what this is for," and that "one lesson is generally enough, and the second is always effectual;" though it is to be observed that the butcher's dog required three lessons, which it is equally true he survived.

—The author of Prairie and Forest would seem to have been in all those parts of the United States and the British Possessions to the north where the large game of North America is to be found, and to have intended to describe it. It may not safely be said that he has not succeeded, for few sportsmen have been in the vast country to the northward of Washington Territory, in the outlying tracts of the Hudson Bay country, and in the Black Hill region lately traversed by General Custer, and comparatively little is known of the musk sheep, the big horn sheep, or the ptarmigan; but it may truly be said that the descriptions are so general, and present their subjects in such vague and spiritless form, that they inspire a depression of feeling not exceeded by that received from reading a child's natural history of fifty years ago.

The close, careful, unflagging attention to the feeding, sleeping, resting, and roaming of large game, which goes before every hunter's success, has always made sportsmen more or less naturalists; and it is unfortunate that one who can write at all, and who has pursued such game as the elk or beautiful wapiti deer, the antelope, mountain and musk sheep, should not have added more to the slender information with regard to them, and that he should have found it possible to pass through the wild lands in which they are to be found without an attempt at a sketch or an account. The personal adventures of the author, which have relieved the readers of so many sporting books from weariness, are plentiful enough in Prairie and Forest, but they afford little relief here: they seem to have been almost purposely denuded of interest, and to stare at the reader from the pages in a lifeless and unnatural way; they rarely have the merit of illustrating any usual or ordinary trait or habit of game. Most readers will wonder why the portion of the book relating to game birds should have been written at all: less than a page is devoted to the spruce grouse, six lines to the sage grouse of the great alkali plains, two pages and a half to the ptarmigan, — which probably not a dozen sportsmen of the United States ever saw, — and three pages to the Virginia partridge, whose habits (slightly changing with the various countries it makes glad with its presence) and whose willful ways at times and seasons

might fill a volume. With an instinct of true sportsmanship, however, the author again and again, but none too often, points attention to the shameless, reckless, and wanton waste of game which is going on over our whole country, as well with regard to birds as animals, in most places with no opposition, and in but a few with any that is efficient. His only suggestion of relief is laws whose violation shall be punished by fines. Probably in Illinois, where the author found a party of men shooting from twenty to thirty brace of grouse a day in warm weather for nearly a week, and who disposed of their game by directing the landlord of the inn to "throw it into the hog-pen," the game laws were framed and admirably well fortified by heavy penalties.

To explain why game laws in the United States are not enforced requires an understanding of the feeling about game among people living on the land — the farmers — not easily attained or expressed. Such persons are rarely sportsmen, and yet if unsportsmanlike practices (that is, devices in which the game is not allowed fair play in the war between its natural resources and the gunner's skill) and waste of game life can be prevented, it must be in great part by their aid. A sportsman, therefore, in seeking to enlist the services of the farmers, is unable to use that love of sport as an argument that so moves his own feelings, and other arguments seem, as in fact they are, far-drawn and of weakened force; and underlying all that he can say he feels there are against him two unexpressed but honestly maintained opinions: one, that so far as a man is getting game for the market (a man not beloved of sportsmen) he is doing a matter of business, and if he can get more birds by snares and traps than by shooting, or at a less cost (as often he may), why, it would be the height of folly not to snare and trap them; another, that a man who is shooting for pleasure is a fellow with plenty of time and money, and quite as lucky as he should be without further help, and that after all, his pleasurable life has the flavor of disdain of the busy folk about him. This is bad enough, but the case is made worse when it is found that through indifference to trespass or owing to the national good-nature, not even a sense of injured ownership can be enlisted among the farmers on behalf of game.

— Happily there is game in the land able to protect itself; year after year wild fowl in countless numbers return from their distant wanderings to the Atlantic, Western, and Gulf States; not even their ceaseless pursuit in the Chesapeake Bay and its inlets, along the coast and rivers of eastern Virginia, nor their destruction in the open ponds and overflowed bottoms of the West, seems to lessen the vast flocks of a new season. Wild-fowl shooting in the middle Western States is the subject of Mr. Long's book; and glorious is the shooting and sport when in the ponds of wild rice mallard are flying from before dawn until late in the morning, at which time they seek shelter in the overflowed bottom-lands covered with timber, where they may be shot until evening sends them again to the feeding-grounds of rice. That Mr. Long has keenly and intelligently watched the rising up and settling down of Western ducks is plain throughout the book, and what is directed about placing decoys in position and making blinds with reference to wind and sun is the result of judicious observation and experience. Many of the observations are simple enough, but attention to even such not unfrequently makes, as the author says, the difference between the lucky and the unlucky man, and in duck shooting the causes that mar success are so many and minute that luck is the only solution reasonably to be offered. There is scarce anything connected with ducking in the Western States too small for the author's care; even as to the handling of the boat when gathering the killed and wounded, there are suggestions which well deserve to be remembered, and throughout this small volume is shown a habit of constant attention to every movement of game, which, if followed by the reader, will not fail to add to his resources and pleasure as a sportsman.

— Professor Adams's Democracy and Monarchy in France is a work of conspicuous ability, in method and manner at least, fully worthy of the important and somewhat painfully interesting theme of which it treats. The author says in his preface that it has been his "effort to show that the present political character of the French people is the legitimate result of certain doctrines and habits that have been taking root in the nation during the past hundred years;" and furthermore he expresses the conviction: "Every one who follows these pages through, *and assents to the positions taken*, will agree with me in the belief that the great present need of France is the de-

struction of what I have called the revolutionary spirit; and that if this destruction is impossible (as very likely it is), the next need in importance is the establishment of such a government as will render the revolutionary spirit powerless."

The quiet confidence here expressed is abundantly justified by the power of the pages that follow, their lucid arrangement of chaotic material, the vigor of their logic, their vivid presentation, and, we must add, their ingenious selection of facts. From the philosophers of the eighteenth century Professor Adams selects for especial discussion, as most noteworthy and influential upon their time, Helvetius, Condillac, Voltaire, and Rousseau. He finds the reasonings of Helvetius in his work De l'Esprit, and of Condillac in his memorable Traité des Sensations, entirely harmonious, and a logical deduction from them all in the following paradox: "We are *morally bound* to obey the impulses created within us by the objects with which we come in contact;" that is, "the only moral obligation which rests upon us is to be immoral." The work of Voltaire, whose prodigious power he admits, and whose political influence he even commends, is compared with that of Erasmus. It was the mission of both "to ridicule that which existed and prepare the way for that which was to come." These three writers, Helvetius, Condillac, and Voltaire, typify the negative and destructive philosophy of the last century. Rousseau represents its positive teachings, which may be summed up as follows: "Every man is his own absolute master, and the only legitimate law for a man is his individual will. At no time has any one a right to control him, if he does not give his consent. This will cannot be delegated, for the reason that it cannot cease to reside with himself. The consequence is that, strictly speaking, there can be no representative government. The laws may indeed be framed by deputies, but they must all be submitted to the people before they can have binding force. If an attempt be made to enforce a statute which the people have not consented to, it is the right and duty of the people to resist it. If an attempt be made to force away your property, it is cowardly not to resist; if the government attempt to take away your liberty by imposing upon you laws to which you do not consent, it is the more cowardly not to resist by so much as liberty is better than earthly possessions. Thus it will be seen that these doctrines not only make revolution a right, but impose it upon the people as a duty." Professor Adams justly adds that these conclusions are manifestly destructive not only of all political governments, but also of all social and commercial life, and he finds in them the natural antecedents and full theoretic justification of the shameless license and unmatched atrocities of the Great Revolution.

The summing up in chapter four of the career and character of the first emperor is very masterly, and shows him grimly in that worst moral light which the most faithful of modern researches tend more and more to convince us is the true one. But we think that our author underrates the hold of this stupendous sinner on the heart — or was it only the imagination? — of the French people; as he certainly does not fairly represent the enthusiasm which attended him during the Hundred Days. He is doubtless right, however, in saying that in the last days of the Empire, Napoleon was very generally abandoned by the intelligence and especially the wealth of the nation. The government of Louis Philippe he considers by far the best which France has enjoyed for a century, and Guizot is the solitary French statesman whom Professor Adams can heartily admire; but the *régime* and the minister were both too good for the people, which, after fretting for eighteen years under the restraints of law and decorum, reverted to the principles of Rousseau and broke forth into a transport of anarchy, the natural reaction of which was again quietude under a second Napoleonic despotism. Professor Adams attempts no analysis of the character of the second Napoleon. He barely even proffers a guess at that oft-essayed but never fairly deciphered riddle. But he shows with great force, and abundant citation of irrefragable authority, the immense corruptions and deceptions of his rule, and, in particular, the delusive nature of his ostentatious appeal to the popular voice in the various *plébiscites*. In the end, Louis Napoleon became insufferable to the great middle class, as his uncle had done before him, and it was in the vain hope of propping his waning power and diverting the nation by foreign conquest, that he precipitated the Prussian war.

This is a disheartening story. But there are considerations which induce the hope that the case may not be after all so desperate as this latest and most severe his-

torian of French democracy seems to believe, and the chief of them is this: It is a historic fact that times of national struggle, distress, and seeming disorganization are often the very times when the nation is exerting a peculiarly powerful influence, through the ideas which are struck out in such seasons of stress, and the new and noble types of individual character in which they are ever fruitful. And that France, during this very last century of commotion, blunder, defeat, and ultimate disgrace, has led the thought of the world on political subjects, and furnished mankind with its most conspicuous and affecting examples of civic virtue, we think no unprejudiced student will deny. Our author perpetually quotes, in condemnation of their country, the warnings, reproofs, and vaticinations of such eminent patriots as De Tocqueville, De Broglie, and Guizot, without seeming to perceive that the keen consciences and unsparing rebukes of statesmen like these are themselves an earnest of health in a nation, or at least of recuperative power. On the other hand, his consistent hostility to whatever is distinctively French in character leads him into curious inconsistencies, as where he laments on one page the lack of public spirit which renders political meetings in France impossible, and denounces on another the Political Banquets of 1847 as having hastened the disastrous revolution of the ensuing year. It is singular, however, that while treating the revolution of '48 as a mere ebullition of Gallic madness, instead of the universal blind movement toward freedom which it undoubtedly was, and in which France merely bore her part, our author should render unusual justice to Lamartine, of whose fascinating and foolish History of the Girondists he gives a most discriminating and brilliant criticism. Professor Adams's prevailing and doubtless constitutional dislike of Frenchmen and things French has its natural correlative in an enthusiasm for all things German, and he even quotes with approval the absurd epigram of Professor Seeley, "As a rule, good books are German." To which there can be but one appropriate response: "And consequently unreadable." Nor is this any mere idle retort. The collocation of facts, however patient and laborious, is certainly no more important to the diffusion of knowledge than their organization; nay, it is even useless and fruitless without the latter. And if Germany has been foremost in gathering the material of modern learning, it is France which has given it *form*, and adapted it to the uses of mankind.

—It is curious to notice how minds with a different motive impulse will use the same premises to enforce the most opposite conclusions. Professor Jevons's book on scientific method is no unworthy compeer of the famous treatises of Whewell and Mill on similar subjects; and with many differences both of form and of matter from that of Mill, it yet resembles it in continually insisting on the most thorough-going empiricism. Both writers think we know only what we have experienced, and as that is but a vanishing mote in the space of all that is, our affirmations concerning the Necessary or the Possible are well-nigh worthless. Both keep reminding us of the *plus ultra* which surrounds our intelligence. But Mill, who got from his father such a strong anti-theologic bias, used this *plus ultra* for smiting the conceit of metaphysical knowledge in conservatives and theosophists; while Jevons rebukes by its means the arrogance of materialistic assumptions. Mill said, You shan't affirm; Jevons says, You shan't deny. This thread through Jevons's book is what is best calculated to give it general interest. For the rest of it is so technical as only to appeal to special students of logic, and indeed to debar us from trying to give anything like an exact account of it in these pages, destined as they are for the information of the non-professional reader. A slight account may however be ventured on. Professor Jevons has recast the whole of formal logic in a very simple and what will probably be recognized as a much improved shape, by the adoption of two principles: that of the quantification of the predicate, and that which he calls the Substitution of Similars. By the first he writes every proposition as an identity or algebraic equation. Thus all A's are some B's is written by him: A = AB. For instance: "*Mammalia* = *mammalian vertebrata* asserts identity between a part of the vertebrata and the mammalia. If it is asked, What part? the proposition affords no answer except that it is the part which is mammalian; but the assertion 'mammalia = some vertebrata' tells us no more." The second principle declares that whatever is true of anything (or can be equated with it in the author's system of notation) is true of its like or equivalent, which equivalent we may then substitute for it

in the equation. By means of the arithmetic of combinations and permutations he calculates the number of different combinations into which a given number of terms may possibly fall. Each of these cases is expressed in his notation, and, being then confronted with the data or premises from which the terms were derived, is either canceled as incompatible therewith, or stands as a consistent deduction therefrom. This sounds laborious enough, and in all but the simplest real cases it would be quite unpractical; but it unifies so thoroughly the formal theory of reasoning, doing away with the tedious scholastic classification of syllogisms and rules for conversion, that it has actually enabled the author to construct a logical machine out of which, when the keyboard is manipulated, all the conclusions consistent with given premises will at once appear.

Professor Jevons's account of induction differs considerably from that of Mill, though less than its author seems to suppose. Mill is everywhere in his treatment of logic more psychological than other writers, the question with him being, How *do* men actually reason? while with Jevons it is mainly, How can the essence of critically unassailable reasoning be most simply expressed and symbolized? Thus Mill finds fault with Hamilton's quantification of the predicate as psychologically false, but admits it to have a symbolic utility. When Jevons attacks him for asserting our ordinary reasoning from one particular to another, or by analogy, to constitute the real *act* of induction, he forgets that while Mill paid most attention to this, he yet expressly admitted that the more complete process of ascending to the general law and thence deducing the other particular is a form always possible, and necessary when assurance of scientific accuracy is desired.

Professor Jevons's account of the mode of ascent to the general law, or character common to all of a concrete group of phenomena, is highly suggestive and valuable, but we cannot touch it in detail. Suffice it to say that the ascent is always made by a guess, which is then confronted with the facts given and with new facts, and so made more probable, or less so, but never certain; for we can never be sure that some other common character, even more general, may not lie concealed in the facts, which some future genius may be able to see, or that a future instance may not shatter our law. The account given of discovery as based wholly on this quick invention of hypothesis and subsequent verification is in the highest degree valuable and interesting, from the historic examples which illustrate it. Bacon's method of cataloguing instances and expecting the law passively to emerge at the end is shown to be ludicrously impotent, while Newton's and Faraday's practice of incessant guessing and testing are described as models. "It is wholly a mistake to say that modern science is the result of the Baconian philosophy; it is the Newtonian philosophy and the Newtonian method which have led to all the great triumphs of physical science, and I repeat that the Principia forms the true Novum Organum."

Of the wealth of examples drawn from physical science, with which this book abounds, it is impossible to speak in too high terms. The work is a most original and solid contribution to logic and to much besides; not faultless, — we think in particular that Mr. Mill has been unjustly treated by the author, and that from dwelling too much on the mathematical side of things he has exaggerated the amount of our ignorance of nature as far as *quality* goes, — but indispensable to every student.

— It is not necessary that a great book should be openly constructive; it may even appear, just as a great man may appear (to his contemporaries), *destructive;* but it needs to be, as a condition of greatness, exactly what a great man needs to be, exactly what a law needs to be, — fruitful, humane, significant, prophetic. In the preface to his book, Dr. Draper has given us in two sentences a picture of our times. "Whoever," he says, "whoever has had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the mental condition of the intelligent classes in Europe or America, must have perceived that there is a great and rapidly increasing departure from the public religious faith, and that, while among the more frank this divergence is not concealed, there is a far more extensive and far more dangerous secession, private and unacknowledged. So wide-spread and so powerful is this secession that it can neither be treated with contempt nor with punishment. It cannot be extinguished by derision, by vituperation, or by force. The time is rapidly approaching when it will give rise to serious political results." What has brought about this condition of things? "What is God? What is the soul? What

is the world? How is it governed? Have we any standard or criterion of truth?" These are the questions about which the old philosophers of Greece disputed, and these are the questions with which this little book is concerned.

It is extremely fortunate that to the solution of these problems the author brings so varied a culture and experience. As he is himself a brilliant discoverer in the domain of exact physics, in chemistry, and in physiology, science is ready to accept him as a fit exponent of her high mission: turned by what science considers a misfortune to herself to the new field of history and the laws of mind, he has previously proved his fitness to treat the great phenomena there presented. The discovery of truth has been kept steadfastly in view, and it has been sought by a philosophical method, free from triviality or petulance.

It will be said that this book comes in a fortunate time — when Mill and Tyndall and Gladstone have prepared the way. To this science answers that truth or the seeker for truth has no need for appropriate occasions: these are created when the time and the man have come. The importance and the gravity of the subjects considered are recognized in the almost judicial tone of the investigation, and whether we agree or dissent, it is impossible not to attend.

But let us turn and examine what is the argument of the book. This the author has himself given to us in his preface: —

"I first direct attention to the origin of modern science as distinguished from ancient, by depending on observation, experiment, and mathematical discussion, instead of mere speculation. . . . Then with brevity I recall the well-known origin of Christianity, and show its advance to the attainment of imperial power, the transformation it underwent by its incorporation with paganism, the existing religion of the Roman Empire. . . . The parties to the conflict thus placed, I next relate the story of their first open struggle; it is the first or Southern Reformation. The point in dispute had respect to the nature of God. It involved the rise of Mohammedanism. . . . This political event was followed by the restoration of science, the establishment of colleges, schools, libraries, throughout the dominions of the Arabians. Those conquerors . . . rejected the anthropomorphic ideas of the nature of God remaining in their popular belief, and accepted other more philosophical ones, akin to those that had long previously been attained to in India. The result of this was a second conflict, that respecting the nature of the soul. . . . Meantime, through the cultivation of astronomy, geography, and other sciences, correct views had been gained as to the position and relations of the earth, and as to the structure of the world; and since religion . . . insisted that the earth is the central and most important part of the universe, a third conflict broke out. . . . Its issue was the overthrow of the church on the question in dispute. Subsequently a subordinate controversy arose respecting the age of the world. . . . In this she was again overthrown. . . . Then arose the fourth conflict, known to us as the Reformation. . . . The special form it assumed was a contest respecting the standard or criterion of truth, whether it was to be found in the church or in the Bible. . . . We are now in the midst of a controversy respecting the mode of government of the world, whether it is by incessant divine intervention, or by the operation of primordial and unchangeable law."

Dr. Draper's book is primarily a *history* of the conflict of science and religion; but we feel that the conclusions which the author himself draws from his study are in favor of the latter of the two systems formulated below: "Philosophy has never proposed but two hypotheses to explain the system of the world: first, a personal God existing apart, and a human soul called into existence, or created, and thenceforth immortal; second, an impersonal intelligence, or indeterminate God, and a soul emerging from and returning to him. As to the origin of beings, there are two opposite opinions: first, that they are created from nothing; second, that they come by development from preëxisting forms. The theory of creation belongs to the first of the above hypotheses, that of evolution to the last."

Here then are the old foes of the church under a new dress: but her old weapons will not avail against the new form; for men to-day will be satisfied only by their reason, which is their sole guide to judge of right and wrong. No matter what the outcome of this conflict may be, men of intelligence all over the world will welcome any earnest attempt to reach the truth. Such an attempt is contained in the book before us: it deserves a careful, frank, and catholic attention.

— The growth in the number of books about Africa is most noticeable. Only a few months ago we had Dr. Schweinfurth's interesting record of his adventures, and now we have Sir Samuel Baker's report of what was done by his expedition, which had for object the extirpation of the slave-trade in Central Africa. It will be remembered that he started out in the employ of the government of Egypt, apparently with the full support of the Khedive, and having *carte blanche* with regard to the preparations to be made. But no dream of perpetually baffled attempts to start upon a journey ever equaled the number and ingenuity of the delays that were continually embarrassing Sir Samuel Baker. His troubles began at Khartoum, where the officials were thoroughly opposed to the undertaking; he was not to be discouraged, however, and he pushed on, although with less material than he had hoped to collect. Ten months later, that is to say, in December, 1870, and after all manner of disheartening accidents and delays, the mission station of Gondokoro was reached.

The native tribes surrounding this station were hostile, and after some negotiation hostilities fairly began. He had a small force of trained men with which to oppose the savages, but the contest was very wearisome. The way that peace was brought about was very characteristic, and is worthy of mention as a specimen of the politics of the country. One day he shot some of a herd of elephants, and the recently hostile natives from the surrounding country gathered about, in readiness to conclude peace and get some elephant's meat which they saw given away to a friendly tribe.

Being now in possession of a peaceful base of operations, Sir Samuel Baker determined to penetrate further into the south, and if possible to open communication with the Albert N'yanza. But the promised supplies had not been sent on to him from Khartoum, and the treachery of the native tribes was again apparent. Nothing daunted, however, he set out with only two hundred and twelve officers and men. Naturally this was no simple campaign he undertook: he found much of the country that had once been fertile and populous now devastated and deserted on account of the frequent incursions of the slave-hunters; and it was only by his own indomitable energy, the devotion and discipline of his men, and Lady Baker's tact, that the expedition came out successfully from its constant perils. His well-trained men always fought well; their record is a very honorable one. So far as concerns the destruction of the slave-trade, the expedition was not without important result. The first step was taken towards showing the hostility of the government to that infamous traffic, but the completion of that great reform has yet to be made. The one man, Abou Saood, who was the most persistent enemy Baker met, has since been rewarded and promoted by the Egyptian government. Baker has shown at least the practicability of the reform and the proper measures to be taken to bring it about. His expedition also shows how possible it will be to bring Central Africa into communication with the rest of the world. The countless anecdotes of hunting and curious adventure make the book entertaining, and those who read between the lines will find in Sir Samuel Baker's modest narration plenty of proof of the existence in his party, both leaders and men, of that sort of self-restraint and energy which must, if anything can, especially strike the savage mind.

— Mr. Rice's History of the First Parish in Danvers is an admirable specimen of a kind of book of which there are very few produced among us; while it is no less certain that we shall never deserve to be called a lettered nation until such books are common. The best qualifications of the formal historian — delicate judgment, a sympathetic imagination, and a seemingly inexhaustible power of patient research and verification — are not thought by the author to be unworthily employed in shedding light on the social and spiritual life of an obscure locality during a period of two centuries. This sort of thorough and self-denying literary work is common enough in older and more cultivated lands, and notably in France, where, under the head of *mémoires pour servir*, it embraces some of the most delightful reading in the language. But our own countrymen are, for the most part, so naïvely bent on securing a prompt return, in money or in notoriety, for what they do, that it is rather refreshing to find a book which can hardly be remunerative in either of these ways, so excellently made. The only circumstance which links the history of the Danvers parish with that of the great world is the strange and painful episode of the witchcraft trials and executions in 1692. On this wretched matter Mr. Rice dwells but lightly for the alleged reason that it

has already been so completely illustrated by Mr. Upham in a more elaborate work of precisely the kind which we are praising. He says with great justice that "the most of those who suffered death exhibited throughout their trial and imprisonment, and to the last, a genuinely Christian combination of meekness and courage. Their conduct reflected honor upon that humanity whose nobler traits, in that time of darkness, were visible upon themselves almost alone."

Yet the new facts which our author unearths, bearing upon the warping and depressing conditions of early colonial life, all tend to increase our charity for the farmers of Salem, the judges, and even the clergy of the time; albeit he does admit that while reviewing the history of the Rev. Mr. Parris's ministrations, he frequently wished "that that worthy were personally present, that he might lay hands upon him in other than apostolic fashion."

Mr. Rice has a style of singular vigor and vivacity, and his humor overflows in abundant foot-notes, which are often full of gossiping details, and very pleasant reading.

—Mr. Mahaffy's Social Life in Greece is a volume both interesting and valuable. The spirit with which school-boys approach any subject of study, as if it were something lying outside all limits of human sympathy, is often imitated by their elders, who, even when they have to do with the Greeks, — the most fascinating people the world has ever seen, — treat them as if they were graven images, or marble fragments, classifying them and putting them before us properly clad, in good imitations of Greek houses, but in no way using them like human beings. One can have as much sympathy with a collection of wax-works as with the representations of Greek life in Becker's Charicles, for instance. As Mr. Mahaffy says, "The social life of the Greeks has often been handled, especially by German and French authors. But the ponderous minuteness and luxury of citation in the works of the former have obscured the general effect, and leave the ordinary reader with no distinct impression on his mind. . . . The French essays on Greek life are of an opposite description. They aim at brilliancy and *esprit* alone, and gain these qualities at the frequent sacrifice of accuracy and critical research." In this book, however, there is neither superficiality nor pedantry. The author refers freely to Greek writers for example and corroboration of his statements, but he limits himself to the discussion of broad questions, such as the standard of morality, the condition of women, the methods of education, the theory of manners, and such matters.

The sole light thrown on these subjects is by contemporaneous literature, or by that literature which is most nearly contemporaneous. One learns not so much what was the exact condition of opinion with regard to morality, as how lofty was the conception of ideal morality in the mind of the ancient writer, who will uniformly strike higher than the truth, so that we nowadays can compare the relative importance of different virtues in the eyes of the ancients with more exactness than we can decide upon the actual condition of society. Thus from the Iliad and Odyssey, for instance, we learn what virtues were admired, and what were less rigidly insisted upon. We find many tributes to hospitality, many proofs of intellectual quickness, but also a tendency to treachery, falsehood, and what we should consider occasional unmartial timidity.

Mr. Mahaffy says with great truth that the Homeric picture of Olympus is of value as showing the poet's notion of a society freed from religious restraints, and that Pallas Athene embodies all the qualities most highly thought of in those days, which make but a poor showing from our point of view. The standards change slowly, and with our love of antiquity we are more likely to exaggerate the virtues of the golden past than we are to depreciate. Writers like Mr. Gladstone, in his Homer and the Homeric Age, paint those days as almost faultless, and many thanks are due to Mr. Mahaffy for his fairer, yet perfectly friendly view.

For knowledge of the Greeks of the Lyric age we have only few and rather vague authorities; when we come to the Attic age it is different. Mr. Mahaffy claims that at this period the condition of women was inferior to any that had yet existed in Greece, that the Asiatic policy of secluding them had been introduced, and that thereby their influence had been diminished. Some of his arguments, however, seem to us ineffective. He quotes from Thucydides — against whom he has a special spite — these words put into the mouth of Pericles, as proof of the degradation of women: "That woman is best who is least spoken of among men, whether for good or for evil;" but in our opinion that remark was wise then and is wise now, and for Mr. Mahaffy to de-

mand of Thucydides, who wrote a political history, the same sort of gossiping prattle that we find in Herodotus, is like being vexed with Gibbon for not writing like Froissart. That there was a change in the treatment of women, and one not for the better, we think our author makes clear. And we agree with him in declining to give too much weight to Sophocles's delineations of women, and in preferring the testimony of Euripides. More use, we think, might have been made of Aristophanes.

In his descriptions of certain trades and professions Mr. Mahaffy is very happy. When he comes to particulars, his scholarship and familiarity with Greek literature serve him admirably. He shows the business habits of the Greeks in one chapter, their religious feelings in another, and everywhere he is returning to the points of similarity and dissimilarity of Greek and modern life. He takes his reader into very tempting fields, especially in the chapter on religion in the Attic age. A noticeable case is that where he speaks of the love of mystery in our modern religions, and its absence in the religion of the Greeks, and points out the same absence in Greek art. "The great reason why the Greek *chefs-d'œuvre* have been everlasting, and have spoken to all cultivated men in all ages, is their conception was everywhere *clear* and precise." The limitations of the statement are also interesting.

The whole book will be found well worth reading; the writer's knowledge and intelligence are put to the best of purposes, namely, the discovery of the human heart beneath all the dusty facts exhumed by arid scholarship.

— The report sent to the Department of State by Mr. C. C. Andrews, Minister Resident at Stockholm, contains in a brief form much information about Norway and Sweden, for which it is not impossible that some of our readers may in vain consult many books of travel in those comparatively unknown countries. In a very condensed form we have statistics about the climate of those lands, the chief occupations of the inhabitants, the condition of educational and religious matters, the division of taxes, the poorer classes, their manner of living, their wages, the regard paid to sanitary laws, etc., etc. In fact, most statistical questions one would be likely to ask may be found briefly but authoritatively answered here. Details are not forgotten; for instance, the stoves commonly used in Sweden are described, and we are told, besides, that there is a damper in the chimney to prevent the heat from escaping. The same care is shown with regard to more important matters. This little pamphlet will be found of value by all who care to get knowledge of the internal affairs of these two countries.

French and German.[1]

In our last number mention was made of the very interesting fourth volume of Julian Schmidt's essays, and of the one on Tourguéneff and Pisemski a brief abstract was given. Of the others, perhaps the one which will first attract attention is that on the English novel. In a few pages the essayist brings the history of the novel, from its rise in the sketches of the Spectator, through its wonderful career under Richardson, Fielding, and Smollet, with some good, though too brief, criticism of each of these writers, down to the present day. A few pages devoted to Sterne are especially worthy of notice. What strikes Schmidt in the contemporary English novel, and indeed in that of the past, is its lumbering, inartistic form. The novelist seems to lack more than anything the gift of compression. He draws his characters with great fullness, and then drifts through a sea of incidents without any clearly conceived plan, and ends his story much more according to the demands of the book-seller than according to the necessities of a dramatic plot. Characters are lugged in to gratify the author's desire of describing them; and they are never drawn with a few hints that would suffice to make the requisite impression on the reader, but with exhaustive and superfluous thoroughness. An example of this quality is found by Schmidt in George Eliot's treatment of Mr. Brooke, in Middlemarch, whose incessant mediocrity finally wears out the reader's patience. The description is true to life, but it is not the less tiresome on that account. Schmidt's discussion of this novel will be found to be of great interest. Both the English and the American public are too much weighed down by George Eliot's greatness to be able to define her position

[1] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

Bilder aus dem geistigen Leben unserer Zeit. Von Julian Schmidt. 4ter Band. Characterbilder aus der zeitgenössischen Literatur. Leipzig. 1875.

with exactness. We have put her on a pedestal, and yet we stand too near her to get an accurate view. Mr. Schmidt brings to the study of her last and perhaps most remarkable novel a strong and well-trained mind, and the fact that he is a foreigner gives him an advantage that will only be enjoyed by our posterity: he has the right perspective. His criticism is more reasonable than any we have read. Naturally he notices the depressing effect the story produces, and he accounts for this, since apparently it was not the intention of the author to accomplish that result, in the following way. He says the writer errs in treating what is essential and what is not essential with the same fullness; that the question, Who is to be accounted happy? is often answered carelessly; that in every man's life there are times of real enjoyment, or of contented activity, and other times of real unhappiness, but that the greater part of one's life is a period of indifference, a state of neither happiness nor unhappiness; that to add in one column the happy, and in another the unhappy moments, and to compare the sums of both, would be unfair, because an hour of despair outweighs years of indifference, and a moment, say of the joy of invention, overbalances years of dull, monotonous toil. To disregard these truths is the fault of excessive analytical and critical reflection. Now this is what George Eliot has done. She has represented a series of unhappy marriages, but instead of showing clearly in the various marital dissensions how much the fault arises from pardonable misunderstanding and how much from real perversity, which would be a fair subject of analysis, she credits one side or the other with the blame, leaving to the reader, as Mr. Schmidt says, the possibility of a difference of opinion, as if it were an actual scene in life, of which the facts were known equally well by both sides. For example he takes Rosamond and Lydgate, and asks why, if Lydgate were the energetic man we are told he is, and loved her as he is said to have done, he failed to have any influence on his wife. He says George Eliot tells us the story at great length, but one cannot withstand the feeling that there is some point unexplained. In Lydgate and in the author he finds an aversion to anything that would call forth a catastrophe, which fact may serve to show the reason of this omission. How serious the fault is in the novelist may be seen in the way in which the chapters treating of the mysterious death of Raffles slur over the exact criminality of Bulstrode and Lydgate, and instead of our being told what Bulstrode's wife actually thought of him, we have the information given us that before she went to visit her husband she changed her clothes, to convey to him the fact that now they were to commence another life. "This act may have been perfectly natural to this woman, and it would not mar the impression, if too much were not made of it; but that at the moment when one awaits an answer to far more important questions, the attention should be distracted by the exaggerated importance given to this change of raiment, reminds one of the humor of Sterne, which delights in contrasts and in forever mingling important with unimportant matters in order to be able to smile while weeping."

In speaking of Dorothea Mr. Schmidt says that George Eliot puts us off with a mere statement that her marriage with Ladislaw was a happy one, "which the reader would have been glad to see for himself. How much more thankful a task it would have been to show how each of these two natures learned to recognize what was good in the other, than to drag us through all the misery of the uncomfortable existences which fill the eight volumes! George Eliot considers that she has done all that is needful when she tells us that they were happy, but this is a bit of childishness of which so intelligent a woman ought to be ashamed." Again: "In everything she has written she has undertaken to show that men are unwise in looking for so-called womanliness, that a genuine and powerful nature is more likely to be without womanliness. For example, Esther and Romola. Lydgate is punished for trying to find womanliness; under the guise of womanliness he finds a she-devil, who gets him completely under her thumb. But, my dear lady, pretended womanliness and real womanliness are by no means the same thing! If Lydgate was in error in fancying that he had found womanliness when in fact there was only coquetry, a docile will when there was one much stronger than his own, this was a mistake due in some measure to his exaggerated estimate of his own will. Casaubon made the same mistake, for he was attracted by the apparent womanliness and devotion of Dorothea. Rosamond and Dorothea are, to be sure, very different beings, and I can perfectly understand that you should prefer the latter; but all the good lessons you preach to the poor Rosamond about the

heart's illusions would have done Dorothea no harm. I think she would have listened to them, for her defiance of the world was in part the result of her consciousness of superiority to it."

These words may well be pondered for the light they throw on the undefined dissatisfaction so many have felt after reading Middlemarch; indeed, the whole essay is worthy of study, although it is perhaps to be regretted that Edmund Yates should receive as much attention as he does. Mr. Schmidt says he came across Yates's novels by accident. It is to be hoped that a luckier chance may bring into his hands some of the novels of a writer who breathes life into close realism by the introduction of the natural amount of idealism, who has a fine eye for character, who does not concern herself too much with offenses in criminal law, but has regard for the higher moral code, who besides has a charming, delicate humor, and who has yet to receive the reward she deserves for her delightful writing. The writer we mean is Mrs. Oliphant. This indefatigable author outweighs a dozen clever manufacturers of novels like Yates. She is not always at her best, but when she is, as in the Chronicles of Carlingford, or in Miss Majoribanks, she shows that the art of writing English novels still has a vigorous existence even in other hands than those of the present master of fiction, George Eliot.

Another interesting essay is that on Otto Ludwig, whose thoughtful and suggestive Shakespeare-Studien were noticed in these pages two or three years ago. Mr. Schmidt gives us the sad facts of his life, and confirms the impression derived from his book, that Ludwig must have been a very fascinating man. For the greater part of his life he was the victim of a serious nervous illness, which was continually interrupting his work. He was obliged wholly to give up music, to which he had devoted much attention, and his literary endeavors were made brief and unsatisfactory to himself. The tension required to produce any serious work brought on his illness, and when he returned to it on recovery he found that his first plan had been so modified by delay and involuntary reflection that he had, practically, to set to work again. Whatever the merit of his original productions, it is more especially as a critic that he is deserving of praise. It would be hard to lay one's hand on a book which so well gives the reader not only the results but almost the processes of thought on Shakespeare, and on tragedy generally, as do his Studien. The book is, too, perfectly free from the dialect of the schools. We have an intelligent, sensitive, thoughtful man reflecting on the highest questions of literary art, with sincerity and wise enthusiasm, not for the purpose of giving answers that shall sound epigrammatic and complete, but to find the real principles of the best work.

Many pages of this volume of essays are devoted to a thorough examination of Auerbach. *Apropos* of this novelist's Waldfried, Schmidt gives his former verdict, as expressed in his History of German Literature, careful revision. This is done in his best manner. The full essay does not admit of condensation; the critic shows clearly the influence of Auerbach's religion and of the political conditions of Germany upon his novels. He balances the success and the occasional lack of success of this celebrated author, and his article is a tribute of warm and deserved praise. The praise, however, is not unmixed with discriminating mention of Auerbach's faults.

There is another valuable essay in this volume, that on David Strauss, the author of the Life of Jesus, and of The Old Faith and the New. Mr. Schmidt opens no theological discussion in what he says; he points out the similarity between the position taken by Strauss and that held by free-thinkers in the last century, and takes the ground, which indeed every one must take who is not run away with by subtleties of thought, that Christianity holds a place outside of which it is very hard to go. It cannot be ignored. Its existence is stronger than the fragments of evidence on which it rests. He says, "We are Christians, because the loftiest ideals of our soul have their root in the historic soil of Christianity."

The remainder of the volume discusses some German writers who are less well known outside of their own country. It is to be noticed with pain that many of these are obituary notices, as of Fritz Reuter, Grillparzer, Hoffmann von Fallersleben, and Friedrich Halm. One does not hear of new men rising to fill their places, but Germany is not the only country of which this remark can be made.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

D. Appleton & Co., New York: Hearts and Hands. A Story in Sixteen Chapters. By Christian Reid.—The Doctrine of Descent and Darwinism. By Oscar Schmidt, Professor in the University of Strasburg. With Twenty-six Wood-cuts.—A Reply to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone's Political Expostulation. By the Right Rev. Monsignor Capel, D. D. Reprinted, with Additions, from The Weekly Register and Catholic Standard.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: The History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. By William Robertson, D. D. With an Account of the Emperor's Life after his Abdication. By William H. Prescott. New Edition. In Three Volumes. Volume I.

Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati: Generalship; or, How I managed my Husband. A Tale. By George Roy.

S. S. Scranton & Co., Hartford: The Political, Personal, and Property Rights of a Citizen of the United States. How to Exercise and how to Preserve them. Together with I. A Treatise on the Rules of Organization and Procedure in Deliberative Assemblies; II. A Glossary of Law Terms in Common Use. By Theophilus Parsons, LL. D., Ex-Professor of Law in Harvard College.

Macmillan & Co., New York: Nature Series. On British Wild Flowers considered in Relation to Insects. By Sir John Lubbock. With Numerous Illustrations.

William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh: The Tower of Babel. A Poetical Drama. By Alfred Austin.—Baby Died To-day, and other Poems. By the late William Leighton.

Roberts Brothers, Boston: Recollections and Suggestions. 1813-1873. By John Earl Russell.—Social Pressure. By Sir Arthur Helps.—The Morality of Prohibitory Liquor Laws. An Essay. By William B. Weeden.

John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.: The First Principles of Geology; Presenting the Science in its Physical and Moral Aspects; and Exhibiting its Application to the Arts of Mining, Agriculture, Architecture, and Engineering. With a Geological Map of the United States. By William J. Barbee, A. M., M. D., Member of the American Association for the Promotion of Science. For the Use of High Schools and Colleges. Enlarged and Revised.

Tuttle & Co., Rutland: Sixteenth Report of the Vermont Board of Education, with the Report of the Secretary made to the Board, October, 1874. Being the Second Biennial Report of the Board.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: Mistress Judith A Cambridgeshire Story. By C. C. Fraser-Tytler.

Catholic Publication Society, New York: The Vatican Decrees in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westchester.

Harper and Brothers, New York: Sports that Kill. By T. DeWitt Talmage. Phonographically Reported and Revised.

ART.

The young Society of Painters in Water-Colors has every reason to be pleased with the success of its last exhibition in New York. Four good-sized rooms were well filled with water-color drawings, besides a small cabinet (the sculpture room) which was given up to charcoal and crayon drawings, with a few excellent etchings; and the public, well pleased, came in crowds,—no less than fourteen hundred in a single day,—and, what is more, bought over fourteen thousand dollars' worth of drawings; and, what is better, showed considerable taste and discrimination in its buying. The interest shown by the public in our home exhibition was taken advantage of by two print-sellers, whose business is principally with the works of foreign artists, each of whom made an auction-sale of water-color drawings soon after the society's exhibition had opened, which proved the most successful venture of a year that has not been a too happy one for those who have had works of art to sell. The Snedicor collection was not a first-rate one, though it contained a few good drawings. The Knoedler collection, on the other hand, which was kept open free for a week, in Kurz's new, well-lighted, pleasantly-situated gallery, with a well-printed catalogue,—a rare thing in New York,—was an uncommonly good one. There were some good pieces of foreign work in the society exhibition, and it was not the fault of the managers that there were not more; but of course the strength of the display was in the work of our Americans, so that the foreign drawings at Knoedler's sale were of great use in helping us to study the product of our own school. Perhaps the specimen of Villegas (known to visitors at the Metropolitan Museum by his remarkable Slipper Merchant), in the society exhibition, was enough better than anything in the Knoedler collection to constitute, taken with a striking piece by Vibert and a strong sketch by Alfred Stevens, a tribunal to which to bring for judgment all our own crude, timid, searching,

or unaffected essays. But, though the Knoedler drawings lacked somewhat in quality, they made up for this in quantity and in a general cleverness and representative character, and so produced an impression by their mass that they could hardly have made had there been fewer of them.

Looked at as a whole, it must be confessed the society exhibition seems to say that our American artists are little drawn to the ideal, and are too fond of the merely pretty. There is a prevailing weakness, not only in the conception, but in the work itself; and in the sense of color we are painfully wanting. Here and there are evidences how much the inartistic execution is due to lack of examples and to lack of study. Winslow Homer is a good American, we suppose, yet his work, so far as it goes, is strong and racy, and satisfies; and there are others of whom much the same may be said: Miss M. R. Oakey, with her charcoal drawings; Mr. Julian Scott, in his New England Turkey-Shoot; Mr. Francis Lathrop, though he has only one small Sketch for a Portrait to show us what he can do, but that is very lovely in color; Mr. Henry Farrer, who is much improved this year, but who would be greatly helped by cutting loose from New York and working for a year or two in Italy, or about Paris. This is not advice for everybody, but Mr. Farrer has a mind and eyes of his own, and would, we are sure, not be blown about by every wind of doctrine, but would strengthen and develop *himself*, not change himself for a weak imitation of somebody else. Add Miss M. I. McDonald to this list (she well deserves the honor, if only for her Wild Roses), and we have named all we can remember whose art seems to be a working out of their own perception in their own way, and who are thinking much more of the enjoyment they have in the doing, than caring for the effect when done. Miss M. R. Oakey has here some work which we cannot call original, but which is of a quality that leads us to hope the artist will one day work out her own vein. We find it, however, no easy matter to reconcile ourselves to the gospel of this school, which makes "effect" its shibboleth, and whistles "drawing" down the wind. We cannot find it in the bond that any artist of name has ever made with nature, that he should willfully neglect a part of her law, and fulfill what suited him; for, though Titian and Tintoret and Veronese did not always draw correctly, we know that they were supremely able to draw well. But there is a brood of young artists growing into notice who are some day to blot paper or smear canvas with color or tone or light and shade that shall be agreeable enough, but who do not now promise ever to be able to draw a foot or a hand, or any animate thing. We admit we would rather have the effect without the drawing, than the drawing without the effect; in other words, we would rather be French than German, but we wish the two foes might somehow be reconciled on American soil. Now that we have called the names severally, man by man, of those artists who seem to us to have the future of the new society in their hands, we must say a word, in parting, of Mrs. Stillman, whose beautiful drawings, though they must have compelled many to look upon them and ponder them well, seem somehow to have been caviare to the general, and at the close of the exhibition remained unsold. The simple fact is, that for beauty of color, excellence of drawing, and fullness of expression, these pictures easily surpassed all else in the exhibition, and were a perpetual rest and refreshment both to the eye and to the mind when wearied by overmuch commonplace, or irritated by weakness setting itself the tasks of might. No doubt the remoteness of subject in the two drawings of the Arthurian story made them alien to most buyers; and perhaps a certain archaic quaintness in the Flowers, contrasting with the brilliant realism, and beautiful realism, too, of Mr. George Lambdin's work, could not take the eye enough; but we must wonder how all hearts could so with one consent refuse to delight in the In a Balcony, which seems to us a very rare piece of painting, one well worthy of the heroic time. Yet it was almost as little recognized when it was exhibited in Boston, and only a chance letter in the New York Tribune so much as hinted at its uncommonness. But we must not think it too strange that so fair a piece should want admirers. It is impossible but that in time such excellence should make its way, and educate us up to its own high mark. Some who saw it, nay many, let us hope, recognized its beauty, and loyally answered those soft, compelling eyes. We are sure that to many persons who love art and are grateful for her gifts, the eighth exhibition of our society will be remembered as the year when Mrs. Stillman's name first appeared in the catalogue.

EDUCATION.

The Thirty-Second Annual Report of the Board of Education of the city of New York contains the only instance we have so far met of a methodical discussion by such a body of the curriculum and management of the schools under its charge. This great metropolis makes so little talk over its schools, and some lesser cities so much over theirs, that almost anywhere else should we have expected to find such a discussion inaugurated, though until the school boards throughout our country make similar ones the basis of their reports, these will hardly be worth the paper they are printed on. In the volume before us, consisting chiefly of the reports of the president of the Board of Education, and those of the city superintendent and his five assistant superintendents, there is much of unusual ability and educational insight.

According to the census of 1870, the children attending school in New York city were in round numbers 155,000 (of which 35,000 at least are in "parochial," *i. e.*, mostly Roman Catholic, schools). For these there is school accommodation for 112,000 only, so that even if all of them wished to go to school, 43,000 must perforce remain away, though in fact 60,000 do so. In spite of this, however, at the last census it was found that in New York there were only 1361 children between the ages of ten and fifteen who were not able to write, and still fewer who were unable to read; which seems to us a very gratifying showing. The overcrowding of the schools, though not so bad as it is in Brooklyn, is still declared to be in some localities "alarming," and this is true especially of the primary grades. An unusual proportion of New York children go no further than these grades; and to place and often maintain their numerical limit at seventy-five pupils to a class, is to commit a fearful injustice against both teachers and taught.

The ventilation of the New York school-houses, even of those of the latest construction, is unsatisfactory, and in many of the older ones is positively injurious. Faithless janitors add to the evil by neglecting to air the school-rooms after sweeping them, so that the children breathe a fine, impalpable dust, as well as their own exhalations. At a conference called "The Woman's Parliament," held five years ago in New York, anonymous papers from women teachers in the city schools were read, in which the tyranny often exercised over them by these janitors was bitterly complained of, while at the same time it was stated that the janitors' salaries often exceeded that of the highest-paid female principal in the city.

The colored children of New York live so far from the school buildings appropriated to them, that they are very irregular in their attendance, and the schools are not, therefore, as successful as they might be. Evening schools require better teachers than any others, and their management is stated to be a very difficult problem. The evening high school has 1400 pupils; whether for both sexes does not appear. There are no day high schools in New York city. The grammar schools have "advanced classes" for those who wish to go a little beyond the elements, and the College of the City of New York, of which the "introductory class" performs the work of the high school, gives to boys and young men superior collegiate advantages. New York *girls*, however, can obtain no such education, the only apology for it being proffered them at the Girls' Normal (so-called) College, of whose curriculum Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi thus writes: "From the informal accounts that have come to me, I infer that it is unsystematic and scrappy, being theoretically intended to furnish girls with exactly what is essential to teaching in public schools. Like all attempts to convey knowledge of methods by exclusive study of methods, and without digging down to first principles, even what is taught is very imperfectly grasped, and no opportunity is afforded for any development in after life. And only very little is taught, — a constant dread seeming to overhang the trustees lest they should be accused of giving too good an education for nothing, and so entering into unfair competition with private schools. The same fear cramped the development of the only approach to a high school (the girls' school in Twelfth Street) which we New York girls ever had. . . . I think there is scarcely a city in the civilized world, of its importance, wherein mental culture has been so little understood, valued, or prepared for, as ours."

And yet the report says that "in the past twenty years the city of New York has contributed to the State school tax over $13,200,000, and has received as her quota of said money only $5,013,000, thus showing that she has given over $8,000,000 to aid in promoting free education in other parts of the commonwealth." The policy of Boston has been just the reverse of this, and the difference in educational enthusiasm and progress throughout the States of New York and Massachusetts shows which is the better plan. Education, like charity, should "begin at home," and the radiation of intellectual light from a great centre is better than its bestowal of material gratuity.

In the revision of the studies prescribed for the New York public schools, the first step has naturally been toward simplification in the branches already taught, so as to give time for the introduction of others equally or more important. Thus we rejoice to quote from the report that "English grammar has been reduced to its narrowest profitable limits;" and in the remark of the superintendent that "rules and principles which ordinarily are almost unintelligible to the young pupil when presented in their application to the English language, are easily understood in the acquisition of German," we trust we read its future expulsion from all but the advanced grades. Excepting the names of the parts of speech and the pointing out of the great relations of subject and predicate, English grammar should be strictly a high school or academic study, and the time now given to it by children under fourteen should be rather devoted to learning to read and construe some other language. In the New York schools, 19,396 pupils study German, to 1609 who study French, "and in order to make the instruction in German effective, it is recommended that the study of French in the schools be wholly abandoned."[1] The teaching of arithmetic seems to be more in the fog than that of grammar; and unless a conference of leading mathematicians will settle the methods and proper limits of instruction in this study for our public schools, we know not how these can ever be decided upon wisely. In geography and history, the superintendents discourage as much as possible mere rote recitations, but the fundamental reforms needed in these branches seem not to be perceived. In the advanced classes, elementary instruction is given in all the sciences, much of it in connection with the objects themselves, and the instances given of the co-working of the pupils with their teachers in making apparatus, collections, etc., are truly delightful. In the primary grades, oral lessons from objects seem to be made a great point of, and are said to be "supplying the children with additional enjoyment and interest in their visits to the Central Park and its collections." Music and drawing are taught in all the schools, but not as yet satisfactorily, though a better arrangement for the former was inaugurated for the present year. From a musical critic we learn that a committee which visited Boston to see the results of the system of note-reading in use there (namely, changing the *do* with the tonic) were not impressed with its value in results over the old way, — which, considering that all the great singers, choirs, and composers of the world have been trained in the latter, is not surprising. There is as yet no industrial training in the New York schools, though in the prescribed course "sewing *may* be taught" to the girls of the highest grammar grade. The influence of the woman physician movement is shown in the recommendation of the president of the normal college that "the committee on normal schools should secure the services of a female physician who can teach by authority, and in the way to effect the greatest amount of good." Finally, the direct "moral culture" of this great host of children is supposed to be provided for by "the reading every morning, at nine o'clock, of some portion of the Holy Scriptures, the chanting or repeating of the Lord's Prayer, or the singing of some appropriate hymn;" gossamer reins, indeed, as it seems to us, for the passions stimulated by the corruptions of the great city.

The superintendent complains of "a large class of vicious boys whom the public schools do not and cannot restrain, and yet who are permitted to pursue their lawless career . . . from school to school until they are pronounced 'incorrigible,' and then the doors of all schools are closed against them, after which they roam the streets until they too often find themselves in prison." Corporal punishment was abol-

[1] Unfortunately we have just seen it stated that "there is a reaction against special studies in the New York schools, and the new Board of Education or the city will oppose the introduction of German into the grammar schools, as recently proposed, and favor a return to the simple rudimentary branches of English education."

ished some years ago, and though all the leading school officials, and also a committee appointed to investigate the matter, have reported unanimously in favor of its restoration, the Board of Education has not yet decided to go back to it, and "the question of persistently disobedient and disorderly pupils still remains an open one. The discipline in the boys' schools has seriously deteriorated, and in consequence of the absorption of an unprecedentedly large part of their time and energy in simply maintaining order, hundreds of our experienced teachers, whose skill as principals or as class-teachers has been again and again demonstrated, are no longer able to secure results equal in quality and quantity to those of past years. The vital element of every true educational system, the discipline of the will by means of reasonable and effective restraint, is in many instances disappearing, or is virtually resolving itself into an appeal of the teacher, who is in the right, *to the forbearance of the pupil, who is in the wrong.* This new and unwholesome strain upon the nervous systems of the teachers" is declared to be visibly "impairing their health and strength," and to be driving both them and the principals "into the employment of injudicious modes of enforcing obedience."

Two points as revealed by this report ought to be recorded in the co-education discussion. It will be remembered that the Brooklyn superintendent wishes to abolish mixed schools, partly on the plea that in them the average scholarship of the boys is lower than that of the girls; but the following table from the New York report shows that the girls can hardly be to blame for that, as the boys are no better when they are by themselves.

TABLE OF COMPARATIVE PROFICIENCY IN 1873.

[*E* means Excellent; *G*, Good; *F*, Fair; *I*, Indifferent.]

Schools.	Discipline.				Reading.				Spelling.				Writing.				Arithmetic.			
	E	G	F	I	E	G	F	I	E	G	F	I	E	G	F	I	E	G	F	I
Male Grammar . . .	60	31	9	–	21	63	14	2	39	40	19	2	36	51	12	1	22	50	23	5
Female Grammar . .	90	10	–	–	51	46	3	–	56	37	7	–	56	40	4	–	27	55	16	2

Another point taken against co-education is that it stimulates the girls to unhealthy competition. But of the Girls' Normal College the president states, "Such is the desire of the young ladies to excel in studies, and to stand high before their instructors, that I have been forced to issue an order that no student in any junior class shall study more than two hours per day at home."

Since this report was published, the Board of Education has made education compulsory upon New York children after January 1, 1875, which in that democratic city is a cheering step. But we blush to record what indeed can scarcely be believed — that this same board (if it is indeed the same) has lowered the salaries of its teachers, who yet, by its own published showing, are so overworked and imposed upon. This disgraceful action is attributed by Harper's Weekly to the hostile influence of the Roman Catholics, who are said to be doing their utmost to disaffect both teachers and pupils with the public schools. According to the New York Tribune "the Roman Catholic parochial schools receive $15 for $1 given to all other church schools; and as fast as the public moneys are being appropriated to build up such schools, the children *are withdrawn from the public schools,* leaving them unoccupied." The editor of Freeman's (R. C.) Journal believes in the most extreme measures to counteract the influence of the national school system, and says, "When Catholic parents understand that they cannot have absolution in the confessional while they let their children go to godless or to Protestant schools, they will soon find a remedy." Doubtless. But since Roman Catholics as individuals pay but a comparatively small proportion of the taxes, perhaps the "godless or Protestant" tax-payers will find a remedy too; and if this should be the taxing of all church and endowed property, we should not deny that the proposition has its side of reason and of justice.

THE

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AMALFI.

SWEET the memory is to me
Of a land beyond the sea,
Where the waves and mountains meet;
Where amid her mulberry-trees
Sits Amalfi in the heat,
Bathing ever her white feet
In the tideless, summer seas.

In the middle of the town,
From its fountains in the hills,
Tumbling through the narrow gorge,
The Canneto rushes down,
Turns the great wheels of the mills,
Lifts the hammers of the forge.

'Tis a stairway, not a street,
That ascends the deep ravine,
Where the torrent leaps between
Rocky walls that almost meet.
Toiling up from stair to stair
Peasant girls their burdens bear;
Sunburnt daughters of the soil,
Stately figures tall and straight;
What inexorable fate
Dooms them to this life of toil?

Lord of vineyards and of lands,
Far above the convent stands.
On its terraced walk aloof
Leans a monk with folded hands,
Placid, satisfied, serene,
Looking down upon the scene
Over wall and red-tiled roof;

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by H. O. HOUGHTON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Wondering unto what good end
All this toil and traffic tend,
And why all men cannot be
Free from care, and free from pain
And the sordid love of gain,
And as indolent as he.

Where are now the freighted barks
From the marts of east and west?
Where the knights in iron sarks
Journeying to the Holy Land,
Glove of steel upon the hand,
Cross of crimson on the breast?
Where the pomp of camp and court?
Where the pilgrims with their prayers?
Where the merchants with their wares,
And their gallant brigantines
Sailing safely into port,
Chased by corsair Algerines?

Vanished like a fleet of cloud,
Like a passing trumpet-blast,
Are those splendors of the past,
And the commerce and the crowd!
Fathoms deep beneath the seas
Lie the ancient wharves and quays,
Swallowed by the engulfing waves;
Silent streets, and vacant halls,
Ruined roofs and towers and walls;
Hidden from all mortal eyes
Deep the sunken city lies;
Even cities have their graves!

This is an enchanted land!
Round the headlands far away
Sweeps the blue Salernian bay
With its sickle of white sand;
Further still and furthermost
On the dim-discovered coast
Pæstum with its ruins lies,
And its roses all in bloom
Seem to tinge the fatal skies
Of that lonely land of doom.

On his terrace, high in air,
Nothing doth the good monk care
For such worldly themes as these.
From the garden just below
Little puffs of perfume blow,
And a sound is in his ears
Of the murmur of the bees
In the shining chestnut-trees;

Nothing else he heeds or hears.
All the landscape seems to swoon
In the happy afternoon;
Slowly o'er his senses creep
The encroaching waves of sleep,
And he sinks as sank the town,
Unresisting, fathoms down
Into caverns cool and deep!

Walled about with drifts of snow,
Hearing the fierce north wind blow,
Seeing all the landscape white,
And the river cased in ice,
Comes this memory of delight,
Comes this vision unto me
Of a long-lost Paradise
In the land beyond the sea.

Henry W. Longfellow.

RODERICK HUDSON.

V.

CHRISTINA.

THE brilliant Roman winter came round again, and Rowland enjoyed it, in a certain way, more deeply than before. He grew at last to feel that sense of equal possession, of intellectual nearness, which it belongs to the peculiar magic of the ancient city to infuse into minds of a cast that she never would have produced. He became passionately, unreasoningly fond of all Roman sights and sensations, and to breathe the Roman atmosphere began to seem a needful condition of being. He could not have defined nor explained the nature of his great love, nor have made up the sum of it by the addition of his calculable pleasures. It was a large, vague, idle, half-profitless emotion, of which perhaps the most pertinent thing that may be said is that it enforced a sort of oppressive reconciliation to the present, the actual, the sensuous — to life on the terms that there offered themselves. It was perhaps for this very reason that, in spite of the charm which Rome flings over one's mood, there ran through Rowland's meditations an undertone of melancholy, natural enough in a mind which finds its horizon insidiously limited to the finite, even in very picturesque forms. Whether it is that one tacitly concedes to the Roman Church the monopoly of a guarantee of immortality, so that if one is indisposed to bargain with her for the precious gift, one must do without it altogether; or whether in an atmosphere so heavily weighted with echoes and memories one grows to believe that there is nothing in one's consciousness that is not foredoomed to molder and crumble and become dust for the feet, and possible malaria for the lungs, of future generations — the fact at least remains that one parts half-willingly with one's hopes in Rome, and misses them only under some very exceptional stress of circumstance. For this reason one may perhaps say that there is no other place in which one's daily temper has such a mellow serenity, and none, at the same time, in which acute attacks of depression are more intolerable. Rowland found, in fact, a perfect response

to his prevision that to live in Rome was an education to one's senses and one's imagination, but he sometimes wondered whether this was not a questionable gain in case of one's not being prepared to live wholly by one's imagination and one's senses. The tranquil profundity of his daily satisfaction seemed sometimes to turn, by a mysterious inward impulse, and face itself with questioning, admonishing, threatening eyes. "But afterwards . . .?" it seemed to ask, with a long reverberation; and he could give no answer but a shy affirmation that there was no such thing as afterwards, and a hope, divided against itself, that his actual way of life would last forever. He often felt heavy-hearted; he was sombre without knowing why; there were no visible clouds in his heaven, but there were cloud-shadows on his mood. Shadows projected, they often were, without his knowing it, by an undue apprehension that things after all might not go so ideally well with Roderick. When he understood his anxiety it vexed him, and he rebuked himself for taking things unmanfully hard. If Roderick chose to follow a crooked path, it was no fault of his; he had given him, he would continue to give him, all that he had offered him — friendship, sympathy, advice. He had not undertaken to provide him with unflagging strength of purpose, nor to stand bondsman for unqualified success.

If Rowland felt his roots striking and spreading in the Roman soil, Roderick also surrendered himself with renewed abandon to the local influence. More than once he declared to his companion that he meant to live and die within the shadow of Saint Peter's, and that he cared little if he never again drew breath in American air. "For a man of my temperament, Rome is the only possible place," he said; "it's better to recognize the fact early than late. So I shall never go home unless I am absolutely forced."

"What is your idea of 'force'?" asked Rowland, smiling. "It seems to me you have an excellent reason for going home some day or other."

"Ah, you mean my engagement?" Roderick answered, with unaverted eyes. "Yes, I'm distinctly engaged, in Northampton, and impatiently waited for!" And he gave a little sympathetic sigh. "To reconcile Northampton and Rome is rather a problem. Mary had better come out here. Even at the worst I have no intention of giving up Rome within six or eight years, and an engagement of that duration would be rather absurd."

"Miss Garland could hardly leave your mother," Rowland observed.

"Oh, of course my mother should come. I think I will suggest it in my next letter. It will take her a year or two to make up her mind to it, but if she consents it will brighten her up. It's too small a life, over there, even for a timid old lady. It is hard to imagine," he added, "any change in Mary being a change for the better; but I should like her to take a look at the world and have her notions stretched a little. One is never so good, I suppose, but that one can improve a little."

"If you wish your mother and Miss Garland to come," Rowland suggested, "you had better go home and bring them."

"Oh, I can't think of leaving Europe, for many a day," Rowland answered. "At present it would quite break the charm. I'm just beginning to profit, to get used to things and take them naturally. I'm sure the sight of Northampton Main Street would permanently upset me."

It was reassuring to hear that Roderick, in his own view, was but "just beginning" to spread his wings, and Rowland, if he had had any forebodings, might have suffered them to modified by this declaration. This was the first time since their meeting at Geneva that Roderick had mentioned Miss Garland's name, but the ice being broken, he indulged for some time afterward in frequent allusions to his betrothed, which always had an accent of scrupulous, of almost studied, consideration. An uninitiated observer, hearing him, would have imagined her to be a person of a certain age — possibly an affectionate maiden aunt — who had once done him a kindness which he highly appreciated:

perhaps presented him with a check for a thousand dollars. Rowland noted the difference between his present frankness and his reticence during the first six months of his engagement, and sometimes wondered whether it was not rather an anomaly that he should expatiate more largely as the happy event receded. He had wondered over the whole matter, first and last, in a great many different ways, and looked at it in all possible lights. There was something terribly hard to explain in the fact of his having fallen in love with his cousin. She was not, as Rowland conceived her, the sort of girl he would have been likely to fancy, and the operation of sentiment, in all cases so mysterious, was particularly so in this one. Just why it was that Roderick should not logically have fancied Miss Garland, his companion would have been at loss to say, but I think the conviction had its roots in an unformulated comparison between himself and the accepted suitor. Roderick and he were as different as two men could be, and yet Roderick had taken it into his head to fall in love with a woman for whom he himself had been keeping in reserve, for years, a profoundly characteristic passion. That if *he* chose to conceive a great notion of the merits of Roderick's mistress, the irregularity here was hardly Roderick's, was a view of the case to which poor Rowland did scanty justice. There were women, he said to himself, whom it was every one's business to fall in love with a little — women beautiful, brilliant, artful, easily fascinating. Miss Light, for instance, was one of these; every man who spoke to her did so, if not in the language, at least with something of the agitation, the divine tremor, of a lover. There were other women — they might have great beauty, they might have small; perhaps they were generally to be classified as plain — whose triumphs in this line were rare, but immutably permanent. Such a one, preëminently, was Mary Garland. Upon the doctrine of probabilities, it was unlikely that she had had an equal charm for each of them, and was it not possible, therefore, that the charm for Roderick had been simply the charm imagined, unquestioningly accepted: the general charm of youth, sympathy, kindness — of the present feminine, in short — enhanced indeed by several fine facial traits? The charm in this case for Rowland was — *the* charm! — the mysterious, individual, essential woman. There was an element in the charm, as his companion saw it, which Rowland was obliged to recognize, but which he forebore to ponder; the rather important attraction, namely, of reciprocity. As to Miss Garland being in love with Roderick and becoming charming thereby, this was a point with which his imagination ventured to take no liberties; partly because it would have been indelicate, and partly because it would have been vain. He contented himself with feeling that the young girl was still as vivid an image in his memory as she had been five days after he left her, and with drifting nearer and nearer to the impression that at just that crisis any other girl would have answered Roderick's sentimental needs as well. Any other girl indeed would do so still! Roderick had confessed as much to him at Geneva, in saying that he had been taking at Baden the measure of his susceptibility to female beauty.

His extraordinary success in modeling the bust of the beautiful Miss Light was pertinent evidence of this amiable quality. She sat to him, repeatedly, for a fortnight, and the work was rapidly finished. On one of the last days Roderick asked Rowland to come and give his opinion as to what was still wanting; for the sittings had continued to take place in Mrs. Light's apartment, the studio being pronounced too damp for the fair model. When Rowland presented himself, Christina, still in her white dress, with her shoulders bare, was standing before a mirror, readjusting her hair, the arrangement of which, on this occasion, had apparently not met the young sculptor's approval. He stood beside her, directing the operation with a peremptoriness of tone which seemed to Rowland to denote a considerable advance in intimacy. As Rowland entered, Christina was losing patience. "Do it

yourself, then!" she cried; and with a rapid movement unloosed the great coil of her tresses and let them fall over her shoulders.

They were magnificent, and with her perfect face dividing their rippling flow she looked like some immaculate saint of legend being led to martyrdom. Rowland's eyes presumably betrayed his admiration, but her own manifested no consciousness of it. If Christina was a coquette, as the remarkable timeliness of this incident might have suggested, she was not a superficial one.

"Hudson 's a sculptor," said Rowland, with warmth. "But if I were only a painter!"

"Thank Heaven you are not!" said Christina. "I 'm having quite enough of this minute inspection of my charms."

"My dear young man, hands off!" cried Mrs. Light, coming forward and seizing her daughter's hair. "Christina, love, I 'm surprised."

"Is it indelicate?" Christina asked. "I beg Mr. Mallet's pardon." Mrs. Light gathered up the dusky locks and let them fall through her fingers, glancing at her visitor with a significant smile. Rowland had never been in the East, but if he had attempted to make a sketch of an old slave-merchant, calling attention to the "points" of a Circassian beauty, he would have depicted such a smile as Mrs. Light's. "Mamma 's not really shocked," added Christina in a moment, as if she had guessed her mother's by-play. "She is only afraid that Mr. Hudson might have injured my hair, and that, *per consequenza*, I should sell for less."

"You unnatural child!" cried mamma. "You deserve that I should make a fright of you!" And with half a dozen skillful passes she twisted the tresses into a single picturesque braid, placed high on the head, as a kind of coronal.

"What does your mother do when she wants to do you justice?" Rowland asked, observing the admirable line of the young girl's neck.

"I do her justice when I say she says very improper things. What is one to do with such a thorn in the flesh?" Mrs. Light demanded.

"Think of it at your leisure, Mr. Mallet," said Christina, "and when you 've discovered something, let us hear. But I must tell you that I shall not willingly believe in any remedy of yours, for you have something in your physiognomy that particularly provokes me to make the remarks that my mother so sincerely deplores. I noticed it the first time I saw you. I think it 's because your face is so broad. For some reason or other, broad faces exasperate me; they fill me with a kind of *rabbia*. Last summer, at Carlsbad, there was an Austrian count, with enormous estates and some great office at court. He was very attentive — seriously so; he was really very far gone. *Cela ne tenait qu' à moi!* But I could n't; he was impossible! He must have measured, from ear to ear, at least a yard and a half. And he was blonde, too, which made it worse, — as blonde as Stenterello; pure fleece! So I said to him frankly, 'Many thanks, Herr Graf; your uniform is magnificent, but your face is too fat.'"

"I 'm afraid that mine also," said Rowland, with a smile, "seems just now to have assumed an unpardonable latitude."

"Oh, I take it you know very well that we are looking for a husband, and that none but tremendous swells need apply. Surely, before these gentlemen, mamma, I may speak freely; they are disinterested. Mr. Mallet won't do, because, though he 's rich, he 's not rich enough. Mamma made that discovery the day after we went to see you, moved to it by the promising look of your furniture. I hope she was right, eh? Unless you have millions, you know, you have no chance."

"I feel like a beggar," said Rowland.

"Oh, some better girl than I will decide some day, after mature reflection, that on the whole you have enough. Mr. Hudson, of course, is nowhere; he has nothing but his genius and his *beaux yeux*."

Roderick had stood looking at Christina intently, while she delivered herself,

softly and slowly, of this surprising nonsense. When she had finished, she turned and looked at him; their eyes met, and he blushed a little. "Let me model you, and he who can may marry you!" he said, abruptly.

Mrs. Light, while her daughter talked, had been adding a few touches to her coiffure. "She is not so silly as you might suppose," she said to Rowland, with dignity. "If you will give me your arm, we will go and look at the bust."

"Does that represent a silly girl?" Christina demanded, when they stood before it.

Rowland transferred his glance several times from the portrait to the original. "It represents a young lady," he said, "whom I should n't pretend to judge off-hand."

"She may be a fool, but you 're not sure. Many thanks! You have seen me half a dozen times. You are either very slow or I 'm very deep."

"I 'm certainly slow," said Rowland. "I don't expect to make up my mind about you within six months."

"I 'll give you six months if you 'll promise then a perfectly frank opinion. Mind, I shan't forget; I shall insist upon it."

"Well, though I 'm slow, I 'm tolerably brave," said Rowland. "We shall see."

Christina looked at the bust with a sigh. "I 'm afraid, after all," she said, "that there 's very little wisdom in it save what the artist has put there. Mr. Hudson looked particularly wise while he was working; he scowled and growled, but he never opened his mouth. It is very kind of him not to have represented me gaping."

"If I had talked a lot of stuff to you," said Roderick, roundly, "the thing would n't have been a tenth so good."

"Is it good, after all? Mr. Mallet is a famous connoisseur; has n't he come here to pronounce?"

The bust was in fact a very happy performance, and Roderick had risen to the level of his subject. It was thoroughly a portrait, and not a vague fantasy executed on a graceful theme, as the busts of pretty women, in modern sculpture, are apt to be. The resemblance was deep and vivid; there was extreme fidelity of detail and yet a noble simplicity. One could say of the head that, without idealization, it was a representation of ideal beauty. Rowland, however, as we know, was not fond of exploding into superlatives, and, after examining the piece, contented himself with suggesting two or three alterations of detail.

"Nay, how can you be so cruel?" demanded Mrs. Light, with soft reproachfulness. "It is surely a wonderful thing!"

"Rowland knows it 's a wonderful thing," said Roderick, smiling. "I can tell that by his face. The other day I finished something he thought bad, and he looked very differently from this."

"How did Mr. Mallet look?" asked Christina.

"My dear Rowland," said Roderick, "I 'm speaking of my seated woman. You looked as if you had on a pair of tight boots."

"Ah, my child, you 'll not understand that!" cried Mrs. Light. "You never yet had a pair that were small enough."

"It 's a pity, Mr. Hudson," said Christina, gravely, "that you could not have introduced my feet into the bust. But we can hang a pair of slippers round the neck!"

"I nevertheless like your statues, Roderick," Rowland rejoined, "better than your jokes. This is admirable. Miss Light, you may be proud!"

"Thank you, Mr. Mallet, for the permission," rejoined the young girl.

"I 'm dying to see it in the marble, with a red velvet screen behind it," said Mrs. Light.

"Placed there under the Sassoferrato!" Christina went on. "I hope you keep well in mind, Mr. Hudson, that you have not a grain of property in your work, and that if mamma chooses, she may have it photographed and the copies sold in the Piazza di Spagna, at five

francs apiece, without your having a sou of the profits."

"Amen!" said Roderick. "It was so nominated in the bond. My profits are here!" and he tapped his forehead.

"It would be prettier if you said *here!*" And Christina touched her heart.

"My precious child, how you do run on!" murmured Mrs. Light.

"It 's Mr. Mallet," the young girl answered. "I can't talk a word of sense so long as he is in the room. I don't say that to make you go," she added, "I say it simply to justify myself."

Rowland bowed in silence. Roderick declared that he must get at work and requested Christina to take her usual position, and Mrs. Light proposed to her visitor that they should adjourn to her *boudoir*. This was a small room, hardly more spacious than an alcove, opening out of the drawing-room and having no other issue. Here, as they entered, on a divan near the door Rowland perceived the Cavaliere Giacosa, with his arms folded, his head dropped upon his breast, and his eyes closed.

"Sleeping at his post!" said Rowland with a kindly laugh.

"That 's a punishable offense," rejoined Mrs. Light, sharply. She was on the point of calling him, in the same tone, when he suddenly opened his eyes, stared a moment, and then rose with a smile and a bow.

"Excuse me, dear lady," he said, "I was overcome by the — the great heat."

"Nonsense, Cavaliere!" cried the lady, "you know we are perishing here with the cold! You had better go and cool yourself in one of the other rooms."

"I obey, dear lady," said the Cavaliere; and with another smile and bow to Rowland he departed, walking very discreetly on his toes. Rowland outstayed him but a short time, for he was not fond of Mrs. Light, and he found nothing very inspiring in her frank intimation that if he chose, he might become a favorite. He was disgusted with himself for pleasing her; he confounded his fatal urbanity. In the court-yard of the palace he overtook the Cavaliere, who had stopped at the porter's lodge to say a word to his little girl. She was a young lady of very tender years and she wore a very dirty pinafore. He had taken her up in his arms and was singing an infantine rhyme to her, and she was staring at him with big, soft, Roman eyes. On seeing Rowland he put her down with a kiss, and stepped forward with a conscious grin, an unresentful admission that he was sensitive both to chubbiness and to ridicule. Rowland began to pity him again; he had taken his dismissal from the drawing-room so meekly.

"You don't keep your promise," said Rowland, "to come and see me. Don't forget it. I want you to tell me about Rome thirty years ago."

"Thirty years ago? Ah, dear sir, Rome is Rome still; a place where strange things happen! But happy things too, since I have your renewed permission to call. You do me too much honor. Is it in the morning or in the evening that I should least intrude?"

"Take your own time, Cavaliere; only come, sometime. I depend upon you," said Rowland.

The Cavaliere thanked him with an humble obeisance. To the Cavaliere, too, he felt that he was, in Roman phrase, sympathetic, but the idea of pleasing this extremely reduced gentleman was not disagreeable to him.

Miss Light's bust stood for a while on exhibition in Roderick's studio, and half the foreign colony came to see it. With the completion of his work, however, Roderick's visits at the Palazzo F—— by no means came to an end. He spent half his time in Mrs. Light's drawing-room, and began to be talked about as "attentive" to Christina. The success of the bust restored his equanimity, and in the garrulity of his good-humor he suffered Rowland to see that she was just now the object uppermost in his thoughts. Rowland, when they talked of her, was rather listener than speaker; partly because Roderick's own tone was so resonant and exultant, and partly because, when his companion laughed at him for having called her unsafe, he

was too perplexed to defend himself. The impression remained that she was unsafe; that she was a complex, willful, passionate creature, who might easily ingulf a too confiding spirit in the eddies of her capricious temper. And yet he strongly felt her charm; the eddies had a strange fascination! Roderick, in the glow of that renewed admiration provoked by the fixed attention of portrayal, was never weary of descanting on the extraordinary perfection of her beauty.

"I had no idea of it," he said, "till I began to look at her with an eye to reproducing line for line and curve for curve. Her face is the most exquisite piece of modeling that ever came from creative hands. Not a line without meaning, not a hair's breadth that 's not admirably finished. And then her mouth! It 's as if a pair of lips had been shaped to utter pure truth without doing it dishonor!" Later, after he had been working for a week, he declared if Miss Light were inordinately plain, she would still be the most fascinating of women. "I 've quite forgotten her beauty," he said, "or rather I have ceased to perceive it as something distinct and defined, something independent of the rest of her. She 's all one, and all consummately interesting!"

"What does she do — what does she say, that is so remarkable?" Rowland had asked.

"Say? Sometimes nothing — sometimes everything. She 's never the same. Sometimes she walks in and takes her place without a word, without a smile, gravely, stiffly, as if it were an awful bore. She hardly looks at me, and she walks away without even glancing at my work. On other days she laughs and chatters and asks endless questions, and pours out the most irresistible nonsense. She 's a creature of moods; you can't count upon her; she keeps observation on the stretch. And then, bless you, she has seen such a lot! Her talk is full of the oddest allusions!"

"It is altogether a very singular type of young lady," said Rowland, after the visit which I have related at length. "It may be a charm, but it is certainly not the orthodox charm of marriageable maidenhood, the charm of shrinking innocence and soft docility. Our American girls are accused of being more knowing than any others, and Miss Light is nominally an American. But it has taken twenty years of Europe to make her what she is. The first time we saw her, I remember you called her a product of the old world, and certainly you were not far wrong."

"Ah, she has an atmosphere," said Roderick, in the tone of high appreciation.

"Young unmarried women," Rowland answered, "should be careful not to have too much!"

"Ah, you don't forgive her," cried his companion, "for hitting you so hard! A man ought to be flattered at such a girl as that taking so much notice of him."

"A man is never flattered at a woman's not liking him."

"Are you sure she does n't like you? That 's to the credit of your humility. A fellow of more vanity might, on the evidence, persuade himself that he was in favor."

"He would have also," said Rowland, laughing, "to be a fellow of remarkable ingenuity!" He asked himself privately how the deuce Roderick reconciled it to his conscience to think so much more of the girl he was not engaged to than of the girl he was. But it amounted almost to arrogance, you may say, in poor Rowland to pretend to know how often Roderick thought of Miss Garland. He wondered gloomily, at any rate, whether for men of his companion's large, easy power, there was not a larger moral law than for narrow mediocrities like himself, who, yielding Nature a meagre interest on her investment (such as it was), had no reason to expect from her this affectionate laxity as to their accounts. Was it not a part of the eternal fitness of things that Roderick, while rhapsodizing about Miss Light, should have it at his command to look at you with eyes of the most guileless and unclouded blue, and to shake off your musty imputations

by a toss of his picturesque brown locks? Or had he, in fact, no conscience to speak of? Happy fellow, either way!

Our friend Gloriani came, among others, to congratulate Roderick on his model and what he had made of her. "Devilish pretty, through and through!" he said as he looked at the bust. "Capital handling of the neck and throat; lovely work on the nose. You 're a detestably lucky fellow, my boy! But you ought n't to have squandered such material on a simple bust; you should have made a great imaginative figure. If I could only have got hold of her, I would have put her into a statue in spite of herself. What a pity she is not a ragged Trasteverine, whom we might have for a franc an hour! I have been carrying about in my head for years a delicious design for a fantastic figure, but it has always stayed there for want of a tolerable model. I have seen intimations of the type, but Miss Light is the perfection of it. As soon as I saw her I said to myself, 'By Jove, there 's my statue in the flesh!'"

"What is your subject?" asked Roderick.

"Don't take it ill," said Gloriani. "You know I 'm the very deuce for observation. She would make a magnificent Herodias!"

If Roderick had taken it ill (which was unlikely, for we know he thought Gloriani an ass, and expected little of his wisdom), he might have been soothed by the candid incense of Sam Singleton, who came and sat for an hour in a sort of mental prostration before both bust and artist. But Roderick's attitude before his patient little devotee was one of undisguised though friendly amusement; and, indeed, judged from a strictly plastic point of view, the poor fellow's diminutive stature, his enormous mouth, his pimples, and his yellow hair were sufficiently ridiculous. "Nay, don't envy our friend," Rowland said to Singleton afterwards, on his expressing, with a little groan of depreciation of his own paltry performances, his sense of the brilliancy of Roderick's talent. "You sail nearer the shore, but you sail in smoother waters. Be contented with what you are and paint me another picture."

"Oh, I don't envy Hudson anything he possesses," Singleton said, "because to take anything away would spoil his beautiful completeness. 'Complete,' that 's what he is; while we little clevernesses are like half-ripened plums, only good eating on the side that has had a glimpse of the sun. Nature has made him so, and fortune confesses to it! He is the handsomest fellow in Rome, he has the most genius, and, as a matter of course, the most beautiful girl in the world comes and offers to be his model. If that is not completeness, where shall we find it?"

One morning, going into Roderick's studio, Rowland found the young sculptor entertaining Miss Blanchard — if this is not too flattering a description of his gracefully passive tolerance of her presence. He had never liked her and never climbed into her sky-studio to observe her wonderful manipulation of petals. He had once quoted Tennyson against her: —

> "And is there any moral shut
> Within the bosom of the rose?"

"In all Miss Blanchard's roses you may be sure there is a moral," he had said. "You can see it sticking out its head, and, if you go to smell the flower, it scratches your nose." But on this occasion she had come with a propitiatory gift — introducing her friend, Mr. Leavenworth. Mr. Leavenworth was a tall, expansive, bland gentleman, with a carefully brushed whisker and a spacious, fair, well-favored face, which seemed, somehow, to have more room in it than was occupied by a smile of superior benevolence, so that (with his smooth, white forehead) it bore a certain resemblance to a large parlor with a very florid carpet, but no pictures on the walls. He held his head high, talked sonorously, and told Roderick, within five minutes, that he was a widower, traveling to distract his mind, and that he had lately retired from the proprietorship of large mines of borax in Pennsylvania. Roderick supposed at

first that, in his character of depressed widower, he had come to order a tombstone; but observing then the extreme blandness of his address to Miss Blanchard, he credited him with a judicious prevision that by the time the tombstone was completed, a monument of his inconsolability might have become an anachronism. But Mr. Leavenworth was disposed to order something.

"You will find me eager to patronize our indigenous talent," he said. "I am erecting a stately mansion in my native town, and I propose to have it handsomely decorated. It has been the will of Heaven to plunge me into mourning; but art has consolations! In a tasteful home, surrounded by the memorials of my wanderings, I hope to recover my spirits. I ordered in Paris a complete set of fittings for my dining-room. Do you think you could do something for my library? It is to be extensively paneled in black walnut, and I think a pure white image in this style," —pointing to one of Roderick's statues, —"standing out against the sombre background, would have a noble effect. The subject I have already fixed upon. I desire an allegorical representation of Culture. Do you think, now," asked Mr. Leavenworth, encouragingly, "you could rise to the conception?"

"A most interesting subject for a truly serious mind," remarked Miss Blanchard.

Roderick looked at her a moment and then — "The simplest thing I could do," he said, "would be to make a full-length portrait of Miss Blanchard. I could give her a scroll in her hand, and that would do for the allegory."

Miss Blanchard colored; the compliment might be ironical; and there was ever afterwards a reflection of her uncertainty in her opinion of Roderick's works. Mr. Leavenworth responded that with all deference to Miss Blanchard's beauty, he desired something colder, more monumental, more impersonal. "If I were to be the happy possessor of a likeness of Miss Blanchard," he added, "I should prefer to have it in no factitious disguise!"

Roderick consented to entertain the proposal, and while they were discussing it, Rowland had a little talk with the fair artist. "Who 's your friend?" he asked.

"A very worthy man. The architect of his own fortune — which is magnificent. One of nature's gentlemen!"

This was a trifle sententious, and Rowland turned to the bust of Miss Light. Like every one else in Rome, by this time, Miss Blanchard had an opinion on the young girl's beauty, and, in her own fashion, she expressed it epigrammatically. "She looks half like a Madonna and half like a *ballerina*," she said.

Mr. Leavenworth and Roderick came to an understanding, and the young sculptor good-naturedly promised to do his best to rise to his patron's conception. "His conception be hanged!" Roderick exclaimed, after he had departed. "His conception is sitting on a globe with a pen in her ear and a photographic album in her hand. I shall have to conceive, myself. For the money, I ought to be able to!"

Mrs. Light, meanwhile, had fairly established herself in Roman society. "Heaven knows how!" Madame Grandoni said to Rowland, who had mentioned to her several evidences of the lady's prosperity. "In such a case there is nothing like audacity. A month ago she knew no one but her washerwoman, and now I 'm told that the cards of Roman princesses are to be seen on her table. She is evidently determined to play a great part, and she has the wit to perceive that, to make remunerative acquaintances, you must seem yourself to be worth knowing. You must have striking rooms and a confusing variety of dresses, and give good dinners, and so forth. She is spending a lot of money, and you 'll see that in two or three weeks she will take upon herself to open the season by giving a magnificent ball. Of course it is Christina's beauty that floats her. People go to see her because they are curious."

"And they go again because they are

charmed," said Rowland. "Miss Christina is a very remarkable young lady."

"Oh, I know it well; I had occasion to say so to myself the other day. She came to see me, of her own free will, and for an hour she was deeply interesting. I think she 's an actress, but she believes in her part while she is playing it. She took it into her head the other day to believe that she was very unhappy, and she sat there, where you are sitting, and told me a tale of her miseries which brought tears into my eyes. She cried, herself, profusely, and as naturally as possible. She said she was weary of life and that she knew no one but me she could speak frankly to. She must speak, or she would go mad. She sobbed as if her heart would break. I assure you it 's well for you susceptible young men that you don't see her when she sobs. She said, in so many words, that her mother was an immoral woman. Heaven knows what she meant. She meant, I suppose, that she makes debts that she knows she can't pay. She said the life they led was horrible; that it was monstrous a poor girl should be dragged about the world to be sold to the highest bidder. She was meant for better things; she could be perfectly happy in poverty. It was not money she wanted. I might not believe her, but she really cared for serious things. Sometimes she thought of taking poison!"

"What did you say to that?"

"I recommended her," said Madame Grandoni, "to come and see me instead. I would help her about as much, and I was, on the whole, less unpleasant. Of course I could help her only by letting her talk herself out and kissing her and patting her beautiful hands and telling her to be patient and she would be happy yet. About once in two months I expect her to reappear, on the same errand, and meanwhile to quite forget my existence. I believe I melted down to the point of telling her that I would find some good, quiet, affectionate husband for her; but she declared, almost with fury, that she was sick unto death of husbands, and begged I would never again mention the word. And, in fact, it was a rash offer; for I am sure that there is not a man of the kind that might really make a woman happy, but would be afraid to marry mademoiselle. Looked at in that way she is certainly very much to be pitied, and indeed, altogether, though I don't think she either means all she says or, by a great deal, says all that she means. I feel very sorry for her."

Rowland met the two ladies, about this time, at several entertainments, and looked at Christina with a kind of distant *attendrissement*. He imagined more than once that there had been a passionate scene between them about coming out, and wondered what arguments Mrs. Light had found effective. But Christina's face told no tales, and she moved about, beautiful and silent, looking absently over people's heads, barely heeding the men who pressed about her, and suggesting somehow that the soul of a world-wearied mortal had found its way into the blooming body of a goddess. "Where in the world has Miss Light been before she is twenty," observers asked, "to have left all her illusions behind?" And the general verdict was, that though she was incomparably beautiful, she was intolerably proud. Young ladies to whom the former distinction was not conceded were free to reflect that she was "not at all liked."

It would have been difficult to guess, however, how they reconciled this conviction with a variety of conflicting evidence, and, in especial, with the spectacle of Roderick's inveterate devotion. All Rome might behold that he, at least, "liked" Christina Light. Wherever she appeared he was either awaiting her or immediately followed her. He was perpetually at her side, trying, apparently, to preserve the thread of a disconnected talk, the fate of which was, to judge by her face, profoundly immaterial to the young lady. People in general smiled at the radiant good faith of the handsome young sculptor, and asked each other whether he really supposed that beauties of that quality were meant to wed with poor artists. But

although Christina's deportment, as I have said, was one of superb inexpressiveness, Rowland had derived from Roderick no suspicion that he suffered from snubbing, and he was therefore surprised at an incident which befell one evening at a large musical party. Roderick, as usual, was in the field, and, on the ladies taking the chairs which had been arranged for them, he immediately placed himself beside Christina. As most of the gentlemen were standing, his position made him as conspicuous as Hamlet at Ophelia's feet, at the play. Rowland was leaning, somewhat apart, against the chimney-piece. There was a long, solemn pause before the music began, and in the midst of it Christina rose, left her place, came the whole length of the immense room, with every one looking at her, and stopped before him. She was neither pale nor flushed; she had a soft smile.

"Will you do me a favor?" she asked.

"A thousand!"

"Not now, but at your earliest convenience. Please remind Mr. Hudson that he is not in a New England village — that it is not the custom in Rome to address one's conversation exclusively, night after night, to the same poor girl, and that" . . .

The music broke out with a great blare and covered her voice. She made a gesture of impatience, and Rowland offered her his arm and led her back to her seat.

The next day he repeated her words to Roderick, who burst into joyous laughter. "She's a delightfully strange girl!" he cried. "She must do everything that comes into her head!"

"Had she never asked you before not to talk to her so much?"

"On the contrary, she has often said to me, 'Mind you now, I forbid you to leave me. Here comes that tiresome So-and-so.' She cares as little about the custom as I do. What could be a better proof than her walking up to you, with five hundred people looking at her? Is that the custom for young girls in Rome?"

"Why, then, should she take such a step?"

"Because, as she sat there, it came into her head. That's reason enough for her. I have imagined she wishes me well, as they say here — though she has never distinguished me in such a way as that!"

Madame Grandoni had foretold the truth; Mrs. Light, a couple of weeks later, convoked all Roman society to a brilliant ball. Rowland went late and found the staircase so encumbered with flower-pots and servants that he was a long time making his way into the presence of the hostess. At last he approached her, as she stood making courtesies at the door, with her daughter by her side. Some of Mrs. Light's courtesies were very low, for she had the happiness of receiving a number of the social potentates of the Roman world. She was rosy with triumph, to say nothing of a less metaphysical cause, and was evidently vastly contented with herself, with her company, and with the general promise of destiny. Her daughter was less overtly jubilant, and distributed her greetings with impartial frigidity. She had never been so beautiful. Dressed simply in vaporous white, relieved with half a dozen white roses, the perfection of her features and of her person and the mysterious depth of her expression seemed to glow with the white light of a splendid pearl. She recognized no one individually and made her courtesy slowly, gravely, with her eyes on the ground. Rowland fancied that, as he stood before her, her obeisance was slightly exaggerated, as with an intention of irony; but he smiled philosophically to himself, and reflected, as he passed into the room, that, if she did dislike him, he had nothing to reproach himself with. He walked about, had a few words with Miss Blanchard, who, with a fillet of cameos in her hair, was leaning on the arm of Mr. Leavenworth, and at last came upon the Cavaliere Giacosa, modestly stationed in a corner. The little gentleman's coat-lappet was decorated with an enormous bouquet and his neck encased in a volu-

minous white handkerchief of the fashion of thirty years ago. His arms were folded, and he was surveying the scene with contracted eyelids, through which you saw the glitter of his intensely black, vivacious pupil. He immediately embarked on an elaborate apology for not having yet manifested, as he felt it, his sense of the honor Rowland had done him.

"I am always on service with these ladies, you see," he explained, "and that is a duty to which one would not willingly be faithless for an instant."

"Evidently," said Rowland, "you are a very devoted friend. Mrs. Light, in her situation, is very happy in having you."

"We are old friends," said the Cavaliere, gravely. "Old friends. I knew the signora many years ago, when she was the prettiest woman in Rome — or rather in Ancona, which is even better. The beautiful Christina, now, is perhaps the most beautiful young girl in Europe!"

"Very likely," said Rowland.

"Very well, sir, I taught her to read; I guided her little hands to touch the piano keys." And at these faded memories, the Cavaliere's eyes glittered more brightly. Rowland half expected him to proceed, with a little flash of long-repressed passion, "And now — and now, sir, they treat me as you observed the other day!" But the Cavaliere only looked out at him keenly from among his wrinkles, and seemed to say, with all the vividness of the Italian glance, "Oh, I say nothing more. I am not so shallow as to complain!"

Evidently the Cavaliere was not shallow, and Rowland repeated respectfully, "You 're a devoted friend."

"That 's very true. I 'm a devoted friend. A man may do himself justice, after twenty years!"

Rowland, after a pause, made some remark about the beauty of the ball. It was very brilliant.

"Stupendous!" said the Cavaliere, solemnly. "It is a great day. We have four Roman princes, to say nothing of others." And he counted them over on his fingers and held up his hand triumphantly. "And there she stands, the girl to whom I — I, Giuseppe Giacosa — taught her alphabet and her piano-scales; there she stands in her incomparable beauty, and Roman princes come and bow to her! Here, in his corner, Giuseppe Giacosa permits himself to be proud."

"It is very friendly of him," said Rowland, smiling.

The Cavaliere contracted his lids a little more and gave another keen glance. "It 's very natural, signore. The Christina is a good girl; she remembers my little services. But here comes," he added in a moment, "the young Prince of the Fine Arts. I am sure he has bowed lowest of all."

Rowland looked round and saw Roderick moving slowly across the room and casting about him his usual luminous, unshrinking looks. He presently joined them, nodded familiarly to the Cavaliere, and immediately demanded of Rowland, "Have you seen her?"

"I 've seen Miss Light," said Rowland. "She 's magnificent."

"I 'm half crazy!" cried Roderick; so loud that several persons turned round.

Rowland saw that he was flushed, and laid his hand on his arm. Roderick was trembling. "If you will go away," Rowland said instantly, "I will go with you."

"Go away?" cried Roderick, almost angrily. "I 'm going to dance with her!"

The Cavaliere had been watching him attentively; he gently laid his hand on his other arm. "Softly, softly, dear young man," he said. "Let me speak to you as a friend."

"Oh, speak even as an enemy and I shan't mind it," Roderick answered, frowning.

"Be very reasonable, then, and go away."

"Why the deuce should I go away?"

"Because you 're in love," said the Cavaliere.

"I might as well be in love here as in the streets."

"Carry your love as far as possible

from Christina. She won't listen to you — she can't."

"She 'can't'?" demanded Roderick. "She is not a person of whom you may say that. She can if she will; she does as she chooses."

"Up to a certain point. It would take too long to explain; I only beg you to believe that if you continue to love Miss Light you will be very unhappy. Have you a princely title? have you a princely fortune? Otherwise you can never have her."

And the Cavaliere folded his arms again, like a man who has done his duty. Roderick wiped his forehead and looked askance at Rowland; he seemed to be guessing his thoughts and they made him blush a little. But he smiled blandly, and addressing the Cavaliere, "I'm much obliged to you for the information," he said. "Now that I have obtained it, let me tell you that I 'm no more in love with Miss Light than you are. Mr. Mallet knows that. I admire her — yes, profoundly. But that 's no one's business but my own, and though I have, as you say, neither a princely title nor a princely fortune, I mean to suffer neither those advantages nor those who possess them to diminish my right."

"If you are not in love, my dear young man," said the Cavaliere, with his hand on his heart and an apologetic bow, "so much the better. But let me entreat you, as an affectionate friend, to keep a watch on your emotions. You are young, you are handsome, you have a brilliant genius and a generous heart, but — I may say it almost with authority — Christina is not for you."

Whether Roderick was in love or not, he was nettled by what apparently seemed to him an obtrusive negation of an inspiring possibility. "You speak as if she had made her choice!" he cried. "Without pretending to confidential information on the subject, I 'm sure she has not."

"No, but she must make it soon," said the Cavaliere. And raising his forefinger, he laid it against his under lip. "She must choose a name and a fortune — and she will!"

"She will do exactly as her inclination prompts! She will marry the man who pleases her, if he has n't a dollar! I know her better than you."

The Cavaliere turned a little paler than usual, and smiled more urbanely. "No, no, my dear young man, you do not know her better than I. You have n't watched her, day by day, for twenty years. I too have admired her. She is a good girl; she has never said an unkind word to me; the blessed Virgin be thanked! But she must have a brilliant destiny; it has been marked out for her, and she will submit. You had better believe me; it may save you much suffering."

"We shall see!" said Roderick, with an excited laugh.

"Certainly we shall see. But I retire from the discussion," the Cavaliere added. "I have no wish to provoke you to attempt to prove to me that I am wrong. You are already excited."

"No more than is natural to a man who in an hour or so is to dance the cotillon with Miss Light."

"The cotillon? has she promised?"

Roderick patted the air with a grand confidence. "You 'll see!" His gesture might almost have been taken to mean that the state of his relations with Miss Light was such that they quite dispensed with vain formalities.

The Cavaliere gave an exaggerated shrug. "You 'll make a great many mourners!"

"He has made one already!" Rowland murmured to himself. This was evidently not the first time that reference had been made between Roderick and the Cavaliere to the young man's possible passion, and Roderick had failed to consider it the simplest and most natural course to say in three words to the vigilant little gentleman that there was no cause for alarm — his affections were preoccupied. Rowland hoped, silently, with some dryness, that his motives were of a finer kind than they seemed to be. He turned away; it was irritating to look at Roderick's radiant, unscrupulous eagerness. The tide was setting toward the supper-room and he drifted with it to

the door. The crowd at this point was dense, and he was obliged to wait for some minutes before he could advance. At last he felt his neighbors dividing behind him, and turning he saw Christina pressing her way forward alone. She was looking at no one, and, save for the fact of her being alone, you would not have supposed she was in her mother's house. As she recognized Rowland she beckoned to him, took his arm, and motioned him to lead her into the supper-room. She said nothing until he had forced a passage and they stood somewhat isolated.

"Take me into the most out-of-the-way corner you can find," she then said, "and then go and get me a piece of bread."

"Nothing more? There seems to be everything conceivable."

"A simple roll. Nothing more, on your peril. Only bring something for yourself."

It seemed to Rowland that the embrasure of a window (embrasures in Roman palaces are deep) was a retreat sufficiently obscure for Miss Light to execute whatever design she might have contrived against his equanimity. A roll, after he had found her a seat, was easily procured. As he presented it, he remarked that, frankly speaking, he was at loss to understand why she should have selected for the honor of a *tête-à-tête* an individual for whom she had so little taste.

"Ah yes, I dislike you," said Christina. "To tell the truth, I had forgotten it. There are so many people here whom I dislike more, that when I espied you just now, you seemed like a valued friend. But I 've not come into this corner to talk nonsense," she went on. "You must not think I always do, eh?"

"I have never heard you do anything else," said Rowland, deliberately, having decided that he owed her no compliments.

"Very good. I like your frankness. It 's quite true. You see, I 'm a strange girl. To begin with, I 'm frightfully egotistical. Don't flatter yourself you have said anything very clever if you ever take it into your head to tell me so. I know it much better than you. So it is, I can't help it. I 'm tired to death of myself; I would give all I possess to get out of myself; but somehow, at the end, I find myself so vastly more interesting than nine tenths of the people I meet. If a person wished to do me a favor I would say to him, 'I beg you, with tears in my eyes, to *interest* me. Be strong, be positive, be imperious, if you will; only be *something*, something that, in looking at, I can forget my detestable self!' Perhaps that is nonsense too. If it is, I can't help it. I can only apologize for the nonsense I know to be such and that I talk — oh, for more reasons than I can tell you! I wonder whether, if I were to try, you would understand me."

"I 'm afraid I should never understand," said Rowland, "why a person should willingly talk nonsense."

"That proves how little you know about women. But I like your frankness. When I told you the other day that you displeased me, I had an idea you were more formal, — how do you say it? — more *guindé*. I 'm very capricious. To-night I like you better."

"Oh, I 'm not guindé," said Rowland, gravely.

"I beg your pardon, then, for thinking so. Now I have an idea that you would make a useful friend — an intimate friend — a friend to whom one could tell everything. For such a friend, what would n't I give!"

Rowland looked at her in some perplexity. Was this touching sincerity, or unfathomable coquetry? Her beautiful eyes looked divinely candid; but then, if candor was beautiful, beauty was apt to be subtle. "I hesitate to recommend myself out and out for the office," he said, "but I believe that if you were to depend upon me for anything that a friend may do, I shall not be found wanting."

"Very good. One of the first things one asks of a friend is to judge one, not by isolated acts, but by one's whole conduct. I care for your opinion — I don't know why."

"Nor do I, I confess," said Rowland with a laugh.

"What do you think of this affair?" she continued, without heeding it.

"Of your ball? Why, it's a very grand affair."

"It's horrible — that's what it is! It's a mere rabble! There are people here whom I never saw before, people who were never asked. Mamma went about inviting every one, asking other people to invite any one they knew, doing anything to have a crowd. I hope she is satisfied! It is not my doing. I feel weary, I feel angry, I feel like crying. I have twenty minds to escape into my room and lock the door and let mamma go through with it as she can. By the way," she added in a moment, without a visible reason for the transition, "can you tell me something to read?"

Rowland stared, at the disconnectedness of the question.

"Can you recommend me some books?" she repeated. "I know you are a great reader. I've no one else to ask. We can buy no books. We can make debts for jewelry and bonnets and five-buttoned gloves, but we can't spend a sou for ideas. And yet, though you may not believe it, I like ideas quite as well."

"I shall be most happy to lend you some books," Rowland said. "I'll pick some out to-morrow and send them to you."

"No novels, please! I'm tired of novels. I can imagine better stories for myself than any I read. Some good poetry, if there is such a thing nowadays, and some memoirs and histories and books of facts."

"You shall be served. Your taste agrees with my own."

She was silent a moment, looking at him. Then suddenly — "Tell me something about Mr. Hudson," she demanded. "You are great friends?"

"Oh yes," said Rowland; "we are great friends."

"Tell me about him. Come, begin!"

"Where shall I begin? You know him for yourself."

"No, I don't know him; I don't find him so easy to know. Since he has finished my bust and begun to come here disinterestedly, he has become a great talker. He says very fine things; but does he mean all he says?"

"Few of us do that."

"You do, I imagine. You ought to know, for he tells me you discovered him." Rowland was silent, and Christina continued, "Do you consider him very clever?"

"Unquestionably."

"His talent is really something out of the common way?"

"So it seems to me."

"In short, he's a man of genius?"

"Yes, call it genius."

"And you found him vegetating in a little village and took him by the hand and set him on his feet in Rome?"

"Is that the popular legend?" asked Rowland.

"Oh, you need n't be modest. There was no great merit in it; there would have been none at least on my part, in the same circumstances. Real geniuses are not so common, and if I had discovered one in the wilderness, I would have brought him out into the market-place to see how he would behave. It would be excessively amusing. You must find it so to watch Mr. Hudson, eh? Tell me this: do you think he is going to be a great man — become famous, have his life written, and all that?"

"I don't prophesy, but I have good hopes."

Christina was silent. She stretched out her bare arm and looked at it a moment absently, turning it so as to see — or almost to see — the dimple in her elbow. This was apparently a frequent gesture with her; Rowland had already observed it. It was as coolly and naturally done as if she had been in her room alone. "So he's a man of genius," she suddenly resumed. "Don't you think I ought to be extremely flattered to have a man of genius perpetually hanging about? He's the first I ever saw, but I should have known he was not a common mortal. There is something strange about him. To begin with, he has no manners. You may

say that it 's not for me to blame him, for I have none myself. That 's very true, but the difference is that I can have them when I wish to (and very charming ones too; I 'll show you some day); whereas Mr. Hudson will never have them. And yet, somehow, one sees he 's a gentleman. He seems to have something urging, driving, pushing him, making him restless and defiant. You see it in his eyes. They are the finest, by the way, I ever saw. When a person has such eyes as that you can forgive him his bad manners. I suppose that is what they call the sacred fire."

Rowland made no answer except to ask her in a moment if she would have another roll. She merely shook her head and went on: —

"Tell me how you found him. Where was he — how was he?"

"He was in a place called Northampton. Did you ever hear of it? He was studying law — but not learning it."

"It appears it was something horrible, eh?"

"Something horrible?"

"This little village. No society, no pleasures, no beauty, no life."

"You have received a false impression. Northampton is not as gay as Rome, but Roderick had some charming friends."

"Tell me about them. Who were they?"

"Well, there was my cousin, through whom I made his acquaintance: a delightful person."

"Young — pretty?"

"Yes, a good deal of both. And very clever."

"Did he make love to her?"

"Not in the least."

"Well, who else?"

"He lived with his mother. She is the best of women."

"Ah yes, I know all that one's mother is. But she does n't count as society. And who else?"

Rowland hesitated. He wondered whether Christina's insistance was the result of a general interest in Roderick's antecedents or of a particular suspicion. He looked at her; she was looking at him a little askance, waiting for his answer. As Roderick had said nothing about his engagement to the Cavaliere, it was probable that with this beautiful girl he had not been more explicit. And yet the thing was announced, it was public; that other girl was happy in it, proud of it. Rowland felt a kind of dumb anger rising in his heart. He deliberated a moment intently.

"What are you frowning at?" Christina asked.

"There was another person," he answered, "the most important of all: the young girl to whom he is engaged."

Christina stared a moment, raising her eyebrows. "Ah, Mr. Hudson is engaged?" she said, very simply. "Is she pretty?"

"She is not called a beauty," said Rowland. He meant to practice great brevity, but in a moment he added, "I have seen beauties, however, who pleased me less."

"Ah, she pleases *you*, too? Why don't they marry?"

"Roderick is waiting till he can afford to marry."

Christina slowly put out her arm again and looked at the dimple in her elbow. "Ah, he 's engaged?" she repeated in the same tone. "He never told me."

Rowland perceived at this moment that the people about them were beginning to return to the dancing-room, and immediately afterwards he saw Roderick making his way toward themselves. Roderick presented himself before Miss Light with a bow.

"I don't claim that you have promised me the cotillon," he said, "but I consider that you have given me hopes which warrant the confidence that you will dance with me."

Christina looked at him a moment. "Certainly I have made no promises," she said. "It seemed to me that, as the daughter of the house, I should keep myself free and let it depend on circumstances."

"I beseech you to dance with me!" said Roderick, with vehemence.

Christina rose and began to laugh.

"You say that very well, but the Italians do it better."

This assertion seemed likely to be put to the proof. Mrs. Light hastily approached, leading, rather than led by, a tall, slim young man, of an unmistakably Southern physiognomy. "My precious love," she cried, "what a place to hide in! We have been looking for you for twenty minutes; I have chosen a cavalier for you, and chosen well!"

The young man disengaged himself, made a ceremonious bow, joined his two hands, and murmured with an ecstatic smile, "May I venture to hope, dear signorina, for the honor of your hand?"

"Of course you may!" said Mrs. Light. "The honor is for us."

Christina hesitated but for a moment, then swept the young man a courtesy as profound as his own bow. "You are very kind, but you are too late. I have just accepted!"

"Ah, my own darling!' murmured — almost moaned — Mrs. Light.

Christina and Roderick exchanged a single glance — a glance brilliant on both sides. She passed her hand into his arm; he tossed his clustering locks and led her away.

A short time afterwards Rowland saw the young man whom she had rejected leaning against a doorway. He was ugly, but what is called distinguished-looking. He had a heavy black eye, a sallow complexion, a long, thin neck, and his hair cropped *en brosse*. He looked very young, yet extremely bored. He was staring at the ceiling and stroking an imperceptible mustache. Rowland espied the Cavaliere Giacosa hard by, and, having joined him, asked him the young man's name.

"Oh," said the Cavaliere, "he 's a *pezzo grosso!* A Neapolitan. Prince Casamassima."

Henry James, Jr.

THE PINE AND THE WALNUT.

(Newcastle, 1862.)

1.

A mile or so from the gray little town
Of Newcastle, perched like a gull by the sea,
On the Kittery side (where the banks shelve down
To the lovely river's golden-brown)
There towered, long since, an old pine-tree.

2.

And across the stream, in a right bee-line,
Like a sentry guarding the ruined fort,
Was a large-limbed walnut, where the kine
Huddled together in shower and shine,
Nibbling the herbage, sparse and short.

3.

Summer and winter those brave old trees
Watched the blue river that slipt between,
Leaned to the sunshine and drank the breeze,
Clothed like emperors, taking their ease,
Now in ermine and now in green.

4.

Many a time, when I was a lad,
I drifted by with suspended oar,
The wind in the walnut seemed so sad!
But ah, what a blustering voice it had
In the rugged pine on the other shore!

5.

And often, in restless slumber tost,
I seemed to be drifting down the tide,
Hearing the strident wind as it crost,
To die away like a murmuring ghost
In the drooping boughs on the farther side.

6.

Perhaps 't was a boyish fantasy,
The dream of a dreamer, half afraid,
That the wind grew sad in the walnut-tree,
But surged through the pine like the surging sea,
With a sound of distant cannonade!

7.

Only a fantasy! Who can tell?
But I think 't will haunt me to the end,
Seeing what curious thing befell
The walnut-tree, and the pine as well, —
For they went together, friend and friend!

8.

From a sullen cloud broke war at last,
And a grim sea-dog of the quarter-deck
Took the gaunt old pine for a mizzen-mast.
In the flame of battle his Spirit past,
And the mizzen dragged by the shattered wreck.

9.

With the Union Jack across him laid,
They bore him back to the town by the sea;
The guns at the Yard his requiem played;
And the Admiral's coffin, it is said,
Was shaped of the planks of the walnut-tree!

T. B. Aldrich.

ALFIERI.

Vittorio Alfieri, the Italian poet whom his countrymen would undoubtedly name next after Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, and Tasso, and who, in spite of his limitations, was a man of signal and distinct dramatic genius, not surpassed if equaled since, is scarcely more than a name to most English readers. He was born in the year 1749, at Asti, a little city of that Piedmont where there has always been a greater regard for feudal traditions than in any other part of Italy; and he belonged by birth to a nobility which is still the proudest in Europe. "What a singular country is ours," said the Chevalier Nigra, one of the first diplomats of our time, who for many years managed the delicate and difficult relations of Italy with France, but who was the son of an apothecary. "In Paris they admit me everywhere; I am asked to court and petted as few Frenchmen are; but here, in my own city of Turin, it would not be possible for me to be received by the Marchioness Doria;" and if this was true in the afternoon of the nineteenth century, one easily fancies what society must have been at Turin in the forenoon of the eighteenth.

It was in the order of the things of that day and country that Alfieri should leave home while a child and go to school at the Academy of Turin. Here, as he tells in that most characteristic and amusing autobiography of his, he spent several years in acquiring a profound ignorance of whatever he was meant to learn; and he came away a stranger not only to the humanities, but to any one language, speaking a barbarous mixture of French and Piedmontese, and reading little or nothing. Doubtless he does not spare color in this statement, but almost anything you like could be true of the education of a gentleman as a gentleman got it from the Italian priests of the last century. "We translated," he says, "the Lives of Cornelius Nepos; but none of us, perhaps not even the masters, knew who these men were, whose lives we translated, nor where was their country, nor in what times they lived, nor under what governments, nor what any government was." He learned Latin enough to turn Virgil's Georgics into his sort of Italian; but when he read Ariosto by stealth, he atoned for his transgression by failing to understand him. Yet Alfieri was one of the first scholars of that admirable academy, and he really had some impulses even then towards literature; for he liked reading Goldoni and Metastasio, though he had never heard of the name of Tasso. This was whilst he was still in the primary classes, under strict priestly control; when he passed to a more advanced grade, and found himself free to do what he liked in the manner that pleased him best, in common with the young Russians, Germans, and Englishmen then enjoying the advantages of the Academy of Turin, he says that being grounded in no study, directed by no one, and not understanding any language well, he did not know what study to take up, nor how to study. "The reading of many French romances," he goes on, "the constant association with foreigners, and the want of all occasion to speak Italian, or to hear it spoken, drove from my head that small amount of wretched Tuscan which I had contrived to put there in those two or three years of burlesque study of the humanities and asinine rhetoric. In place of it," he says, "the French entered into my empty brain;" but he is careful to disclaim any literary merit for the French he knew, and he afterwards came to hate it, with everything else that was French, very bitterly.

It was before this, a little, that Alfieri contrived his first sonnet, which, when he read it to the uncle with whom he lived, made that old soldier laugh unmercifully, so that until his twenty-fifth year the poet made no further attempts

in verse. When he left school he spent three years in travel, after the fashion of those grand-touring days when you had to be a gentleman of birth and fortune in order to travel, and when you journeyed by your own conveyance from capital to capital, with letters to your sovereign's ambassadors everywhere, and spent your money handsomely upon the pleasant dissipations of the countries through which you passed. Alfieri is constantly at the trouble to have us know that he was a very morose and ill-conditioned young animal, and the figure he makes as a traveler is no more amiable than edifying. He had a ruling passion for horses, and then several smaller passions quite as wasteful and idle. He was driven from place to place by a demon of unrest, and was mainly concerned, after reaching a city, in getting away from it as soon as he could. He gives anecdotes enough in proof of this, and he forgets nothing that can enhance the surprise of his future literary greatness. At the Ambrosian Library in Milan they showed him a manuscript of Petrarch's, which, "like a true barbarian," as he says, he flung aside, declaring that he knew nothing about it, having a rancor against this Petrarch, whom he had once tried to read, and had altogether failed to understand. At Rome the Sardinian minister innocently affronted him by repeating some verses of Marcellus, which the sulky young noble could not comprehend. In Ferrara he did not remember that it was the city of that divine Ariosto whose poem was the first that came into his hands, and which he had now read in part with infinite pleasure. "But my poor intellect," he says, "was then sleeping a most sordid sleep, and every day, as far as regards letters, rusted more and more. It is true, however, that with respect to knowledge of the world and of men, I constantly learned not a little, without taking note of it, so many and diverse were the phases of life and manners that I daily beheld." At Florence he visited the galleries and churches, with much disgust and no feeling for the beautiful, especially in painting, his eyes being very dull to color. "If I liked anything better, it was sculpture a little, and architecture yet a little more;" and it is interesting to note how all his tragedies reflect these preferences, in their total lack of color and in their sculpturesque strength and sharpness of outline.

From Italy he passed as restlessly into France, yet with something of a more definite intention, for he meant to frequent the French theatre. He had seen a company of French players at Turin, and had acquainted himself with the most famous French tragedies and comedies, but with no thought of writing tragedies of his own. He felt no creative impulse, and he liked the comedies best; though, as he says, he was by nature more inclined to tears than to laughter. But he does not seem to have enjoyed the theatre much in Paris, a city for which he conceived at once the greatest dislike, he says, "on account of the squalor and barbarity of the buildings, the absurd and pitiful pomp of the few houses that affected to be palaces, the filthiness and gothicism of the churches, the vandalic structure of the theatres of that time, and the many and many and many disagreeable objects that all day fell under my notice, and worst of all the unspeakably misshapen and beplastered faces of those ugliest of women."

He had at this time already conceived that hatred of kings which breathes, or, I may better say, bellows, from his tragedies; and he was enraged even beyond his habitual fury by his reception at court, where it was etiquette for Louis XV. to stare at him from head to foot and give no sign of having received any impression whatever.

In Holland he fell in love, for the first time, and as was *de rigueur* in the polite society of that day, the object of his passion was another man's wife. In England he fell in love the second time, and as fashionably as before. The intrigue lasted for months; in the end it came to a duel with the lady's husband and a great scandal in the newspapers; but in spite of these displeasures, Alfieri liked everything in England. "The streets, the taverns, the horses, the

women, the universal prosperity, the life and activity of that island, the cleanliness and convenience of the houses, though extremely little," — as they still strike every one coming from Italy, — these and other charms of "that fortunate and free country" made an impression upon him that never was effaced. He did not at that time, he says, "study profoundly the constitution, mother of so much prosperity," but he "knew enough to observe and value its sublime effects."

Before his memorable sojourn in England, he spent half a year at Turin reading Rousseau, among other philosophers, and Voltaire, whose prose delighted and whose verse wearied him. "But the book of books for me," he says, "and the one which that winter caused me to pass hours of bliss and rapture, was Plutarch, his Lives of the truly great; and some of these, as Timoleon, Cæsar, Brutus, Pelopidas, Cato, and others, I read and read again, with such a transport of cries, tears, and fury, that if any one had heard me in the next room he would surely have thought me mad. In meditating certain grand traits of these supreme men, I often leaped to my feet, agitated and out of my senses, and tears of grief and rage escaped me to think that I was born in Piedmont, and in a time, and under a government, where no high thing could be done or said; and it was almost useless to think or feel it."

These characters had a life-long fascination for Alfieri, and his admiration of such types deeply influenced his tragedies. So great was his scorn of kings at the time he writes of, that he despised even those who liked them, and poor little Metastasio, who lived by the bounty of Maria Theresa, fell under Alfieri's bitterest contempt when in Vienna he saw his brother-poet before the empress in the imperial gardens at Schönbrunn, "performing the customary genuflexions with a servilely contented and adulatory face." This loathing of royalty was naturally intensified beyond utterance in Prussia. "On entering the states of Frederick, I felt redoubled and triplicated my hate for that infamous military trade, most infamous and sole base of arbitrary power." He told his minister that he would be presented only in civil dress, because there were uniforms enough at that court, and he declares that on beholding Frederick he felt "no emotion of wonder, or of respect, but rather of indignation and rage. . . . The king addressed me the three or four customary words; I fixed my eyes respectfully upon his, and inwardly blessed Heaven that I had not been born his slave; and I issued from that universal Prussian barracks . . . abhorring it as it deserved."

In Paris, Alfieri bought the principal Italian authors, which he afterwards carried everywhere with him on his travels; but he says that he made very little use of them, having neither the will nor the power to apply his mind to anything. In fact, he knew very little Italian, most of the authors in his collection were strange to him, and at the age of twenty-two he had read nothing whatever of Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Boccaccio, or Machiavelli.

He made a journey into Spain, among other countries, where he admired the Andalusian horses, and bored himself as usual with what interests educated people; and he signalized his stay at Madrid by a murderous outburst of one of the worst tempers in the world. One night his servant Elia, in dressing his hair, had the misfortune to twitch one of his locks in such a way as to give him a slight pain; on which Alfieri leaped to his feet, seized a heavy candlestick, and without a word struck the valet such a blow upon his temple that the blood gushed out over his face, and over the person of a young Spanish gentleman who had been supping with Alfieri. Elia sprang upon his master, who drew his sword, but the Spaniard after great ado quieted them both; "and so ended this horrible encounter," says Alfieri, "for which I remained deeply afflicted and ashamed. I told Elia that he would have done well to kill me; and he was the man to have done it, being a palm taller than myself, who am very tall, and of a

strength and courage not inferior to his height. Two hours later, his wound being dressed and everything put in order, I went to bed, leaving the door from my room into Elia's open as usual, without listening to the Spaniard, who warned me not thus to invite a provoked and outraged man to vengeance: I called to Elia, who had already gone to bed, that he could, if he liked and thought proper, kill me that night, for I deserved it. But he was no less heroic than I, and would take no other revenge than to keep two handkerchiefs, which had been drenched in his blood, and which from time to time he showed me in the course of many years. This reciprocal mixture of fierceness and generosity on both our parts will not be easily understood by those who have had no experience of the customs and of the temper of us Piedmontese;" though here, perhaps, Alfieri does his country too much honor in making his ferocity a national trait. For the rest, he says, he never struck a servant except as he would have done an equal — not with a cane, but with his fist, or a chair, or anything else that came to hand; and he seems to have thought this a democratic if not an amiable characteristic.

When at last he went back to Turin, he fell once more into his old life of mere vacancy, varied before long by a most unworthy amour, of which he tells us that he finally cured himself by causing his servant to tie him in his chair, and so keep him a prisoner in his own house. A violent distemper followed this treatment, which the light-moraled gossip of the town said Alfieri had invented exclusively for his own use; many days he lay in bed tormented by this anguish; but when he rose he was no longer a slave to his passion. Shortly after, he wrote a tragedy, or a tragic dialogue rather, in Italian blank verse, called Cleopatra, which was played in a Turinese theatre with a success of which he tells us he was at once and always ashamed.

Yet apparently it encouraged him to persevere in literature, his qualifications for tragical authorship being "a resolute spirit, very obstinate and untamed, a heart running over with passions of every kind, among which predominated a bizarre mixture of love and all its furies, and a profound and most ferocious rage and abhorrence against all tyranny whatsoever; . . . a very dim and uncertain remembrance of various French tragedies seen in the theatres many years before; . . . an almost total ignorance of all the rules of tragic art, and an unskillfulness almost total in the divine and most necessary art of writing and managing his own language." With this stock in trade, he set about turning his Filippo and his Polinice, which he wrote first in French prose, into Italian verse; making at the same time a careful study of the Italian poets. It was at this period that the poet Ossian was introduced to mankind by the ingenious and self-sacrificing Mr. McPherson, and Cesarotti's translation of him came into Alfieri's hands. These blank verses were the first that really pleased him; with a little modification he thought they would be an excellent model for the verse of dialogue.

He had now refused himself the pleasure of reading French, and he had nowhere to turn for tragic literature but to the classics, which he read in literal versions while he renewed his faded Latin with the help of a teacher. But he believed that his originality as a tragic author suffered from his reading, and he determined to read no more tragedies till he had made his own. For this reason he already had given up Shakespeare. "The more that author accorded with my humor (though I very well perceived all his defects), the more I was resolved to abstain," he tells us.

This was during a literary sojourn in Tuscany, whither he had gone to accustom himself "to speak, hear, think, and dream in Tuscan, and not otherwise, evermore." Here he versified his first two tragedies, and sketched others, and here, he says, "I deluged my brain with the verses of Petrarch, of Dante, of Tasso, and of Ariosto, convinced that the day would infallibly come, in which all these forms, phrases, and words of others would return from its cells, blended and

identified with my own ideas and emotions."

He had now indeed entered with all the fury of his nature into the business of making tragedies, which he did very much as if he had been making love. He abandoned everything else for it — country, home, money, friends; for having decided to live henceforth only in Tuscany, and hating to ask and ask that royal permission to remain abroad without which, annually renewed, the Piedmontese noble of that day could not reside out of his own country, he gave up his estates at Asti to his sister, keeping for himself a pension that came to only about half his former income. The king of Piedmont was very well, as kings went in that day; and he did nothing to hinder the poet's expatriation. The long period of study and production which followed, Alfieri spent chiefly at Florence, but partly also at Rome and Naples. During this time he wrote and printed most of his tragedies; and he formed that relation, common enough in the best society of the eighteenth century, with the Countess of Albany, which continued as long as he lived. The countess's husband was the Pretender Charles Edward, the last of the English Stuarts, who, like all his house, abetted his own evil destiny, and was then drinking himself to death; there were difficulties in the way of her living with Alfieri which would not perhaps have beset a less exalted lady, and which required an especial wink on the part of the Pope. But this his Holiness was pleased to bestow, after being much prayed; and when her husband was dead, she and Alfieri were privately married. Their house became a centre of fashionable and intellectual society in Florence, and to be received in it was the best that could happen to any one. The relation seems to have been a sufficiently happy one; neither was painfully scrupulous in observing its ties, and after Alfieri's death the countess gave to the painter Fabre "a heart which," says Massimo d'Azeglio in his Memoirs, "according to the usage of the time, and especially of high society, felt the invincible necessity of keeping itself in continual exercise." A cynical little story of Alfieri reading one of his tragedies in company, while Fabre stood behind him making eyes at the countess, and from time to time kissing her ring on his finger, was told to D'Azeglio by an aunt of his who witnessed the scene.

In 1787 the poet went to France to oversee the printing of a complete edition of his works, and five years later he found himself in Paris when the Revolution was at its height. The countess was with him, and after great trouble he got passports for both, and hurried to the city barrier. The National Guards stationed there would have let them pass, but a party of drunken patriots coming up had their worst fears aroused by the sight of two carriages with sober and decent people in them, and heavily laden with baggage. While they parleyed whether they had better stone the equipages, or set fire to them, Alfieri leaped out, and a scene ensued which placed him in a very characteristic light, and which enables us to see him as it were in person. When the patriots had read the passports, he seized them, and, as he says, "full of disgust and rage, and not knowing at the moment, or in my passion despising the immense peril that attended us, I thrice shook my passport in my hand, and shouted at the top of my voice, 'Look! Listen! Alfieri is my name; Italian and not French; tall, lean, pale, red hair; I am he; look at me: I have my passport, and I have had it legitimately from those who could give it; we wish to pass, and, by Heaven, we *will* pass!'"

They passed, and two days later the authorities that had approved their passports confiscated the horses, furniture, and books that Alfieri had left behind him in Paris, and declared him and the countess — both foreigners — to be refugee aristocrats!

He established himself again in Florence, where, in his forty-sixth year, he took up the study of Greek, and made himself master of that literature, though, till then, he had scarcely known the Greek alphabet. The chief fruit of this study was a tragedy in the manner of

Euripides, which he wrote in secret, and which he read to a company so polite that they thought it really was Euripides during the whole of the first two acts.

Alfieri's remaining years were spent in study and the revision of his works, to the number of which he added six comedies in 1800. The presence and domination of the detested French in Florence embittered his life somewhat; but if they had not been there he could never have had the pleasure of refusing to see the French commandant, who had a taste for literary people if not for literature, and would fain have paid his respects to the poet. He must also have found consolation in the thought that if the French had become masters of Europe, many kings had been dethroned, and every tyrant who wore a crown was in a very pitiable state of terror or disaster.

Nothing in Alfieri's life was more like him than his death, of which the Abbate di Caluso gives a full account in his conclusion of the poet's biography. His malady was gout, and amidst its tortures he still labored at his comedies. He was impatient at being kept in-doors, and when they added plasters on the feet to the irksomeness of his confinement, he tore away the bandages that prevented him from walking about his room. He would not go to bed, and they gave him opiates to ease his anguish; under their influence his mind was molested by many memories of things long past. "The studies and labors of thirty years," says the abbate, "recurred to him, and what was yet more wonderful, he repeated in order from memory a good number of Greek verses from the beginning of Hesiod, which he had read but once. These he said over to the Signora Contessa, who sat by his side, but it does not appear, for all this, that there ever came to him the thought that death, which he had been for a long time used to imagine near, was then imminent. It is certain at least that he made no sign to the contessa, though she did not leave him till morning. About six o'clock he took oil and magnesia without the physician's advice, and near eight he was observed to be in great danger, and the Signora Contessa, being called, found him in agonies that took away his breath. Nevertheless he rose from his chair, and going to the bed, leaned upon it, and presently the day was darkened to him, his eyes closed, and he expired. The duties and consolations of religion were not forgotten, but the evil was not thought so near, nor haste necessary, and so the confessor who was called did not come in time." D'Azeglio relates that the confessor arrived at the supreme moment, and saw the poet bow his head: "He thought it was a salutation, but it was the death of Vittorio Alfieri."

I once fancied that a very close parallel between Alfieri and Byron might be drawn, but their disparities are greater than their resemblances, on the whole. Alfieri seems the vastly sincerer man of the two, and though their lives were alike in some lamentable particulars, Alfieri's life strikes me as unmoral, and Byron's as immoral. There is an antique simplicity in Alfieri; Byron is the essence of conscious romanticism, and modern in the worst sense. But both were born noble, both lived in voluntary exile, both imagined themselves friends and admirers of liberty, both had violent natures, and both indulged the curious hypocrisy of desiring to seem worse than they were, and of trying to make out a shocking case for themselves when they could. They were men who hardly outlived their boyishness. Alfieri, indeed, had to struggle against so many defects of training that he could not have reached maturity in the longest life. He seems to have had no principles, good or bad, but only passions; he hated with equal noisiness the tyrants of Europe and the Frenchmen who dethroned them.

When he left the life of a dissolute young noble for that of tragic authorship, he seized upon such histories and fables as would give the freest course to a harsh, narrow, gloomy, vindictive, and declamatory nature; and his dramas reproduce the terrible fatalistic traditions of the Greeks, the stories of Œdipus, Myrrha, Alcestis, Clytemnestra, Orestes, and such passages of Roman history as those relat-

ing to the Brutuses and to Virginia. In modern history he has taken such characters and events as those of Philip II., Mary Stuart, Don Garcia, and the Conspiracy of the Pazzi. Two of his tragedies are from the Bible, the Abel and the Saul; one, the Rosmunda, from Longobardic history. And these themes, varying so vastly as to the times, races, and religions with which they originated. are all treated in the same spirit, — the spirit Alfieri believed Greek. Their interest comes from the situations and events; of character, as we have it in the romantic drama, and supremely in Shakespeare, there is scarcely anything; and the language is shorn of all metaphor and picturesque expression. Of course their form is wholly unlike that of the romantic drama; Alfieri holds fast by the famous unities as the chief and saving grace of tragedy. All his actions take place within twenty-four hours; there is no change of scene, and so far as he can master that most obstinate unity, the unity of action, each piece is furnished with a tangible beginning, middle, and ending. The wide stretches of time which the old Spanish and English and all modern dramas cover, and their frequent transitions from place to place, were impossible and abhorrent to him.

Schlegel, in his lectures on dramatic literature, blames Alfieri as one whose style was wanting in imagery and whose characters in fancy; who made his Italian stiff and brittle in trying to make it strong, and whose verse is harsh and unmusical. According to the German he paints naked and general ideas in unrelieved black and white; his villains are too openly villainous, his virtuous persons unlovely; he forgets, in casting aside grace and ornament for the sake of the moral effect, that a poet cannot teach except by pleasing; his tragedies are not Greek at all, and not comparable with the best French tragedies; he depicts tyrants with the colors of the school rhetoricians; he fails with modern subjects because his ideal of the tragic forbids a local and determinate presentation; the Greek subjects lose their heroic magnificence in his hands, and take a modern, almost vulgar air. He manages best the public life of the Romans, and it is a great merit of his Virginia that the scene is in the forum, and partly before the eyes of the people. At other times, in his anxiety to observe the unity of scene, he places his action in some out of the way corner, whither come only persons in difficulties. He strips his kings and heroes of external pomp, and the world around them seems depopulated.

In many respects I think this all just enough; but I find Alfieri's Greek tragedies far from vulgar. They have a grandeur quite independent of the graces which Schlegel supposes necessary to poetry, and they are not wanting in very delicate touches of pathos. On the other hand, I do not care for his Roman tragedies, or Tragedies of Liberty, as he calls them, which weary you with their windy tirades against tyrants.

It is equally hard to agree in all things with Emiliani-Giudici, the Italian critic, who most disagrees with Schlegel, and who, writing about the middle of our century, declares that when the fiery love of freedom shall have purged Italy, the Alfierian drama will be the only representation worthy of a great and free people. This critic holds that Alfieri's tragical ideal was of such a simplicity that it would seem derived regularly from the Greek, but for the fact that when he felt irresistibly moved to write tragedy, he probably did not know even the names of the Greek dramatists, and could not have known the structure of their dramas by indirect means, having read then only some Metastasian plays of the French school; so that he created that ideal of his by pure, instinctive force of genius. With him, as with the Greeks, art arose spontaneously; he felt the form of Greek art by inspiration. He believed from the very first that the dramatic poet should assume to render the spectators unconscious of theatrical artifice, and make them take part with the actors; and he banished from the scene everything that could diminish their illusion; he would not mar the intensity of the effect by changing the action from place to place, or by compressing within the brief time

of the representation the events of months and years. To achieve the unity of action, he dispensed with all those parts which did not seem to him the most principal, and he studied how to show the subject of the drama in the clearest light. In all this he went to the extreme, but he so wrought "that the print of his cothurnus stamped upon the field of art should remain forever singular and inimitable. Reading his tragedies in order, from the Cleopatra to the Saul, you see how he never changed his tragic ideal, but discerned it more and more distinctly until he fully realized it. Æschylus and Alfieri are two links that unite the chain in a circle. In Alfieri art once more achieved the faultless purity of its proper character; Greek tragedy reached the same height in the Italian's Saul that it touched in the Greek's Prometheus, two dramas which are perhaps the most gigantic creations of any literature." Emiliani-Giudici thinks that the literary ineducation of Alfieri was the principal exterior cause of this prodigious development, that a more regular course of study would have restrained his creative genius, and, while smoothing the way before it, would have subjected it to methods and robbed it of originality of feeling and conception. "Tragedy, born sublime, terrible, vigorous, heroic, the life of liberty, . . . was, as it were, redeemed by Vittorio Alfieri, reassumed the masculine, athletic forms of its original existence, and recommenced the exercise of its lost ministry."

I do not begin to think this is all true. Alfieri himself owns his acquaintance with the French theatre before the time when he began to write, and we must believe that he got at least some of his ideas of Athens from Paris, though he liked the Frenchmen none the better for his obligation to them. A less mechanical conception of the Greek idea than his would have prevented its application to historical subjects. In Alfieri's Brutus the First, a far greater stretch of imagination is required from the spectator in order to preserve the unities of time and place than the most capricious changes of scene would have asked. The scene is always in the forum in Rome; the action occurs within twenty-four hours. During this limited time, we see the body of Lucretia borne along in the distance; Brutus harangues the people with the bloody dagger in his hand. The emissaries of Tarquin arrive and organize a conspiracy against the new republic; the sons of Brutus are found in the plot, and are convicted and put to death.

But such incongruities as these do not affect us in the tragedies based on the heroic fables; here the poet takes without offense any liberty he likes with time and place; the whole affair is in his hands, to do what he will so long as he respects the internal harmony of his own work. For this reason I think we find Alfieri at his best in these tragedies, among which I have liked the Orestes best, as giving the widest range of feeling with the greatest vigor of action. The Agamemnon, which precedes it, and which ought to be read first, closes with its most powerful scene. Agamemnon has returned from Troy to Argos with his captive Cassandra, and Ægisthus has persuaded Clytemnestra that her husband intends to raise Cassandra to the throne. She kills him and reigns with Ægisthus, Electra concealing Orestes on the night of the murder, and sending him secretly away with Strophius, king of Phocis.

In the last scene, as Clytemnestra steals through the darkness to her husband's chamber, she soliloquizes, with the dagger in her hand: —

It is the hour; and sunk in slumber now
Lies Agamemnon. Shall he nevermore
Open his eyes to the fair light? My hand,
Once pledged to him of stainless love and faith,
Is it to be the minister of his death?
Did I swear that? Ay, that; and I must keep
My oath. Quick, let me go! My foot, heart, hand —
All over I tremble. Oh what did I promise?
Wretch! what do I attempt? How all my courage
Hath vanished from me since Ægisthus vanished!
I only see the immense atrocity
Of this, my horrible deed; I only see
The bloody spectre of Atrides! Ah,
In vain do I accuse thee. No, thou lovest
Cassandra not. Me, only me, thou lovest,
Unworthy of thy love. Thou hast no blame,
Save that thou art my husband, in the world!
O Heaven! Atrides, thou sent from the arms
Of trustful sleep, to death's arms by my hand?
And where then shall I hide me? O perfidy!

Can I e'er hope for peace? O woeful life —
Life of remorse, of madness, and of tears! . . .
How shall Ægisthus, even Ægisthus, dare
To rest beside the parricidal wife
Upon her murder-stained marriage-bed,
Nor tremble for himself? Away, away, —
Hence, horrible instrument of all my guilt
And harm, thou execrable dagger, hence!
I 'll lose at once my lover and my life,
But not by this hand slain shall fall
So great a hero! Live, honor of Greece
And Asia's terror! Live to glory, live
To thy dear children, and a better wife!
— But what are these hushed steps? Into these rooms
Who is it comes by night? Ægisthus? — Lost, I am lost!
Ægisthus. Hast thou not done the deed?
Cly. Ægisthus —
Æg. What, stand'st thou here, wasting thyself in tears?
Woman, untimely are thy tears; 't is late,
'T is vain, and it may cost us dear!
Cly. Thou here!
But how — woe 's me, what did I promise thee?
What wicked counsel —
Æg. Was it not thy counsel?
Love gave it thee and fear annuls it — well!
Since thou repentest, I am glad; and glad
To know thee guiltless shall I be in death.
I told thee that the enterprise was hard,
But thou, unduly trusting in the heart,
That hath not a man's courage in it, chose
Thyself thy feeble hands to strike the blow.
Now may Heaven grant that the intent of evil
Turn not to harm thee! Hither I by stealth
And favor of the darkness have returned,
Unseen, I hope. For I perforce must come
Myself to tell thee that irrevocably
My life is dedicated to the vengeance
Of Agamemnon.

He appeals to her pity for him, and her fear for herself; he reminds her of Agamemnon's consent to the sacrifice of Iphigenia, and goads her on to the crime from which she had recoiled. She goes into Agamemnon's chamber, whence his dying outcries are heard: —

O treachery!
Thou, wife? O heavens, I die! O treachery!

Clytemnestra comes out with the dagger in her hand: —

The dagger drips with blood; my hands, my robe,
My face — they all are wet with blood. What vengeance
Shall yet be taken for this blood! Already
I see this very steel turned on my breast,
And by whose hand!

The son whom she forebodes as the avenger of Agamemnon's death passes his childhood and early youth at the court of Strophius in Phocis. The tragedy named for him opens with Electra's soliloquy as she goes to weep at the tomb of their father: —

Night, gloomy, horrible, atrocious night,
Forever present to my thought, each year
For now two lustres I have seen thee come,
Clothed on with darkness and with dreams of blood,
And blood that should have expiated thine
Is not yet spilt! O memory, O sight!
O Agamemnon, hapless father, here
Upon these stones I saw thee murdered lie,
Murdered, and by what hand! . .
I swear to thee,
If I in Argos, in thy palace live,
Slave of Ægisthus, with my wicked mother,
Nothing makes me endure a life like this
Saving the hope of vengeance. Far away
Orestes is; but living! I saved thee, brother;
I keep myself for thee, till the day rise
When thou shalt make to stream upon yon tomb
Not helpless tears like these, but our foe's blood.

While Electra fiercely muses, Clytemnestra enters with the appeal: —

Cly. Daughter!
El. What voice! O Heaven, thou here?
Cly. My daughter,
Ah, do not fly me! Thy pious task I fain
Would share with thee. Ægisthus in vain forbids,
He shall not know. Ah, come, go we together
Unto the tomb.
El. Whose tomb?
Cly. Thy — hapless — father's.
El. Wherefore not say thy husband's tomb?
'T is well:
Thou darest not speak it. But how dost thou dare
Turn thitherward thy steps, — thou that dost reek
Yet with his blood?
Cly. Two lustres now are passed
Since that dread day, and two whole lustres now
I weep my crime.
El. And what time were enough
For that? Ah, if thy tears should be eternal,
They yet were nothing. Look! Seest thou not still
The blood upon these horrid walls — the blood
That thou didst splash them with? And at thy presence
Lo, how it reddens and grows quick again!
Fly thou, whom I must never more call mother!
. . . . . .
Cly. Oh, woe is me! What can I answer? Pity —
But I merit none! — And yet if in my heart,
Daughter, thou couldst but read — ah, who could look
Into the secret of a heart like mine,
Contaminated with such infamy,
And not abhor me? I blame not thy wrath,
No, nor thy hate. On earth I feel already
The guilty pangs of hell. Scarce had the blow
Escaped my hand before a swift remorse,
Swift but too late, fell terrible upon me.
From that hour still the sanguinary ghost
By day and night, and ever horrible,
Hath moved before mine eyes. Where'er I turn
I see its bleeding footsteps trace the path
That I must follow; at table, on the throne,
It sits beside me; on my bitter pillow
If e'er it chance I close mine eyes in sleep,
The spectre — fatal vision! — instantly
Shows itself in my dreams, and tears the breast,
Already mangled, with a furious hand,
And thence draws both its palms full of dark blood,
To dash it in my face! On dreadful nights

Follow more dreadful days. In a long death
I live my life. Daughter, — whate'er I am,
Thou art my daughter still, — dost thou not weep
At tears like mine?

Clytemnestra confesses that Ægisthus no longer loves her, but she loves him, and she shrinks from Electra's fierce counsel that she shall kill him. He enters to find her in tears, and a violent scene between him and Electra follows, in which Clytemnestra interposes.

Cly. O daughter, he is my husband. Think, Ægisthus,
She is my daughter.
Æg. She is Atrides' daughter!
El. He is Atrides' murderer!
Cly. Electra!
Have pity, Ægisthus! Look — the tomb! Oh look,
The horrible tomb! — and art thou not content?
Æg. Woman, be less unlike thyself. Atrides, —
Tell me by whose hand in yon tomb he lies?
Cly. O mortal blame! What else is lacking now
To my unhappy, miserable life?
Who drove me to it now upbraids my crime!
El. O marvelous joy! O only joy that 's blessed
My heart in these ten years! I see you both
At last the prey of anger and remorse;
I hear at last what must the endearments be
Of love so blood-stained.

The first act closes with a scene between Ægisthus and Clytemnestra, in which he urges her to consent that he shall send to have Orestes murdered, and reminds her of her former crimes when she revolts from this. The scene is very well managed, with that frugality of phrase which in Alfieri is quite as apt to be touchingly simple as bare and poor. In the opening scene of the second act, Orestes has returned in disguise to Argos with Pylades, the son of Strophius, to whom he speaks: —

We are come at last. Here Agamemnon fell,
Murdered, and here Ægisthus reigns. Here rose
In memory still, though I a child departed,
These natal walls, and the just Heaven in time
Leads me back hither.
Twice five years have passed
This very day since that dread night of blood,
When, slain by treachery, my father made
The whole wide palace with his dolorous cries
Echo again. Oh, well do I remember!
Electra swiftly bore me through this hall
Thither where Strophius in his pitying arms
Received me — Strophius, less by far thy father
Than mine, thereafter — and fled onward with me
By yonder postern-gate, all tremulous;
And after me there ran upon the air
Long a wild clamor and a lamentation
That made me weep and shudder and lament,
I knew not why, and weeping Strophius ran,
Forbidding with his hand my outcries shrill,
Clasping me close, and sprinkling all my face
With bitter tears; and to the lonely coast,
Where only now we landed, with his charge
He came apace; and eagerly unfurled
His sails before the wind.

Pylades strives to restrain the passion for revenge in Orestes, which scarcely brooks the control of prudence, and imperils them both. The friend proposes that they shall feign themselves messengers sent by Strophius with tidings of Orestes' death, and Orestes has reluctantly consented, when Electra reappears, and they recognize each other. Pylades discloses their plan, and when her brother urges, "The means is vile," she answers, all woman, —

Less vile than is Ægisthus. There is none
Better or surer, none, believe me. When
You are led to him, let it be mine to think
Of all — the place, the manner, time, and arms,
To kill him. Still I keep, Orestes, still
I keep the steel that in her husband's breast
She plunged whom nevermore we might call mother.
Orestes. How fares it with that impious woman?
Electra. Ah,
Thou canst not know how she drags out her life!
Save only Agamemnon's children, all
Must pity her — and even we must pity.
Full ever of suspicion and of terror,
And held in scorn even by Ægisthus' self,
Loving Ægisthus though she know his guilt;
Repentant, and yet ready to renew
Her crime, perchance, if the unworthy love
Which is her shame and her abhorrence, would;
Now wife, now mother, never wife nor mother,
Bitter remorse gnaws at her heart by day
Unceasingly, and horrible shapes by night
Scare slumber from her eyes. — So fares it with her.

In the third scene of the following act Clytemnestra meets Orestes and Pylades, who announce themselves as messengers from Phocis to the king; she bids them deliver their tidings to her, and they finally do so, Pylades struggling to prevent Orestes from revealing himself. There are touchingly simple and natural passages in the lament that Clytemnestra breaks into over her son's death, and there is fire, with its true natural extinction in tears, when she upbraids Ægisthus, who now enters: —

My fair fame and my husband and my peace,
My only son beloved, I gave thee all.
. . . . . .
All that I gave thou didst account as nothing
While aught remained to take. Who ever saw
At once so cruel and so false a heart?
The guilty love that thou didst feign so ill
And I believed so well, what hindrance to it,
What hindrance, tell me, was the child Orestes?
Yet scarce had Agamemnon died before
Thou didst cry out for his son's blood; and searched

Through all the palace in thy fury. Then
The blade thou durst not wield against the father,
Then thou didst brandish. Ay, bold wast thou then
Against a helpless child! . . .
Unhappy son, what booted it to save thee
From thy sire's murderer, since thou hast found
Death ere thy time in strange lands far away.
Ægisthus, villainous usurper! Thou,
Thou hast slain my son! Ægisthus — Oh forgive!
I was a mother, and am so no more.

Throughout this scene, and in the soliloquy preceding it, Alfieri paints very forcibly the struggle in Clytemnestra between her love for her son and her love for Ægisthus, to whom she clings even while he exults in the tidings that wring her heart. It is all too boldly presented, doubtless, but it is very effective and affecting.

Orestes and Pylades are now brought before Ægisthus, and he demands how and where Orestes died, for after his first rejoicing he has come to doubt the fact. Pylades responds in one of those speeches with which Alfieri seems to carve the scene in bas-relief: —

Every fifth year an ancient use renews
In Crete the games and offerings to Jove.
The love of glory and innate ambition
Lure the youth to that coast; and by his side
Goes Pylades, inseparable from him.
In the light car upon the arena wide,
The hopes of triumph urge him to contest
The proud palm of the flying-footed steeds,
And too intent on winning, there his life
He gives for victory.
Æg. But how? Say on.
Pyl. Too fierce, impatient, and incautious, he
Now frights his horses on with threatening cries,
Now whirls his blood-stained whip, and lashes them,
Till past the goal the ill-tamed coursers fly
Faster and faster. Reckless of the rein,
Deaf to the voice that fain would soothe them now,
Their nostrils breathing fire, their loose manes tossed
Upon the wind, and in thick clouds involved
Of choking dust, round the vast circle's bound,
As lightning swift they whirl and whirl again.
Fright, horror, mad confusion, death, the car
Spreads in its crooked circles everywhere,
Until at last, the smoking axle dashed
With horrible shock against a marble pillar,
Orestes headlong falls —
Cly. No more! Ah, peace!
His mother hears thee.
Pyl. It is true. Forgive me.
I will not tell how, horribly dragged on,
His streaming life-blood soaked the arena's dust —
Pylades ran — in vain — within his arms
His friend expired.
Cly. O wicked death!
Pyl. In Crete
All men lamented him, so potent in him
Were beauty, grace, and daring.
Cly. Nay, who would not
Lament him save this wretch alone? Dear son,
Must I then never, never see thee more?
O me! too well I see thee crossing now
The Stygian stream to clasp thy father's shade:
Both turn your frowning eyes askance on me,
Burning with dreadful wrath! Yea, it was I,
'T was I that slew you both. Infamous mother
And guilty wife! — Now art content, Ægisthus?

Ægisthus still doubts, and pursues the pretended messengers with such insulting question that Orestes, goaded beyond endurance, betrays that their character is assumed. They are seized and about to be led to prison in chains, when Electra enters and in her anguish at the sight exclaims, "Orestes led to die!" Then ensues a fine scene, in which each of the friends claims to be Orestes. At last Orestes shows the dagger Electra has given him, and offers it to Clytemnestra, that she may stab Ægisthus with the same weapon with which she killed Agamemnon: —

To thee I give my dagger
Whom then I would call mother. Take it; thou knowest how
To wield it; plunge it in Ægisthus' heart!
Leave me to die; I care not, if I see
My father avenged. I ask no other proof
Of thy maternal love from thee. Quick, now,
Strike! Oh, what is it that I see? Thou tremblest?
Thou growest pale? Thou weepest? From thy hand
The dagger falls? Thou lov'st Ægisthus, lov'st him
And art Orestes' mother? Madness! Go,
And never let me look on thee again!

Ægisthus dooms Electra to the same death with Orestes and Pylades, but on the way to prison the guards liberate them all, and the Argives rise against the usurper with the beginning of the fifth act, which I shall give entire, because I think it very characteristic of Alfieri, and necessary to a conception of his vehement, if somewhat arid genius. I translate as heretofore almost line for line, and word for word, keeping the Italian order as nearly as I can.

SCENE I.

ÆGISTHUS *and Soldiers.*

Æg. O treachery unforeseen! O madness! Freed,
Orestes freed? Now we shall see . . .

Enter CLYTEMNESTRA.

Cly. Ah! turn
Backward thy steps.
Æg. Ah, wretch, dost thou arm too
Against me?
Cly. I would save thee. Hearken to me,
I am no longer —
Æg. Traitress —
Cly. Stay!
Æg. Thou 'st promised
Haply to give me to that wretch alive?

Cly. To keep thee, save thee from him, I have sworn,
Though I should perish for thee! Ah, remain
And hide thou here in safety. I will be
Thy stay against his fury —
Æg. Against his fury
My sword shall be my stay. Go, leave me!
I go —
Cly. Whither?
Æg. To kill him!
Cly. To thy death thou goest!
O me! What dost thou? Hark! Dost thou not hear
The yells and threats of the whole people? Hold!
I will not leave thee.
Æg. Nay, thou hop'st in vain
To save thy impious son from death. Hence! Peace!
Or I will else —
Cly. Oh yes, Ægisthus, kill me,
If thou believ'st me not. "Orestes!" Hark!
"Orestes!" How that terrible name on high
Rings everywhere! I am no longer mother
When thou 'rt in danger. Against my blood I grow
Cruel once more.
Æg. Thou knowest well the Argives
Do hate thy face, and at the sight of thee
The fury were redoubled in their hearts.
The tumult rises. Ah, thou wicked wretch,
Thou wast the cause! For thee did I delay
Vengeance that turns on me now.
Cly. Kill me, then!
Æg. I 'll find escape some other way.
Cly. I follow —
Æg. Ill shield wert thou for me. Leave me — away, away!
At no price would I have thee by my side!
[*Exit.*
Cly. All hunt me from them! O most hapless state!
My son no longer owns me for his mother,
My husband for his wife: and wife and mother
I still must be! O misery! Afar
I 'll follow him, nor lose the way he went.

Enter Electra.

El. Mother, where goest thou? Turn thy steps again
Into the palace. Danger —
Cly. Orestes — speak!
Where is he? What does he do?
El. Orestes,
Pylades, and myself, we are all safe.
Even Ægisthus' minions pitied us.
They cried, "This is Orestes!" and the people,
"Long live Orestes! Let Ægisthus die!"
Cly. What do I hear!
El. Calm thyself, mother; soon
Thou shalt behold thy son again, and soon
Th' infamous tyrant's corse —
Cly. Ah, cruel, leave me!
I go —
El. No, stay! The people rage, and cry
Out on thee for a parricidal wife.
Show thyself not as yet, or thou incurrest
Great peril. 'T was for this I came. In thee
A mother's agony appeared, to see
Thy children dragged to death, and thou hast now
Atoned for thy misdeed. My brother sends me
To comfort thee, to succor and to hide thee
From dreadful sights. To find Ægisthus out,
All armed meanwhile, he and his Pylades
Search everywhere. Where is the wicked wretch?
Cly. Orestes is the wicked wretch!
El. O Heaven!
Cly. I go to save him or to perish with him.
El. Nay, mother, thou shalt never go. Thou ravest —
Cly. The penalty is mine. I go —
El. O mother!
The monster that but now thy children doomed
To death, wouldst thou —
Cly. Yes, I would save him — I!
Out of my path! My terrible destiny
I must obey. He is my husband. All
Too dear he cost me. I will not, cannot lose him.
You I abhor, traitors, not children to me!
I go to him. Loose me, thou wicked girl!
At any risk I go, and may I only
Reach him in time!
[*Exit*
El. Go to thy fate, then, go,
If thou wilt so, but be thy steps too late!
Why cannot I, too, arm me with a dagger,
To pierce with stabs a thousand-fold the breast
Of infamous Ægisthus? O blind mother, Oh,
How art thou fettered to his baseness! Yet,
And yet, I tremble — If the angry mob
Avenge their murdered king on her — O Heaven!
Let me go after her — But who comes here?
Pylades, and my brother not beside him?

Enter Pylades.

Oh tell me! Orestes —?
Pyl. Compasses the palace
About with swords. And now our prey is safe.
Where lurks Ægisthus? Hast thou seen him?
El. Nay,
I saw and strove in vain a moment since
To stay his maddened wife. She flung herself
Out of this door, crying that she would make
Herself a shield unto Ægisthus. He
Already had fled the palace.
Pyl. Durst he then
Show himself in the sight of Argos? Why,
Then he is slain ere this! Happy the man
That struck him first. Nearer and louder yet
I hear their yells.
El. "Orestes!" Ah, were 't so!
Pyl. Look at him in his fury where he comes!

Enter Orestes *and his followers.*

Or. No man of you attempt to slay Ægisthus:
There is no wounding sword here save my own.
Ægisthus, ho! Where art thou, coward? Speak!
Ægisthus, where art thou? Come forth: it is
The voice of Death that calls thee! Thou comest not?
Ah, villain, dost thou hide thyself? In vain:
The midmost deep of Erebus should not hide thee.
Thou shalt soon see if I be Atrides' son
El. He is not here; he —
Or. Traitors! You perchance
Have slain him without me?
Pyl. Before I came
He had fled the palace.
Or. In the palace still
Somewhere he lurks; but I will drag him forth;
By his soft locks I 'll drag him with my hand:
There is no prayer, nor god, nor force of hell
Shall snatch thee from me. I will make thee plow
The dust with thy vile body to the tomb
Of Agamemnon, — I will drag thee thither
And pour out there all thine adulterous blood.
El. Orestes, dost thou not believe me? — me!
Or. Who 'rt thou? I want Ægisthus.
El. He is fled.

Or. He 's fled, and you, ye wretches, linger here?
But I will find him.

Enter CLYTEMNESTRA.

Cly. Oh have pity, son!
Or. Pity? Whose son am I? Atrides' son
Am I.
Cly. Ægisthus, loaded with chains —
Or. He lives yet?
O joy! Let me go slay him!
Cly. Nay, kill me!
I slew thy father — I alone. Ægisthus
Had no guilt in it.
Or. Who, who grips my arm?
Who holds me back? O madness! Ah, Ægisthus!
I see him; they drag him hither — Off with thee!
Cly. Orestes, dost thou not know thy mother?
Or. Die,
Ægisthus! By Orestes' hand, die, villain!
[*Exit.*
Cly. Ah, thou 'st escaped me. Thou shalt slay me first!
[*Exit.*
El. Pylades, go! Run, run! Oh stay her! fly;
Bring her back hither!
[*Exit* PYLADES.
I shudder! She is still
His mother, and he must have pity on her.
Yet only now she saw her children stand
Upon the brink of an ignoble death,
And was her sorrow and her daring then
As great as they are now for him? At last
The day so long desired has come; at last,
Tyrant, thou diest; and once more I hear
The palace all resound with wails and cries,
As on that horrible and bloody night,
Which was my father's last, I heard it ring.
Already hath Orestes struck the blow,
The mighty blow; already is Ægisthus
Fallen — the tumult of the crowd proclaims it.
Behold Orestes conqueror, his sword
Dripping with blood!

Enter ORESTES.

O brother mine, oh come,
Avenger of the king of kings, our father,
Argos, and me, come to my heart!
Or. Sister,
At last thou seest me Atrides' worthy son.
Look, 't is Ægisthus' blood! I hardly saw him
And ran to slay him where he stood, forgetting
To drag him to our father's sepulchre.
Full twice seven times I plunged and plunged my sword
Into his cowardly and quaking heart;
Yet have I slaked not my long thirst of vengeance.
El. Then Clytemnestra did not come in time
To stay thine arm?
Or. And who had been enough
For that? To stay my arm? I hurled myself
Upon him; not more swift the thunderbolt.
The coward wept, and those vile tears the more
Filled me with hate. A man that durst not die
Slew thee, my father!
El. Now is our sire avenged.
Calm thyself now, and tell me, did thine eyes
Behold not Pylades?
Or. I saw Ægisthus;
None other. Where is dear Pylades? And why
Did he not second me in this glorious deed?
El. I had confided to his care our mad
And desperate mother.
Or. I knew nothing of them.

Enter PYLADES.

El. See, Pylades returns — O heavens, what do I see?
Returns alone?
Or. And sad? Oh wherefore sad,
Part of myself, art thou? Know'st not I 've slain
Yon villain? Look, how with his life-blood yet
My sword is dripping! Ah, thou didst not share
His death-blow with me! Feed then on this sight
Thine eyes, my Pylades!
Pyl. O sight! Orestes,
Give me that sword.
Or. And wherefore?
Pyl. Give it me.
Or. Take it.
Pyl. Oh listen. We may not tarry longer
Within these borders; come —
Or. But what —
El. Oh speak!
Where 's Clytemnestra?
Or. Leave her; she is perchance
Kindling the pyre unto her traitor husband.
Pyl. Oh, thou hast far more than fulfilled thy vengeance.
Come, now, and ask no more.
Or. What dost thou say?
El. Our mother! I beseech thee yet again!
Pylades — Oh what chill is this that creeps
Through all my veins?
Pyl. The heavens —
El. Ah, she is dead!
Or. Hath turned her dagger, maddened, on herself?
El. Alas! Pylades. Why dost thou not answer?
Or. Speak! What hath been?
Pyl. Slain —
Or. And by whose hand?
Pyl. Come.
El. (*To* ORESTES.) Thou slewest her.
Or. I parricide?
Pyl. Unknowing
Thou plungèdst in her heart thy sword, as blind
With rage thou rannest on Ægisthus —
Or. Oh,
What horror seizes me! I parricide?
My sword! Pylades, give it me; I 'll have it —
Pyl. It shall not be.
El. Brother —
Or. Who calls me brother?
Thou, haply, impious wretch, thou that didst save me
To life and matricide? Give me my sword!
My sword! O fury! Where am I? What is it
That I have done? Who stays me? Who follows me?
Ah, whither shall I fly, where hide myself? —
O father, dost thou look on me askance?
Thou wouldst have blood of me, and this is blood;
For thee alone — for thee alone I shed it.
El. Orestes, Orestes — miserable brother!
He hears us not, ah! he is mad. Forever,
Pylades, we must go beside him.
Pyl. Hard,
Inevitable law of ruthless Fate!

Alfieri himself wrote a critical comment on each of his tragedies, discussing their qualities and the question of their failure or success dispassionately enough. For example, he frankly says of his

Maria Stuarda that it is the worst tragedy he ever wrote, and the only one that he could wish not to have written; of his Agamennone, that all the good in it came from the author and all the bad from the subject; of his Filippo II., that it may make a very terrible impression indeed of mingled pity and horror, or that it may disgust, through the cold atrocity of Philip, even to the point of nausea. On the Orestes we may very well consult him more at length. "This tragic action," he declares, "has no other motive or development, nor admits any other passion, than an implacable revenge; but the passion of revenge (though very strong by nature), having become greatly enfeebled among civilized peoples, is regarded as a vile passion, and its effects are wont to be blamed and looked upon with loathing. Nevertheless, when it is just, when the offense received is very atrocious, when the persons and the circumstances are such that no human law can indemnify the aggrieved and punish the aggressor, then revenge, under the names of war, invasion, conspiracy, the duel, and the like, ennobles itself, and so works upon our minds as not only to be endured but to be admirable and sublime." In his Orestes he confesses that he sees much to praise and very little to blame: "Orestes, to my thinking, is ardent in sublime degree, and this daring character of his, together with the perils he confronts, may greatly diminish in him the atrocity and coldness of a meditated revenge. . . . Let those who do not believe in the force of a passion for high and just revenge add to it, in the heart of Orestes, private interest, the love of power, rage at beholding his natural heritage occupied by a murderous usurper, and then they will have a sufficient reason for all his fury. Let them consider also the ferocious ideas in which he must have been nurtured by Strophius, king of Phocis, the persecutions which he knows to have been everywhere moved against him by the usurper, — his being, in fine, the son of Agamemnon, and greatly priding himself thereon, — and all these things will certainly account for the vindictive passion of Orestes. . . .

"Clytemnestra is very difficult to treat in this tragedy, since she must be here,

'Now wife, now mother, never wife nor mother,'

which is much easier to say in a verse than to manage in the space of five acts. Yet I believe that Clytemnestra, through the terrible remorse she feels, the vile treatment which she receives from Ægisthus, and the awful perplexity in which she lives . . . will be considered sufficiently punished by the spectator.

"Ægisthus is never able to elevate his soul; . . . he will always be an unpleasing, vile, and difficult personage to manage well; a character that brings small praise to the author when made sufferable, and much blame if not made so. . . .

"I believe the fourth and fifth acts would produce the highest effect on the stage if well represented. In the fifth, there is a movement, a brevity, a rapidly operating heat, that ought to touch, agitate, and singularly surprise the spirit. So it seems to me, but perhaps it is not so."

This analysis is not only very amusing for the candor with which Alfieri praises himself, but it is also remarkable for the justice with which the praise is given, and the strong, conscious hold which it shows him to have had upon his creations. It leaves one very little to add, but I cannot help saying that I think the management of Clytemnestra especially admirable throughout. She loves Ægisthus with the fatal passion which no scorn or cruelty on his part can quench; but while he is in power and triumphant, her heart turns tenderly to her hapless children, whom she abhors as soon as his calamity comes; then she has no thought but to save him. She can join her children in hating the murder which she has herself done on Agamemnon, but she cannot avenge it on Ægisthus, and thus expiate her crime in their eyes. Ægisthus is never able to conceive of the unselfishness of her love; he believes her ready to betray him when danger threatens and to shield herself behind him from the anger of the Argives; it is a deep knowledge of human nature that makes him interpose the memory of her unatoned-for crime between her and any purpose of good.

Orestes always sees his revenge as something sacred, and that is a great scene in which he offers his dagger to Clytemnestra and bids her kill Ægisthus with it, believing for the instant that even she must exult to share his vengeance. His feeling towards Ægisthus never changes; it is not revolting to the spectator, since Orestes is so absolutely unconscious of wrong in putting him to death. He shows his blood-stained sword to Pylades with a real sorrow that his friend should not also have enjoyed the rapture of killing the usurper. His language is fiercely terse, and his story of his escape on the night of Agamemnon's murder is as simple and grand in movement as that of figures in an antique bas-relief. Here and elsewhere one feels how Alfieri does not paint, but sculptures his scenes and persons, cuts their outlines deep, and strongly carves their attitudes and expression.

Electra is the worthy sister of Orestes, and the family likeness between them is sharply traced. She has all his faith in the sacredness of his purpose, while she has, woman-like, a far keener and more specific hatred of Ægisthus. The ferocity of her exultation when Clytemnestra and Ægisthus upbraid each other is terrible, but the picture she draws for Orestes of their mother's life is touched with an exquisite filial pity. She seems to me studied with marvelous success.

The close of the tragedy I think very noble indeed, full of fire and life, yet never wanting in a sort of lofty, austere grace, that lapses at last into a truly statuesque despair. Orestes mad, with Electra and Pylades on either side: it is the attitude and gesture of Greek sculpture, a group forever fixed in the imperishable sorrow of stone.

In reading Alfieri, I am always struck with what I may call the narrowness of his tragedies. They have height and depth, but not breadth. The range of sentiment is as limited in any one of them as the range of phrase in this Orestes, where the recurrence of the same epithets, horrible, bloody, terrible, fatal, awful, is not apparently felt by the poet as monotonous. Four or five persons, each representing a purpose or a passion, occupy the scene, and obviously contribute by every word and deed to the advancement of the tragic action; and this narrowness and rigidity of intent would be intolerable, if the tragedies were not so brief: I do not think any of them is much longer than a single act of one of Shakespeare's plays. They are in all other ways equally unlike Shakespeare's plays. When you read Macbeth or Hamlet, you find yourself in a world where the interests and passions are complex and divided against themselves, as they are here and now. The action progresses fitfully, as events do in life; it is promoted by the things that seem to retard it; and it includes long stretches of time and many places. When you read Orestes, you find yourself attendant upon an imminent calamity, which nothing can avert or delay. In a solitude like that of dreams, those hapless phantasms, dark types of remorse, of cruel ambition, of inexorable revenge, move swiftly on the fatal end. They do not grow or develop on the imagination; their character is stamped at once, and they have but to act it out. There is no lingering upon episodes, no digressions, no reliefs. They cannot stir from that spot where they are doomed to expiate or consummate their crimes; one little day is given them, and then all is over.

Both kinds of tragedy are in the region of the ideal, but Alfieri idealizes passions and Shakespeare idealizes men. If art is a pure essence, separable from the life we know, and enjoyable in and for itself, we must allow to Alfieri the more artistic expression. Mr. Lowell, in his magnificent essay on Dryden, speaks of "a style of poetry whose great excellence was that it was in perfect sympathy with the genius of the people among whom it came into being," and this I conceive to be the virtue of the Alfierian poetry. The Italians love beauty of form, and we Goths love picturesque effect; and Alfieri has little or none of the kind of excellence which we enjoy. But while

"I look and own myself a happy Goth,"

I have moods, in the presence of his sim-

plicity and severity, when I feel that he and all the classicists may be right. When I see how much he achieves with his sparing phrase, his sparsely populated scene, his narrow plot and angular design, when I find him perfectly sufficient in expression and entirely adequate in suggestion, I am seized with a dismaying doubt of the Romantic principle, that it is after all barbarous, clumsy, rudely profuse, uncouth. Then the Classic alone appears elegant and true — till I read Shakespeare again; or till I turn to Nature, whom I do not find sparing or severe, but full of variety and change and relief, and yet having a sort of elegance and truth of her own.

In the treatment of historical subjects Alfieri allowed himself every freedom. He makes Lorenzo de' Medici, the most polite, gentle, and considerate of usurpers, a brutal and very insolent tyrant, a tyrant after the high Roman fashion, a tyrant almost after the fashion of the late Edwin Forrest. Yet there are some good passages in the Congiura dei Pazzi, of the peculiarly hard Alfierian sort: —

> "An enemy insulted and not slain!
> What breast in triple iron armed, but needs
> Must tremble at him?"

is a saying of Giuliano de' Medici, who, when asked if he does not fear one of the conspirators, puts the whole political wisdom of the sixteenth century into his answer, —

> "Being feared, I fear."

The Filippo of Alfieri must always have an interest for English readers because of its chance relation to Keats, who, sick to death of consumption, bought a copy of Alfieri when on his way to Rome. As Mr. Lowell relates in his sketch of the poet's life, the dying man opened the book at the second page, and read the lines — perhaps the tenderest that Alfieri ever wrote —

> "Misero me! sollievo a me non resta
> Altro che il pianto, e il pianto è delitto!"

Keats read these words, and then laid down the book and opened it no more. The closing scene of the fourth act of this tragedy can well be studied as a striking example of Alfieri's extraordinary power of condensation.

Some of the non-political tragedies of Alfieri are still played; Ristori plays his Mirra, and Salvini his Saul; but I believe there is now no Italian critic who praises him so entirely as Giudici did. Yet the poet finds a warm defender against the French and German critics in De Sanctis,[1] a very clever and brilliant Italian, who accounts for Alfieri in a way that helps to make all Italian things more intelligible to us. He is speaking of Alfieri's epoch and social circumstances: —

"Education had been classic for ages. Our ideal was Rome and Greece, our heroes Brutus and Cato, our books Livy, Tacitus, and Plutarch; and if this was true of all Europe, how much more so of Italy, where this history might be called domestic, a thing of our own, a part of our traditions, still alive to the eye in our cities and monuments. From Dante to Machiavelli, from Machiavelli to Metastasio, our classical tradition was never broken. . . . In the social dissolution of the last century, all disappeared except this ideal. In fact, in that first enthusiasm, when the minds of men confidently sought final perfection, it passed from the schools into life, ruled the imagination, inflamed the will. People lived and died Romanly. . . . The situations that Alfieri has chosen in his tragedies have a visible relation to the social state, to the fears and to the hopes of his own time. It is always resistance to oppression, of man against man, of people against tyrant. . . . In the classicism of Alfieri there is no positive side. It is an ideal Rome and Greece, outside of time and space, floating in the vague . . . which his contemporaries filled up with their own life."

Giuseppe Arnaud, in his admirable criticisms on the Patriotic Poets of Italy, has treated of the literary side of Alfieri in terms that seem to me on the whole very just. . . . "He sacrificed the foreshortening, which has so great a charm for the spectator, to the sculptured full figure that always presents itself face to face with you, and in entire relief. The

[1] Saggi Critici. Di Francesco di Sanctis. Napoli: Antonio Morano. 1859.

grand passions, which are commonly sparing of words, are in his system condemned to speak much, and to explain themselves too much. . . . To what shall we attribute that respectful somnolence which nowadays reigns over the audience during the recitation of Alfieri's tragedies, if they are not sustained by some theatrical celebrity? You will certainly say, to the mediocrity of the actors. But I hold that the tragic effect can be produced even by mediocre actors, if this effect truly abounds in the plot of the tragedy. . . . I know that these opinions of mine will not be shared by the great majority of the Italian public, and so be it. The contrary will always be favorable to one who greatly loved his country, always desired to serve her, and succeeded in his own time and own manner. Whoever should say that Alfieri's tragedies, in spite of many eminent merits, were constructed on a theory opposed to grand scenic effects and to one of the two bases of tragedy, namely, compassion, would certainly not say what was far from the truth. And yet, with all this, Alfieri will still remain that dry, harsh blast which swept away the noxious miasms with which the Italian air was infected. He will still remain that poet who aroused his country from its dishonorable slumber, and inspired its heart with intolerance of servile conditions and with regard for its dignity. Up to his time we had bleated, and he roared."

"In fact," says D'Azeglio, "one of the merits of that proud heart was to have found Italy Metastasian and left it Alfierian; and his first and greatest merit was, to my thinking, that he discovered Italy, so to speak, as Columbus discovered America, and initiated the idea of Italy as a nation. I place this merit far beyond that of his verses and his tragedies."

Besides his tragedies, Alfieri wrote, as I have already stated, some comedies in his last years; but I must own my ignorance of all six of them; and he wrote various satires, odes, sonnets, epigrams, and other poems. Most of them are of political interest; the Miso-Gallo is an expression of his scorn and hatred of the French nation; the America Liberata celebrates our separation from England; the Etruria Vendicata praises the murder of the abominable Alessandro de' Medici by his kinsman, Lorenzaccio. None of the satires, whether on kings, aristocrats, or people, have lent themselves easily to my perusal; the epigrams are signally unreadable, but some of the sonnets are very good. He seems to find in their limitations the same sort of strength that he finds in his restricted tragedies; and they are all in the truest sense sonnets.

Here is one, which loses, of course, by translation. In this and other of my versions, I have rarely found the English too terse for the Italian, and often not terse enough: —

HE IMAGINES THE DEATH OF HIS LADY.

The sad bell that within my bosom aye
  Clamors and bids me still renew my tears,
Doth stun my senses and my soul bewray
  With wandering fantasies and cheating fears;
The gentle form of her that is but ta'en
  A little from my sight I seem to see
At life's bourne lying faint and pale with pain, —
  My love that to these tears abandons me.
"O my own true one," tenderly she cries,
  "I grieve for thee, love, that thou winnest naught
Save hapless life with all thy many sighs."
  "Life? Never! Though thy blessed steps have taught
My feet the path in all well-doing, stay! —
At this last pass 't is mine to lead the way.

There is a still more characteristic sonnet of Alfieri's, with which I shall close, as I began, in the very open air of his autobiography: —

HIS PORTRAIT.

Thou mirror of veracious speech sublime,
  What I am like in soul and body, show:
Red hair, — in front grown somewhat thin with time;
  Tall stature, with an earthward head bowed low;
A meagre form, with two straight legs beneath;
  An aspect good; white skin with eyes of blue;
A proper nose; fine lips and choicest teeth;
  Face paler than a thronèd king's in hue;
Now hard and bitter, yielding now and mild;
  Malignant never, passionate alway,
With mind and heart in endless strife embroiled;
  Sad mostly, and then gayest of the gay.
Achilles now, Thersites in his turn:
Man, art thou great or vile? Die, and thou 'lt learn!

W. D. Howells.

THE NORTHWESTERN MULE AND HIS DRIVER.

If there is any one animal that can be defined only by a simple proposition of identity, that animal is a mule. A mule is a mule. When you have said that, you have defined him, stigmatized him, and given the only full and accurate description of him.

Zoölogically, of course, his solution is easy enough. He is a compromise, occupying an unenviable zoölogical diagonal between the horse and the ass, his individuality depending upon the proportions of these which combine in his composition. His external features are not difficult to portray. They lie within the skill of an indifferent artist. But he who attempts to dive down to the hidden springs of his character, to analyze his psychology and search the inward affections of his heart, has a task which might frighten the author of the Novum Organum. He has an animal to describe which had no place in the garden of Eden, and which was probably excluded altogether from the ark. Yet this four-footed paradox, this psychological eccentricity, which, in common with its father, has been the butt of history for ages, has proved to be one of the most valuable improvements on the zoölogy of Eden which mankind has suggested or achieved.

General Washington is credited with introducing the mule into this country. It is one of the almost forgotten fruits of his administration for which we cannot be too grateful, since both in peace and war the animal has contributed not a little to the national name and prosperity. There is now no State in the Union to which the mule is entirely a stranger; and three of them, Missouri, Tennessee, and Kentucky, have become great mule nurseries. But the field for the mule's highest and best activities is found west of the Mississippi, and especially in the new Northwest, where large numbers are required for the government service.

To those familiar with the government mule, an apology may seem to be needed for any reference to this animal in plain, church-going English. In the Northwest the mule is a victim of a special vocabulary. It is rarely mentioned without an epithet. The reader, it is hoped, however, will recognize those considerations of space and propriety which forbid the writer from making this article a contribution to profane literature.

The government no sooner adopts a mule than it naturalizes him. This is done by branding him with a conspicuous U S, which distinguishes him from "private and unofficial" mules, and, through a flattering absence of punctuation marks, converts him into a public pronoun in walking apposition with forty millions of people. He is then assigned either to pack, saddle, or team duty, according to the wants of the service. Nine out of ten mules find their sphere of duty in a six-mule team, which when harnessed to a government wagon and driven by the typical teamster is emphatically an American, and particularly a Western institution. Mules are a necessary element in every military movement; and they are the only means of transportation from one government post to another, where railroads have not penetrated. In General Stanley's expedition to the Yellowstone River, which the writer accompanied as correspondent of the New York Tribune, two hundred and eighty of these wagons and sixteen hundred and eighty draft mules were required to carry forty days' supplies for a force of twelve hundred infantry and about six hundred cavalry. In the Black Hills expedition, one hundred and fifty wagons and nine hundred mules were necessary to carry sixty days' supplies for a command numbering nine hundred men and six hundred horses. It is only on expeditions of this kind, when compelled to travel a thousand miles or more without sight of a house or a white man, often over desert tracts of country with

poor grass and little water, that the mule and the mule wain are appreciated, though it is always on such occasions that the animal is most abused. A wagon train is then a moving village containing everything which is necessary for the success of the expedition, which must be absolutely self-supporting. It is important to economize transportation: consequently the allowance of forage is reduced to the minimum. Three and a half pounds of corn a day was the limit for each animal on the Black Hills expedition. Had this amount been doubled only, — even then a small allowance, — it would have required thirty-seven more wagons and two hundred and twenty-two more mules to carry the additional forage. For work of this kind, under such conditions, horses would absolutely fail. The amount of fatigue, exposure, and abstinence which a mule will endure seems almost fabulous. Making long marches across dusty, shadeless plains, going for long intervals without water and with very little food, obliged to pull loads sometimes amounting to five thousand two hundred pounds up steep hills and through heavy sloughs, subject to cruel treatment and neglect from the teamster, the life of an expedition mule is miserable enough. No wonder that when the mule returns, he looks woefully angular and thin. The poor animal is frequently driven until he completely gives out, when he is thanklessly turned into the herd of broken-down mules. There is scarcely a more melancholy sight than such a herd. It is a moving bone-yard. Gaunt, lean, with drooping ears, hips that rise like promontories above the general desolation, a disconsolate tail, and a woe-begone visage which would frighten an inexperienced ghost, — the poor, bankrupt mule is the most wretched parody on Gothic architecture that was ever forced on the public attention. Every vestige of meat has fled from his bones. He is a walking transparency, an animated hat-rack, and I have actually seen his hip bones irreverently used to hang teamsters' hats on. During our homeward march from the Black Hills, more than one such starved victim laid down his tired frame on the earth which had refused to nourish him, and the benediction of a soldier's bullet called the raven and the coyote to a meal which it cost the government one hundred and forty dollars to provide. A good mule is well worth the government price. In California I have known two thousand dollars to be paid for a single pair of mules. The native California mule is not large, but the mules sent to that State from Missouri expressly for hauling quartz are often sixteen hands high. Sixteen-mule teams, hauling eighteen thousand pounds in enormous wagons over the mountains, are not uncommon there.

The pack mule is a necessary supplement to the draft mule, and in mountainous and heavily timbered regions must often supersede him entirely. Mule packing is a fine art. With a well-trained mule and a well-trained packer, there is nothing imaginable, from a bag of oats to a load of crockery, that cannot be securely fastened on the mule's back. Select the worst article you can think of to test the packer's skill, and in an incredibly short space of time he will pack it as though he had been perfectly used to packing that very thing all the days of his life. When the packer has finished, the animal may jump, back, kick, rear, or roll, to rid himself of his burden, but with no more success than Christian had before he reached the cross. And yet you cannot find a knot in the whole complexity of rope and bundle. A pack saddle, or in Mexico an *apparajo*, which is a willow frame covered with canvas and stuffed with hay, always intervenes between the pack and the mule's back, and a crupper and breast-strap with a strong girth keep the bundle in position. Pack mules in Mexico and California are so well trained that in the morning, when it is time to start, they will fall into single file and come up one by one to receive their burdens from the packer, moving off again as soon as loaded.

And here we must notice a curious fact which is wisely taken advantage of by a

pack master. It is the fondness of a mule for a gray horse, but especially for a gray mare. Put a bell on the mare's neck and a boy on her back, and start her off, and where she dares to lead the mules will dare to follow. It is contrary to the fifteenth amendment, to be sure, for mules to make such discrimination in regard to color, but is not that, however, a liberal and enlightened suffrage which leads them to prefer a female gray to a male one? A mule is exceedingly fond of a bell, but its affection for a light-colored horse does not depend on the music alone, as may be seen from the following incident, which the writer witnessed last year on the Yellowstone River, and which turned a good deal of vexation into uncontrollable merriment. General Custer, with four hundred and fifty cavalrymen, had been closely following the trail of a large party of Sioux Indians who had taken to the river and crossed. The Yellowstone at this point is from four hundred and fifty to five hundred yards wide, deep and very swift. Having waded our horses out to a sand-bar in the river, the problem was how to get over the rest. Half a dozen men from time to time tried to swim it on their horses, but only one or two succeeded; the strength of the current and the width of the river obliging the others to turn back. Along with our party were two hunters, Norris and Reynolds, the former mounted on a dun pony, the latter on a saddle mule which he had borrowed especially for this trip. The two hunters were old friends, but their animals had been acquainted only forty-eight hours. A strong and unaccountable friendship had sprung up between them.

Now there is a false tradition in the army that a mule cannot swim much. In view of a possible order to swim the river with our horses (an order which General Custer had too much sense to issue), Reynolds's chances of getting across with his mule were freely canvassed. Reynolds himself was not very confident of crossing, on a mule, a swift river which had baffled the efforts of some of the best swimming horses in the regiment. "However, boys," said he, "if the old gal can only make it, I reckon I can get over, myself." Disgusted with the futile efforts of the cavalry at crossing, Norris, the other hunter, pulled off his boots, and mounting his Indian pony rode into the river. This movement did not escape the notice of the mule. The thought of parting gave her unutterable pain. Reynolds, her master, was at the other end of the island. She was free to act for herself. The struggle between love and cowardice lasted only a moment; then with a sudden bound the devoted beast rushed into the river, bearing on her back, besides all her saddle equipments, three days' rations of coffee, sugar, and hard tack. A loud cheer from the soldiers, and laughter which made the hills ring, greeted this new version of Ruth and Naomi. "Hold on a minute," said a spectator, "wait till the old gal gets some water in her ears, and you 'll see her turn back." But the mule had no such intention. She struck out nobly for the little dun pony, keeping her head clear out of water. Getting into the swift channel, the hunter's coffee and sugar soon mingled with the cold running water; the hard tack likewise, accepting a new destiny, floated down the river. Thus relieved the mule pressed on, soon overtaking her companion and swimming so near to it that Norris, fearful of getting a kick, let go of his pony, and man, horse, and mule raced for the shore together. It was a lively sight, and we had a lively interest in the result. If at any time the hunter and his pony disappeared in the rushing torrent, a floating and conspicuous pair of ears were never lost to sight. The fierce current carried the three far down the river; it was nearly half an hour before they emerged in safety on the other side. I believe that Reynolds was entirely reconciled to the loss of his rations by the feeling of pride and satisfaction which this achievement legitimately created. The cavalry not being able to cross, Reynolds, for the sake of the exercise, swam the dangerous river and brought his mule back again with Norris and the pony. I may add

that the soldiers' notion that a mule with water-logged ears gets discouraged, and will not swim, is a libel.

The average load for a pack mule is from two hundred and seventy-five to three hundred pounds. The heaviest weight which a pack master confessed he had ever imposed on a mule was eight hundred pounds, a piece of machinery which could not be divided. From fifty to one hundred mules make a good-sized train, though three or four hundred sometimes follow the same trail in close succession. Low, snug-built, chunky, short-coupled animals are the best for this work. The well-broken pack mule is proud of his burden. Should it by any means get loose, he quietly steps out of the line of procession and waits for a pack master to come and tighten it. The value of pack mules as an auxiliary to a wagon train was well shown on the Black Hills expedition. Packing our extra rations and forage on a few of these animals under charge of Mr. Wagner, our chief packer, we were enabled to make in three days a journey of a hundred miles over hills and mountains which would have embarrassed our train for two weeks.

The saddle mule in the West is also a frequent rival of the horse. For making long distances over the plains without forage he cannot be beaten unless by the Indian pony. A good saddle mule sometimes makes sixty or seventy-five miles a day without seeming to be much fatigued; and a trustworthy frontiersman assures me that he has known one to make one hundred miles between daylight and dark. But the saddle mule is not always reliable. If he takes it into his head to plant himself just where he is, he is very difficult to transplant. If he sues for a divorce, he usually contrives to get the law of gravity on his side.

The most eminent physical qualities of the mule are surefootedness, great strength, and remarkable toughness and vigor. Aristotle tells us that the age reached by the mule is greater than that of the horse or ass. "For a mule," he says, "has been known to live eighty years, as was the case with a mule at Athens when the temple was building. This mule, though exempt from servitude, on account of his age, yet being yoked to a car used to assist in drawing it; so that it was decreed that no one should drive him away when he approached any heap of corn."

The mule is certainly a hard animal to kill, especially if he makes up his mind that he will not die. On the mountain-side, burdened with a heavy pack, his foothold is as firm and sure as the earth on which it rests; but when the earth gives way, as it sometimes does, pack and mule go rolling over and over down the steep hill or precipice; the animal may be killed, apparently, two or three times before he gets to the bottom, but he has generally lives enough left to secure him a good old age and a natural death. I have seen a wheel mule fall and become buried under a heavily loaded wagon so completely that not a hint of the animal was visible. Yet when the wagon and load were removed, the mule got up and grazed as though nothing had happened, and seemed to be the only party there that was not surprised. I did hear of one mule in the West which died from violence. He fell into a quartz mill and was stamped to a jelly; then passed into the furnace and was roasted to a white heat, which made him perspire freely. On coming out of the furnace a foolish man declared he was dead. But it is said that when a curious skeptic pounded up some of the furnace quartz with a pestle, shortly after, the bray of the mule in the mortar was distinctly heard.

The mule is not the stupid animal he is represented to be. His powers of observation and memory are sometimes wonderful. Old teamsters say that a mule always knows a man who has fed him once. Take a train of two hundred and eighty army wagons all alike, and when it gets into camp let the train be parked, and the mules unharnessed and driven off together a mile or two away from the train. When it is time to give them their corn, if the animals are herded back to the train, with a strange instinct every mule will go right to his own wagon. I have heard old teamsters say

that a good mule is a great deal more teachable than a horse, more knowing, and more affectionate. But I know of no animal whose moral education is so much neglected. He is a victim of his associates. When thoroughly corrupted there is no wickedness to which he is not equal. His hypocrisy then greatly helps him to succeed. I have seen him when he looked the perfect picture of meekness and humility; when it seemed that even Moses himself must defer to him in these crowning virtues. Yet if Moses or any other patriarch had ventured to approach him without a tribute of corn, the mule would have kicked him into the remotest antiquity. I have seen him deceive a wagon master himself, pretending that he could not go a step farther, but the moment he was released from harness, bounding off as fresh and lively as a colt.

The depraved mule rejoices in his heart if he can make some one miserable. It is a trait for which in the West they have a specific term. They call it "pure cussedness." When a mule devotes his whole life to illustrating this idea, he finds a thousand opportunities and achieves a remarkable success. It is this instinct which prompts him to encourage the attentions of his driver for a year or two, just for the sake of getting a good chance to kick his brains out. It is this which leads him to stand still when other people would be better pleased if he would go. It is this which often decides him when he really *does* start, to send his rider on ahead of him. Perhaps, too, it is this spirit that gives the mule his strange idea of justice, which seems to be to visit upon others the afflictions which he suffers himself. Thus it is said that if a bad lot of mules are in line, and you kick one of them violently, instead of retaliating on the one who kicked him he simply kicks the mule behind him. The second mule passes the kick to the third, he to the fourth, and so on till the primary vengeance has gone the whole length of the line, leaving the last mule unjustified. Perhaps it is only an illustration of the principle that misery loves company, since by this device the mule first kicked secures the sympathy of the whole line.

The mule has always been credited with a great deal of freedom of the will. This it must be that makes him dislike his rope and picket pin. If he can break the rope or pull up the pin, he finds a new opportunity. Then, not until he has defrauded some less fortunate mule out of his grass, or broken a rival's jaw, or pulled down two or three tents with his picket pin, does he go to bed happy.

The only personal objection I have to a mule is his neglect of camp courtesies, especially his passion for pulling down tents. He has a strange instinct, when self-freed, to consider that direction most convenient for him which is most inconvenient for everybody else. On the expedition our head-quarter tents were always ranged in a line, with a space, when camp was small, only large enough for a man to pass between them. Nearly every mule that pulled up his picket pin in our vicinity, though he might have a hundred miles of free, unobstructed prairie on the other side, determined to pass between these tents, dragging his long lariat and pin after him. No matter if the pin caught in one of our guy ropes or in a corner of the tent. He forgot the things that were behind and pressed forward to those that were before, leaving us to repair damages. Sometimes two mules tied to one rope would explore together. When this was the case both mules always tried to see which could get through the tent row first.

Sometimes the wanderer takes it into his head that he can sing. So long as he keeps this idea to himself nobody can complain. But a mule who has such a conceit is sure to publish it. One who has never heard a mule solo can form no idea of the rare cacophony it involves. No musical gamut can score it; no voice can imitate it. Only a mule can describe it. It is one of the grossest outrages on the public peace ever devised. Happy for the hearer if the bray be confined to one mule; but when two or three hundred happen to meet together and some base prompter among them says, "Brethren, let us bray," the antiphonal response,

which is never refused, is perfectly overwhelming. I remember one poor mule who lost his life because he would persistently exercise this gift in an Indian country, and so betray the command to the enemy. He was shot as a traitor and a nuisance.

There is no other animal, according to popular opinion, so commonplace in his character as a mule. Yet there is no other creature which has so many native piquancies. Even his virtues are piquant, and his vices are still more so. It is sometimes difficult for the observer to distinguish one from the other, yet in the mind of the mule I have no doubt they are clearly discriminated.

Of all strange and unheard-of situations in which animals find themselves, those which the mule seeks out and occupies are the most serious and the most comical. Unharness a six-mule team, place the animals side by side and fasten their heads together, and drive them down to water; there do not live six animals of another species that can twist themselves into such strange knots. The Gordian knot was nothing in comparison. It seems impossible for them to keep their tails all the same way. Before you get back you will find that the outside mules have got into the middle, and that the heads of two or three are just where their tails should be. At the outset the relationship would be numerically described as follows: —

1 2 3 4 5 6

Returning from water the arithmetic would be

3 6 1 9 5 4

The kicking and fighting in the disturbed numeration would terminate seriously if the teamster did not with his "black snake" hold the balance of power, and whip the confusion into unanimity. The fact is, a mule has a keen zest for giving surprises. His capability and resource in this direction are remarkable. Perhaps Absalom was never more surprised in his life than when his mule "went under the thick boughs of a great oak, and his head caught hold of the oak, and he was taken up between the heaven and the earth; and the mule that was under him went away." Whether this instinct for surprises shows itself in his head or in his heels, the mule never fails to make an impression. Perhaps a morbid love of notoriety affects him. At all events he is strongly ambitious. Of all his ventures and enterprises, I know of none more elevated and illustrious than one which occurred on the Yellowstone. We had camped about two o'clock in the afternoon in the river valley, and turned the mules out to graze near by. Back from the river was an almost inaccessible bluff, two hundred and fifty feet high, commanding a view of the scenery for miles around. About two hours after pitching our tents we happened to cast a glance at the top of this bluff, and there, to the astonishment of everybody, was a solitary mule on its very highest point, coolly and calmly taking a survey of the surrounding country. The peculiar exaggeration which the atmosphere in that latitude gives to objects seen against the sky made him seem about twelve feet high. There he stood in calm and lofty serenity, manifesting no emotion whatever except that of perfect self-satisfaction. How the animal got up there nobody knew. What he went for was still less evident. There was good grass on the plain; the bluff was perfectly barren. The mule had traveled twenty miles that day, and could not be lacking exercise. Two conjectures offered themselves to the superficial mind: he had gone up there on volunteer picket duty, or else to take a view of the scenery. But there was only one adequate reason: he climbed that hill because he was a mule. And so as a result of this effort to fathom and analyze the mule, we come back to the very proposition with which we started, the simple proposition of identity. The mule is a mule. What more could be said?

But no characterization of the mule is complete without an adequate notice of the teamster. He is an intellectual and moral hybrid, almost as much of an enigma as the mule. It is hard to say which of the two, mule or teamster, ex-

ercises greater influence over the other, and it is hard to say in which direction the influence is better. General Zachary Taylor, who hated teamsters so that he could scarcely bear one in his sight, would no doubt decide in favor of the mule. As a class, teamsters are made up of that peculiar sort of drift-wood which the stream of civilization always leaves here and there along its borders. They are nearly all wanderers and adventurers. Many have served at mining, wooding, and boating, and take to teaming as a collateral pursuit. Many are farmers' sons who have left their homes deluded by the hope of high wages in the West. When their small stock of money is gone they are glad enough to engage as teamsters for thirty dollars a month. Indeed, when a man of any calling is thoroughly "broke" in the Northwest, he generally repairs to teaming to mend his fortunes. The variety of professions represented in this work of redemption is sometimes very strange. On the Yellowstone expedition we had two hundred and eighty teamsters. While the majority were men who could hardly be said to have ever had any settled occupation, there were not a few who had seen nobler walks of life. Store-keepers, school-teachers, clerks, doctors, lawyers, were sprinkled here and there in the motley array. A lawyer at Bismarck, a little frontier town on the Missouri, near our starting-point, having lost his only case the day before the departure of the expedition, despairing of his bread and butter for the rest of the summer, immediately engaged as a teamster. The son of a prominent clergyman in Washington was determined to go on this expedition. He applied for a position in the scientific department, but failing, disguised himself, went to the quartermaster's, and signed the teamster's contract. In the Black Hills expedition many adventurers engaged, simply to see the new country. Among them was the son of a wealthy gentleman in the West, who was determined to go and could go in no other capacity. I have never personally known the clergy to be represented, but the fact that one of the teamsters was persistently called "Parson" showed a disposition to recognize the claims of the profession. The typical teamster, however, is one who is born and bred to his business.

The teamster's duties are simple but arduous. He drives his team on the march, and in camp sees that they are well cared for. The art of driving a six-mule team in the Eastern States is almost unknown. It is not a government of "gees" and "haws," nor a six-fold complication of reins. A single line from the driver to the mouth of the guide or left lead mule, called the line mule, is the only telegraph. A series of jerks on the line turns the obedient leader to the right, a continuous pull guides him to the left. A stick called a "jockey stick," fastened by a chain at one end to the collar of the line mule, and at the other to the bit of his companion leader, compels the latter to second the motions of his consort. The wheel team is under the immediate control of the driver, who rides on the back of the near mule, holding his line in his left hand, his cowhide whip (his black snake) hanging with a professional grace around his neck, ready for any emergency. The plain, unornamental part of the business is easy. It is only when he gets to a bad crossing, involving perhaps a steep descent, a heavy slough at the bottom, and a high and difficult "come-out" on the other side, that the teamster has a chance to display the resources and adornments of his profession. Going down-hill the teamster never swears at his mules; descending elocution is confined to the single word "wah-*oo*," uttered with a strong accent on the last syllable and in the teamster's most persuasive voice. None but a green hand ever thinks of saying "whoa." This is horse dialect, and mules have little respect for it. When the wagon has fairly got to the bottom and the mire has begun to swallow its wheels, then the teamster is transformed. Then it is that unshipping his whip and opening his battery of oaths he bombards his team with

blows and objurgations until every ounce of their strength is put into the collar. Rising on his saddle he launches his ubiquitous whip at the off wheeler and the swing mules, pounds his saddle mule with his heels, and vents a peculiar, vivifying shriek at the distant ears of his leaders. The originality, picturesqueness, fluency, and irreverence of the teamster's exhortation to his mules under such circumstances baffles all decent description. No one has a full appreciation of the ultimate power and genius of eloquence until he has heard a teamster discourse from his nigh wheel mule. His profanity is generally shocking, but in its spirit it is more interjectional than blasphemous. The truth is, his curses are only a vulgar *patois*. The mule understands it, and governs himself accordingly.

When a teamster gets stuck at a crossing, his companions give him but one bit of advice. They tell him to "grab a root." The idea pictured, I suppose, is that of a drowning man catching at a shrub or root on the bank. Freely translated it means, Make the best of your resources. If a man's horse ran away with him a teamster would advise him to grab a root. If a railroad train ran off the track, or a boiler explosion took place, the teamster would advise everybody to grab a root. If a man fell desperately in love or were going to be hung, he would tell him to grab a root; and if he could not do it in this world to seize the first chance in the other one.

The devotion of some teamsters to their mules is as conspicuous as the neglect of others. I knew one who cried like a child when a favorite team, which he had driven for years, was taken from him. The noisy, strenuous style of driving which belongs to the average teamster, and which the novice affects, is not without distinguished exceptions. Old "Buckskin Joe" — by the way, a generic name in the West — has driven forty-four years and has never broken a tongue or tipped over a wagon. Yet he seldom whips or curses a mule, and heartily despises the professional buncombe. "I don't see no use in so much beatin' and hollerin'," he would say; "I don't want none with my mules. When I tell 'em what's wantin', they allers pull every ounce that's in 'em; and a man can't ask no more."

Old Joe is quite a character in his way. He began to team when he was ten years old, and though now fifty-four, with his beard long and gray, he is still fond of this rough life. Six feet high, erect in form, with long hair falling nearly to his shoulders and a beard like the Elijah pictured in the Sunday-school books, you might take him for one of the later Scripture patriarchs, if his modern suit of buckskin and a hat which Noah might have worn at the flood did not present a contradiction in dates. At ten years of age Joe ran away from home and found his way into the West, which he has pretty thoroughly explored, though not yet to his satisfaction. "I hev been pretty much over the country," said he, "hev seen Mexico, Californy, Nevada, Dakota, Wyoming, Montana, and Idaho, and I'm getting rather old now; but if I can make a riffle I want to git to Washington Territory yet."

I first made Joe's acquaintance on the Yellowstone trip last year, and found him again driving one of the cavalry company teams on the Black Hills expedition. I frequently relieved the monotony of the march by riding alongside of him, taking lessons in the art of mule driving, and listening to his curious monologues. What Joe does not know about mule driving is not worth knowing. His bits of personal experience, his observations on passing events, such as the sudden appearance of a jack rabbit or an antelope, and his sage remarks on mules and their character formed a strange *mêlange*. He never became so absorbed in conversation that he forgot to speak a word in season to his mules. "Boxer, Boxer," he would suddenly interpolate, and the wheel mule rejoicing in that name would swing to the right just in time for the wheels to clear a dangerous hole.

"That's the advantage," he would continue, "of hevin' a good pair of wheelers, and it's a good thing to git

your mules so they 'll know jest what yer mean when yer speak to 'em. I can allers calculate on old Boxer, and this one too" (pointing to Maggie, his saddle mule) "allers swings jest when I speak to her. Both of 'em allers know when to let up and when to pull; you *bet* they do, and half of the time I need n't tell 'em. These are two mighty good mules. The hull team 's a good one. There 's a lot of new drivers here that 'ud like to see me git stuck; but I an't stuck yet. Many of them fellers have lightened up too; but I 'm drawin' jest as much as when I started. Custer 's awful hard on a march, though. A man can't keep his mule lookin' fat if he don't hev nothin' to eat. Yesterday them mules was harnessed from four o'clock in the mornin' till nine at night; did n't hev no chance to graze at all. Yet they expect a man to keep his mules lookin' jest so. A few more marches like that would kill the hull lot of 'em. (Gwah, gwah.)

"Yes, Babe is a pretty fair line mule, but not like some I 've seen. I 've seen line mules yer could drive jest as well with a twine string; yer would n't have to pull hardly an ounce to make 'em haw. There 's a heap of difference in line mules. Yer can make some of 'em gee by jest jinglin' the chain. It makes a big difference how yer drive 'em, too. I was drivin' in Californy in '65, and there was a feller there who was tryin' to drive a line mule and could n't make her go nohow. He got a big heavy bit for her, like them they use for the cavalry; but he could n't make her go. She would kick and rear awfully. Well, I took her, and threw away that bit and put in one of these little mule bits just the same as this team hev, and I driv her without any trouble at all. She was a good — gwah, Maggie, gwah; a feller has to look out for his wheelers here; there's sich lots of bad places. All a man wants to do in a bad place is to look at the end of his tongue and watch his leaders. If yer keep watch of yer tongue yer can tell within an inch where yer wheels 'll go, and if yer watch yer leaders too you can pull out right." (Good advice for many other situations in life.)

"Yes, I 've made a little money by teamin', but we don't git paid now as we used to. Last year was the fust time I ever driv for thirty dollars a month. The most I ever got was a hundred and twenty-five a month, in Mexico; I did n't keep much of it, though. In Californy then they was payin' a hundred and fifty a month for teamsters. Well, I got enough to buy a lot in Sioux City, and I put a little house on it. I wanted to make it all right, so I — golly! see that jack rabbit; *can't* them fellers go! Run, jack, run! the dog 's after yer." (Anybody who knows a jack rabbit, or has timed a streak of lightning, will deem this advice superfluous.) "Well, I wanted to make it all right, so I made it over to the old woman, and had the papers and everything fixed jest so. I never had any children, but I 'dopted a little gal and brought her up, and she got married. Well, the old woman got ailin' 'bout two years ago, and she died, and she made all the property over to my 'dopted daughter, and made her husband boss of all the papers. 'Ministrator I think they call it. The house and land was worth three thousand dollars, but the feller went and sold it for thirteen hundred. I never got a cent on it." And Joe laughed as he thought of his bad luck. Many men would have sworn.

"Once before," he went on, "I got together 'bout nineteen hundred dollars. I lent it to a feller to start a ranch with, but I never seen any of it ag'in. I 've made up my mind that it 's no pertic'lar use to save money; and I think now that I 'll jest keep enough to bury me, and use up the rest as I go 'long." And Joe gave another of his philosophical laughs.

"I hev n't got no relations and I hev n't got nobody to take care of, and I guess I 'll stick to this the rest of my life. I s'pose I might hev been worth suthin now, if I had n't been so rovin'.

"Like my mules? Yes, I do; and I think my mules like me. There 's a heap o' 'fection in a mule. Maggie, here, will stop eatin' her corn any time if yer jist rub her ears; and if yer keep on rubbin' she 'll lie right down like a kitten; she likes pettin'. I allers take good care of

my team. I think how it is with myself. Sometimes I 've been mighty hungry and mighty thirsty and I 'd hev been mighty glad if some one had been roun' to give me a feed. An' I know that mules hev feelin's just like a man. But some of those new drivers don't care a durn whether their mules git watered or not. Maggie 's a cur'us gal 'bout that. She 's mighty pertic'lar. If you drive her inter water and it gets riled at all, she won't drink a bit. Up there in the Black Hills we had splendid water, but she would n't drink any for two days. She was n't sick neither. Guess you must be suthin of a camel, eh, Mag? 'T an't so with Boxer; he 'll drink whenever he gits a chance. Nice mule, an't he? He 's allers jest as steady as yer see him now. Allers keeps along jest so. Yer always know how to depend on him. Whenever there 's any pullin' to be done he 's roun'. Gwah, Maggie, gwah! That was a bad place to break a hame strap. I don't like those hame buckles anyhow. I think holes is better.

" Yer see that feller drivin' over there in that other string? Well, he 's a pretty good driver, but he whips his mules too much. Yer see that saddle mule of his is use' to bein' on the off side, and he 's usin' it now on the near side. Of course it an't use' to bein' there, and it bears off to the left all the time. It 's only nat'ral it should. Yer know a man gits use to hevin' one seat at the table, and it don't seem nat'ral to set anywhere else. I never tried Boxer as a nigh wheeler, and I should n't want to, either. He 's a pretty high-strung mule for such a steady one. But that off swing there I would n't ride for a hundred dollars. I don't believe any man living could set on her back if she was n't willin', and I don't think she would be. She 's very touchy if you don't speak to her. I came up to her once and touched her without speakin', and she jumped clean out of the harness in two minutes. One of them infantry fellers was walkin' 'long side of her t' other day, and I saw it fretted her and I asked him if he would n't fall back. By and by he came up again and jest kept right 'long side. I jest got down and told him that if he did n't git away I 'd see if I was n't young enough to make him; so he quit. A man must take his mules' part, yer know.

" I use' to take a heap of trouble to fix up my team. It was a government team, too. That one I had in '66 was a fine one. I had some housin's made out of buffalo and lined nice with red, yer know, and scollups cut to make 'em look smart. I bought a steel bow and some fine bells; a mule likes bells you know; they cost me eleven dollars. I paid two dollars apiece for rosettes, three dollars for some martingales, and spent six dollars just for ribbon. All the fixin's cost forty-six dollars, all out of my own pocket. That 's played out now. It don't pay to dec'rate yer mules, because after these expeditions they take yer team away. S'pose I shall lose this team too. Them wagon masters are beginnin' to bet now how much Boxer can pull when they git him again at Lincoln. Last winter he won lots o' bets. He pulled eighteen men on a sled on the bare ground 'gainst two other mules which could only pull seventeen. I 'll be hanged, though, if they ever git any of these mules while I hev 'em. 'T an't right to take a mule out of the stable when he 's been workin' all day, and then go to pullin' him out of his skin jest to see how much he 'll draw. Wall, I guess that 's camp ahead; do you see how them mules know it? I tell yer there 's a heap o' human natur' in mules. Gwah, Maggie, gwah! "

And with a jerk or two on the line to let " Babe " know what was wanted, Joe and his team moved off towards the head-quarter tent.

It is surprising what skill teamsters attain in driving with a single line. Old Joe could turn his wagon round within its own length, and did not grumble that a bridge was narrow if you gave him two or three inches on each side of the wheels. The facility with which the veteran distinguishes his mules is equally surprising to a novice. Weed out the few grays and duns, and the mules in a fifteen hundred herd look very much alike. But an old teamster, when he has once driven a

team, can tell them in the largest herd, if he sees them half a mile off. A novice whom I recall had less success. "How many of your mules have you got?" said an angry wagon master to him one morning, about half an hour after it was time to be harnessed. "All *but five*," was the doleful reply.

The teamster's pastimes are simple, but not always innocent. Wherever there is a sutler, a large share of his time and earnings are spent at the bar. An indispensable part of his outfit is a pack of cards. His philosophy of life, his creed, his hopes and expectations for the future, are all implied in those fifty-two elements. No expedition goes out without three or four professionals, who engage as teamsters. On the Yellowstone expedition there were several who reaped a good harvest. The most successful, nicknamed "Governor Wise," took home three thousand dollars as the result of four months' work. One of his best "hauls," known only to a few, was made one night just after we had buried the one unfortunate teamster who was killed on the trip. The game lasted all night, and when the bugle sounded reveille, Wise had made fifteen hundred dollars. It is only professionals who can play such heavy games. The teamster's wages do not admit of large stakes; but he will stake all he has. Let a hundred teamsters be paid off, and in three or four days nearly the whole amount of money will be in the hands of three or four men. Many an expert gambler has graduated wealthy from a mule's back. At Fort Bridger an accomplished teamster made sixteen thousand dollars from his comrades in three months. There is a man in Leavenworth to-day worth fifty thousand dollars, who made it in the same way. But reverses are equally noticeable. A man at "Dobetown," Utah, owned property worth one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars in gold. He lost it all in a single game of poker, and to keep from starving was obliged to take a black snake and drive a team side by side with the man who told me the story. "But," said old Martin, "it cured him of gambling."

S. J. Barrows.

SONNET.

TO F. A.

UNCONSCIOUS as the sunshine, simply sweet
And generous as that, thou dost not close
Thyself in art, as life were but a rose
To rumple bee-like with luxurious feet;
Thy higher mind therein finds sure retreat,
But not from care of common hopes and woes;
Thee the dark chamber, thee the unfriended knows,
Although no gaping crowds thy praise repeat:
Consummate artist, who life's landscape bleak
Hast brimmed with sun to many a clouded eye,
Touched to a brighter hue the beggar's cheek,
Hung over orphaned lives a gracious sky,
And traced for eyes, that else would vainly seek,
Fair pictures of an angel drawing nigh!

J. R. Lowell.

FLORENCE, ITALY, *January*, 1874.

WHAT IS AN AMERICAN?

M. Renan says that by scientific requisition five things are necessary to constitute a race and entitle it to be considered an independent member of the human family. They are, a language of its own, a characteristic literature, a religion, a history, and a code. Now we have none of these titles; we are not a race. But many of the leading peoples of Europe fail by some of these tests; they cannot be allotted a separate place in the human family: nevertheless they have their distinct individuality; they are recognized not only by their political acts but by their characteristics. Take Russia, whose modern history virtually begins with Peter the Great, not half a century before our own: within the present era Russia has been overrun, at least in part, by Scythians, Sarmatians, Goths, Bulgarians, Huns, Lithuanians, Mongols, Tartars, Celtic and German tribes, and more besides. Most of them have had a hand in making her laws and her language. In Russia of to-day are to be found all the principal varieties of the Christian faith, all the creeds of Europe and all those of Asia, with their subdivisions of sect. In the Dachkoff Museum, founded at Moscow on the occasion of the Sclavonic Congress of 1867, there were exhibited groups of manikins in the costume of the states or tribes which compose the Russian empire: Samoyedes, Lapps, Finns, Esthonians, Tartars, Circassians, inhabitants of Great and Little Russia, Moldavians, Jews, Kalmucks, Georgians, and many more. These all came as conquerors or colonists, or were themselves conquered and incorporated; they did not come as immigrants, exiles, or convicts; they have not merged nor fused themselves, nor lost their peculiarities of feature, language, costume, or creed. Yet Russia is Russian; her nationality is definite if not homogeneous; there is a Russian type, character, policy, church.

To America there have come English, a few French, a great many Irish and Germans, and not enough from any other country to be taken into the question; all these are Europeans and Christians. We have, moreover, the native red Indian and the imported African, who may be set aside as practically out of court. Which of these elements represents the American, the citizen of the United States, or enters most largely into his composition? How far do they combine to form a national character?

Where the French settled in bodies, as on the Mississippi, they have created a variety of the human species known by the name of Creole, with a physiognomy and a lingo of its own, which nobody at home or abroad ever thinks of as American. If it be to French influence that we owe our brag, our facility of expression, our love of dress, and sundry other lively propensities, it has not wrought upon us through the French in our communities. How far we have the Irish to thank for our slackness, our want of system, our tolerance of disorder moral and material, it is impossible to say; it is certainly to them that we owe Roman Catholicism as a factor in our social and political problems; but the Irish, we know, are assimilated so rapidly and easily that under ordinary conditions the Celtic type disappears even in the second generation, and its speech, habits, and ideas conform to those of the people by whom it is surrounded. The Germans have less facility for being absorbed; it is not for yesterday's immigrant only that we print so many advertisements in double columns of German and English, — the only public bilingual notices to be found in this country, we believe. The genuine Dutch stock of the Mohawk and Hudson regions has passed into the bone and sinew of New York State, imparting many admirable qualities; the Pennsylvania Dutchman, who is not Dutch at all, but German (*Deutsch*), remains after two centuries unannealed; his miserable

dialect is in active use, deteriorating from generation to generation without coming much nearer the language of the country; he exercises no influence, but resists all, and sticks in our midst, an undigested lump. But the Germans who throng our cities, especially in the West, have done their share in forming national tendencies; not very important ones, perhaps, but marked: from them we have taken the habit of drinking beer, as far as it prevails, which our malt-loving English founders did not naturalize; from them the practice of beautifying our burying-grounds, our increasing love of music, our fondness for the country and the open air, which we enjoy far more in the German than in the English way; the transcendentalism of part of the country, the real deep sentiment, as well as the shallow sentimentality, which pervades our sayings and doings, is of Teutonic origin; the English have neither the virtue nor its corresponding vice.

Yet of course, beyond discussion, the basis of our nationality is English; our standards like our language are English, however much we may modify, improve, or corrupt. This being the case, why are we so different from the English? Why is it that when a representative American is spoken of, nobody thinks of a creature in the least resembling an Englishman? What is our physical type? The tall, straight, slender, yet muscular form, large deep eyes with sweeping lashes, clear complexion, splendid teeth, calm and serious mien, which one sees commonly among the Maine and New Hampshire lumbermen, which we knew so well in the Western regiments during the late war, and which one meets with nowhere else in the world? Or the sallow, puny, ill-made, insignificant, nervous, restless human creature whom we know anywhere at a glance for a compatriot? Whence come our preference for the knife or pistol as arbiter instead of the fist? the duel instead of law and damages? our excitability, our sensitiveness, our propensity to humbug and be humbugged, our ideality, our headlong haste, our deadly inertia? None of these are English; they cannot all be the result of youth, climate, republican institutions. Finally, who is a representative American? Is he an Adams, a Jefferson, a Lincoln, a Barnum, a Butler, or a Fisk? Are Longfellow and Lowell, Hawthorne and Emerson, our representative literary men, or Bret Harte and his followers? Are we the most practical or the most speculative of people? The greediest of gain or the most reckless of expense? The most lawless or the most superstitiously law-abiding? The rashest or the most calculating? The most phlegmatic or the most thin-skinned? The broadest or the narrowest? The chariest of words or the most inveterate talkers? The most indifferent or the most subservient to public opinion? We are cited as the embodiment of all these and many other opposite qualities; which is the true view? or do all extremes meet in us?

Nobody who has come into contact with Europeans of the upper classes can have failed to be struck by the extraordinary freedom of their demeanor, their disregard of "what people will say," their indulgence of oddity and eccentricity, as compared with ourselves. What are called "characters," men and women of unbridled individuality, are about ten among Europeans of assured social position to one with us. On the surface this seems a strange result of republicanism, but the reason of it is easy to discover. In societies where there is a privileged class each member of that class becomes a privileged person, supremely oblivious of the existence of everybody except those within his own parallels; and as it is pleasanter to follow one's vagaries than to conform to general rules, each goes his own way, giving and asking no account, extending the same indulgence which he takes for himself; this is to be best observed among English people of position, whose natural coarseness sets in relief peculiarities and pranks which lose their rough outline under the urbanity and polish of other foreigners of the same grade. With us, on whom the pressure of democracy weighs from the cradle, who are subjected to the scrutiny and judgment of the whole community, whose

comfort depends in great measure on our doing as others do, there is necessarily much external similarity; we regulate our dress, hours, habits, and outer walk and conversation a good deal by custom; thus, although the long-haired man who wears his boots over his trousers has become the typical Yankee to foreigners, long hair and tucked-in trousers would excite much more attention in any city of our Atlantic sea-board than in London, Paris, Vienna, or Rome. There is far less salient personality among well-bred Americans than among any other civilized people of the same class. But the forces which plane us down to this level have no influence on our opinions, and there is no comparison possible between any other people and ourselves in the habit of individual, independent thought. All others hold certain beliefs and notions because they are those of their class, church, club; convictions and conclusions of their own they rarely have; under the surprising variety of exterior they present an incredible monotony of mental aspect. Nowhere is this fact so noticeable as among the English, whose freaks of conduct are the most daring. But nobody gives the law to us in matters of opinion; nobody here thinks this or that because any set of people think so; some of us follow the lead of a newspaper, a preacher, or a political party, but it is because they express our own ideas in the main. The majority may prescribe to us in matters of form; we do our thinking for ourselves.

Yet withal we think very much alike. The territorial vastness which leads us to add innumerable ciphers to the smallest denominator in our estimates of ourselves, accustoms us to horizons in whose extent proportion is lost and views are falsified. We forget that bigness is not greatness; in the spaciousness of our land we overlook its emptiness; in our confidence of its breadth to contain the development of all the problems of the future, we lose sight of its lack of a long past and all which that bequeaths; we congratulate ourselves on our freedom from the trammels of usage and prejudice, while we might deplore our absence of standard and precedent. As the Pacific widens on our ken with a nearer neighborhood to the alien East beyond, the Old World across the Atlantic, to which we must look for experience and examples, is fading from our sight. We had a class of men once, not long ago, in whom reverence for all that was venerable, love for all that was beautiful, sympathy for all that was noble in that Old World gave breadth and firmness to their zeal for the fresher, purer, truer life which they believed was to be found in the New; they drew strength and solidity from roots which struck deep into the past, while the free air and sunshine of untainted spheres gave sap and vigor to their growth. There are specimens of them still; as a class they are dying out: were they Americans or not? There is a class of men, growing more numerous every day, who openly deride and despise the past; they have no respect for its wisdom, no affection for its antiquity; they are deaf to its authority, blind to its loveliness; tradition, association, have neither charm nor sanctity for them. Ignorance is not so much their bane as insensibility; they are often keen, fresh, original, even brilliant; but on what shallow ground, amid what stones and brambles have they sprung up! what a weedy luxuriance of growth, what a crude and meagre fruitage, is theirs! What scrubby standards, what raw results they offer us! If they have not the prejudices of age they have the more irrational ones of greenness. Skepticism and cynicism ferment all that they produce; for time-honored ideas and hallowed names they have only a wink and a tongue thrust into the cheek. Are these representative Americans? They are not necessarily bad men, but they make others bad. "Bad taste leads to crime," said an acute Frenchman; bad style tends to bad notions; flippancy and coarseness destroy delicacy, earnestness, respect, and self-respect; men cannot make a mock of honor, reverence, enthusiasm, sentiment, courtesy, and uphold honesty, courage, plain-dealing; habitual sneering lowers the tone, corrodes belief even in one's own professions,

spreads like mold over freshness of feeling. No one's practice comes up to his standards; therefore we should keep our standards as high as we can, that in falling short of them we may not fall too low. Slang has hurt us all because it tends this way. The boast of this school is their freedom from hypocrisy and sham; that is a good thing, but inasmuch as it has become proverbial that hyprocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue, we need not pride ourselves on having got rid of the mask until we have got rid of the brazen front which it hid; a little decent hypocrisy would seem almost a grace after the impudent frankness to which we have become accustomed. As to sham, there is more of it than ever, and affectation and cant; only, as it is the affectation of low instead of high sentiments, it is within everybody's scope. We are very badly in need of an infusion of Quixotism; we are suffering from a diseased want of imagination. At the same time we are suffering badly from a want of knowledge of facts. We foster our self-complacency with our common-school system, on strength of which we are fond of calling ourselves the best-educated people in the world; let us make the comparison not between the least but the best educated classes of our own and other countries; let us set so-called cultivated Americans beside cultivated Europeans, and we shall have a gauge for our baseless presumption, our crass ignorance. There is no phrase so common with us as "the best in the world." It is not enough to assert that we have the best climate, the best soil, the best government, which is possible, but we likewise have the best army and navy, the best theatre, the best art, the best roads and streets, the best manufactures of every sort, including carpets, silks, watches, and wine; and these assertions generally come from judges who have never been in any other part of the world. A saving discontent and self-depreciation may be found among private individuals; a prominent journal (conducted by a foreigner) may tell us unpleasant truths without mincing them, but when do we meet with such expressions in the mouths of our public men, unless they be partisans of the opposition? It brands a man as a bad citizen if he compare anything at home unfavorably with anything elsewhere, on earth or in the heavenly Jerusalem. Wonderful country! astonishing people! who produce nothing second-rate, even on first experiment.

After ignorance, the most universal quality which the present querist has been able to discover in his countrymen is vulgarity. To begin with, that quality is almost the prerogative of the Saxon; in the Latin races it hardly exists; the Germans have plenty of it, the English a superabundance, but we have made it a specialty. Our statesmen show it in sprinkling their speeches with cheap classical quotations and literary allusions which the mass of their hearers do not understand; our popular preachers by mixing up gross familiarity and mawkish personality in their treatment of sacred things. Our militia officers are forever on parade with their eternally recurring title; our corporations are incessantly giving themselves banquets with the pomp and emphasis of a national celebration; dinners and suppers, Bibles, swords, and pieces of plate, are always being tendered by men nobody ever heard of, to men nobody ever heard of, for doing nobody knows what; our private citizens have a mania for offering receptions to strangers chiefly distinguished by bad standing in their own country or by having abused ours; a mania likewise for calling themselves committees, and for driving about in hired barouches; a mania for interviewing, for excursions with brass bands. Our young women publish themselves as Miss Nellie, Vinnie, Lulu, Katie. The entries we make in the travelers' book at hotels abroad are peculiarly ingenious; whatever nonsense an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a German may inscribe reflects ridicule only on himself; our people have the happy gift of making their entire nation disgusting by their remarks.

A rapid and radical change must have taken place in our modes; there was a time, when Marryat and Dickens first came to this country, when we were

laughed at for our pedantry and precision in speech, the puritanism and prudery of our manners. Perhaps we have been laughed out of them; certain it is that with the two foreign nations who see most of us, our women have become a by-word for lightness, our men for blasphemy and coarseness, and in this shape we figure upon their stage and in their literature. What has happened to us? Are we rotten before we are ripe?

Ten years ago the two divisions of our country leaned upon their swords, breathless and bleeding from their long conflict; one half had been fighting and starving for what they believed their rights, long after hope was dead; the other had been truly battling for ideas, for the idea of country, of humanity, of justice, of liberty. Where are those Americans? Where, alas! In many places the day of commemoration does not even bring a garland to their graves. But is the very stock and seed exhausted? Where are their brothers, their sons, their kin? Were they Americans indeed, that the very type should have perished? Some one will say, Let the call to arms sound again, and you will see. But must we always be purged by blood and fire? is there no other purification possible? Has a patriot no part to play in times of peace? Some one else answers that their spirit is not dead, but that its inheritors hide themselves in shame and sorrow from the disgraceful spectacle of public affairs, that no honest man can work for his country now without soiling his hands. They are no worthy successors of those we lost ten years ago, who will not raise a voice or hand in active protest against the wrong they abhor. This is the attitude of a conscientious man who loves his country: "He saw that society and liberty as well as government were in danger; he had little faith in a republic, and little sympathy with the sort of men with whom republican institutions would infallibly mix him up. . . . But he felt that it would not be the part of a good citizen or an honorable man to desert the helm because the sea was stormy, the vessel damaged, or the crew dirty and disreputable; he was convinced that the only chance for liberty and order lay in making the republic *work* if it were possible to do so, and for this object, therefore, he sacrificed many of his own tastes, and submitted to the defeat of many of his predilections and opinions. . . . Profoundly discouraged and sorrowful he certainly was, but he never altogether lost heart in the final redemption of his country, and never for one hour ceased to ponder and labor for it." The men who find words to grumble, to bewail, to curse, to do everything but denounce, who find time for business, pleasure, rest, idling, but none for active opposition to the disgrace which they deplore, are only less guilty in degree than the men whose villainies are making our name a hissing at home and abroad. Their crime may not be greed of power or gain, but it is love of ease and quiet; their sloth is stronger than their principle. Ten years ago we had wrung from the world an amazed respect and admiration for our courage, our constancy, our unlimited power of self-devotion and sacrifice. What have we added to ourselves in these ten years? Several new varieties of infamy. What is the name of America now in Europe? A synonym for low rascality.

A national character can hardly exist without a strong love of country. Notwithstanding our self-sufficiency nobody can claim that for us at present. Thousands of our people expatriate themselves because life is easier, pleasanter, or cheaper elsewhere; they carry their wealth and what weight they command (and *that* they forfeit in so doing) to other countries. Others stay at home and brag of the length of their rivers and width of their lakes; and by dint of stretching their sense of citizenship over so vast an area, their patriotism becomes so thin that it cracks in every direction. An infallible test is now being applied to us; an absolute gauge of the strength of our concrete enthusiasm. In eighteen months the first century of our national existence will be complete. Our after ages can see no anniversary so

solemn as this. Our struggle into life is near enough for us to remember it with emotion; living memories link us to it still: it is distant enough to have become traditional, venerable. Who hails the approaching era with tenderness and veneration? It is not to be expected that the emigrant from Germany, from England, from Ireland, or even his rich and successful son, should glow at the recollections of '76; but does he not owe a grateful affection to the country of his adoption which has opened to him a road to fortune, political privileges, and possibilities of every sort which would have been closed to him in his own? Nor can the children of the great new West, the men who have seen Chicago rise once from the prairie and once from her ashes, the bold and patient pioneers of Colorado and Nevada, who live and toil for the future, dwell so proudly and fondly on the past. Yet they might surely turn with pride and love to salute the bourne whence they started on their great march. They are now in the position of those who two hundred and fifty years ago came to plant their roof-tree on our shores; like them they wage valiant warfare with the wilderness and the savage, to win new realms for civilization from barbarism and the hostile elements. They are our inland colonists, the pilgrim fathers of our western coasts; a hundred years hence they will be spoken of with those of 1606, 1620, and 1680, who are classed together to-day. Their names are to live and spread and be known among us, while others, long honored, may be slowly dying out; they carry on the traditions of the settlers of our soil; they are the parents of the broader land. By this title they should bind themselves with its past too, that hereafter their descendants may point back across a century to where they stand linked to the founders of the country by their participation in its first secular celebration.

And those who still dwell in the old places which know them, where the streets are called by their family names, and the trees were planted by their forefathers, — as the years bring round the hundredth return of days in which the old sword and musket they treasure did good service, how are they preparing to greet the anniversary of the great crowning act which consecrated that service, the birthday of their country? One of the thirteen original States, she whose title to local precedence is so indisputable that she could best afford to waive her claim, scuffles with selfish, vulgar tenacity for the central place, even if she shall occupy it alone, driving away her twelve sisters from doing honor to their common mother; the rest hold aloof from jealousy, indifference, or self-importance, separating themselves on a question of form, and will have no part nor lot in the matter; while from the Capitol we are exhorted every one to keep his holiday for himself, "each State, each city, each town, each village, each hamlet, each hearth." If this is to be so, what was the meaning of those years from 1860 to 1865? We have owned that the South was right; what reparation can we make her now that she is vindicated by our voluntary disintegration?

It is futile to object at the present hour that an international exhibition is an inappropriate, ill-chosen form for such a commemoration. There are many who think that a grand gathering together of the representatives of all nations, the products of all lands, the tokens of general progress, is not an unfitting mode of illustrating the first completed cycle of a country whose citizens are the children of all climes, whose area is the field for all experiment, whose boast has been to foster the benignant arts of peace. Yet there can be no doubt in any unprejudiced mind that, when it did not meet with the approval of the people at large, the project should have been abandoned. And it might have been abandoned if any other had been brought forward in its stead with vigor and unanimity. But who proposed a more suitable expression of national feeling? Who suggested any other plan whatever, which should unite us all in seemly observance? What guarantee had disinterested promoters of the inter-

national scheme that if they gave it up there would be any universal patriotic manifestation, to exalt our anniversaries and fix them as landmarks for all time to come? Let this be remembered in fairness. And now objections are out of season; the only combination which has arisen marked by energy and concert has carried the day. All that remains for others is to coöperate heartily, or to show to the world, and — what is far worse — to ourselves, the deplorable spectacle of a country without solidarity, without a soul; an accidental conglomerate of uncongenial particles, a population of immigrants, a base mart.

If this supreme occasion of rekindling fires of enthusiasm at hallowed altars, of refreshing languid faith at pure springs, of gathering up sacred memories for example and excitement, of making solemn pledges to ourselves and one another for a future which shall redeem the present and be worthy of the past, of gaining an impetus which shall send us not forward in the slippery track of material prosperity but upward along the path traced for us a century ago by men of clean hands and single minds, of joining hand to hand along the coasts and across the centre of this vast continent until the pulse of brotherhood is felt throbbing from one common heart — if this chance be lost, the end is not far off.

With all the various and varying elements, influences, interests, which work upon us as a people, the only distinctive characteristics which we can share are fidelity to certain fundamental ideas and principles, regard for moral greatness and national honor and dignity, above all, patriotism — loyalty to our great, beautiful, cherishing country, and to each other as her offspring. Without this, there will be no more Americans and no more America.

PHILADELPHIA, *September*, 1874.

OLD TIMES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

V.

"SOUNDING." FACULTIES PECULIARLY NECESSARY TO A PILOT.

WHEN the river is very low, and one's steamboat is "drawing all the water" there is in the channel, — or a few inches more, as was often the case in the old times, — one must be painfully circumspect in his piloting. We used to have to "sound" a number of particularly bad places almost every trip when the river was at a very low stage.

Sounding is done in this way. The boat ties up at the shore, just above the shoal crossing; the pilot not on watch takes his "cub" or steersman and a picked crew of men (sometimes an officer also), and goes out in the yawl — provided the boat has not that rare and sumptuous luxury, a regularly-devised "sounding-boat" — and proceeds to hunt for the best water, the pilot on duty watching his movements through a spy-glass, meantime, and in some instances assisting by signals of the boat's whistle, signifying "try higher up" or "try lower down;" for the surface of the water, like an oil-painting, is more expressive and intelligible when inspected from a little distance than very close at hand. The whistle signals are seldom necessary, however; never, perhaps, except when the wind confuses the significant ripples upon the water's surface. When the yawl has reached the shoal place, the speed is slackened, the pilot begins to sound the depth with a pole ten or twelve feet long, and the steersman at the tiller obeys the order to "hold her up to starboard;" or "let

her fall off to larboard;"[1] or "steady —steady as you go."

When the measurements indicate that the yawl is approaching the shoalest part of the reef, the command is given to "ease all!" Then the men stop rowing and the yawl drifts with the current. The next order is, "Stand by with the buoy!" The moment the shallowest point is reached, the pilot delivers the order, "Let go the buoy!" and over she goes. If the pilot is not satisfied, he sounds the place again; if he finds better water higher up or lower down, he removes the buoy to that place. Being finally satisfied, he gives the order, and all the men stand their oars straight up in the air, in line; a blast from the boat's whistle indicates that the signal has been seen; then the men "give way" on their oars and lay the yawl alongside the buoy; the steamer comes creeping carefully down, is pointed straight at the buoy, husbands her power for the coming struggle, and presently, at the critical moment, turns on all her steam and goes grinding and wallowing over the buoy and the sand, and gains the deep water beyond. Or maybe she does n't; maybe she "strikes and swings." Then she has to while away several hours (or days) sparring herself off.

Sometimes a buoy is not laid at all, but the yawl goes ahead, hunting the best water, and the steamer follows along in its wake. Often there is a deal of fun and excitement about sounding, especially if it is a glorious summer day, or a blustering night. But in winter the cold and the peril take most of the fun out of it.

A buoy is nothing but a board four or five feet long, with one end turned up; it is a reversed boot-jack. It is anchored on the shoalest part of the reef by a rope with a heavy stone made fast to the end of it. But for the resistance of the turned-up end, the current would pull the buoy under water. At night a paper lantern with a candle in it is fastened on top of the buoy, and this can be seen a mile or more, a little glimmering spark in the waste of blackness.

Nothing delights a cub so much as an opportunity to go out sounding. There is such an air of adventure about it; often there is danger; it is so gaudy and man-of-war-like to sit up in the stern-sheets and steer a swift yawl; there is something fine about the exultant spring of the boat when an experienced old sailor crew throw their souls into the oars; it is lovely to see the white foam stream away from the bows; there is music in the rush of the water; it is deliciously exhilarating, in summer, to go speeding over the breezy expanses of the river when the world of wavelets is dancing in the sun. It is such grandeur, too, to the cub, to get a chance to give an order; for often the pilot will simply say, "Let her go about!" and leave the rest to the cub, who instantly cries, in his sternest tone of command, "Ease starboard! Strong on the larboard! Starboard give way! With a will, men!" The cub enjoys sounding for the further reason that the eyes of the passengers are watching all the yawl's movements with absorbing interest, if the time be daylight; and if it be night he knows that those same wondering eyes are fastened upon the yawl's lantern as it glides out into the gloom and fades away in the remote distance.

One trip a pretty girl of sixteen spent her time in our pilot-house with her uncle and aunt, every day and all day long. I fell in love with her. So did Mr. T——'s cub, Tom G——. Tom and I had been bosom friends until this time; but now a coolness began to arise. I told the girl a good many of my river adventures, and made myself out a good deal of a hero; Tom tried to make himself appear to be a hero, too, and succeeded to some extent, but then he always had a way of embroidering. However, virtue is its own reward, so I was a barely perceptible trifle ahead in the contest. About this time something happened which promised handsomely for me: the pilots decided to sound the crossing at the head of 21. This would occur about nine or ten o'clock at night,

[1] The term "larboard" is never used at sea, now, to signify the left hand; but was always used on the river in my time.

when the passengers would be still up; it would be Mr. T——'s watch, therefore my chief would have to do the sounding. We had a perfect love of a sounding-boat — long, trim, graceful, and as fleet as a greyhound; her thwarts were cushioned; she carried twelve oarsmen; one of the mates was always sent in her to transmit orders to her crew, for ours was a steamer where no end of "style" was put on.

We tied up at the shore above 21, and got ready. It was a foul night, and the river was so wide, there, that a landsman's uneducated eyes could discern no opposite shore through such a gloom. The passengers were alert and interested; everything was satisfactory. As I hurried through the engine-room, picturesquely gotten up in storm toggery, I met Tom, and could not forbear delivering myself of a mean speech: —

"Ain't you glad *you* don't have to go out sounding?"

Tom was passing on, but he quickly turned, and said, —

"Now just for that, you can go and get the sounding-pole yourself. I was going after it, but I 'd see you in Halifax, now, before I 'd do it."

"Who wants you to get it? *I* don't. It 's in the sounding-boat."

"It ain't, either. It 's been new-painted; and it 's been up on the lady's-cabin guards two days, drying."

I flew back, and shortly arrived among the crowd of watching and wondering ladies just in time to hear the command:

"Give way, men!"

I looked over, and there was the gallant sounding-boat booming away, the unprincipled Tom presiding at the tiller, and my chief sitting by him with the sounding-pole which I had been sent on a fool's errand to fetch. Then that young girl said to me, —

"Oh, how awful to have to go out in that little boat on such a night! Do you think there is any danger?"

I would rather have been stabbed. I went off, full of venom, to help in the pilot-house. By and by the boat's lantern disappeared, and after an interval a wee spark glimmered upon the face of the water a mile away. Mr. T—— blew the whistle, in acknowledgment, backed the steamer out, and made for it. We flew along for a while, then slackened steam and went cautiously gliding toward the spark. Presently Mr. T—— exclaimed, —

"Hello, the buoy-lantern 's out!"

He stopped the engines. A moment or two later he said, —

"Why, there it is again!"

So he came ahead on the engines once more, and rang for the leads. Gradually the water shoaled up, and then began to deepen again! Mr. T—— muttered:

"Well, I don't understand this. I believe that buoy has drifted off the reef. Seems to be a little too far to the left. No matter, it is safest to run over it, anyhow."

So, in that solid world of darkness, we went creeping down on the light. Just as our bows were in the act of plowing over it, Mr. T—— seized the bell-ropes, rang a startling peal, and exclaimed, —

"My soul, it 's the sounding-boat!"

A sudden chorus of wild alarms burst out far below — a pause — and then a sound of grinding and crashing followed. Mr. T—— exclaimed, —

"There! the paddle-wheel has ground the sounding-boat to lucifer matches! Run! See who is killed!"

I was on the main deck in the twinkling of an eye. My chief and the third mate and nearly all the men were safe. They had discovered their danger when it was too late to pull out of the way; then, when the great guards overshadowed them a moment later, they were prepared and knew what to do; at my chief's order they sprang at the right instant, seized the guard, and were hauled aboard. The next moment the sounding-yawl swept aft to the wheel and was struck and splintered to atoms. Two of the men, and the cub Tom, were missing — a fact which spread like wild-fire over the boat. The passengers came flocking to the forward gangway, ladies and all, anxious-eyed, white-faced, and talked in awed voices of the dreadful thing. And often and again I heard

them say, "Poor fellows! poor boy, poor boy!"

By this time the boat's yawl was manned and away, to search for the missing. Now a faint call was heard, off to the left. The yawl had disappeared in the other direction. Half the people rushed to one side to encourage the swimmer with their shouts; the other half rushed the other way to shriek to the yawl to turn about. By the callings, the swimmer was approaching, but some said the sound showed failing strength. The crowd massed themselves against the boiler-deck railings, leaning over and staring into the gloom; and every faint and fainter cry wrung from them such words as "Ah, poor fellow, poor fellow! is there *no* way to save him?"

But still the cries held out, and drew nearer, and presently the voice said pluckily, —

"I can make it! Stand by with a rope!"

What a rousing cheer they gave him! The chief mate took his stand in the glare of a torch-basket, a coil of rope in his hand, and his men grouped about him. The next moment the swimmer's face appeared in the circle of light, and in another one the owner of it was hauled aboard, limp and drenched, while cheer on cheer went up. It was that devil Tom.

The yawl crew searched everywhere, but found no sign of the two men. They probably failed to catch the guard, tumbled back, and were struck by the wheel and killed. Tom had never jumped for the guard at all, but had plunged head-first into the river and dived under the wheel. It was nothing; I could have done it easy enough, and I said so; but everybody went on just the same, making a wonderful to-do over that ass, as if he had done something great. That girl could n't seem to have enough of that pitiful "hero" the rest of the trip; but little I cared; I loathed her, any way.

The way we came to mistake the sounding-boat's lantern for the buoy-light was this. My chief said that after laying the buoy he fell away and watched it till it seemed to be secure; then he took up a position a hundred yards below it and a little to one side of the steamer's course, headed the sounding-boat up-stream, and waited. Having to wait some time, he and the officer got to talking; he looked up when he judged that the steamer was about on the reef; saw that the buoy was gone, but supposed that the steamer had already run over it; he went on with his talk; he noticed that the steamer was getting very close down on him, but that was the correct thing; it was her business to shave him closely, for convenience in taking him aboard; he was expecting her to sheer off, until the last moment; then it flashed upon him that she was trying to run him down, mistaking his lantern for the buoy-light; so he sang out, "Stand by to spring for the guard, men!" and the next instant the jump was made.

But I am wandering from what I was intending to do, that is, make plainer than perhaps appears in my previous papers, some of the peculiar requirements of the science of piloting. First of all, there is one faculty which a pilot must incessantly cultivate until he has brought it to absolute perfection. Nothing short of perfection will do. That faculty is memory. He cannot stop with merely thinking a thing is so and so; he must *know* it; for this is eminently one of the "exact" sciences. With what scorn a pilot was looked upon, in the old times, if he ever ventured to deal in that feeble phrase "I think," instead of the vigorous one "I know!" One cannot easily realize what a tremendous thing it is to know every trivial detail of twelve hundred miles of river and know it with absolute exactness. If you will take the longest street in New York, and travel up and down it, conning its features patiently until you know every house and window and door and lamp-post and big and little sign by heart, and know them so accurately that you can instantly name the one you are abreast of when you are set down at random in that street in the middle of an inky black night, you will then have a tolerable notion of the amount and the exactness of a pilot's knowledge who

carries the Mississippi River in his head. And then if you will go on until you know every street crossing, the character, size, and position of the crossing-stones, and the varying depth of mud in each of those numberless places, you will have some idea of what the pilot must know in order to keep a Mississippi steamer out of trouble. Next, if you will take half of the signs in that long street, and *change their places* once a month, and still manage to know their new positions accurately on dark nights, and keep up with these repeated changes without making any mistakes, you will understand what is required of a pilot's peerless memory by the fickle Mississippi.

I think a pilot's memory is about the most wonderful thing in the world. To know the Old and New Testaments by heart, and be able to recite them glibly, forward or backward, or begin at random anywhere in the book and recite both ways and never trip or make a mistake, is no extravagant mass of knowledge, and no marvelous facility, compared to a pilot's massed knowledge of the Mississippi and his marvelous facility in the handling of it. I make this comparison deliberately, and believe I am not expanding the truth when I do it. Many will think my figure too strong, but pilots will not.

And how easily and comfortably the pilot's memory does its work; how placidly effortless is its way! how *unconsciously* it lays up its vast stores, hour by hour, day by day, and never loses or mislays a single valuable package of them all! Take an instance. Let a leadsman cry, "Half twain! half twain! half twain! half twain! half twain!" until it becomes as monotonous as the ticking of a clock; let conversation be going on all the time, and the pilot be doing his share of the talking, and no longer listening to the leadsman; and in the midst of this endless string of half twains let a single "quarter twain!" be interjected, without emphasis, and then the half twain cry go on again, just as before: two or three weeks later that pilot can describe with precision the boat's position in the river when that quarter twain was uttered, and give you such a lot of head-marks, stern-marks, and side-marks to guide you, that you ought to be able to take the boat there and put her in that same spot again yourself! The cry of quarter twain did not really take his mind from his talk, but his trained faculties instantly photographed the bearings, noted the change of depth, and laid up the important details for future reference without requiring any assistance from *him* in the matter. If you were walking and talking with a friend, and another friend at your side kept up a monotonous repetition of the vowel sound A, for a couple of blocks, and then in the midst interjected an R, thus, A, A, A, A, A, R, A, A, A, etc., and gave the R no emphasis, you would not be able to state, two or three weeks afterward, that the R had been put in, nor be able to tell what objects you were passing at the moment it was done. But you could if your memory had been patiently and laboriously trained to do that sort of thing mechanically.

Give a man a tolerably fair memory to start with, and piloting will develop it into a very colossus of capability. But *only in the matters it is daily drilled in.* A time would come when the man's faculties could not help noticing landmarks and soundings, and his memory could not help holding on to them with the grip of a vice; but if you asked that same man at noon what he had had for breakfast, it would be ten chances to one that he could not tell you. Astonishing things can be done with the human memory if you will devote it faithfully to one particular line of business.

At the time that wages soared so high on the Missouri River, my chief, Mr. B——, went up there and learned more than a thousand miles of that stream with an ease and rapidity that were astonishing. When he had seen each division *once* in the daytime and *once* at night, his education was so nearly complete that he took out a "daylight" license; a few trips later he took out a full license, and went to piloting day and night — and he ranked A 1, too.

Mr. B—— placed me as steersman for a while under a pilot whose feats of memory were a constant marvel to me. However, his memory was born in him, I think, not built. For instance, somebody would mention a name. Instantly Mr. J—— would break in: —

"Oh, I knew *him*. Sallow-faced, red-headed fellow, with a little scar on the side of his throat like a splinter under the flesh. He was only in the Southern trade six months. That was thirteen years ago. I made a trip with him. There was five feet in the upper river then; the Henry Blake grounded at the foot of Tower Island, drawing four and a half; the George Elliott unshipped her rudder on the wreck of the Sunflower" —

"Why, the Sunflower did n't sink until" —

"*I* know when she sunk; it was three years before that, on the 2d of December; Asa Hardy was captain of her, and his brother John was first clerk; and it was his first trip in her, too; Tom Jones told me these things a week afterward in New Orleans; he was first mate of the Sunflower. Captain Hardy stuck a nail in his foot the 6th of July of the next year, and died of the lockjaw on the 15th. His brother John died two years after, — 3d of March, — erysipelas. I never saw either of the Hardys, — they were Alleghany River men, — but people who knew them told me all these things. And they said Captain Hardy, wore yarn socks winter and summer just the same, and his first wife's name was Jane Shook, — she was from New England, — and his second one died in a lunatic asylum. It was in the blood. She was from Lexington, Kentucky. Name was Horton before she was married."

And so on, by the hour, the man's tongue would go. He could *not* forget anything. It was simply impossible. The most trivial details remained as distinct and luminous in his head, after they had lain there for years, as the most memorable events. His was not simply a pilot's memory; its grasp was universal. If he were talking about a trifling letter he had received seven years before, he was pretty sure to deliver you the entire screed from memory. And then, without observing that he was departing from the true line of his talk, he was more than likely to hurl in a long-drawn parenthetical biography of the writer of that letter; and you were lucky indeed if he did not take up that writer's relatives, one by one, and give you their biographies, too.

Such a memory as that is a great misfortune. To it, all occurrences are of the same size. Its possessor cannot distinguish an interesting circumstance from an uninteresting one. As a talker, he is bound to clog his narrative with tiresome details and make himself an insufferable bore. Moreover, he cannot stick to his subject. He picks up every little grain of memory he discerns in his way, and so is led aside. Mr. J—— would start out with the honest intention of telling you a vastly funny anecdote about a dog. He would be "so full of laugh" that he could hardly begin; then his memory would start with the dog's breed and personal appearance; drift into a history of his owner; of his owner's family, with descriptions of weddings and burials that had occurred in it, together with recitals of congratulatory verses and obituary poetry provoked by the same; then this memory would recollect that one of these events occurred during the celebrated "hard winter" of such and such a year, and a minute description of that winter would follow, along with the names of people who were frozen to death, and statistics showing the high figures which pork and hay went up to. Pork and hay would suggest corn and fodder; corn and fodder would suggest cows and horses; the latter would suggest the circus and certain celebrated bare-back riders; the transition from the circus to the menagerie was easy and natural; from the elephant to equatorial Africa was but a step; then of course the heathen savages would suggest religion; and at the end of three or four hours' tedious jaw, the watch would change and J—— would go out of the pilot-house muttering extracts from sermons he had heard years before about the efficacy of prayer as a means of grace. And the original first men-

tion would be all you had learned about that dog, after all this waiting and hungering.

A pilot must have a memory; but there are two higher qualities which he must also have. He must have good and quick judgment and decision, and a cool, calm courage that no peril can shake. Give a man the merest trifle of pluck to start with, and by the time he has become a pilot he cannot be unmanned by any danger a steamboat can get into; but one cannot quite say the same for judgment. Judgment is a matter of brains, and a man must *start* with a good stock of that article or he will never succeed as a pilot.

The growth of courage in the pilot-house is steady all the time, but it does not reach a high and satisfactory condition until some time after the young pilot has been "standing his own watch," alone and under the staggering weight of all the responsibilities connected with the position. When an apprentice has become pretty thoroughly acquainted with the river, he goes clattering along so fearlessly with his steamboat, night or day, that he presently begins to imagine that it is *his* courage that animates him; but the first time the pilot steps out and leaves him to his own devices he finds out it was the other man's. He discovers that the article has been left out of his own cargo altogether. The whole river is bristling with exigencies in a moment; he is not prepared for them; he does not know how to meet them; all his knowledge forsakes him; and within fifteen minutes he is as white as a sheet and scared almost to death. Therefore pilots wisely train these cubs by various strategic tricks to look danger in the face a little more calmly. A favorite way of theirs is to play a friendly swindle upon the candidate.

Mr. B—— served me in this fashion once, and for years afterward I used to blush even in my sleep when I thought of it. I had become a good steersman; so good, indeed, that I had all the work to do on our watch, night and day; Mr. B—— seldom made a suggestion to me; all he ever did was to take the wheel on particularly bad nights or in particularly bad crossings, land the boat when she needed to be landed, play gentleman of leisure nine tenths of the watch, and collect the wages. The lower river was about bank-full, and if anybody had questioned my ability to run any crossing between Cairo and New Orleans without help or instruction, I should have felt irreparably hurt. The idea of being afraid of any crossing in the lot, in the *day-time*, was a thing too preposterous for contemplation. Well, one matchless summer's day I was bowling down the bend above island 66, brim full of self-conceit and carrying my nose as high as a giraffe's, when Mr. B—— said, —

"I am going below a while. I suppose you know the next crossing?"

This was almost an affront. It was about the plainest and simplest crossing in the whole river. One could n't come to any harm, whether he ran it right or not; and as for depth, there never had been any bottom there. I knew all this, perfectly well.

"Know how to *run* it? Why, I can run it with my eyes shut."

"How much water is there in it?"

"Well, that is an odd question. I could n't get bottom there with a church steeple."

"You think so, do you?"

The very tone of the question shook my confidence. That was what Mr. B—— was expecting. He left, without saying anything more. I began to imagine all sorts of things. Mr. B——, unknown to me, of course, sent somebody down to the forecastle with some mysterious instructions to the leadsmen, another messenger was sent to whisper among the officers, and then Mr. B—— went into hiding behind a smoke-stack where he could observe results. Presently the captain stepped out on the hurricane deck; next the chief mate appeared; then a clerk. Every moment or two a straggler was added to my audience; and before I got to the head of the island I had fifteen or twenty people assembled down there under my nose. I began to wonder what the trouble was. As I started across, the captain glanced

aloft at me and said, with a sham uneasiness in his voice, —

"Where is Mr. B——?"

"Gone below, sir."

But that did the business for me. My imagination began to construct dangers out of nothing, and they multiplied faster than I could keep the run of them. All at once I imagined I saw shoal water ahead! The wave of coward agony that surged through me then came near dislocating every joint in me. All my confidence in that crossing vanished. I seized the bell-rope; dropped it, ashamed; seized it again; dropped it once more; clutched it tremblingly once again, and pulled it so feebly that I could hardly hear the stroke myself. Captain and mate sang out instantly, and both together, —

"Starboard lead there! and quick about it!"

This was another shock. I began to climb the wheel like a squirrel; but I would hardly get the boat started to port before I would see new dangers on that side, and away I would spin to the other; only to find perils accumulating to starboard, and be crazy to get to port again. Then came the leadsman's sepulchral cry: —

"D-e-e-p four!"

Deep four in a bottomless crossing! The terror of it took my breath away.

"M-a-r-k three! M-a-r-k three! Quarter less three! Half twain!"

This was frightful! I seized the bell-ropes and stopped the engines.

"Quarter twain! Quarter twain! *Mark* twain!"

I was helpless. I did not know what in the world to do. I was quaking from head to foot, and I could have hung my hat on my eyes, they stuck out so far.

"Quarter *less* twain! Nine and a *half!*"

We were *drawing* nine! My hands were in a nerveless flutter. I could not ring a bell intelligibly with them. I flew to the speaking-tube and shouted to the engineer, —

"Oh, Ben, if you love me, *back* her! Quick, Ben! Oh, back the immortal *soul* out of her!"

I heard the door close gently. I looked around, and there stood Mr. B——, smiling a bland, sweet smile. Then the audience on the hurricane deck sent up a shout of humiliating laughter. I saw it all, now, and I felt meaner than the meanest man in human history. I laid in the lead, set the boat in her marks, came ahead on the engines, and said, —

"It was a fine trick to play on an orphan, *was n't* it? I suppose I 'll never hear the last of how I was ass enough to heave the lead at the head of 66."

"Well, no, you won't, maybe. In fact I hope you won't; for I want you to learn something by that experience. Did n't you *know* there was no bottom in that crossing?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Very well, then. You should n't have allowed me or anybody else to shake your confidence in that knowledge. Try to remember that. And another thing: when you get into a dangerous place, don't turn coward. That is n't going to help matters any."

It was a good enough lesson, but pretty hardly learned. Yet about the hardest part of it was that for months I so often had to hear a phrase which I had conceived a particular distaste for. It was, "Oh, Ben, if you love me, back her!"

Mark Twain.

LEXINGTON.

1775.

No maddening thirst of blood had they,
    No battle-joy was theirs, who set
    Against the alien bayonet
Their homespun breasts in that old day.

Their feet had trodden peaceful ways;
    They loved not strife, they dreaded pain;
    They saw not, what to us is plain,
That God would make man's wrath his praise.

No seers were they, but simple men;
    Its vast results the future hid:
    The meaning of the work they did
Was strange and dark and doubtful then.

Swift as their summons came they left
    The plow mid-furrow standing still,
    The half-ground corn grist in the mill,
The spade in earth, the ax in cleft.

They went where duty seemed to call,
    They scarcely asked the reason why;
    They only knew they could but die,
And death was not the worst of all!

Of man for man the sacrifice,
    Unstained by blood save theirs, they gave.
    The flowers that blossomed from their grave
Have sown themselves beneath all skies.

Their death-shot shook the feudal tower,
    And shattered slavery's chain as well;
    On the sky's dome, as on a bell,
Its echo struck the world's great hour.

That fateful echo is not dumb:
    The nations listening to its sound
    Wait, from a century's vantage-ground,
The holier triumphs yet to come, —

The bridal time of Law and Love,
    The gladness of the world's release,
    When, war-sick, at the feet of Peace
The hawk shall nestle with the dove! —

The golden age of brotherhood
Unknown to other rivalries
Than of the mild humanities,
And gracious interchange of good,

When closer strand shall lean to strand,
Till meet, beneath saluting flags,
The eagle of our mountain crags,
The lion of our Motherland!

John G. Whittier.

MERELY A MIRROR.

CAPTAIN CEPHAS SPAIGHT.

SIMPLY a small, unobtrusive, sun-browned, grizzly-bearded, quiet-spoken, jeans-clothed man, the captain. With his gray cap drawn down over his light blue eyes, you no more think a second time about the man, when you pass him upon the street, than about the chance clouds that happen at the moment to be floating overhead. Yet, when I come upon the captain on the sidewalk to-day, there is a vast deal more electricity passing between us as we clasp hands than you would think; inasmuch as we are just now in the heart of the South and the midst of the war.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Martin!" he says. Nor is Mr. Martin — myself — less pleased to see the captain, for it is many months since we parted upon the deck of the captain's coasting schooner, the very smell and motion of which is with me again as I hold my friend by the hand.

"Very glad indeed to see you, brother Martin!" my friend says again, the warmth of our meeting having by this time melted away the "Mr." from between us. Members we are, you will remark, of the same church.

"I am sure I am," I said. "Come out and take dinner and have a bed with us while you are in town. Neither will tilt and toss about quite as much as they used to do on the Susan Jane, yet" —

"You know I can't do it, brother Martin!" the captain says, unclasping his hand from mine as he thinks of it, and standing a little off from me too. "It might ruin my character! I risk it, you well know, to be standing here talking with you on the street!" And we unconsciously grasp hands again, and immediately withdraw them, in hearty acknowledgment of the fact!

"Two things, however, I *must* say before we part," the captain adds, quite seriously, too, lowering his voice; "one is —

"COLONEL CARP."

I have to break in upon Captain Cephas Spaight, as I find the colonel standing suddenly beside me. "Colonel Carp, this is my friend Captain Spaight; captain, this is Colonel Carp! and be careful how you wound his feelings, so ardently is he infatuated in reference to the stars and the bars;" this last I add almost in a whisper. And there is this peculiarity of the shaking of hands which follows: it is so cordial between the palms of the two, so very cold and formal as to all else; a slight emphasis of mine upon a word or two possibly the cause of that.

"Anything of interest from below, captain?" It is the old colonel who asks. "We hear only this wretched stuff! Anything?"

There is the thirst of the perishing in the eyes of the colonel, and in the manner, too. Yet the tall, white-haired,

sharp-visaged, restless old gentleman, your very ideal of Don Quixote without armor and Rosinante, eager as he was, Union as he was, would have instantly refuted any news, favorable or unfavorable to the Confederacy, imparted by my friend; as eager to prove or to disprove as to hear.

"Nothing!" The word dropped, an icicle, from the cold lips of the seaman. And the old colonel would have gone on to demonstrate the fallacy of that one word, were it not plain that the captain had suddenly sunk fathoms deep into himself, a frightened fish, from the very sight of the colonel, the eager gaze of his questioner getting no reply from the eyes of the sailor, fish-like in their cold vacancy.

Because he understood the white-headed, impatient, irascible, argumentative old colonel on the instant; could tell of all that was rushing upon him, in the colonel, with the second nature by which he knew on water when a squall was coming. Not that Colonel Carp would endanger the Union cause and himself by a gesture or a syllable. But he *would* argue! Argue? Assert, over the table, that the barley coffee we have to drink these days does not taste like genuine coffee, the colonel denies and demonstrates the reverse; only less vehemently the reverse still should you make the opposite assertion. Say "This last news looks bad, colonel, for the Union side," and you are in for half an hour's argument to the opposite, — with all his heart, too, for the colonel is loyal to the centre. Try "Disastrous to Jeff Davis, colonel, this battle at Nashville; Hood annihilated, it seems!"

"Do you seriously think so? Why, sir," — roads, weather, season of the year, crops, nature of locality, rivers, peculiarities of this army and that, well-known character of the other general and this, tactics of cavalry and of infantry which a babe should be spanked if it did not understand, — "those guerrillas, too, sir!" waxing almost wrathful that you could not see it. From inexhaustible stores the colonel poured conclusive arguments upon you to the contrary; before the day was over, if assaulted in that direction, turning all his guns and ammunition in victorious demonstration of the exact opposite! Upon every possible and impossible point started, and with every soul he meets, the colonel's life is one incessant argument.

No mirror of finest plate-glass from the late lamented France reflects fact more accurately than does this page; all its value in that. Behold in it, then, Colonel Carp journeying, years ago, upon horseback, alone and through a desert region. Upon him behold, too, a highwayman spring suddenly from ambush, and, holding his bridle with the one hand, level a pistol at the colonel's head with the other, with the regular formula, "Your money or your life!"

But the colonel is cooler than he; delighted, after long abstinence on the solitary road, with the opportunity, and a vast deal more expert with *his* terrible weapon than the footpad with his revolver.

"Your assertion is, first, that I have money? second, that you will kill me if I do not give it up?" and the colonel, adopting thus the Socratic mode of destroying his foe, lays down each question, as he states it, with the handle of his riding whip in the palm of his left hand. "Now, sir, nothing easier than to refute both assertions! First, then" —

Refuting all my own suggestions in the matter, the colonel often narrated to me his line of argument. Sufficient to say he left his Claude Duval slain, so to speak, by the roadside as by the cold steel of his deadly dialectics; actually argued, possibly exhausted, the villain from his purpose! Fact.

It would have been better for mankind in some sense, however, had the man at least taken the colonel's money: the victorious result intensified so his ratiocination that, with manifold excellences, he was simply unendurable! You were *not* sick when he stood at your bedside during your illness! No, it was easy to show it was *not* a headache you had to-day. It *was* the bread you had last eaten and *not* that wetting of your feet which had made you sick! The rebels

would have shot or hung the colonel, too old for conscription, knowing his principles as they did, had they not fled from him instead, chuckling over the fact, as they dodged down all alleys out of his way, that he was their surest ally, so far as refuting was concerned, against the Union people! Many and many a time has the writer, vigorously pursued by the colonel's remorseless reasoning, headed instantly at every turn, darted at last into utter silence as into a hole, panting therein like a rabbit, while the colonel barked, so to speak, his final arguments after him from without!

Just as Captain Spaight and myself are pondering how to escape, slow Major Anderson happens in passing to say, "Bah, Colonel Carp, you were wrong about Beauregard!"

"Wrong!" and with the word the colonel is gone after the major, laying down, as he goes, the premises of a tremendous argument.

"I must tell you two things," Captain Spaight began hurriedly, when this had extricated us from the colonel. "I am up here from the coast upon Confederate business. I must leave at three o'clock, and it is more damaging than you dream of for me to be seen talking with you here. It is about that little matter of the salt, and, very important, about the torpedo ship I am building to blow up the blockading fleet!"

The captain is very pale, and speaks quite low; and having tossed with him in a storm or two at sea on the Susan Jane, his unusual manner convinces me that he has something of serious interest to tell.

"I have heard you are going over the lines, brother Martin," he says, in a manner very much the reverse of his fish-like passivity in getting rid of Colonel Carp, "and I have that to tell you which will assuredly save the fleet. You see, our torpedo vessel will be launched in two weeks; first real thick fog after that! Just as sure as it gets among those vessels they are *bound* to go up! Now the only way" —

"Ees never to put any water in" — we are interrupted just then — "never put any, hic, an-*ny* war-ter in your drink, hic! It spoils the war-ter, in the first place. Of course no bod-dy cares for the war-ter! Nothing person-al, Captain Spaight, for I know you live on that. But it spoils the whisky, hic! First place. Second place, Colonel Carp, argument, sound reas'g, Q. E. *D.*, you observe!" For it is

GENERAL MILROY ANDREWS,

who has stumbled upon us unperceived, drunk as usual!

Now, as we turn to look upon the general, as wretched an object as the world owns, if I were to tell you that this poor creature was once, not so very long ago, as noble a specimen of a man, apparently in every sense of the word, as a woman could desire for her husband, you would turn Colonel Carp and endeavor to argue me out of such a notion on the spot! But my mirror reflects actual fact. Look at this thoroughly routed and demoralized general. A few years ago erect as an Indian, now limp, swayed earthward, degraded, and dropping every hour into a lower degradation. *Not* a victim of intemperance; so please do not skip! Then, eyes bold, gray, defiant; now, bleared orbs swimming in a slimy shame. Who so faultless once in dress, perfect in all the raiment of his handsome person to the very tips of his carefully kidded hands? now the seedy rags are rotting from him in dangling tatters, the moldering thatch of his miserable hat fitly crowning such utter ruins!

If you ask, Since drink is not the cause, what is it? I reply, I do not know! Nobody living knows, or, at least, has ever revealed the secret. In this life no one ever will know certainly.

Years ago General Milroy Andrews arrived in one of the Southern States of the Atlantic coast, from New England, a ruddy, ambitious, thoroughly educated young lawyer. Temperate, honorable, eloquent, energetic, popular, rising patiently from grade to grade, the general comes at last into the charge of one of the most important offices of the State.

It is an office of the nature of a bureau for the preservation of the most important papers of the government. Behind his glass doors, in five hundred pigeonholes and labeled receptacles, alphabetically and mathematically arranged, are those documents, upon which heaps of money depend in one way and another. A more orderly office up stairs and down, a more obliging set of clerks, evidently patterned after their chief, a more excellent and urbane chief himself, you never saw, had you been bowed in and out of the bureau that fifteenth day of December.

Yet that very midnight the town sprung from its bed at the boom and rattle of an explosion, to find that General Milroy Andrews' office had been unaccountably blown up! Though desperate efforts were made by firemen and citizens generally, scarce one of all the valuable documents was saved from the conflagration which followed. People remarked upon the suddenness with which the papers turned to ashes, some imagining a smell of turpentine about the charred bits which the wind, for it was a very windy night, whirled around. But the sympathy of the town was chiefly for the general, rushing with bare feet, in shirt and drawers, to the scene, tearing around the blazing structure almost frantic, held back only by main force of friends from rushing into the flames to save his precious documents.

In fact, for weeks after, the general was nearly beside himself, not alone for the terrible loss to government and private parties, but for so many claims, land titles, law suits, and estates involved in the destruction.

"My enemies will say it was my doing, that I was bribed to do it or to connive at it!" raved the ruined man. Raved so violently on this wise, and so long, that Shakespeare and human nature asserted itself in people, first suspecting, then openly declaring, "Methinks the general doth protest too much!" Certainly there were parties whose interests in the destruction of documents would have allowed them to pay the general almost any sum he could name, in case some such accident took place And it was a little singular that the clerks who slept in the edifice happened that night, every soul of them, to be at a party at the general's, from which, at an early hour, the host had to excuse himself and retire, because of severe headache!

Who knows? The general's wife left him suddenly, silently, and forever. The world was divided upon the subject, but both halves thereof fell away equally from him. If he had been promised money, either he was never paid a penny, the destruction being accomplished, or he had refused it in the agonies of conscience, or had placed it very completely out of his own spending; manifestly no poorer man living than the general! Of course there was a committee of investigation; and, of course, the committee learned and published all it could at vast expense of time and patience and money, the net result being the confirmation of each half of the world in its previous opinion and in its unanimously leaving the general to himself.

And most thoroughly did he act as public executioner upon himself! Because innocent, or because guilty, he hurled himself into drunkenness as a suicide flings himself into the sea from a beetling cliff. If he is ever sober day or night, Sunday or week-day, for years now, nobody is ever there to see it! Even the best people give him whisky as they give him an old coat, a night's lodging, a meal of victuals; better the poor fellow, crawling earth-worm that he has become, should never be sober again as long as he lives!

Even Captain Cephas Spaight, a religious man abhorring drunkenness, gives him to-day a greasy Confederate bill to keep drunk upon! One can get the parallax of the fallen angels from the awful angle of this man's fall! And he may be as innocent as you or I, save of his intemperance. That we shall know about this also, hereafter, is one of the matters which makes that hereafter the most interesting of worlds; the satisfaction of our curiosity almost com-

pensating the pains of death. "And you, Mr. Martin, and you, Cappen Spaight," the poor general solemnly adjures us as he reels away, not without the insight about us of children, the insane, and the drunk, "don't you two, hic, ever mix your North and your South any more than your war-ter and your whisky, hic! *Won't* mix, Federal and Confederate, you un'erstand; only spoils both. Secesh *or* Union, whisky *or* war-ter, one *or* t' other, hic: won't *mix!*"

As the wrecked gentleman reels away, relieving this mirror of the smell and soil of his presence, both the sailor and Mr. Martin color and wince at his Parthian word; the elements *do* effervesce within one, Heaven knows! with an anguish unknown to a heart definitely in line of battle on either side. What can you do but go with the stronger side within you? — and here that side is for the old flag, though you die for it, slain by the weaker side within yourself!

"And now I do hope I can tell you about the salt," says my friend from the coast, in rapid thaw, as the general reels downward to doom from our side. "But I must tell you first about that torpedo boat," — voice low and rapid. "I am the designer and builder of it, as you have heard, to keep from worse. Under close and suspicious watch day and night, of course. But I am the only man in the State who can do anything of the sort, and they have spent so much money and time, have had so many contraptions go out that were dead certain to blow up the blockaders and half of them never heard of again, dying like wet squibs under water, that they are resolved to succeed *this* time! Why, brother Martin, millions, yes millions in Europe in gold and silver, for our cotton, depends on it; cotton bales lying in stacks down there upon the coast, thousands of bales all ready to be rushed in from the interior! I do believe the Confederacy could afford to pay me one solid million down on deck, if I could guarantee the dispersion of the fleet, if only for a little while. And I could do it as certain as pulling trigger. And I will blow up the fleet, will let in cargoes of arms and ammunition from Belgium and elsewhere, for this beautiful Confederacy; oh yes, I will do it — *pre-haps!*" Which is equivalent with my friend to a torrent of oaths, for he is such a grave, cold, silent soul, blue and true as steel!

Catching fire, as from such a flint I do on the spot, eager to get away though Captain Cephas Spaight is, I must and do tell him, in rapid words, of my late visit to the coast solely and expressly to see the flag, not seen, except in dreams or as drawn out through an inch or so ripped open in the mattress of my bed for the purpose, and that by night, for years now! How I ascended the tower of observation where the telescope of the coast guard is, and how my eye was so sealed to the end of the telescope through which I saw the flag flying at the masts of the blockaders that I could not —

"But, brother Martin, we 'll have our whole life after the war is over to talk about all that!" my friend interrupts me. "You know I have but an hour or two. I came up here only to get the fulminating stuff that long-headed German in spectacles has been making for us. Said he 'd be ready with it by three. Hah!" ejaculated the captain, suddenly ceasing to stroke his grizzled beard, "never thought of it before! That German, philosopher-looking fellow, with enormous spectacles, you know, was mixing and mashing at the detonating, fulminating, whatever they call it, powder, all in a great zinc-lined trough up there, actually smoking his pipe, pipe as large as an ear of corn, as he pounded and stirred! He fled here from the political reaction of 1849. Wonder if he will fix it all up *right?*" a comical emphasis upon the last word! "But this is not business," he adds, suddenly very grave; "if you get over the lines, brother Martin, go instantly to the commodore of the fleet and tell him — here, I 'll try and describe it upon the palm of my hand." But as the seaman holds up the broad and horny palm, I touch him with a low "Hush, hush! here comes

"TOM BURROWS!"

Even as I caution the captain, the new-comer, standing on the instant between us, grasps him roughly by the shoulder with the one hand and myself with the other, exclaiming as he does so, "Talking treason, I 'll bet a dime! Come along both of you; provost-marshal is holding court up-town this moment. Six feet of rope each; trees are near the front door!" and our new friend shakes us both to the utmost of his strength, trying thereafter to drag us along.

"Mr. Burrows, this is Captain Spaight," I say; "captain, this is Mr. Burrows, of whom you must have heard. You must excuse him, captain, but he will have his joke;" for I could not but observe that the gray complexion of the seaman had suddenly grown livid, not from fear, but anger.

"Oh, you are the man that bosses the gang building torpedoes down on the coast!" says our abrupt arrival with great curiosity. "But it 's very suspicious, your being seen with Martin here! And I 'll be hanged if we did n't have the best joke up yonder at the provost-marshal's office just now!" He was a short, thick-set, swarthy-hued man, known to all men as being eternally in jest, and he felt called upon now to exert his well-known powers for the entertainment of so celebrated a stranger as the captain, the swift torrent of his talk not arrested by, quite submerging, in fact, all the usual pebbles of pause and punctuation. "You see they 'd taken it into their wooden noddles that the young English fellow traveling about with a permit from Jeff Davis yellow hair you know parted down the middle before and behind mutton-chop whiskers flying away from each cheek in long tails correspondent of the London Times they say writing a big book for us or against us nobody knows only he says he is a wonderful hater of Seward and loves Jeff with all his soul had him up just now before the provost undoubtedly the grandest jackass now braying and you ought to have seen that English snob very hair turned white to the tips a spy you see the provost thought he might be with that little glass stuck in his eye all the time *spy*-glass you know in fact it was I told the provost about it grave as death and had the fellow taken up."

Here Mr. Burrows, who talks without the necessity of breathing, apparently, stops only to laugh. "Because it was the funniest spectacle. Provost-marshal sitting there solemn as an owl, the room full of armed men, Englishman seated on a candle box in a corner frightened to death and telling how heartily he de*tes*ted Lincoln and how devotedly he admired the Confederacy as a vast advance on England itself. Mr. Provost-Marshal I said it is impossible to tell what traitorous documents this person may have in his possession. I think somebody should be detailed to look into them. You are quite right Burrows the fool said. Bless my soul sir said the Englishman there are piles of manuscript in my possession, and he held his hand a yard from the floor, that high. The greater the necessity of having them examined sir provost-marshal said. Mr. Boggs — Blacksmith Boggs, never read a page of manuscript in his life, if of print, one of the provost's guards armed with six revolvers and a yäger — you will please proceed immediately to this person's apartments and read all the written matter you find there — take him two years the Englishman said — and make full notes of the contents of the same; meanwhile we will be compelled sir to keep you in custody until Mr. Boggs — Heaven help my soul the Englishman kept saying — makes his report. If upon reading the same I find nothing of a nature injurious to our cause I will cheerfully release you. And there sits that Englishman this moment — by all means go up and see him before you leave — chewing the ends of his fly-away beard and there is Boggs up among the fellow's papers hard at it. Harder work than he ever did with tongs and sledge-hammer at the forge in the hottest August!"

However vexed at our visitor, it was as impossible not to laugh at his own excessive sense of fun in every line of

his face, word and tone and manner, as it would be to escape the shocks of the electric eel if you held one in your grasp; only, in this case, the eel so holds you instead, and writhes around you in his uproarious spirits, that you cannot escape.

Certainly Tom Burrows was a dead failure, if his mission in the world was not to make men laugh! Not merely fun alone, from every pore and always, but a mimic Tom is, so perfect a mimic that he almost actually *is*, for the moment, the person mimicked. And it is a faculty so intuitive and inseparable from the man, forever a boy, that he mimics whoever he is conversing with to a shadow, hardly conscious of the fact himself, even in the act! I remember being seated with him in a parlor conversing with the most sedate and stately lady of our mutual acquaintance, a lady whose every sentence was measured and very sad. No wonder, poor soul! husband and children had certainly done all they could to break her heart. And the conversation chanced, too, to be upon a recent phase of her severe calamities, calamities so severe as to be the talk of the town. It was with utmost difficulty, even there and then, I could refrain from laughing outright at Tom's precise reproduction of her every shade of manner and tone in speaking to her: it was as if a mirror was held up before poor Mrs. Ramsey, every tearful inflection there of face and voice, she utterly unconscious of his crime. And I noticed, out of the corners of my eyes, how even her sad, set face relaxed into smiles when Tom addressed himself to me. Although I can hardly think Tom was mimicking me, or if he was it must have been a failure, not the least like.

"You men heard the remarkable course pursued by Major Anderson yesterday? Down Main Street! Grave old soul if any ever lived, the major, yet went tearing down the street, over all the town ordinances and a school full of children just out!" our volatile friend tells us, in unceasing although irrelevant continuation of his previous remarks. "The major was riding by my jewelry establishment so exceeding erect in such solemn charge of the entire universe and it happened by the merest accident there was lying by where I was smoking a cigar at the time one of those headers things that fizz and dash about you know left over from last Fourth of July. If it had been my own father I could not have helped just touching the fuse to my cigar and pitching the thing just under the two old grays gray horse you know as well as man as they passed by pompous old soul the major always in charge of all the world! I greatly regret to hear, Mr. Martin," — the speaker turns upon me, straightens himself, throwing his stomach forward, putting a thumb in each armhole of his vest, and assuming the whole bearing, manner, and tone of Major Anderson as by magic transformation, — "that you were the author of that most disgraceful scene at the marriage of Miss Julia Wells. You would hardly believe, sir," Major Anderson continues, for, identity apart, it *is* the stolid major who now turns, in the person of the mimic, upon Captain Spaight, whose generally sorrowful visage has been upon a broad grin in spite of himself, indignant at it, since Tom with his contagion of fun has arrived, "forgetful of the solemnities of the occasion, disregarding even the ordinary decencies of society, having no respect for the officiating clergyman, this sober-seeming brother Martin of yours placed himself immediately behind that minister the moment he began to perform the ceremony of marriage, silently but perfectly mimicked the minister to such a degree as to confuse the bride and bridegroom, through them the clergyman, and so, the entire company assembled! It was simply disgraceful, sir!" and the personated major brings down an imaginary gold-headed cane, upon which his two hands are supposed to rest, with solemn indignation upon the pavement. "Nor is it the first offense," Major Anderson continues, in a measured and sepulchral manner; and it is all only a truthful narrative of the proceedings of, not brother Martin, but Tom Burrows himself; merely instances of some of his latest capers.

"When Miss Laura McPherson Randolph, of the oldest family in Virginia, was married in church, actually in St. Peter's, beautifully decorated for the occasion and densely crowded with the *élite* of our town, married to Brevet Brigadier-General I. Buddlecome Bankhooven, a descendant of those who came over with Hendrick Hudson, and afterward moved South, — married to the general, here upon special leave from the seat of war for the purpose, — even then, sir, this demure-faced person, prompted, in this case, by his low Union sentiments, refrained not from his disreputable courses. It was well known that he had been a devoted admirer, certainly an incessant visitor upon Miss Laura McPherson Randolph;" which was certainly the fact with Tom and the lively brunette in question, Tom being of "excellent family," too; "consequently," the personated major continued, no smile upon *his* face, "the eyes of all that vast congregation followed rather the rejected lover down the aisle than the bridal pair coming immediately upon his footsteps. Mark, sir, the villainy of the scoundrel. He seats himself upon one side of the chancel, where the officiating clergymen, for there are four in full canonicals, are the only persons present who cannot see him, draws from his pocket an enormous white handkerchief, and, a smile already upon the face of the audience in expectation, goes into convulsions of simulated weeping at his loss as the solemn service proceeds, throwing the entire church into convulsions of laughter, and the volatile bride into hysterics of the same; General I. Buddlecome Bankhooven, and the astounded officials beside the altar, being only less convulsed by their bewilderment as to the reason of the unseemly proceedings!"

"I wonder the general did not use his weapons, even if he was on furlough!" Captain Spaight breaks in. "But, my dear sir," he continues, "I have to leave at three, and must have a moment or two with" —

"Hah! jolly time, is n't it, Martin?" Tom Burrows continues — not regarding the captain in the least, as he never does any one — with an instant and total change of manner, person, in fact. And a child who had ever seen rapid Ben Barton would have recognized the new personation in the moment. "Jolly time, jolly time!" striking the rounded back of his right hand in the palm of his left in the way peculiar to Ben Barton when "in a gale." "And splendid place this for a fellow to be married in," gazing all around as from a lofty eminence, "only a little chilly," — a shiver here. "Let me help you with your shawl, Margy. Ah, that is it. Magnificent sunrise!" shading his eyes with his hands. "All ready, reverend; go ahead!" Captain Spaight looks somewhat bewildered.

"Ben Barton, you know him, captain," Mr. Martin explains to the seaman, "was married last week to a lady after three days' acquaintance, — in rebound from another lady, — at dawn and on the top of Mount Aural." And the captain sees the scene for himself, for Tom Burrows delineates it perfectly. "Thank you, reverend, thank you! Thank you, Bodgers, same to you!" for Ben Barton is receiving his congratulations on the elevated spot. "How the wind blows! Same to you, old fellow! Thank you, Tom! Best thing you can do, Tom Burrows," holding the pretended hand of the same, "is to get married like me; cure you of your capers. Hah, Margy, take care of that precipice!" a step to one side and a downward gaze, "five hundred feet, they say. The less of this champagne, therefore, gentlemen," wave of the hand toward imaginary breakfast on the rocks, "the better for us. By the bye, reverend, — like to have forgotten it, — accept this slight token. Ah, yes, and like to have forgotten *it;* I leave at once to go back to the front and never once thought of a license. It is necessary you know; please get one for me!" All of which is but the reproduction of fact as well as person.

"Mr. Burrows," Mr. Martin hints at this point, "yonder comes Major Anderson" —

"Not afraid," remarks Mr. Tom, returning suddenly to himself. "Had

forgotten I am clerk escaped the ranks that way of that double-distilled dunce of a provost-marshal want to see if Englishman has left anything of his flaxen beard dozen more like cases going to have up fun alive! Bye, captain. Don't you think," holding the seaman's hand and looking in a saner manner than ever before in the cold eyes of the same, "that you had better *not* blow up that flag?"

For, as I explain to my friend, while Tom crosses the street and hurries up the other side to avoid Major Anderson, Tom is known to the innermost circle of the Union people as being himself intensely Union, making a perpetual fool of the provost-marshal, partly from that cause. Nor would he have spent so much of his time upon the captain and myself, but that it was the best way he had of showing his kindly feeling to us as being of the same thinking, under the surface, as himself.

When the Confederate government, soon after this, suddenly abolishes the provost-marshal folly throughout the South, outside the army, at least, Tom Burrows finds his only excuse for keeping out of the ranks suddenly gone. The next morning he goes too, toward the Federal lines, in hot pursuit of escaping deserters! Dressed in Confederate gray, he dashes into the houses along the road with eager questioning as to the same. In his violent hurry after the escaping scoundrels, he has barely time to snatch a meal's victuals, or a night's lodging for himself and horse, to be paid for on his speedy return. Needless to say, the deserters are but creatures of his fertile brain. Safely in the Federal camp, he remains there until disgusted; then as suddenly forsakes the Federals and returns, to be arrested as a spy and thrown into a dungeon, which it must have required all the splendor of his wit to have made endurable. But who could have been villain enough to put Tom to death in any case! Apart from his eccentricities, a warm-hearted, honorable gentleman, the very Prince Hal of his realm of good fellows; if he still lives, the soul of fun himself and the cause of fun in others, may he live and laugh and make others laugh a thousand years! At last, these interruptions are but for a few moments.

"What I want to say," the captain continues, much more cheerful in his whole aspect and manner for the last interrupter, "is this: You know government employs me also making salt upon the coast, certain percentage of salt made coming to me. Now, I know you are none too well paid as pastor by the church here, — no minister is, these terrible times, — and I want to send you a little salt, as soon as I can. Oh, never mind thanking me. But the main matter is about that torpedo boat! If that German chemist *is* Federal, why, there is no danger, of course. But we have Confederate chemists down there, too; and the compound will be thoroughly tested. But, rotten through and through!" the captain adds reflectively, his head sunk into the grizzled beard upon his bosom. "There was that Sea-Savage, as they named it! Built farther along the coast, with the same object as ours. Most admirably and scientifically constructed by a head machinist from Richmond; the cotton, rather the arms and ammunition for it, is so exceedingly important! After it was finished, night upon night was appointed to make the attempt. The most lovely night for the purpose would come, dark as pitch, rain pouring in torrents, men eager for the excitement and the big prize money; sure as they came actually to start, some little thing — a bolt, a nut, a lever — would be found wrong, the boat closely guarded, too, day and night, and morning always came before it was fixed. At last, one night was certainly set, all undoubtedly right this time! Just before the crew got aboard, a green rocket from the blockading fleet and an explosion of the torpedo boat almost at the same moment! The machinist from Richmond was in a fury, said treason was in the camp, swore he would go to Richmond and have it investigated, and could point out the traitor. Yes, and he could, for the man stood in his boots, wore his spectacles, smoked his enormous pipe; a *German*,

you see. That is the way *I* came to be left here, the only man that is supposed to understand such things. And mine *is* an improvement, upon his torpedo boat I mean, built under treble watch, for those arms we must have. Now," the captain adds, as he spreads out his left palm and begins to describe upon it with the very blunt forefinger of his right hand, "when you cross the lines, see the commodore immediately; tell him on every foggy or rainy night to keep every yawl owned by the fleet rowing and watching around it for dear life, quarter of a mile circle, or we can break their line and strike the ships before the crew are ready! And this, don't forget, in case they see us coming; we *may* attempt it in broad day; there is only one angle — a degree too much or too little and you might as well pitch hard tack on our sides as cannon shot; their only possible hope is" —

"Why did n't you go quietly home with me instead of trying to tell me on the streets!" I say sharply to the captain. "Hush!

MAJOR ANDERSON.

Good morning, sir. Captain Spaight, Major Anderson!" I add as the major halts beside us, having been held in charge of Davenburg, the Jewish cotton broker, since the flight of Tom Burrows, the major being the positive and the little Jew being quite the negative person of said charge. And I introduce my friends to each other, that being the cordial custom of the country; always willing to share your acquaintance with whatever other friend happens along. Better that than the icy doubtfulness of each other nearer the north pole.

A superb-looking man, Major Anderson, as he solemnly takes the captain and myself in charge! A very Czar of all the Russias, commanding in physique, tone, manner, entire aspect. His gold-headed cane is a kingly sceptre, only longer than is usual, as becomes such a monarch. You are in his custody from the outset. He knows it perfectly well. So do you! A syllable will explain.

For very many years Major Anderson, created and rarely constituted for that express purpose, has been in charge of one of the State penitentiaries. Owing to emergencies, for all these long years, a lesser branch of the State refuge for idiots and lunatics has been connected with the same, although in buildings kept wholly separate. Separate except to the major, who, residing near by, divides his time very evenly between two classes of people who may be ticketed as the supremely foolish: voluntarily so, and therefore in the penitentiary; involuntarily so, and therefore in the refuge for the imbecile and the insane. And a most admirable officer the major, resigning from West Point long ago for the purpose, makes. None quite so perfectly adapted for each of his charges, people believe, in all the world. Cool, calm, firm as rock, kind as a mother, gentle as a child, with the presence of a monarch, a divinity doth hedge the major in.

A thorough Christian gentleman, in the faithful doing of his thoroughly defined work no one can dream of a defect in this grand old major. Save one, but that is tremendous! From long and unceasing charge of people placed utterly in his sole power, criminal or deranged, by night and by day for years on years, the major, wholly unconscious of the fact himself, has come to regard every human being with whom he is thrown, outside the walls of his buildings, as belonging to the one class or the other. And as the major is often puzzled to know, within those walls, whether the folly of his patient be voluntary or involuntary, whether his charge should be in chains or a strait-jacket, convict or lunatic, so as to all he meets outside! From second nature of long habit, Captain Spaight and myself are to him to-day persons to be held, on the instant, in charge. Criminal or painfully deficient, he has not had time to decide which; certainly one or the other. And that would make no difference, only a joke to be laughed at, the major merely "an eccentric genius," if by some magnetism of his presence upon us, or by some

latent weakness in our own bosoms, subtle and strange yet strong, we did not feel it too. Willfully and deliberately a fool or only unfortunately and helplessly so, one or the other, no alternative to that!

I resent, for one, however, and refuse my situation. "Tom Burrows was just telling us the way he made you scamper down street, major. Excuse me," I add hilariously, "but I would like to have been there to see. 'When next John Gilpin rides abroad, may I'" —

"I have met in my life similar cases," the major made weighty answer, not in the least angry at the reminder, with his head a little inclined in half-smiling reflection. "Madness does not invariably rave and rend and weep. Most frequently, in fact, it chatters and smiles and laughs. Poor Tom! Poor, poor fellow!" he added, but looking at me, too, in a curiously considering manner which dried the laughter from my lips. Bless me! I had often had a half thought myself that Tom's fun looked like insanity, so incessant it was and uncontrollable; and I have often shared in it to the extent of laughing at or with him. What if —

"We all know that all men are more or less depraved," he proceeded, the living reproduction of Tom's mimicry of himself of a few moments before. "And it is currently stated in medical works that no one but is insane in some point!" the major, very kind and forbearing with us, as he speaks, yet evidently classing us, with those curious, considering eyes and that indescribable manner of his, as he slowly utters the words. Criminal these? or only imbecile? Poor creatures!

The effect of the major was on the spot and upon all; perhaps the deepest debasement of all before him was on the part of the persons who had never seen or heard of the famous superintendent before, nor knew, at the moment they surrendered themselves helplessly into his hands, who he was.

On this occasion I basely essay a diversion from myself to my companion in custody. "You have heard of Captain Cephas Spaight, Major Anderson! Engaged, as you doubtless know, in the torpedo service upon our coast!"

"Ah! Preparing contrivances to blow up the blockading fleet?" the major says.

What *was* the absurd reason of it? The slow considering by the major of the seaman's face as he spoke? The gentle pity of his accents? The cheerful humoring of this new unfortunate, who dreams, poor fellow, of making tallow candles into wax by boiling them in brandy, or of creating perpetual motion by his infatuated plan of wheels and weights and levers! On the instant, Captain Spaight hangs his head, fallen in my estimation and his own, taken into moral custody by the major, who does not release me, however, from his charge.

"Humph!" That is all the major says. Impossible for any keeper to be more considerate and humane, but, on the instant, we too are of the major's opinion! Imbecile!

"The purpose," a kindly smile, "your deliberate effort, at least, and intention," smile gone, "is to drive the United States flag from our shores!" A silence. "Ah! Yes!" Imbecile? Yes, and voluntarily so! For we are all three of us Union men, perfectly known, each to the other. Imbecile *and* guilty! Deserving to occupy, if it were possible, both wards of the major's buildings. Scarce more utterly and justly in his custody in that case than we actually are here upon the streets. Yet, for your life, there is nothing you can resent, the defect being so wholly in yourself. No fault herein of this Ithuriel if we are discovered to him and to ourselves as being what we are! Very disagreeable, however. In fact, throughout the wide domain of the major, people are in the habit of rather eluding and evading this their custodian, when it is possible; their very act in doing so deepening in each his sense of personal subjection to the major's lawful authority. "Good morning, chancellor," I say, eager for a diversion from our miserable, because detected selves, as that legal dignitary

passes at this moment. "You have heard of the wedding, major?" jocularly to our keeper.

"Yes, sir, I have heard of it," the major makes reply, with a kindly bow to the chancellor, as to another one of his patients at large in the grounds for the moment, looking curiously after him as he passes up street and then bringing the same considering gaze to bear with refreshed energy upon me. "As singular an affair as I often hear of," the major continues, weighing me in the scales of his careful eyes as he speaks. "I am told you consented to go at midnight" —

"Allow me, major!" I assert myself. "We all know the chancellor to be a learned, upright, honorable, and true man in every sense of the word. We know equally well that the lady in question is very lively, beautiful, willful, and witty, exceedingly admired and sought after. Desperately in love was the chancellor for weary years. Weary, because a severe time he has of it with the capricious beauty, who is more than a match for all his legal devices and cunning cross-examinations, turning his judicial head quite gray. It was by far the most difficult case, requiring more long and eloquent pleading and knowledge of human nature than any before him heretofore in all his life!"

Not unaware of the restlessness of Captain Spaight, as a symptom naturally to be expected in his case, the major kindly listens to my defense as who should say, Let him have his way, poor fellow!

"And you married them!" he interjects, with tone and manner as of keeper humoring his charge.

"As everybody knows," I rapidly continue, "the chancellor had obtained a license often before, only to get positive refusal from the lovely tyrant when he comes for the private marriage duly appointed. Last night it was near twelve o'clock before he obtained her consent to secure a fresh license; even then, she called to him after he had left the door, running out into the front yard for the purpose, 'You need n't bring Mr. Martin! I won't, — won't, — won't!' For she is her own mistress."

"And the chancellor persevered!" the major smilingly humors that patient also, just now elsewhere in the grounds.

"I considered it all a professional secret," I make defense, "until I find this morning that the whole town knows the story. 'You will be sure to give it back to me,'" I continue my narration, "'in case she really won't,' the lover said to me as he gave me the license, somewhat ruefully, too. 'I will, *if!*' I replied; for, not being in love myself with this modern Zenobia, my blood was up, knowing the chancellor and his long ordeal as I did.

"After we were arrived at the house of the friend with whom she was staying at the time, that friend the chancellor's sincere ally also, it was but to have the chancellor rejoin me in the parlor, to lean against the mantel, his hands in his pockets, deepest dejection upon his face.

"'Well?' said I.

"'She won't,' said he.

"'Try again,' said I. But it was only to have him return, more utterly cast down.

"'She says she — will — *not!*'

"'Very good,' said I, after we had stood in mournful reflection for some time; 'if the lady will not come in here to be married, suppose we go in there, wherever she is with her friends?'

"'Excellent idea!' the chancellor assented. 'Because they are all in the supper room, everything in confusion there! We have had such a time of it,' the lover added, and we marched to the door thereof to have it shut hurriedly in our face, with the alarmed outcry, 'Oh, don't come in here! We 'll come to the parlor!' And she did come and — they were married!"

"Just a moment!" said the major, with uplifted forefinger, for I spoke only less rapidly than was the wont of Tom Burrows, anxious to release Captain Spaight, as well as myself, from custody. "They say she said 'No, sir!' when you asked the question. Be careful!" the

major added, not aloud but in manner more impressive than words.

"She said nothing of the kind," I replied. "That is, she said nothing at all; simply gave her head the archly disdainful toss of her willful mood. Yet what could I do?" as the major regarded me sorrowfully; "we had the license, she stood by his side, even although she refused to touch him or permit him to touch her. And they were married!" I added defiantly, getting wearied, the reader with me, of the matter! And oh, those terrible days of battle and wounds and prison afterward, during which this woman clung to her husband with woman's unwearying devotion! Dead, to-day, both of them. In the case of these two, at least, the major's patients were neither fools nor knaves. "Ah, Major Anderson!" I exclaimed, breaking bounds for the moment, "I wish with all my soul some such woman had taken *you* in hand!" for the major is an old bachelor, which will make these facts more credible to the reader.

"Humph! You do?" and the major smiles in the same old considering manner upon me from his superiority, as from the summits of the Andes. "Me?" Imbecile and criminal to have dared such a thought! All I gain by that!

"But surely you know Dr. Clavis, major!" I add, making the grasp of a prisoner upon his rescuer, seizing, as I say the words, upon a lithe and wiry and very white-headed old gentleman passing us with quick and elastic step, eager-eyed energy in every feature of his face and movement. "This gentleman," I add, after due introduction, "is, if he will allow me to say it, the best surgeon in the Confederate army; at our town to-day for fresh medical supplies. And this Dr. Clavis, — you know it, doctor, — at the very beginning of the war, made a tremendous speech for the Union to a vast multitude.

> 'Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
> Sail on, O Union strong and great!'

I remember your splendid closing, doctor, as if it were yesterday. Yet a still more powerful and thrilling address this doctor made, and to a larger crowd, on the very same spot and upon the very next day, against the Union, as a tyrannical and detestable despotism deserving its speedy and utter overthrow!" for my long and intimate relations with Dr. Clavis allow me this freedom of remark; especially in my present emergency.

"You are walking up street?" the major speaks to the alert surgeon, before he can reply. "Anxious to be out of my hands, I see; no wonder!" the major says to us, although only with eyes and in manner, and, with a kind nod, is gone. He takes the surgeon's arm as they depart, reducing his swift step to his own slow and stately tread. In charge of him! No relief from that for the surgeon unless by amputation!

But three o'clock, the hour of his departure, is coming, by this time, upon Captain Spaight like a squall at sea. Very hurriedly he draws me out of sight of men behind two tobacco hogsheads placed the one on top of the other. With palm and finger he swiftly demonstrates to me the angle to which the commodore must depress his guns if the balls are to hurt the torpedo boat. "His best way is to keep his fires banked, plenty of steam on!" adds my friend. "The instant he sees us, — a *blue* flash from shore, remember, brother Martin; a handful of the fulminating compound accidentally thrown upon our camp-fire will do that; if we make the attempt by day the same course is best, — make right for the torpedo boat, run directly upon us and over us!" Amazing, the measure of hidden fire under so much ice! "And as to that little salt, as soon as I can. Good-by!"

Let it only be added, never from that hour have I seen Captain Cephas Spaight! Sincerely religious men there were upon both sides during the war, as there are still, even upon that side of the two, whichever it is, which is most enveloped from clear seeing of things in the powder smoke even yet lingering upon the battle-field!

But a wild, drunken reprobate before? Not a bit of it; a cool, set, mechanical-minded skeptic and unbeliever before, the captain's religion, to my cer-

tain knowledge from thorough study of his case, made him one of the purest and truest and gentlest and most loving of men; as a Christian sailor a standing miracle to all other sailors! The rebuking of the winds and the waves no such proof of the power of the Christ to these as is the captain, and the manifest and superhuman change wrought by that Christ in him!

Let me stop here a moment and ask myself again, as I have done so often before, Suppose you *had* got into the Federal lines immediately after parting with the captain, as you and he so confidently reckoned upon; would you have sought commodores and generals and imparted what you knew about Confederate affairs? In vain I face the mirror of this page toward myself herein, the reflection thereupon is too vague and undefined to be worth stating; but I doubt, I doubt.

Eight weeks after this Captain Spaight has receded from my mind, as if he were aboard the Susan Jane, quite down the horizon. For the storms blow terribly, if that figure may be continued, these days, and all the waters are wild with wind and foam! So much so that, when one morning a very roughly dressed man stands, ox-whip in hand, in the door of my house, and, after demanding and learning my name, thrusts his hand into his bosom, I am relieved when he produces therefrom, instead of a revolver, a letter, very crumpled and dirty though it be!

Yet its contents blanch my cheek only less than would those of a revolver! It is the bill for freight due the person who hands it to me for delivering the salt promised by Captain Spaight!

"One hundred and thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents in gold!" I repeat terrified.

"That 's what 's the matter with me! An' as soon 's you can!" my visitor says impatiently. "The roads are mighty heavy, my cows is hungry and tired, an' I 'm likely, as like as not, waggings, cows, an' all, to be conscripted for military duty! Hurry, if you please, an' let me get out o' the way!"

In half an hour thereafter I am down town and behold Captain Cephas Spaight's gift to me of "a little salt"! Two enormous blue and bespattered wagons stand halted beside the pavement in the centre of the town, eight yoke of oxen to each, the wiser of said "cows" having seized the opportunity to lie down, waiting events as they chew the cud of the past, a lesson therein to others of us in that terrible then! And salt is in eager demand, the Federals having destroyed the most important of the works in the region, hourly threatening the rest! Easy to find a merchant more than willing to pay the freight, store the salt, and ask a reasonable commission upon its speedy sale!

"Why, my dear sir," he said, as he did the gold and odd change in silver up in an old shot bag for the teamster, taking freight receipt therefor, "my *dear* sir, why, that salt will be worth to you, commissions deducted, no less than" — and he whispers the awful amount — "in gold!" Yet he is very shy of me, this merchant, in general, because no man in town is a more ardent friend, in words, of the Confederacy, and selected by me just now because of that, for wise reasons. Even then, we are not anxious to see the provost-marshal at this juncture. Nor Tom Burrows! A better joke than to put the plastic marshal up to seizing the salt, Tom would not have desired; for a joke Tom would slaughter his dearest friend. And brother Martin thinks, as the salt is being rapidly transferred, with many an anxious glance up street and down, from the wagons to the bins of the merchant, of the glad surprise of all this to the dear ones at home!

You who never can be informed of the keen and long-continued anguish of those days, laugh, if you like it, with Tom Burrows, at the statement! Brother Martin thinks, just then, Who has said that about the sparrow not falling to the ground without the knowledge of the loving Father, food supplied to it, also, by the hand which gives to the skies their stars, to the martyrs their crowns! Making a Christian of Captain

Spaight years ago; putting the thought in his heart as he placed him in the salt works in part for this! A Father shielding the gift over broad prairies, as well from scouting party in gray then, as from Tom Burrows in motley now! The eyes will moisten in the very moment that, lighting upon the teamster, they smile, too, thinking how little he knows himself to be of the number of the angels of God, unduly elated as he is, with the salt off his mind, and just returned, wiping his lips, from a convenient saloon! And if you, O patient reader, but knew how much that salt netted before night, and how painfully that gold was needed, you would understand that never even Attic salt was so appreciated!

William M. Baker.

TOGETHER.

I WONDER if you really send
  These dreams of you that come and go!
I like to say, "She thought of me,
  And I have known it." Is it so?

Though other friends walk by your side,
  Yet sometimes it must surely be,
They wonder where your thoughts have gone,
  Because I have you here with me.

And when the busy day is done
  And work is ended, voices cease,
When every one has said good night,
  In fading firelight then in peace

I idly rest: you come to me, —
  Your dear love holds me close to you.
If I could see you face to face
  It would not be more sweet and true;

I do not hear the words you speak,
  Nor touch your hands, nor see your eyes:
Yet, far away the flowers may grow
  From whence to me the fragrance flies;

And so, across the empty miles
  Light from my star shines. Is it, dear,
Your love has never gone away?
  I said farewell and — kept you here.

Sarah O. Jewett.

THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN OF JOHN BROWN.

V.

BEFORE THE OUTBREAK.

THE early summer of 1858 found Brown in Kansas instead of Virginia, where he had wished and hoped to be. On the 28th of June in that year, he wrote me from Lawrence a short letter, addressed to "F. B. Sanborn and *Dear Friends* at *Boston*, *Worcester*, and ——," and containing this passage: "I reached Kansas with friends, on the 26th inst.; came here last night, and leave here today for the neighborhood of late troubles. It seems the troubles are not over yet. . . . I do hope you will be in earnest now to carry out, as soon as possible, the measure proposed in Mr. Sanborn's letter inviting me to Boston this last spring." (This was the raising of money for a campaign in Virginia in 1859, after the Kansas fighting had ended.) "I hope there will be *no delay* of that matter. Can you send me by express, care of E. B. Whitman, Esqr., half a dozen or a full dozen whistles, such as I described, at once?" These whistles were for use in making signals among his men when in night attacks, or amid woody or mountainous regions in the day-time, and he had both spoken and written to me about them before. They were to be "such as are used by boatswains on ships of war;" and Brown thought them of great service. "Every ten men ought to have one at least." He had also requested me to procure for him "some little articles as marks of distinction," — badges, medals, or the like, — to be given to his men in token of good conduct. Happening to be at Dr. Howe's house in South Boston one day in the spring of 1858, the doctor (who was a chevalier of the Greek Legion of Honor, for services rendered in the Greek revolution of 1820–27) had shown me his cross of Malta and other decorations, given by the Legion to its members, and some of these seemed to me exactly what Brown would want. I therefore made rude sketches of them and showed these to Brown, who selected the Maltese cross and one or two other designs, as suitable for his badges, but I doubt if they were ever used for that purpose.

In forwarding this letter to Colonel Higginson at Worcester, I wrote as follows, on the 6th of July, 1858: "In accordance with the decision of two meetings in Boston, late in May and early in June, at which all our associates were present except yourself, our shepherd of the people went to Kansas with a few companions, to look after matters in Linn County. The arrangement of the winter still holds good, and is to be put in action next spring, with God's help." How well Brown looked after Kansas matters will be seen by the following letter, a very long one for the old soldier to write, which has never before been printed: —

MISSOURI LINE, (ON KANSAS SIDE),
20*th July*, 1858.

F. B. SANBORN, ESQ., AND FRIENDS AT BOSTON AND WORCESTER: I am here with about ten of my men, located on the same quarter section where the terrible murders of the 19th May were committed, called the Hamilton or Trading Post murders. Deserted farms and dwellings lie in all directions for some miles along the line, and the remaining inhabitants watch every appearance of persons moving about, with anxious jealousy and vigilance. Four of the persons wounded or attacked on that occasion are staying *with* me. The blacksmith Snyder, who fought the murderers, with his brother and son, are of the number. Old Mr. Hargrove, who was terribly wounded at the same time, is another. The blacksmith returned here with me, and intends to bring back his family on to his claim, within two or three days. A constant fear of new

troubles seems to prevail on both sides the line, and on both sides are companies of armed men. Any little affair may open the quarrel afresh. Two murders and cases of robbery are reported of late. I have also a man with me who fled from his family and farm in Missouri but a day or two since, his life being threatened on account of being accused of informing Kansas men of the whereabouts of one of the murderers, who was lately taken and brought to this side. I have concealed the fact of my presence, pretty much, lest it should tend to create excitement; but it is getting leaked out, and will soon be known to all. As I am not here to *seek* or *secure revenge*, I do not mean to be the first to reopen the quarrel. How soon it may be raised against me I cannot say, nor am I over-anxious. A portion of my men are in other neighborhoods. We shall soon be in great want of a small amount in a draft or drafts on New York, *to feed us.* We cannot work *for wages*, and provisions are not easily obtained on the frontier.

I cannot refrain from quoting, or rather referring to a notice of the terrible affair before alluded to, in an account found in the New York Tribune of May 31st, dated at Westport, May 21st. The writer says: "From one of the prisoners it was ascertained that a number of persons were stationed at Snyder's, a short distance from the post, a house built in the gorge of two mounds, and flanked by rock walls, a fit place for robbers and murderers." At a spring in a rocky ravine stands a *very small* open blacksmith's shop, made of thin slabs from a saw-mill. This is the only building that has ever been known to stand there, and in that article is called a "fortification." It is to-day just as it was the 19th May, — a little pent-up shop, containing Snyder's tools (what have not been carried off), all covered with rust, — and had never been thought of as a "fortification" before the poor man attempted in it his own and his brother's and son's defense. I give this as an illustration of the truthfulness of that whole account. It should be left to stand while it may last, and should be known hereafter as *Fort Snyder.*

I may continue here for some time. Mr. Russell and other friends at New Haven assured me before I left that, if the Lecompton abomination should pass through Congress, something could be done there to relieve me from a difficulty I am in, and which they understand. Will not some of my Boston friends "stir up their minds" in the matter? I do believe they would be listened to.[1]

You may use this as you think best. Please let friends in New York and at North Elba[2] hear from me. I am not very stout, have much to think of and to do, and have but little time or chance for writing. The weather of late has been very hot. I will write you all when I can.

I believe all honest, sensible Free State men in Kansas consider George Washington Brown's Herald of Freedom one of the most mischievous, traitorous publications in the whole country.

July 23d. Since the previous date, another Free State Missourian has been over to see us, who reports great excitement on the other side of the line, and that the house of Mr. Bishop (the man who fled to us) was beset during the night after he left; but, on finding he was not there, they left. Yesterday a pro-slavery man from West Point (Missouri) came over, professing that he wanted to buy Bishop's farm. I think he was a spy. He reported all quiet on the other side. At present, along this part

[1] The allusion here is probably to Brown's contract with Charles Blair of Collinsville, Connecticut, the blacksmith who was to make the thousand pikes which were afterwards captured in Maryland. Brown had engaged them in 1857, and had paid in that year five hundred and fifty of the thousand dollars which the pikes were to cost when finished. In 1858 Brown had not been able, for lack of money, to complete the payment, and was afraid his contract would be forfeited and the money already paid would be lost. He therefore communicated (as I suppose) the facts in the case to Mr. Russell, who was then the head of a military school at New Haven, and had some assurance from him of money to be raised in Connecticut to meet this Connecticut contract. But I do not remember that anything was done concerning the pikes until 1859, when Brown paid for them with money contributed in Boston.

[2] His wife and children.

of the line the Free State men may be said in some sense to "possess the field," but we deem it wise to "be on the alert." Whether Missouri people are more excited through fear than otherwise I am not yet prepared to judge. The blacksmith (Snyder) has got his family back; also some others have returned, and a few new settlers are coming in. Those who fled or were driven off will pretty much lose the season. Since we came here, about twenty-five to thirty of Governor Denver's men have moved a little nearer to the line, I believe.

August 6th. Have been down with the ague since last date, and had no safe way of getting off my letter. I had lain every night without shelter, suffering from cold rains and heavy dews, together with the oppressive heat of the days. A few days since, Governor Denver's officer then in command bravely moved his men on to the line, and on to the next adjoining claim with us. Several of them immediately sought opportunity to tender their service to me *secretly.* I, however, advised them to remain where they were. Soon after I came on to the line, my right name was reported, but the majority did not credit the report.

I am getting better. You will know the true result of the election of the 2d inst. much sooner than I shall, probably. I am in no place for correct *general* information. May God bless you all.

Your friend, JOHN BROWN.

Inclose in envelope directed to Augustus Wattles, Moneka, Linn County, Kansas; *inside* directed to S. Morgan.

Some of the incidents and allusions in the above letter need to be further explained. The "Hamilton murders" are better known in border story as the Marais des Cygnes Massacre, — a tragedy which Whittier has celebrated in verse. Near the river named by the old French *voyageurs* of Louisiana "The Swan's Marsh" (*Marais des Cygnes* or *du Cygne*), in Southern Kansas, was a little settlement of Northern farmers. As they were planting their fields and fencing them, in May, 1858, an unprovoked assault was made on them by a party from Missouri, under the lead of three brothers named Hamilton, from Georgia; five farmers were killed and five wounded. The murderers were not Missourians, but men from farther South, who had been in Kansas but were driven out in some of the contests of 1856–57. They marched over in an armed band from Missouri, gathered up their victims from the prairie farms and the lonely roads, or took them from their cabins, formed them into a line, and shot them down by a platoon discharge. Then the invaders gave out word that they meant to shoot all the Free State settlers in Linn County in the same way. The farmers mustered for defense, in a band of two hundred, near the Missouri line, and detailed a company of mounted men to stand guard, or to ride up and down the line, and keep watch of the Hamiltons and their band. When Brown reached the spot a month later, he put his own men on guard, and the settlers went back to their work. The Governor of Kansas, Denver, also sent armed men, perhaps United States troops, to keep the peace, and it is to these that Brown alludes as having offered to serve under him. Brown went to the spot where the massacre took place, assuming the name of "Captain Morgan" for the occasion, fortified himself, and gave out that he was there to fight or be peaceable as the other side might choose; "they could make him as good a neighbor or as bad as they pleased." Gradually his secret came out, and the terror of his name frightened the enemy away; the Hamiltons left the neighborhood, and the troubles there ceased. But Brown himself fell sick and was obliged to take shelter for a few weeks with his friend Wattles, at Moneka. I wrote to him early in July a letter which reached him there, and to which he replied as follows: —

OSAWATOMIE, KANSAS, 10*th September*, 1858.

DEAR FRIEND, AND OTHER FRIENDS, — Your kind and very welcome letter of the 11th July was received a long

time since, but I was sick at the time, and have been ever since until now; so that I did not even answer the letters of my own family, or any one else, before yesterday, when I began to try. I am very weak yet, but gaining well. All seems quiet now. I have been down about six weeks. As things now look I would say that, if you have not already sent forward those little articles,[1] do not do it. Before I was taken sick there seemed to be every prospect of some business very soon; and there is some now that requires doing; but, under all the circumstances, I think not best to send them.

I have heard nothing direct from Forbes for months, but expect to when I get to Lawrence. I have but fourteen regularly employed hands, the most of whom are now at common work, and some are sick. Much sickness prevails. How we *travel* may not be best to write. I have often met the "notorious" Montgomery,[2] and think *very favorably* of him.

It now looks as though but little business can be accomplished until we get our mill in operation. I am *most* anxious about that, and want you to name the earliest date possible, as near as you can learn, when you can have your matters gathered up. *Do let me hear from you on this point* (as soon as consistent), so that I may have some idea how to arrange my business. *Dear friends, do be in earnest;* the harvest we shall reap, if we are only up and doing.

13*th September*, 1858. Yours of the 25th August, containing draft of Mr. S. for fifty dollars is received. I am most grateful for it, and to you for your kind letter. This would have been sooner mailed but for want of stamps and envelopes. I am gaining slowly, but hope to be on my legs soon. Have no further news.

Mailed, September 15th. Still weak.

Your friend.

The money which I sent to Brown, as above acknowledged, was probably contributed by Gerrit Smith, who, first and last, gave Brown or sent him about one thousand dollars. Most of the smaller sums which Brown received during the years 1858–59, I suppose, passed through my hands, while the larger sums were paid to him directly by Mr. Stearns or other contributors. Most of the correspondence on this Virginia business also went through my hands; it being Brown's custom to write one letter to be read by the half-dozen persons with whom he desired to communicate; and this letter generally (by no means always) coming to me in the first instance. My custom was to show it to Mr. Parker and Dr. Howe, when they were at home, then to send it to Mr. Stearns, who sometimes forwarded it to Colonel Higginson or some more distant correspondent, and sometimes returned it to me. It appears that both the letters just quoted came back to me in October, 1858, and were by me forwarded to Higginson on the 13th of that month, with this comment:—

"I received the inclosed letter from our friend a week or two since. You see he is anxious about future operations. Can you do anything for him before next March, and if so, what? The partners in Boston have talked the matter over, but have not yet come to any definite proposal. I send you also an older letter, which should have been sent to you, but, by some fault of others, was not."

Colonel Higginson expressed the hope that the enterprise would not be deferred longer than the spring of 1859, and made some contribution to the fund, as also did Mr. Parker and the other members of the secret committee. No active movement to raise money was undertaken, however, until the winter and spring of 1859. On the 19th of January, 1859, three weeks after Brown's incursion into Missouri, where he freed a dozen slaves, I wrote thus to Colonel Higginson: "I have had no private advices from J. B. since I wrote you. He has begun the work in earnest, I fancy, and will find enough to do where

[1] The boatswain's whistles.

[2] This was James Montgomery, one of the bravest partisans on the Kansas border, and during the civil war colonel of a black regiment in South Carolina.

he is for the present. I earnestly hope he may not fall into the hands of the United States or Missouri. If he does not, I think we may look for great results from this spark of fire. If Forbes is a traitor, he will now show his hand, and we can pin him in some way." On the 4th of March I wrote again: "Brown was at Tabor (Iowa) on the 10th February, with his stock in fine condition, as he says in a letter to G. Smith. He also says he is ready with some new men to set his mill in operation, and seems to be coming East for that purpose. Mr. —— proposes to raise one thousand dollars for him, and to contribute one hundred dollars himself. I think a larger sum ought to be raised, but can we raise so much as this? Brown says he thinks any one of us who talked with him might raise the sum if we should set about it; perhaps this is so, but I doubt. As a reward for what he has done, perhaps money might be raised for him. At any rate, he means to do the work, and I expect to hear of him in New York within a few weeks. Dr. Howe thinks J. F. and some others, not of our party, would help the project if they knew of it."

Following up this last suggestion, I sounded several antislavery men of wealth and influence in the spring of 1859, and did obtain some subscriptions from persons who were willing to give to a brave man forcibly interfering with slavery, without inquiring very closely what he would do next. But on the other hand I found that Brown's manly action in Missouri had made some of our friends more shy of him. A striking example of this change of feeling has been furnished me by an old abolitionist of Western Iowa, who vouches for the anecdote.

Early in February, 1859, Brown was at Tabor, as he had often been before, but this time with a party of Missouri fugitive slaves. Now although the little village had got the name of being a "station on the Underground Railroad," very few fugitives had been openly brought there, and none under such appalling circumstances. These slaves had actually been taken from their masters' houses, and one of the slave-holders, while aiming his revolver at one of the liberators, was himself shot down. After many skirmishes and narrow escapes, Brown had reached Tabor with his party, expecting friends and aid there; but great was his surprise to find himself disowned by the very men who had aided him before. A slave-holder from Missouri happened to be visiting in the village, and it was judged best to satisfy him that Tabor was not the home of abolitionists. A public meeting was called for Monday morning, and announced in the churches of that whole region on the Sunday preceding. The people flocked in, and the slave-holder was there as well as John Brown and his true men; among them his lieutenant, John Henry Kagi, who was killed at Harper's Ferry. The meeting was addressed by one Deacon C——, who had hitherto been reckoned an active coadjutor of Brown, but who now called on his neighbors and fellow-Christians to declare that the forcible rescue of slaves was robbery and might lead to murder, and that the citizens of Tabor "had no sympathy with John Brown in his late acts." When the deacon had offered his resolution and made his speech, the opposite opinion was advocated by James Vincent, a minister, who had been an active abolitionist in England and America, and who had supposed the meeting called to devise means for aiding the fugitives. Mr. Vincent asked, "Have we not all, citizens of Tabor, aided John Brown before? has he not counseled with us and we with him, and has he not been sent on his way with our money and our prayers? Suppose our brother, Deacon C——, were traveling in Missouri with his covered wagon, and his own brother, a slave, should ask to be carried into Iowa, to escape being sold away from his family; who believes that our neighbor would turn from his own brother and refuse him?" To which the poor deacon replied that he would not aid a slave to escape in Missouri, not even his own brother. Mr. Vincent then offered an ironical resolution, drawn

up by Kagi, to this effect: "*Whereas*, John Brown and his associates have been guilty of robbery and murder in the State of Missouri, *Resolved*, That we, the citizens of Tabor, repudiate his conduct and theirs, and will hereupon take them into custody and hold them to await the action of the Missouri authorities." The meeting evaded this caustic test of its sincerity, but went on denouncing Brown and his acts. In the midst of these natural but disgraceful proceedings, John Brown arose, speechless with astonishment and grief, and went his way from the meeting and from the town, to which he never returned. In the whole assembly there were but four persons who were willing to stand by their old friend, and to have it known that they had helped him. "I often think," writes one of the four, "of John Brown as I saw him in that last sad meeting. He listened to these bitter reproaches of old-time friends in silence, and offered no reply. As he left the house he put me in mind of the Saviour, his whole bearing was so lofty, so dignified, so full of meekness; yet his countenance indicated a tremendous conflict within. The thought of that scene fills my heart anew with anguish, yet gratitude that, by the help of God, I was enabled to withstand the tide that had set in against him."

Similar experiences, though less painful and less dramatic in their incidents, awaited Brown in other places. When he reached Boston in May, he was invited to dine one Saturday at the Bird Club, and there for the first time met Senator Wilson, now Vice-President of the United States, who has thus described the interview: "The last of May, 1859, I met John Brown at the Parker House in Boston. There were a dozen persons present; Brown came in with somebody,[1] and was introduced to quite a number of gentlemen who were there. I was introduced to him, and he, I think, did not recollect my name. I stepped aside. In a moment, after speaking to somebody else, he came up again, and said to me that he did not understand my name when it was mentioned. He then said, in a very calm but firm tone, 'I understand you do not approve of my course;' referring, as I supposed, to his going into Missouri and getting slaves, and running them off. It was said with a great deal of firmness of manner, and it was the first salutation after speaking to me. I said I did not; I believed it to be a very great injury to the antislavery cause; that I regarded every illegal act, and every imprudent act, as being against it. I said that, if this action had been a year or two before, it might have been followed by the invasion of Kansas by a large number of excited people on the border, and a great many lives might have been lost. He said he thought differently, believed he had acted right, and that it would have a good influence." If Brown had known Senator Wilson as well as he did that Kansas friend who reproved him for the same cause, he would perhaps have gone further, and given the senator the same answer:[2] "Brown called in to see me, in going out of Kansas in 1859, and I censured him for going into Missouri and getting those slaves. He said, 'I considered the matter well; *you will have no more attacks from Missouri.* I shall now leave Kansas; probably you will never see me again. *I consider it my duty to draw the scene of the excitement to some other part of the country.*'" In this aim he certainly succeeded.

Even Dr. Howe, who had been concerned in the Greek revolution, the French revolution of July, 1830, and the Polish revolution of 1831, was distressed, on his return from Cuba in the spring of 1859, to find that Brown had actually been taking the property of slave-holders with which to give their escaping slaves an outfit, and for a time withdrew his support from the veteran, who chafed greatly at this unexpected rebuff. I have an impression that Dr. Howe, on his way home from Cuba (whither he accompanied Theodore Parker in February, 1859), had journeyed through the Carolinas, and had there accepted the splendid hospitality of the

[1] The late Major Stearns, of Medford.

[2] Testimony before Senator Mason's committee.

rich planters; and that it shocked him to think he might have been instrumental in giving up to fire and pillage the noble mansions where he had been entertained. If so, it was a generous reluctance which held him back from heartily entering again into John Brown's plans; nor did he after 1858 so completely support them as before, although he never withdrew from the secret committee, and continued to give money to the enterprise. Parker never returned to Boston, but died in Florence soon after Brown's execution. He contributed nothing after 1858, nor did Higginson give so much, or interest himself so warmly in the enterprise after its first postponement. All this would have made it more difficult, during 1859, to raise the money which Brown needed, had it not been for the munificence of Mr. Stearns, who, at each emergency, came forward with his indispensable gifts. After placing about twelve hundred dollars in Brown's hands in the spring and summer of 1859, he still continued to aid him in one way and another, until almost the day of the outbreak, which was delayed by the slowness of Brown's own movements during the spring and summer of 1859.[1]

Up to this time the enterprise of Brown, aiming at the very heart of slavery, and destined to be successful by its rebound, even when failing signally in its immediate effect, had wholly escaped public notice. The disclosures of Forbes, such as they were, left no permanent impression on the mind of any person not previously acquainted with the plot. In the summer of 1859, less than two months before Harper's Ferry was captured, a second and more direct disclosure was made, in a letter written from Cincinnati to the Secretary of War at Washington. This official was then a Virginian, John B. Floyd, afterwards in high command in the Confederate army; but although the information sent to him was in the main very exact, and though one would have supposed a Virginian specially sensitive to such intelligence, it does not appear that General Floyd gave the matter more than a passing thought. He received the letter quoted below while at a Virginian watering-place, but probably did not read it twice, although he laid it away at first as a paper of some moment. It has never been ascertained who wrote the letter, but it has been ascribed to a young man then connected with one of the Cincinnati newspapers. This person had become acquainted with a Hungarian refugee, formerly in the suite of Kossuth, then living in Kansas under the name of Leonhard or Lenhart.

[1] I find this in one of my letters, dated "Concord, June 4, 1859:" "Brown has set out on his expedition, having got some eight hundred dollars from all sources except from Mr. Stearns, and from him the balance of two thousand dollars; Mr. S—— being a man who, 'having put his hand to the plow, turneth not back.' Brown left Boston for Springfield and New York on Wednesday morning at 8.30, and Mr. Stearns has probably gone to New York today, to make final arrangements for him. Brown means to be on the ground as soon as he can, perhaps so as to begin by the 4th of July. He could not say where he should be for a few weeks, but letters are addressed to him, under cover to his son John, Jr., at West Andover, Ohio. This point is not far from where Brown will begin, and his son will communicate with him. Two of his sons will go with him. He is desirous of getting some one to go to Canada and collect recruits for him among the fugitives, — with Harriet Tubman or alone, as the case may be." This letter shows I had then no thought that the attack would be made at Harper's Ferry, nor had Mr. Stearns, to whom I was then in the habit of talking or writing about this matter every few days. I have no doubt he knew as much as I did about the general plan. On the 18th of August, Brown sent me word from Chambersburg that he was again delayed for want of money, and must have three hundred dollars, which I undertook to raise for him. On the 4th of September I had sent him two hundred dollars, of which Dr. Howe gave fifty; on the 14th of September I had all but thirty-five dollars of the remaining hundred, Colonel Higginson having sent me twenty dollars. I think the balance was paid by Mr. Stearns, who on the 8th of September had written thus to one of the secret committee: "By reading Mr. Sanborn's note to me a second time, I see that the inclosed ought to have been sent to you with his note. Please read it and inclose again to him. I hope you will be able to get the fifty dollars. We have done all we could, and fall short another fifty as yet." The "inclosed" here was an urgent appeal from Chambersburg for money. On the 6th of October — ten days before the attack was made — I wrote to Higginson, "The three hundred dollars desired has been made up and received. Four or five men will be on the ground next week, from these regions and elsewhere." These facts were all known to Mr. Stearns, who within a fortnight of the outbreak was in consultation with Mr. Lewis Hayden, and other colored men of Boston, about forwarding recruits to Brown. I think he paid some of the expenses of recruits, but am not certain.

The Hungarian had fought in Kansas on the side of the North, possibly under Brown himself, and had learned in some detail the plan of the Virginia campaign, which it is believed he communicated in an unguarded moment to the Cincinnati reporter, who could not contain the secret, but sat down at once (it is said), and wrote thus to the Secretary of War:

CINCINNATI, *August* 20, 1859.

SIR, — I have lately received information of a movement of so great importance that I feel it to be my duty to impart it to you without delay. I have discovered the existence of a secret association, having for its object the liberation of the slaves at the South by a general insurrection. The leader of the movement is Old John Brown, late of Kansas. He has been in Canada during the winter, drilling the negroes there, and they are only waiting his word to start for the South to assist the slaves. They have one of their leading men, a white man, in an armory in Maryland; where it is situated I have not been able to learn. As soon as everything is ready, those of their number who are in the Northern States and Canada are to come in small companies to their rendezvous, which is in the mountains of Virginia. They will pass down through Pennsylvania and Maryland, and enter Virginia at Harper's Ferry. Brown left the North about three or four weeks ago, and will arm the negroes and strike the blow in a few weeks, so that whatever is done must be done at once. They have a large quantity of arms at their rendezvous, and are probably distributing them already. As I am not fully in their confidence, this is all the information I can give you. I dare not sign my name to this, but trust that you will not disregard the warning on that account.

As will be seen by referring to what I have written above, and in previous chapters, the writer of this letter knew more about the details of Brown's movements, in some particulars, than his Massachusetts committee did; more even than his own followers generally did at that time. It was not until a month after the letter was written that Frederick Douglass learned from Brown in Chambersburg of his purpose to attack *at Harper's Ferry*, nor did Brown's soldiers know it till about the same time. I had myself supposed that the blow would be struck farther west, and nearer to Ohio than to Baltimore and Washington. Another of Brown's principal friends had looked to Kentucky as the point of attack. Whoever wrote this letter then, though "not fully in their confidence," must have derived his information from some one very near to Brown himself, and must have been duly impressed with the value of the secret he made haste to reveal. But he might as well have written his message in the waters of the Ohio River. The secretary, in his testimony before Senator Mason's committee, the next winter, thus described his state of mind upon receiving the mysterious letter: —

"My attention was a little more than usually attracted by it, and therefore *I laid it away in my trunk.* I do not know but that I should have paid some little attention to it, notwithstanding it was anonymous (as the man seemed to be particular in the details), but he confused me a little by saying these people were at work in an armory in Maryland. I knew there was no armory in Maryland, and supposed, therefore, that he had gone into details for the purpose of exciting the alarm of the Secretary of War, and to have a parade about that for nothing; and that mistake in the statement satisfied me there was nothing in it.[1] Besides, I was satisfied in my own mind that a scheme of such wickedness and outrage could not be entertained by any citizen of the United States. I put the letter away and thought no more of it until the raid broke out. I showed it to nobody, I believe, except some members of my family, until the outbreak. I have no means of knowing who wrote it, or what the object in writing it was."

It is now plain, of course, that the

[1] The armory or arsenal at Harper's Ferry (a place named in the letter) was less than a mile, I believe, from Maryland, yet Mr. Floyd does not seem to have thought of it.

writer's object was to put the government on its guard; but why he did not afterwards disclose himself, and claim the credit of his revelation, is somewhat mysterious. Perhaps even now, if he is living, this letter-writer will make himself known, and tell the source of his intelligence.

Another warning was more publicly given by a well-known opponent of slavery, the late Gerrit Smith, but this also passed unheeded. Writing to the colored men of Syracuse, New York, a week later than the date of this Cincinnati letter (August 27, 1859), Mr. Smith said, among other things, "It is, perhaps, too late to bring slavery to an end by peaceable means — too late to vote it down. For many years I have feared, and published my fears, that it must go out in blood. These fears have grown into belief. So debauched are the white people by slavery that there is not virtue enough left in them to put it down. If I do not misinterpret the words and looks of the most intelligent and noble of the black men who fall in my way, they have come to despair of the accomplishment of this work by the white people. The feeling among the blacks that they must deliver themselves gains strength with fearful rapidity. No wonder, then, is it that intelligent black men in the States *and in Canada* should see no hope for their race in the practice and policy of white men. No wonder they are brought to the conclusion that no resource is left to them but in God and insurrections. For insurrections then we may look any year, *any month*, *any day*. A terrible remedy for a terrible wrong! But come it must, unless anticipated by repentance and the putting away of the terrible wrong." I have always supposed that Mr. Smith had the plans of John Brown in his mind when writing these words, and still more explicitly in the remarkable passage that follows. He added, at the close of his letter, —

"It will be said that these insurrections will be failures — that they will be put down. Yes, but will not slavery nevertheless be put down by them? For what portions are there of the South that will cling to slavery after two or three considerable insurrections shall have filled the whole South with horror? And is it entirely certain that these insurrections will be put down promptly, and before they can have spread far? Will telegraphs and railroads be too swift for even the swiftest insurrections? Remember that telegraphs and railroads can be rendered useless in an hour. Remember too that many, who would be glad to face the insurgents, would be busy in transporting their wives and daughters to places where they would be safe from that worst fate which husbands and fathers can imagine for their wives and daughters. I admit that but for this embarrassment Southern men would laugh at the idea of an insurrection, and would quickly dispose of one. But trembling as they would for their beloved ones, I know of no part of the world where, so much as in the South, men would be like, in a formidable insurrection, to lose the most important time, and be distracted and panic-stricken.

"When the day of her calamity shall have come to the South, and fire and rape and slaughter shall be filling up the measure of her affliction, then will the North have two reasons for remorse: —

"First, That she was not willing (whatever the attitude of the South at this point) to share with her in the expense and loss of an immediate and universal emancipation.

"Second, That she was not willing to vote slavery out of existence.

"But why should I have spoken of the sorrows that await the South? Whoever he may be that foretells the horrible end of American slavery is held both at the North and the South to be a lying prophet — another Cassandra. The South would not respect her own Jefferson's prediction of servile insurrection. How then can it be hoped that she will respect another's? If the South will not with her own Jefferson 'tremble' when reflecting that 'God is just,' if she will not see with her own Jefferson that 'the Almighty has no attributes which can take side with' her in 'a contest' with her slaves, then who

is there, either North or South, that is capable of moving her fears and helping her to safety?"[1]

Such predictions were indeed looked upon, at the North and at the South, as the ravings of Cassandra. To the unthinking public, slavery had never seemed more secure, or more likely to continue for centuries, than in this very year 1859. But Brown and his friends believed that it could be overthrown; that it *must* be overthrown, and that speedily, else it would destroy the nation. Unlike Mr. Smith, Brown did not contemplate insurrection, but, as I have said, something like partisan warfare, at first on a small scale, then more extensive. Yet he did not shrink from the extreme consequences of his position. A man of peace for more than fifty years of his life, he nevertheless understood that war had its uses, and that there were worse evils than warfare for a great principle. He more than once said to me, and doubtless said the same to others, "I believe in the Golden Rule and the Declaration of Independence; I think they both mean the same thing; and it is better that a whole generation should pass off the face of the earth — men, women, and children — by a violent death, than that one jot of either should fail *in this country.* I mean exactly *so*, sir." He also told me that "he had much considered the matter, and had about concluded that a forcible separation of the connection between master and slave was necessary to fit the blacks for self-government." First a soldier, then a citizen, was his plan with the liberated slaves. "When they stand like men, the nation will respect them," he said; "it is necessary to teach them this." He looked forward, no doubt, to years of conflict, in which the blacks, as in the later years of the civil war, would be formed into regiments and brigades and be drilled in the whole art of war, as were the black soldiers of Toussaint L'Ouverture and Dessalines, in Hayti. But in his more inspired moments he foresaw a speedier end to the combat which he began. Once he said, "A few men in the right, and knowing they are right, can overturn a mighty king. Fifty men, twenty men, in the Alleghanies, could break slavery to pieces in two years." Within less than three years from the day he crossed the Potomac with his twenty men, Abraham Lincoln had made his first proclamation of emancipation. Before six years had passed, every one of the four million slaves in our country was a free man. The story of the six weeks (from October 16 to December 2, 1859) in which John Brown wrought his portion of this six years' work will close the chronicle of his campaign in Virginia.

F. B. Sanborn.

[1] Soon after the capture of Brown's papers at the Kennedy farm, a letter of Gerrit Smith's, found among them, was published in all the newspapers, and was the first occasion of connecting his name with that of Brown in the undertaking. But for a misprint, natural enough in copying the almost illegible handwriting of Mr. Smith, the name of Mr. Stearns, as well as mine and that of my friend Morton, would have been at once coupled with John Brown's. The Mr. "Kearney" thrice mentioned in the letter given below was, in fact, Mr. "Stearns." The word "Washington" is also a misprint, but for what I have now forgotten, — perhaps "Westport," on Lake Champlain, where Brown was soon after the date of the letter. He was at Keene, half-way between Westport and North Elba, on the 9th of June. At this time Brown had left Kansas, expecting never to return. The letter as printed was this: —

PETERBORO', *June* 4, 1859.

CAPTAIN JOHN BROWN:

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I wrote you a week ago, directing my letter to the care of Mr. Kearney. He replied, informing me that he had forwarded it to Washington, but as Mr. Morton received last evening a letter from Mr. Sanborn, saying your address would be your son's home, namely, West Andover, I therefore write you without delay, and direct your letter to your son. I have done what I could thus far for Kansas, and what I could to keep you at your Kansas work. Losses by indorsement and otherwise have brought me under heavy embarrassment the last two years, but I must, nevertheless, continue to do, in order to keep you at your Kansas work. I send you herewith my draft for two hundred dollars. Let me hear from you on the receipt of this letter. You live in our hearts, and our prayer to God is that you may have strength to continue in your Kansas work.

My wife joins me in affectionate regard to you, dear John, whom we both hold in very high esteem.

I suppose you put the Whitman note into Mr. Kearney's hands. It will be a great shame if Mr. Whitman does not pay it.

What a noble man is Mr. Kearney. How liberally he has contributed to keep you in your Kansas work. Your friend, GERRIT SMITH.

THE FASTIDIOUS GOBLIN.

THERE lived an imp of Endor,
  Eternities gone by,
Who saw the Lord of splendor
  Create his starry sky.

He saw the great suns stealing
  From nothing and from night,
The worlds begin their wheeling,
  The comets take their flight.

The mighty, mingled forces
  Suffused creation's frame;
Along the astral courses
  Throbbed swiftness, heat, and flame.

The galaxies went singing
  Adown their wondrous ways;
The universe was ringing
  With gladness and with praise.

Then thought this pygmy goblin
  He too would make a sphere,
And straight began his cobbling,
  And wrought perchance a year.

But nothing could he fashion;
  No world for him might be:
He lacked the godlike passion,
  Creative love lacked he.

His work had neither motion,
  Nor light, nor form, nor grace, —
A wreck on being's ocean,
  A blur on glory's face.

So, seeing that no creature
  Of his might track the skies,
He throned himself as teacher
  And dared to criticise:

The meteors were crazy,
  The systems far too vast;
The milky way was hazy,
  The suns were overcast.

The plan was accidental,
  The start foretold the close;

The tone was sentimental,
  The scenes lacked Greek repose.

In nature all was lacking,
  And lacking too in art;
A little wholesome hacking
  Would better every part.

The motives should be fewer,
  The aim more pure and high;
And any good reviewer
  Could make a finer sky.

Or, if he praised, 't was only
  The dimmest of the host;
The grand orbs shining lonely
  Were those he flouted most.

And ever since his mission
  Has been to blame and sneer,
Consigning to perdition
  The lights God holdeth dear:

The first, the greatest critic,
  The model of his kind,
The goblin analytic
  Who hates creative mind.

J. W. DeForest.

A MEMORABLE MURDER.

At the Isles of Shoals, on the 5th of March in the year 1873, occurred one of the most monstrous tragedies ever enacted on this planet. The sickening details of the double murder are well known; the newspapers teemed with them for months: but the pathos of the story is not realized; the world does not know how gentle a life these poor people led, how innocently happy were their quiet days. They were all Norwegians. The more I see of the natives of this far-off land, the more I admire the fine qualities which seem to characterize them as a race. Gentle, faithful, intelligent, God-fearing human beings, they daily use such courtesy toward each other and all who come in contact with them, as puts our ruder Yankee manners to shame. The men and women living on this lonely island were like the sweet, honest, simple folk we read of in Björnson's charming Norwegian stories, full of kindly thoughts and ways. The murdered Anethe might have been the Eli of Björnson's beautiful Arne or the Ragnhild of Boyesen's lovely romance. They rejoiced to find a home just such as they desired in this peaceful place; the women took such pleasure in the little house which they kept so neat and bright, in their flock of hens, their little dog Ringe, and all their humble belongings! The Norwegians are an exceptionally affectionate people; family ties are very strong and precious among them.

Let me tell the story of their sorrow as simply as may be.

Louis Wagner murdered Anethe and Karen Christensen at midnight on the 5th of March, two years ago this spring. The whole affair shows the calmness of a practiced hand; *there was no malice in the deed*, no heat; it was one of the coolest instances of deliberation ever chronicled in the annals of crime. He admits that these people had shown him nothing but kindness. He says in so many words, "They were my best friends." They looked upon him as a brother. Yet he did not hesitate to murder them. The island called Smutty-Nose by human perversity (since in old times it bore the pleasanter title of Haley's Island) was selected to be the scene of this disaster. Long ago I lived two years upon it, and know well its whitened ledges and grassy slopes, its low thickets of wild-rose and bayberry, its sea-wall still intact, connecting it with the small island Malaga, opposite Appledore, and the ruined break-water which links it with Cedar Island on the other side. A lonely cairn, erected by some long ago forgotten fishermen or sailors, stands upon the highest rock at the southeastern extremity; at its western end a few houses are scattered, small, rude dwellings, with the square old Haley house near; two or three fish-houses are falling into decay about the water-side, and the ancient wharf drops stone by stone into the little cove, where every day the tide ebbs and flows and ebbs again with pleasant sound and freshness. Near the houses is a small grave-yard, where a few of the natives sleep, and not far, the graves of the fourteen Spaniards lost in the wreck of the ship Sagunto in the year 1813. I used to think it was a pleasant place, that low, rocky, and grassy island, though so wild and lonely.

From the little town of Laurvig, near Christiania, in Norway, came John and Maren Hontvet to this country, and five years ago took up their abode in this desolate spot, in one of the cottages facing the cove and Appledore. And there they lived through the long winters and the lovely summers, John making a comfortable living by fishing, Maren, his wife, keeping as bright and tidy and sweet a little home for him as man could desire. The bit of garden they cultivated in the summer was a pleasure to them; they made their house as pretty as they could with paint and paper and gay pictures, and Maren had a shelf for her plants at the window; and John was always so good to her, so kind and thoughtful of her comfort and of what would please her, she was entirely happy. Sometimes she was a little lonely, perhaps, when he was tossing afar off on the sea, setting or hauling his trawls, or had sailed to Portsmouth to sell his fish. So that she was doubly glad when the news came that some of her people were coming over from Norway to live with her. And first, in the month of May, 1871, came her sister Karen, who stayed only a short time with Maren, and then came to Appledore, where she lived at service two years, till within a fortnight of her death. The first time I saw Maren, she brought her sister to us, and I was charmed with the little woman's beautiful behavior; she was so gentle, courteous, decorous, she left on my mind a most delightful impression. Her face struck me as remarkably good and intelligent, and her gray eyes were full of light.

Karen was a rather sad-looking woman, about twenty-nine years old; she had lost a lover in Norway long since, and in her heart she fretted and mourned for this continually: she could not speak a word of English at first, but went patiently about her work and soon learned enough, and proved herself an excellent servant, doing faithfully and thoroughly everything she undertook, as is the way of her people generally. Her personal neatness was most attractive. She wore gowns made of cloth woven by herself in Norway, a coarse blue stuff, always neat and clean, and often I used to watch her as she sat by the fire spinning at a spinning-wheel brought from her own country; she made such a pretty picture, with her blue gown and fresh white apron, and the nice, clear white muslin bow with which she was in the

habit of fastening her linen collar, that she was very agreeable to look upon. She had a pensive way of letting her head droop a little sideways as she spun, and while the low wheel hummed monotonously, she would sit crooning sweet, sad old Norwegian airs by the hour together, perfectly unconscious that she was affording such pleasure to a pair of appreciative eyes. On the 12th of October, 1872, in the second year of her stay with us, her brother, Ivan Christensen, and his wife, Anethe Mathea, came over from their Norseland in an evil day, and joined Maren and John at their island, living in the same house with them.

Ivan and Anethe had been married only since Christmas of the preceding year. Ivan was tall, light-haired, rather quiet and grave. Anethe was young, fair, and merry, with thick, bright sunny hair, which was so long it reached, when unbraided, nearly to her knees; blue-eyed, with brilliant teeth and clear, fresh complexion, beautiful, and beloved beyond expression by her young husband, Ivan. Mathew Hontvet, John's brother, had also joined the little circle a year before, and now Maren's happiness was complete. Delighted to welcome them all, she made all things pleasant for them, and she told me only a few days ago, "I never was so happy in my life as when we were all living there together." So they abode in peace and quiet, with not an evil thought in their minds, kind and considerate toward each other, the men devoted to their women and the women repaying them with interest, till out of the perfectly cloudless sky one day a bolt descended, without a whisper of warning, and brought ruin and desolation into that peaceful home.

Louis Wagner, who had been in this country seven years, appeared at the Shoals two years before the date of the murder. He lived about the islands during that time. He was born in Ueckermünde, a small town of lower Pomerania, in Northern Prussia. Very little is known about him, though there were vague rumors that his past life had not been without difficulties, and he had boasted foolishly among his mates that "not many had done what he had done and got off in safety;" but people did not trouble themselves about him or his past, all having enough to do to earn their bread and keep the wolf from the door. Maren describes him as tall, powerful, dark, with a peculiarly quiet manner. She says she never saw him drunk — he seemed always anxious to keep his wits about him: he would linger on the outskirts of a drunken brawl, listening to and absorbing everything, but never mixing himself up in any disturbance. He was always lurking in corners, lingering, looking, listening, and he would look no man straight in the eyes. She spoke, however, of having once heard him disputing with some sailors, at table, about some point of navigation; she did not understand it, but all were against Louis, and, waxing warm, all strove to show him he was in the wrong. As he rose and left the table she heard him mutter to himself with an oath, "I know I 'm wrong, but I 'll never give in!" During the winter preceding the one in which his hideous deed was committed, he lived at Star Island and fished alone, in a wherry; but he made very little money, and came often over to the Hontvets, where Maren gave him food when he was suffering from want, and where he received always a welcome and the utmost kindness. In the following June he joined Hontvet in his business of fishing, and took up his abode as one of the family at Smutty-Nose. During the summer he was "crippled," as he said, by the rheumatism, and they were all very good to him, and sheltered, fed, nursed, and waited upon him the greater part of the season. He remained with them five weeks after Ivan and Anethe arrived, so that he grew to know Anethe as well as Maren, and was looked upon as a brother by all of them, as I have said before. Nothing occurred to show his true character, and in November he left the island and the kind people whose hospitality he was to repay so fearfully, and going to Portsmouth he took passage in another fishing schooner, the Addison

Gilbert, which was presently wrecked off the coast, and he was again thrown out of employment. Very recklessly he said to Waldemar Ingebertsen, to Charles Jonsen, and even to John Hontvet himself, at different times, that "he must have money if he murdered for it." He loafed about Portsmouth eight weeks, doing nothing. Meanwhile Karen left our service in February, intending to go to Boston and work at a sewing machine, for she was not strong and thought she should like it better than housework, but before going she lingered awhile with her sister Maren — fatal delay for her! Maren told me that during this time Karen went to Portsmouth and had her teeth removed, meaning to provide herself with a new set. At the Jonsens', where Louis was staying, one day she spoke to Mrs. Jonsen of her mouth, that it was so sensitive since the teeth had been taken out; and Mrs. Jonsen asked her how long she must wait before the new set could be put in. Karen replied that it would be three months. Louis Wagner was walking up and down at the other end of the room with his arms folded, his favorite attitude. Mrs. Jonsen's daughter passed near him and heard him mutter, "Three months! What is the use! In three months you will be dead!" He did not know the girl was so near, and turning, he confronted her. He knew she must have heard what he said, and he glared at her like a wild man.

On the fifth day of March, 1873, John Hontvet, his brother Mathew, and Ivan Christensen set sail in John's little schooner, the Clara Bella, to draw their trawls. At that time four of the islands were inhabited: one family on White Island, at the light-house; the workmen who were building the new hotel on Star Island, and one or two households beside; the Hontvet family at Smutty-Nose; and on Appledore, the household at the large house, and on the southern side, opposite Smutty-Nose, a little cottage, where lived Jörge Edvardt Ingebertsen, his wife and children, and several men who fished with him. Smutty-Nose is not in sight of the large house at Appledore, so we were in ignorance of all that happened on that dreadful night, longer than the other inhabitants of the Shoals.

John, Ivan, and Mathew went to draw their trawls, which had been set some miles to the eastward of the islands. They intended to be back to dinner, and then to go on to Portsmouth with their fish, and bait the trawls afresh, ready to bring back to set again next day. But the wind was strong and fair for Portsmouth and ahead for the islands; it would have been a long beat home against it; so they went on to Portsmouth, without touching at the island to leave one man to guard the women, as had been their custom. This was the first night in all the years Maren had lived there that the house was without a man to protect it. But John, always thoughtful for her, asked Emil Ingebertsen, whom he met on the fishing-grounds, to go over from Appledore and tell her that they had gone on to Portsmouth with the favoring wind, but that they hoped to be back that night. And he would have been back had the bait he expected from Boston arrived on the train in which it was due. How curiously everything adjusted itself to favor the bringing about of this horrible catastrophe! The bait did not arrive till the half past twelve train, and they were obliged to work the whole night getting their trawls ready, thus leaving the way perfectly clear for Louis Wagner's awful work.

The three women left alone watched and waited in vain for the schooner to return, and kept the dinner hot for the men, and patiently wondered why they did not come. In vain they searched the wide horizon for that returning sail. Ah me, what pathos is in that longing look of women's eyes for far-off sails! that gaze so eager, so steadfast, that it would almost seem as if it must conjure up the ghostly shape of glimmering canvas from the mysterious distances of sea and sky, and draw it unerringly home by the mere force of intense wistfulness! And those gentle eyes, that were never to see the light of another sun, looked

anxiously across the heaving sea till twilight fell, and then John's messenger, Emil, arrived — Emil Ingebertsen, courteous and gentle as a youthful knight — and reassured them with his explanation, which having given, he departed, leaving them in a much more cheerful state of mind. So the three sisters, with only the little dog Ringe for a protector, sat by the fire chatting together cheerfully. They fully expected the schooner back again that night from Portsmouth, but they were not ill at ease while they waited. Of what should they be afraid? They had not an enemy in the world! No shadow crept to the fireside to warn them what was at hand, no portent of death chilled the air as they talked their pleasant talk and made their little plans in utter unconsciousness. Karen was to have gone to Portsmouth with the fishermen that day; she was all ready dressed to go. Various little commissions were given her, errands to do for the two sisters she was to leave behind. Maren wanted some buttons, and "I 'll give you one for a pattern; I 'll put it in your purse," she said to Karen, "and then when you open your purse you 'll be sure to remember it." (That little button, of a peculiar pattern, was found in Wagner's possession afterward.) They sat up till ten o'clock, talking together. The night was bright and calm; it was a comfort to miss the bitter winds that had raved about the little dwelling all the long, rough winter. Already it was spring; this calm was the first token of its coming. It was the 5th of March; in a few weeks the weather would soften, the grass grow green, and Anethe would see the first flowers in this strange country, so far from her home where she had left father and mother, kith and kin, for love of Ivan. The delicious days of summer at hand would transform the work of the toiling fishermen to pleasure, and all things would bloom and smile about the poor people on the lonely rock! Alas, it was not to be.

At ten o'clock they went to bed. It was cold and "lonesome" up-stairs, so Maren put some chairs by the side of the lounge, laid a mattress upon it, and made up a bed for Karen in the kitchen, where she presently fell asleep. Maren and Anethe slept in the next room. So safe they felt themselves, they did not pull down a curtain, nor even try to fasten the house-door. They went to their rest in absolute security and perfect trust. It was the first still night of the new year; a young moon stole softly down toward the west, a gentle wind breathed through the quiet dark, and the waves whispered gently about the island, helping to lull those innocent souls to yet more peaceful slumber. Ah, where were the gales of March that might have plowed that tranquil sea to foam, and cut off the fatal path of Louis Wagner to that happy home! But nature seemed to pause and wait for him. I remember looking abroad over the waves that night and rejoicing over "the first calm night of the year!" It was so still, so bright! The hope of all the light and beauty a few weeks would bring forth stirred me to sudden joy. There should be spring again after the long winter-weariness.

> "Can trouble live in April days,
> Or sadness in the summer moons?"

I thought, as I watched the clear sky, grown less hard than it had been for weeks, and sparkling with stars. But before another sunset it seemed to me that beauty had fled out of the world, and that goodness, innocence, mercy, gentleness, were a mere mockery of empty words.

Here let us leave the poor women, asleep on the lonely rock, with no help near them in heaven or upon earth, and follow the fishermen to Portsmouth, where they arrived about four o'clock that afternoon. One of the first men whom they saw as they neared the town was Louis Wagner; to him they threw the rope from the schooner, and he helped draw her in to the wharf. Greetings passed between them; he spoke to Mathew Hontvet, and as he looked at Ivan Christensen, the men noticed a flush pass over Louis's face. He asked were they going out again that night? Three times before they parted he asked that question; he saw that all the three

men belonging to the island had come away together; he began to realize his opportunity. They answered him that if their bait came by the train in which they expected it, they hoped to get back that night, but if it was late they should be obliged to stay till morning, baiting their trawls; and they asked him to come and help them. It is a long and tedious business, the baiting of trawls; often more than a thousand hooks are to be manipulated, and lines and hooks coiled, clear of tangles, into tubs, all ready for throwing overboard when the fishing-grounds are reached. Louis gave them a half promise that he would help them, but they did not see him again after leaving the wharf. The three fishermen were hungry, not having touched at their island, where Maren always provided them with a supply of food to take with them; they asked each other if either had brought any money with which to buy bread, and it came out that every one had left his pocket-book at home. Louis, standing by, heard all this. He asked John, then, if he had made fishing pay. John answered that he had cleared about six hundred dollars.

The men parted, the honest three about their business; but Louis, what became of him with his evil thoughts? At about half past seven he went into a liquor shop and had a glass of something; not enough to make him unsteady, —he was too wise for that. He was not seen again in Portsmouth by any human creature that night. He must have gone, after that, directly down to the river, that beautiful, broad river, the Piscataqua, upon whose southern bank the quaint old city of Portsmouth dreams its quiet days away; and there he found a boat ready to his hand, a dory belonging to a man by the name of David Burke, who had that day furnished it with new thole-pins. When it was picked up afterward off the mouth of the river, Louis's anxious oars had eaten half-way through the substance of these pins, which are always made of the hardest, toughest wood that can be found. A terrible piece of rowing must that have been, in one night! Twelve miles from the city to the Shoals, — three to the light-houses, where the river meets the open sea, nine more to the islands; nine back again to Newcastle next morning! He took that boat, and with the favoring tide dropped down the rapid river where the swift current is so strong that oars are scarcely needed, except to keep the boat steady. Truly all nature seemed to play into his hands; this first relenting night of earliest spring favored him with its stillness, the tide was fair, the wind was fair, the little moon gave him just enough light, without betraying him to any curious eyes, as he glided down the three miles between the river banks, in haste to reach the sea. Doubtless the light west wind played about him as delicately as if he had been the most human of God's creatures; nothing breathed remonstrance in his ear, nothing whispered in the whispering water that rippled about his inexorable keel, steering straight for the Shoals through the quiet darkness. The snow lay thick and white upon the land in the moonlight; lamps twinkled here and there from dwellings on either side; in Eliot and Newcastle, in Portsmouth and Kittery, roofs, chimneys, and gables showed faintly in the vague light; the leafless trees clustered dark in hollows or lifted their tracery of bare boughs in higher spaces against the wintry sky. His eyes must have looked on it all, whether he saw the peaceful picture or not. Beneath many a humble roof honest folk were settling into their untroubled rest, as "this planned piece of deliberate wickedness" was stealing silently by with his heart full of darkness, blacker than the black tide that swirled beneath his boat and bore him fiercely on. At the river's mouth stood the sentinel light-houses, sending their great spokes of light afar into the night, like the arms of a wide humanity stretching into the darkness helping hands to bring all who needed succor safely home. He passed them, first the tower at Fort Point, then the taller one at Whale's Back, steadfastly holding aloft their warning fires. There was no signal from the warning

bell as he rowed by, though a danger more subtle, more deadly, than fog, or hurricane, or pelting storm was passing swift beneath it. Unchallenged by anything in earth or heaven, he kept on his way and gained the great outer ocean, doubtless pulling strong and steadily, for he had no time to lose, and the longest night was all too short for an undertaking such as this. Nine miles from the light-houses to the islands! Slowly he makes his way; it seems to take an eternity of time. And now he is midway between the islands and the coast. That little toy of a boat with its one occupant in the midst of the awful, black, heaving sea! The vast dim ocean whispers with a thousand waves; against the boat's side the ripples lightly tap, and pass and are lost; the air is full of fine, mysterious voices of winds and waters. Has he no fear, alone there on the midnight sea with such a purpose in his heart? The moonlight sends a long, golden track across the waves; it touches his dark face and figure, it glitters on his dripping oars. On his right hand Boone Island light shows like a setting star on the horizon, low on his left the two beacons twinkle off Newburyport, at the mouth of the Merrimack River; all the light-houses stand watching along the coast, wheeling their long, slender shafts of radiance as if pointing at this black atom creeping over the face of the planet with such colossal evil in his heart. Before him glitters the Shoals' light at White Island, and helps to guide him to his prey. Alas, my friendly light-house, that you should serve so terrible a purpose! Steadily the oars click in the rowlocks; stroke after stroke of the broad blades draws him away from the lessening line of land, over the wavering floor of the ocean, nearer the lonely rocks. Slowly the coast-lights fade, and now the rote of the sea among the lonely ledges of the Shoals salutes his attentive ear. A little longer and he nears Appledore, the first island, and now he passes by the snow-covered, ice-bound rock, with the long buildings showing clear in the moonlight. He must have looked at them as he went past. I wonder we who slept beneath the roofs that glimmered to his eyes in the uncertain light did not feel, through the thick veil of sleep, what fearful thing passed by! But we slumbered peacefully as the unhappy women whose doom every click of those oars in the rowlocks, like the ticking of some dreadful clock, was bringing nearer and nearer. Between the islands he passes; they are full of chilly gleams and glooms. There is no scene more weird than these snow-covered rocks in winter, more shudderful and strange: the moonlight touching them with mystic glimmer, the black water breaking about them and the vast shadowy spaces of the sea stretching to the horizon on every side, full of vague sounds, of half lights and shadows, of fear, and of mystery. The island he seeks lies before him, lone and still; there is no gleam in any window, there is no help near, nothing upon which the women can call for succor. He does not land in the cove where all boats put in, he rows round to the south side and draws his boat up on the rocks. His red returning footsteps are found here next day, staining the snow. He makes his way to the house he knows so well.

All is silent: nothing moves, nothing sounds but the hushed voices of the sea. His hand is on the latch, he enters stealthily, there is nothing to resist him. The little dog, Ringe, begins to bark sharp and loud, and Karen rouses, crying, "John, is that you?" thinking the expected fishermen had returned. Louis seizes a chair and strikes at her in the dark; the clock on a shelf above her head falls down with the jarring of the blow, and stops at exactly seven minutes to one. Maren in the next room, waked suddenly from her sound sleep, trying in vain to make out the meaning of it all, cries, "What 's the matter?" Karen answers, "John scared me!" Maren springs from her bed and tries to open her chamber door; Louis has fastened it on the other side by pushing a stick through over the latch. With her heart leaping with terror the poor child shakes the door with all her might, in vain. Utterly confounded and bewildered, she

hears Karen screaming, "John kills me! John kills me!" She hears the sound of repeated blows and shrieks, till at last her sister falls heavily against the door, which gives way, and Maren rushes out. She catches dimly a glimpse of a tall figure outlined against the southern window; she seizes poor Karen and drags her with the strength of frenzy within the bedroom. This unknown terror, this fierce, dumb monster who never utters a sound to betray himself through the whole, pursues her with blows, strikes her three times with a chair, either blow with fury sufficient to kill her, had it been light enough for him to see how to direct it; but she gets her sister inside and the door shut, and holds it against him with all her might and Karen's failing strength. What a little heroine was this poor child, struggling with the force of desperation to save herself and her sisters!

All this time Anethe lay dumb, not daring to move or breathe, roused from the deep sleep of youth and health by this nameless, formless terror. Maren, while she strives to hold the door at which Louis rattles again and again, calls to her in anguish, "Anethe, Anethe! Get out of the window! run! hide!" The poor girl, almost paralyzed with fear, tries to obey, puts her bare feet out of the low window, and stands outside in the freezing snow, with one light garment over her cowering figure, shrinking in the cold winter wind, the clear moonlight touching her white face and bright hair and fair young shoulders. "Scream! scream!" shouts frantic Maren. "Somebody at Star Island may hear!" but Anethe answers with the calmness of despair, "I cannot make a sound." Maren screams, herself, but the feeble sound avails nothing. "Run! run!" she cries to Anethe; but again Anethe answers, "I cannot move."

Louis has left off trying to force the door; he listens. Are the women trying to escape? He goes out-of-doors. Maren flies to the window; he comes round the corner of the house and confronts Anethe where she stands in the snow. The moonlight shines full in his face; she shrieks loudly and distinctly, "Louis, Louis!" Ah, he is discovered, he is recognized! Quick as thought he goes back to the front door, at the side of which stands an ax, left there by Maren, who had used it the day before to cut the ice from the well. He returns to Anethe standing shuddering there. It is no matter that she is beautiful, young, and helpless to resist, that she has been kind to him, that she never did a human creature harm, that she stretches her gentle hands out to him in agonized entreaty, crying piteously, "Oh, Louis, Louis, Louis!" He raises the ax and brings it down on her bright head in one tremendous blow, and she sinks without a sound and lies in a heap, with her warm blood reddening the snow. Then he deals her blow after blow, almost within reach of Maren's hands, as she stands at the window. Distracted, Maren strives to rouse poor Karen, who kneels with her head on the side of the bed; with desperate entreaty she tries to get her up and away, but Karen moans, "I cannot, I cannot." She is too far gone; and then Maren knows she cannot save her, and that she must flee herself or die. So, while Louis again enters the house, she seizes a skirt and wraps round her shoulders, and makes her way out of the open window, over Anethe's murdered body, barefooted, flying away, anywhere, breathless, shaking with terror.

Where can she go? Her little dog, frightened into silence, follows her, — pressing so close to her feet that she falls over him more than once. Looking back she sees Louis has lit a lamp and is seeking for her. She flies to the cove; if she can but find his boat and row away in it and get help! It is not there; there is no boat in which she can get away. She hears Karen's wild screams, — he is killing her! Oh where can she go? Is there any place on that little island where he will not find her? She thinks she will creep into one of the empty old houses by the water; but no, she reflects, if I hide there, Ringe will bark and betray me the moment Louis comes to look for me. And Ringe saved her life, for next day Louis's bloody

tracks were found all about those old buildings where he had sought her. She flies, with Karen's awful cries in her ears, away over rocks and snow to the farthest limit she can gain. The moon has set; it is about two o'clock in the morning, and oh, so cold! She shivers and shudders from head to feet, but her agony of terror is so great she is hardly conscious of bodily sensation. And welcome is the freezing snow, the jagged ice and iron rocks that tear her unprotected feet, the bitter brine that beats against the shore, the winter winds that make her shrink and tremble; "they are not so unkind as man's ingratitude!" Falling often, rising, struggling on with feverish haste, she makes her way to the very edge of the water; down almost into the sea she creeps, between two rocks, upon her hands and knees, and crouches, face downward, with Ringe nestled close beneath her breast, not daring to move through the long hours that must pass before the sun will rise again. She is so near the ocean she can almost reach the water with her hand. Had the wind breathed the least roughly the waves must have washed over her. There let us leave her and go back to Louis Wagner. Maren heard her sister Karen's shrieks as she fled. The poor girl had crept into an unoccupied room in a distant part of the house, striving to hide herself. He could not kill her with blows, blundering in the darkness, so he wound a handkerchief about her throat and strangled her. But now he seeks anxiously for Maren. *Has* she escaped? What terror is in the thought! Escaped, to tell the tale, to accuse him as the murderer of her sisters. Hurriedly, with desperate anxiety, he seeks for her. His time was growing short; it was not in his programme that this brave little creature should give him so much trouble; he had not calculated on resistance from these weak and helpless women. Already it was morning, soon it would be daylight. He could not find her in or near the house; he went down to the empty and dilapidated houses about the cove, and sought her everywhere. What a picture! That blood-stained butcher, with his dark face, crawling about those cellars, peering for that woman! He dared not spend any more time; he must go back for the money he hoped to find, his reward for this! All about the house he searches, in bureau drawers, in trunks and boxes: he finds fifteen dollars for his night's work! Several hundreds were lying between some sheets folded at the bottom of a drawer in which he looked. But he cannot stop for more thorough investigation; a dreadful haste pursues him like a thousand fiends. He drags Anethe's stiffening body into the house, and leaves it on the kitchen floor. If the thought crosses his mind to set fire to the house and burn up his two victims, he dares not do it: it will make a fatal bonfire to light his homeward way; besides, it is useless, for Maren has escaped to accuse him, and the time presses so horribly! But how cool a monster is he! After all this hard work he must have refreshment to support him in the long row back to the land; knife and fork, cup and plate, were found next morning on the table near where Anethe lay; fragments of food which was not cooked in the house, but brought from Portsmouth, were scattered about. Tidy Maren had left neither dishes nor food when they went to bed. The handle of the tea-pot which she had left on the stove was stained and smeared with blood. Can the human mind conceive of such hideous *nonchalance?* Wagner sat down in that room and ate and drank! It is almost beyond belief! Then he went to the well with a basin and towels, tried to wash off the blood, and left towels and basin in the well. He knows he must be gone! It is certain death to linger. He takes his boat and rows away toward the dark coast and the twinkling lights; it is for dear life, now! What powerful strokes send the small skiff rushing over the water!

There is no longer any moon, the night is far spent; already the east changes, the stars fade; he rows like a madman to reach the land, but a blush of morning is stealing up the sky and sunrise is rosy over shore and sea, when panting, trembling, weary, a creature accursed, a

blot on the face of the day, he lands at Newcastle — too late! Too late! In vain he casts the dory adrift; she will not float away; the flood tide bears her back to give her testimony against him, and afterward she is found at Jaffrey's Point, near the "Devil's Den," and the fact of her worn thole-pins noted. Wet, covered with ice from the spray which has flown from his eager oars, utterly exhausted, he creeps to a knoll and reconnoitres; he thinks he is unobserved, and crawls on towards Portsmouth. But he is seen and recognized by many persons, and his identity established beyond a doubt. He goes to the house of Mathew Jonsen, where he has been living, steals up-stairs, changes his clothes, and appears before the family, anxious, frightened, agitated, telling Jonsen he never felt so badly in his life; that he has got into trouble and is afraid he shall be taken. He cannot eat at breakfast, says "farewell forever," goes away and is shaved, and takes the train to Boston, where he provides himself with new clothes, shoes, a complete outfit, but lingering, held by fate, he cannot fly, and before night the officer's hand is on his shoulder and he is arrested.

Meanwhile poor shuddering Maren on the lonely island, by the water-side, waits till the sun is high in heaven before she dares come forth. She thinks he may be still on the island. She said to me, "I thought he must be there, dead or alive. I thought he might go crazy and kill himself after having done all that." At last she steals out. The little dog frisks before her; it is so cold her feet cling to the rocks and snow at every step, till the skin is fairly torn off. Still and frosty is the bright morning, the water lies smiling and sparkling, the hammers of the workmen building the new hotel on Star Island sound through the quiet air. Being on the side of Smutty-Nose opposite Star, she waves her skirt, and screams to attract their attention; they hear her, turn and look, see a woman waving a signal of distress, and, surprising to relate, turn tranquilly to their work again. She realizes at last there is no hope in that direction; she must go round toward Appledore in sight of the dreadful house. Passing it afar off she gives one swift glance toward it, terrified lest in the broad sunshine she may see some horrid token of last night's work; but all is still and peaceful. She notices the curtains the three had left up when they went to bed; they are now drawn down; she knows whose hand has done this, and what it hides from the light of day. Sick at heart, she makes her painful way to the northern edge of Malaga, which is connected with Smutty-Nose by the old sea-wall. She is directly opposite Appledore and the little cottage where abide her friend and countryman, Jörge Edvardt Ingebertsen, and his wife and children. Only a quarter of a mile of the still ocean separates her from safety and comfort. She sees the children playing about the door; she calls and calls. Will no one ever hear her? Her torn feet torment her, she is sore with blows and perishing with cold. At last her voice reaches the ears of the children, who run and tell their father that some one is crying and calling; looking across, he sees the poor little figure waving her arms, takes his dory and paddles over, and with amazement recognizes Maren in her night-dress, with bare feet and streaming hair, with a cruel bruise upon her face, with wild eyes, distracted, half senseless with cold and terror. He cries, "Maren, Maren, who has done this? what is it? who is it?" and her only answer is "Louis, Louis, Louis!" as he takes her on board his boat and rows home with her as fast as he can. From her incoherent statement he learns what has happened. Leaving her in the care of his family, he comes over across the hill to the great house on Appledore. As I sit at my desk I see him pass the window, and wonder why the old man comes so fast and anxiously through the heavy snow.

Presently I see him going back again, accompanied by several of his own countrymen and others of our workmen, carrying guns. They are going to Smutty-Nose, and take arms, thinking it possible Wagner may yet be there. I call down-stairs, "What has happened?"

and am answered, "Some trouble at Smutty-Nose; we hardly understand." "Probably a drunken brawl of the reckless fishermen who may have landed there," I say to myself, and go on with my work. In another half-hour I see the men returning, reinforced by others, coming fast, confusedly; and suddenly a wail of anguish comes up from the women below. I cannot believe it when I hear them crying, "Karen is dead! Anethe is dead! Louis Wagner has murdered them both!" I run out into the servants' quarters; there are all the men assembled, an awe-stricken crowd. Old Ingebertsen comes forward and tells me the bare facts, and how Maren lies at his house, half crazy, suffering with her torn and frozen feet. Then the men are dispatched to search Appledore, to find if by any chance the murderer might be concealed about the place, and I go over to Maren to see if I can do anything for her. I find the women and children with frightened faces at the little cottage; as I go into the room where Maren lies, she catches my hands, crying, "Oh, I so glad to see you! I so glad I save my life!" and with her dry lips she tells me all the story as I have told it here. Poor little creature, holding me with those wild, glittering, dilated eyes, she cannot tell me rapidly enough the whole horrible tale. Upon her cheek is yet the blood-stain from the blow he struck her with a chair, and she shows me two more upon her shoulder, and her torn feet. I go back for arnica with which to bathe them. What a mockery seems to me the "jocund day" as I emerge into the sunshine, and looking across the space of blue, sparkling water, see the house wherein all that horror lies!

Oh brightly shines the morning sun and glitters on the white sails of the little vessel that comes dancing back from Portsmouth before the favoring wind, with the two husbands on board! How glad they are for the sweet morning and the fair wind that brings them home again! And Ivan sees in fancy Anethe's face all beautiful with welcoming smiles, and John knows how happy his good and faithful Maren will be to see him back again. Alas, how little they dream what lies before them! From Appledore they are signaled to come ashore, and Ivan and Mathew, landing, hear a confused rumor of trouble from tongues that hardly can frame the words that must tell the dreadful truth. Ivan only understands that something is wrong. His one thought is for Anethe; he flies to Ingebertsen's cottage, she may be there; he rushes in like a maniac, crying, "Anethe, Anethe! Where is Anethe?" and broken-hearted Maren answers her brother, "Anethe is — at home." He does not wait for another word, but seizes the little boat and lands at the same time with John on Smutty-Nose; with headlong haste they reach the house, other men accompanying them; ah, there are blood-stains all about the snow! Ivan is the first to burst open the door and enter. What words can tell it! There upon the floor, naked, stiff, and stark, is the woman he idolizes, for whose dear feet he could not make life's ways smooth and pleasant enough — stone dead! Dead — horribly butchered! her bright hair stiff with blood, the fair head that had so often rested on his breast crushed, cloven, mangled with the brutal ax! Their eyes are blasted by the intolerable sight: both John and Ivan stagger out and fall, senseless, in the snow. Poor Ivan! his wife a thousand times adored, the dear girl he had brought from Norway, the good, sweet girl who loved him so, whom he could not cherish tenderly enough! And he was not there to protect her! There was no one there to save her!

> "Did Heaven look on
> And would not take their part!"

Poor fellow, what had he done that fate should deal him such a blow as this! Dumb, blind with anguish, he made no sign.

> "What says the body when they spring
> Some monstrous torture-engine's whole
> Strength on it? No more says the soul."

Some of his pitying comrades lead him away, like one stupefied, and take him back to Appledore. John knows his wife is safe. Though stricken with horror and consumed with wrath, he is not paralyzed like poor Ivan, who has been

smitten with worse than death. They find Karen's body in another part of the house, covered with blows and black in the face, strangled. They find Louis's tracks, — all the tokens of his disastrous presence, — the contents of trunks and drawers scattered about in his hasty search for the money, and, all within the house and without, blood, blood everywhere.

When I reach the cottage with the arnica for Maren, they have returned from Smutty-Nose. John, her husband, is there. He is a young man of the true Norse type, blue-eyed, fair-haired, tall and well-made, with handsome teeth and bronzed beard. Perhaps he is a little quiet and undemonstrative generally, but at this moment he is superb, kindled from head to feet, a fire-brand of woe and wrath, with eyes that flash and cheeks that burn. I speak a few words to him, — what words can meet such an occasion as this! — and having given directions about the use of the arnica, for Maren, I go away, for nothing more can be done for her, and every comfort she needs is hers. The outer room is full of men; they make way for me, and as I pass through I catch a glimpse of Ivan crouched with his arms thrown round his knees and his head bowed down between them, motionless, his attitude expressing such abandonment of despair as cannot be described. His whole person seems to shrink, as if deprecating the blow that has fallen upon him.

All day the slaughtered women lie as they were found, for nothing can be touched till the officers of the law have seen the whole. And John goes back to Portsmouth to tell his tale to the proper authorities. What a different voyage from the one he had just taken, when happy and careless he was returning to the home he had left so full of peace and comfort! What a load he bears back with him, as he makes his tedious way across the miles that separate him from the means of vengeance he burns to reach! But at last he arrives, tells his story, the police at other cities are at once telegraphed, and the city marshal follows Wagner to Boston. At eight o'clock that evening comes the steamer Mayflower to the Shoals, with all the officers on board. They land and make investigations at Smutty-Nose, then come here to Appledore and examine Maren, and, when everything is done, steam back to Portsmouth, which they reach at three o'clock in the morning. After all are gone and his awful day's work is finished at last, poor John comes back to Maren, and kneeling by the side of her bed, he is utterly overpowered with what he has passed through; he is shaken with sobs as he cries, "Oh, Maren, Maren, it is too much, too much! I cannot bear it!" And Maren throws her arms about his neck, crying, "Oh, John, John, don't! I shall be crazy, I shall die, if you go on like that." Poor innocent, unhappy people, who never wronged a fellow-creature in their lives!

But Ivan — what is their anguish to his! They dare not leave him alone lest he do himself an injury. He is perfectly mute and listless; he cannot weep, he can neither eat nor sleep. He sits like one in a horrid dream. "Oh, my poor, poor brother!" Maren cries in tones of deepest grief, when I speak his name to her next day. She herself cannot rest a moment till she hears that Louis is taken; at every sound her crazed imagination fancies he is coming back for her; she is fairly beside herself with terror and anxiety; but the night following that of the catastrophe brings us news that he is arrested, and there is stern rejoicing at the Shoals; but no vengeance taken on him can bring back those unoffending lives, or restore that gentle home. The dead are properly cared for; the blood is washed from Anethe's beautiful bright hair; she is clothed in her wedding-dress, the blue dress in which she was married, poor child, that happy Christmas time in Norway, a little more than a year ago. They are carried across the sea to Portsmouth, the burial service is read over them, and they are hidden in the earth. After poor Ivan has seen the faces of his wife and sister still and pale in their coffins, their ghastly wounds concealed as much as possible, flowers upon them and the priest praying over

them, his trance of misery is broken, the grasp of despair is loosened a little about his heart. Yet hardly does he notice whether the sun shines or no, or care whether he lives or dies. Slowly his senses steady themselves from the effects of a shock that nearly destroyed him, and merciful time, with imperceptible touch, softens day by day the outlines of that picture at the memory of which he will never cease to shudder while he lives.

Louis Wagner was captured in Boston on the evening of the next day after his atrocious deed, and Friday morning, followed by a hooting mob, he was taken to the Eastern depot. At every station along the route crowds were assembled, and there were fierce cries for vengeance. At the depot in Portsmouth a dense crowd of thousands of both sexes had gathered, who assailed him with yells and curses and cries of "Tear him to pieces!" It was with difficulty he was at last safely imprisoned. Poor Maren was taken to Portsmouth from Appledore on that day. The story of Wagner's day in Boston, like every other detail of the affair, has been told by every newspaper in the country: his agitation and restlessness, noted by all who saw him; his curious, reckless talk. To one he says, "I have just killed two sailors;" to another, Jacob Toldtman, into whose shop he goes to buy shoes, "I have seen a woman lie as still as that boot," and so on. When he is caught he puts on a bold face and determines to brave it out; denies everything with tears and virtuous indignation. The men whom he has so fearfully wronged are confronted with him; his attitude is one of injured innocence; he surveys them more in sorrow than in anger, while John is on fire with wrath and indignation, and hurls maledictions at him; but Ivan, poor Ivan, hurt beyond all hope or help, is utterly mute; he does not utter one word. Of what use is it to curse the murderer of his wife? It will not bring her back; he has no heart for cursing, he is too completely broken. Maren told me the first time she was brought into Louis's presence, her heart leaped so fast she could hardly breathe. She entered the room softly with her husband and Mathew Jonsen's daughter. Louis was whittling a stick. He looked up and saw her face, and the color ebbed out of his, and rushed back and stood in one burning spot in his cheek, as he looked at her and she looked at him for a space, in silence. Then he drew about his evil mind the detestable garment of sanctimoniousness, and in sentimental accents he murmured, "I 'm glad Jesus loves me!" "The devil loves you!" cried John, with uncompromising veracity. "I know it was n't nice," said decorous Maren, "but John could n't help it; it was too much to bear!"

The next Saturday afternoon, when he was to be taken to Saco, hundreds of fishermen came to Portsmouth from all parts of the coast, determined on his destruction, and there was a fearful scene in the quiet streets of that peaceful city when he was being escorted to the train by the police and various officers of justice. Two thousand people had assembled, and such a furious, yelling crowd was never seen or heard in Portsmouth. The air was rent with cries for vengeance; showers of bricks and stones were thrown from all directions, and wounded several of the officers who surrounded Wagner. His knees trembled under him, he shook like an aspen, and the officers found it necessary to drag him along, telling him he must keep up if he would save his life. Except that they feared to injure the innocent as well as the guilty, those men would have literally torn him to pieces. But at last he was put on board the cars in safety, and carried away to prison. His demeanor throughout the term of his confinement, and during his trial and subsequent imprisonment, was a wonderful piece of acting. He really inspired people with doubt as to his guilt. I make an extract from The Portsmouth Chronicle, dated March 13, 1873: "Wagner still retains his amazing *sang froid*, which is wonderful, even in a strong-nerved German. The sympathy of most of the visitors at his jail has certainly been won by his calmness and his general appearance, which is

quite prepossessing." This little instance of his method of proceeding I must subjoin: A lady who had come to converse with him on the subject of his eternal salvation said, as she left him, "I hope you put your trust in the Lord," to which he sweetly answered, "I always did, ma'am, and I always shall."

A few weeks after all this had happened, I sat by the window one afternoon, and, looking up from my work, I saw some one passing slowly, — a young man who seemed so thin, so pale, so bent and ill, that I said, "Here is some stranger who is so very sick, he is probably come to try the effect of the air, even thus early." It was Ivan Christensen. I did not recognize him. He dragged one foot after the other wearily, and walked with the feeble motion of an old man. He entered the house; his errand was to ask for work. He could not bear to go away from the neighborhood of the place where Anethe had lived and where they had been so happy, and he could not bear to work at fishing on the south side of the island, within sight of that house. There was work enough for him here; a kind voice told him so, a kind hand was laid on his shoulder, and he was bidden come and welcome. The tears rushed into the poor fellow's eyes, he went hastily away, and that night sent over his chest of tools, — he was a carpenter by trade. Next day he took up his abode here and worked all summer. Every day I carefully observed him as I passed him by, regarding him with an inexpressible pity, of which he was perfectly unconscious, as he seemed to be of everything and everybody. He never raised his head when he answered my "Good morning," or "Good evening, Ivan." Though I often wished to speak, I never said more to him, for he seemed to me to be hurt too sorely to be touched by human hand. With his head sunk on his breast, and wearily dragging his limbs, he pushed the plane or drove the saw to and fro with a kind of dogged persistence, looking neither to the left nor right. Well might the weight of woe he carried bow him to the earth! By and by he spoke, himself, to other members of the household, saying, with a patient sorrow, he believed it was to have been, it had so been ordered, else why did all things so play into Louis's hands? All things were furnished him: the knowledge of the unprotected state of the women, a perfectly clear field in which to carry out his plans, just the right boat he wanted in which to make his voyage, fair tide, fair wind, calm sea, just moonlight enough; even the ax with which to kill Anethe stood ready to his hand at the house door. Alas, it was to have been! Last summer Ivan went back again to Norway — alone. Hardly is it probable that he will ever return to a land whose welcome to him fate made so horrible. His sister Maren and her husband still live blameless lives, with the little dog Ringe, in a new home they have made for themselves in Portsmouth, not far from the river-side; the merciful lapse of days and years takes them gently but surely away from the thought of that season of anguish; and though they can never forget it all, they have grown resigned and quiet again. And on the island other Norwegians have settled, voices of charming children sound sweetly in the solitude that echoed so awfully to the shrieks of Karen and Maren. But to the weirdness of the winter midnight something is added, a vision of two dim, reproachful shades who watch while an agonized ghost prowls eternally about the dilapidated houses at the beach's edge, close by the black, whispering water, seeking for the woman who has escaped him — escaped to bring upon him the death he deserves, whom he never, never, never can find, though his distracted spirit may search till man shall vanish from off the face of the earth, and time shall be no more.

Celia Thaxter.

RECENT LITERATURE.[1]

UNDER the new title of Cosmism Mr. Fiske gives the philosophical and scientific doctrines of Mr. Spencer, extended and developed into a complete theory of the universe. The book contains an outline of the Spencerian theories, so clearly stated and so vividly illustrated that most readers will prefer the disciple to the master. There is added to this a very considerable body of original speculation and criticism, all in the line of the same system and elaborated with all the great learning and ingenuity needed by a co-laborer with Mr. Spencer. In the Prolegomena, which extend through much of the first volume, are expounded the fundamental principles of Cosmism. It is not to be expected that many of Mr. Spencer's old opponents will be converted by this latest and strongest presentation of his philosophy. There is nothing added to appease the Ontologists. The Positivists will be as puzzled as ever to understand how the Cosmist can swear so stoutly by their own law of relativity, and yet smuggle in that much-coveted but contraband belief in external reality. The Cosmic test of truth lets it pass easily enough, but, *Quis custodiet ipsum custodem?*

According to this test, "A proposition of which the negation is inconceivable is necessarily true in relation to human intelligence." But that much-discussed word, inconceivable, is still equivocal, and too uncertain for a touch-stone of truth. There is plainly one sort of inconceivability which occurs when experience has already shaped an idea and we cannot contradict it by forming the opposite. Such inconceivability is evidence of past experience, and therefore of truth. There may be a question about the value of a test which merely tells us that when we are in no doubt we may be sure; but its accuracy is unquestionable. There is another kind of inconceivability, which occurs when we lack experience to form the proposed idea. In this sense a proposition in jurisprudence would be inconceivable to a child, because unintelligible, and its negation equally inconceivable. So, also, following Mr. Fiske's statements made in his Prolegomena, the final divisibility of matter is inconceivable,

[1] *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy, based on the Doctrine of Evolution, with Criticisms on the Positive Philosophy.* By JOHN FISKE, M. A., LL. B., Assistant Librarian, and formerly Lecturer on Philosophy, at Harvard University. In two volumes. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America. By HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT. Volume II. Civilized Nations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1875.

Ezra Stiles Gannett, Unitarian Minister in Boston, 1824–1871. A Memoir. By his Son, WILLIAM C. GANNETT. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

The Life of Benjamin Franklin, written by Himself. Now first edited from Original Manuscripts and from his Printed Correspondence and other Writings. By JOHN BIGELOW. In three volumes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1875.

Dress-Reform: A Series of Lectures delivered in Boston, on Dress as it affects the Health of Women. Edited by ABBA GOOLD WOOLSON. With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874.

Hearts and Hands. A Story in Sixteen Chapters. By CHRISTIAN REID, author of A Daughter of Bohemia, Valerie Aylmer, etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1875.

Too Much Alone. By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL, author of A Life's Assize, Phemie Keller, George Geith, etc. Boston: Estes and Lauriat. 1875.

My Story. A Novel. By Mrs. K. S. MACQUOID, the author of Patty. With Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1875.

The History of Democracy; or, Political Progress, Historically Illustrated. From the Earliest to the Latest Periods. By NAHUM CAPEN, LL. D., author of The Republic of the United States of America: its Duties to Itself and its Responsible Relations to other Countries, etc. With Portraits of Distinguished Men. Volume I. Hartford: American Publishing Company. 1874.

Transactions of the Third National Prison Reform Congress, held at St. Louis, Missouri, May 13–16, 1874. Being the Third Annual Report of the National Prison Association of the United States. Edited by E. C. WINES, D. D., LL. D., Secretary of the Association. New York: Office of the Association, 320 Broadway. 1874.

The Last Journals of David Livingstone, in Central Africa. From Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-Five to his Death. Continued by a Narrative of his Last Moments and Sufferings, obtained from his Faithful Servants Chuma and Susi. By HORACE WALLER, F. R. G. S., Rector of Twywell, Northampton. With Portrait, Maps, and Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1875.

At the Sign of the Silver Flagon. A Novel. By B. L. FARJEON, author of Jessie Trim, King of No-Land, etc., etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1875.

Checkmate. By J. S. LE FANU, author of Uncle Silas, Tenants of Malory, etc. Author's Illustrated Edition. Boston: Estes and Lauriat. 1875

A Rambling Story. By MARY COWDEN CLARKE, author of The Complete Concordance to Shakespeare, The Iron Cousin, The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines, The Trust and the Remittance, etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

and its final indivisibility equally so, because experience has not reached to either of these conceptions. Similar to this, though temporary instead of permanent, was the inconceivability of the antipodes, which Mr. Mill cites as a case of an idea once inconceivable but not false. This second kind of inconceivability is only a test of ignorance, and leaves the question of truth undecided.

If any one thinks that these two kinds of inconceivability are easily distinguishable, let him remember that the Old-World philosopher was probably as sure that the antipodes stood for a notion contradictory and absurd as is Mr. Spencer that the non-persistence of force involves a contradiction of ideas. There is certainly needed another test before we can apply the Cosmic test of inconceivability, and it is for want of this that the Cosmic philosophy, taking refuge under the ambiguity of words, can claim at the same time to hold to the relativity of all knowledge, and to know the noumenal world.

By the law of the relativity of knowledge we know only phenomena, and propositions concerning "things in themselves" are unintelligible, and stand only as words without meaning. This is set out with much clearness in the Prolegomena. And yet the Cosmic philosopher strenuously insists that he knows that an unrelated world exists. He justifies himself by the argument that the idea of a noumenon is involved in all our thinking, and implied in the very doctrine itself of relativity, because it is impossible to talk of relation and phenomenon, without implying something which causes the relation and the appearance. In short, he appeals to the test of truth, and says there is an unrelated world, for we cannot conceive of it non-existing while phenomena remain. But what experience have we to warrant our asserting that it exists? Is not this inconceivability one caused by lack of experience instead of by experience? The world of "things in themselves" is, *ex vi termini*, one of which we can never have experience. Then how can any test of truth, which is a mere index to the record of experience, have any applicability to it? Make the logical necessity as strong as you please, you never get a noumenal necessity.

The body of the Synthesis in the second volume is devoted to the laws of life, of mind, and of society. Starting with the conception of life as an adjustment of the organism to the forces incident upon it from without, Mr. Fiske traces a similar correspondence of inner with outer changes in the phenomena of mind, and of social communities. He has so wide a command of facts in each department, and is so much a master of the evolutionists' skill in marshaling them, that the view is very comprehensive and suggestive.

Life of every kind is a process of change within meeting change without. This ranges from the feeble adjustments by which the lowest creatures maintain for a while the unequal warfare against the threatening environment, up to the far-reaching adaptations which make the highest animals comparative masters of the situation. Mind is a process of inner arrangement similar in kind but greater in complexity and consequent efficiency. As we go up the scale of being, no one, according to the Cosmic teaching, can tell you when the process first becomes so complex that we must call it mind. The extremes are unlike enough, but they are connected by an unbroken series of means, among which the only difference is that of degree. A similar adjustment is described as the essential characteristic of the growth of society from the primitive family to the modern nation. Thus the life of an oyster and the common-weal of the state, with all that lies between, are summed up in the word adaptation. We must indeed go further back, for organic existence begins, we know not where, in inorganic; and life is to be distinguished in degree, but perhaps not in kind, from simple chemical activity.

The very possibility of such an arrangement of the facts of science as exhibits this unbroken continuity gives a philosophy of evolution an antecedent plausibility, which Mr. Fiske greatly heightens by his art of giving dissolving views of the universe.

Admirable and ingenious as is this view of the unity of nature, it is not altogether clear how the definition of the process of life is of that transcendent importance which Mr. Fiske attributes to it. Indeed, the attempt to define at all, as a distinct thing, one section of this finely graduated series, seems somewhat repugnant to a philosophy of evolution. By the Cosmic definition, "Life, — including also intelligence as the highest known manifestation of life, — is the continuous establishment of relations within the organism in correspondence with relations existing or arising in the environment." It is hard to see how this describes

anything peculiar to animate as distinct from inanimate existence, or why it is not as applicable to the molecular changes going on in a rock heated by the sun, as to the workings of a living organism. The peculiarity, whatever it is, which gives an organism its self-asserting, self-serving power, is not disclosed. If the definition is purposely allowed to cover all existence, upon the theory that inorganic existence is the same in kind with organic, it should at least mark the difference of degree. If there is not even that, then there is no such thing as life to distinguish. It is all life or no life, as you choose to call it.

The evolution of society is in a similar way summed up in one sentence, which is intended to cover the entire course of history. After following Mr. Fiske in his review of facts which corroborate the law as a generalization, one asks with some doubt whether such a law, even if true, will be of practical use in the study of history. Has Mr. Fiske been guided by it to any results, or has he worked out his knowledge and then summed it up in the briefest space he could? This question is of course distinct from any question of the truth of the statement. But as this Cosmic law is put forth as the supreme achievement in the philosophy of history, we have a right to ask that it shall be something more than true. It should guide us in our search for specific causes and effects, and help us to understand those "lessons of history," so easy to read in both ways until bitter experience has taught us which is wrong. If the law of social evolution is only the product of an effort to find ideas and words so comprehensive that they will cover all the known facts of history, even though emptied of all definite contents in order to be vague enough, then the law may be true and yet disappointing.

This is the Cosmic law of social progress: "The evolution of society is a continuous establishment of psychical relations within the community, in conformity to physical and psychical relations arising in the environment; during which both the community and the environment pass from a state of relatively indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a state of relatively definite, coherent heterogeneity; and during which the constituent units of the community become ever more distinctly individuated."

Suppose we try to work this formidable engine at short range, by bringing it to bear upon a specific problem in history. We shall ask, What is the condition or action of the community to be studied? what that of the environment? how did one affect the other? There is the whole question as open as it was before the Cosmic law was put together. When we have found out what were the causes or what were the effects, our results may conform to the law of adaptation. But to find these results we must look through the world within and the world without, and this we have always been doing with the help of the law of causation. The law mentions none of the forces at work, and describes the operation of none. It is somewhat as if Mr. Darwin had propounded, instead of his law of natural selection, the law that organisms are provided with contrivances fitted to the environment, but had omitted to point out how they got them. Such a law would however be specific enough to be of use; the Cosmic law applies to no one thing more than to any other, and can never point out a path in advance.

Nor does the deficiency in the working value of the Cosmic laws of sociogeny appear to be supplied by the statement that the controlling tendency of society is toward increasing individuation. This does not, any more than the law of adaptation, say how, or how much. And moreover the evidence in this case is not so complete as to make the conclusion perfectly satisfactory. The word individuation undoubtedly sums up well enough Mr. Maine's view that the early changes of society were from tribal toward national life. But it is one thing to state *a* tendency, and quite a different thing to point out *the* tendency essential to social progress from beginning to end. Whether there is any single tendency dominant from first to last seems very doubtful. Civilization is a complex process, and comprises an infinity of movements, of which now one and now another may be the most important. But if there is any single tendency, we could be assured of having it only after a much more extended examination of facts than Mr. Fiske, drawing mainly from periods of primitive culture, has given. The qualifications which he finds necessary, as it is, leave the law too vague to be applied anywhere with precision.

The law of social evolution, however, taken as a whole, certainly expresses a truth, whether or not the most suggestive; and Mr. Fiske has reached his generalization through extended historical researches

of which he gives us constant glimpses by his easy allusion to the most remote subjects. The only doubt is whether the law has been of practical use to him in his investigations, which have probably led to many minor conclusions of greater value than the final statement, that has been stretched to cover them.

To the final chapters of the book, in which is set forth the Cosmic religion, most readers will turn with more of interest than to any others. And justly. Yet the few words that could be said about them in such a notice as the present, it would seem almost better to leave unsaid. The bare statement that Mr. Fiske and his followers worship the Unknowable, which is God only because we never can know anything about it, will seem to those who do not read the book to describe a scientific parody upon religion. Yet no one who sees the strength of Mr. Fiske's religious feeling, and the simplicity of his fervor, can doubt that he finds something real in the God he has chosen.

There are those who profess to be in no need of a God, and confidently predict the time when science will satisfy all those who now want, they know not what. To them the Cosmic religion will seem a faltering pause in the progress from anthropomorphic theism to the undisturbed indifference of science. They will have only a compassionate tolerance for one who confesses to be subject to the emotions that clamor for a religion. They will say to Mr. Fiske in particular, You at least are cut off from it, for you have built upon the relativity of knowledge, and must not affirm anything, even existence, of the unrelated Infinite.

There are, on the other hand, those who are convinced of the eternal need to the human race of a religion. If any philosophy makes it impossible, they will say that philosophy stands self-convicted of infirmity, and look for the time when the present dominance of intellect shall be made to yield something to the demands of the emotions.

That many of those who feel this mighty power of religion will be satisfied with what Mr. Fiske offers, we cannot think. That Unknowable may always remain an object of awe to contemplative minds, but it is an impertinence to approach it with love, or faith, or worship. It is indeed constant to help and hurt. But its constancy is no more a comfort than is that of gravitation, which is its most impressive manifestation. With this majesty of inscrutable might alone it assumes to fill the place of that Power to whom men in all ages have cried for hope and comfort.

Whether a religion with so much left out is a religion at all may be a question of words. But it can be said that if awe and submission are all that is left, the new religion is something so unlike the present, that the worshiper of to-day will feel little gratitude to the Cosmic philosophy for saving it. To that worshiper the Cosmist will say, "It is the religion of the future. I wish to hurry no one, but am content to wait until the world willingly puts away childish things for Cosmism." To this there is no answer but patient looking for the inevitable. But who can now see in the Cosmic religion the promise of such sweetness and light that he will turn from his old hope to pray that this new kingdom come?

— In the second volume of The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America, Mr. Bancroft treats of the civilized nations, these being the races inhabiting Mexico and Central America. For greater convenience they are divided into two groups, the Nahuas and the Mayas. The latter was the older branch, the other the more widely spread. North of Tehuantepec were to be found the Nahua races, south of this isthmus the Mayas. Of the Nahuas the Aztecs were the only ones with whom the invading Europeans came into actual contact, and hence they stand as the representatives of early American civilization. In fact, however, they were late successors to what had been acquired by earlier races. Trustworthy information goes back as far as to the sixth century of the Christian era, when we find the Toltecs holding the power, and there are traces of their predecessors, also Nahuas, of whom we have only legendary knowledge. The Toltecs' empire lasted for five centuries, when civil wars, due to religious dissensions, with consequent pestilence and famine, undermined its power. To it succeeded the Chichimec empire, itself yielding to the advance of the Aztecs in the early part of the fifteenth century. In another hundred years these races met with a deadlier foe in the Spaniard. The Mayas represent the Maya-Quiché civilization of Central America. It is impossible to determine the date of the original Maya empire, or that of its decadence. In the sixteenth century the

Mayas proper were occupying Yucatan. The main divisions were the Cocomes, Tutul Xius, Itzas, and Cheles, which appear to have been the names of royal or sacerdotal families rather than of subject tribes. Their history, however, is in a most unsettled state.

For the description of each of these two great groups, Mr. Bancroft has arranged his copious material in five divisions. The first of these includes the system of government, the order of succession, the ceremonies of election, coronation, and anointment, and, generally, the distinctive traits of royal life. The second describes the social system, that is, the divisions of society, the method of holding land, the domestic life of the people, and their family relations. The third includes the means and methods of war; the fourth, their trade and commerce, their sciences, arts, and manufactures; the fifth, their judiciary and legal methods. This excellent classification serves to convey to the reader a very complete notion of what he is reading about. It is very plain that the writer of this history has had by no means an easy task in getting at the exact truth about these early civilizations. Of course when there is nothing but tradition to go by, the task is very difficult, but even with the accounts written by the Spaniards to serve as authority, allowance has to be made for their exaggeration of the strength of their foes, and their wealth, and the accounts of native historians might very well have been of a sort that would not satisfy a critic like, say, Sir George Cornewall Lewis. In this complicated state of affairs, Mr. Bancroft has given all the evidence, and the reader can differ or agree, as he pleases.

To make even an abstract of what is itself so compact an accumulation of facts would be impossible. It is only left to make mention once more of the indefatigable industry of the historian, and of the soundness of his judgment. He nowhere states an opinion, which may be wise, but which is formed from proof not submitted to the reader; far from it: everything is put down, so that the book is a very satisfying one to read. Mr. Bancroft says: "I have no inclination to draw analogies, believing them, at least in a work of this kind, to be futile; and were I disposed to do so, space would not permit it. Nations in their infancy are almost as much alike as are human beings in their earlier years, and in studying these people, I am struck at every turn by the similarity between certain of their customs and institutions and those of other nations; comparisons might be happily drawn between the division of lands in Anahuac and that made by Lycurgus and Numa in Laconia and Rome, or between the relations of Aztec master and slave and those of Roman patron and client, for the former were nearly as mild as the latter; but the list of such comparisons would never be complete, and I am fain to leave them to the reader."

The Aztecs seem to have been an intelligent race; fond of feasting and show; brave fighters; in many relations of life mild and amiable, in others, notably in their treatment of their captives, very cruel; grossly superstitious, with a religion stained by all manner of bloody rites: in a word, they had noticeably some of the virtues and some of the faults of childhood. In some ways they remind us of the Japanese, especially in their ingenuity, their indifference to cruel punishments, and, alongside of those qualities, their general innocence and great capacity of enjoyment. However this may be, they were an interesting race, and the space devoted to them and their neighbors by Mr. Bancroft will be found delightful reading. It makes a volume to which nothing but praise can be given. Both erudition and agreeableness are to be found in it, with neither sacrificed to the other.

— The memoir of the late Dr. Gannett, by his son, Rev. William C. Gannett, is one of those rare books which will be keenly satisfying to the personal friends of the subject, and very interesting to those who knew him only by fame, or not at all. The intimate life of the man, as it is here shown, will enable those to whom his acquaintance had endeared him to recall fully that devoted character which must win every reader by its purity, its meekness, its high aims, its sublime unselfishness; and the events of which he was part — the rise of Unitarianism in New England, its troubles from within through the spirit of transcendentalism, its early arrest, its embarrassments with the antislavery movement, and its present divisions through radicalism or "free religion" — are things in which all who care to know the intellectual history of the country are concerned. Mr. Gannett has treated them with remarkable clearness, and with the greatest fairness, and in all respects we think his work unexceptionably well done. His father's character is painted with a tenderness which one acknowledges with in-

stant sympathy, and yet with a fullness which will not hide his human foibles. These indeed all leaned to virtue's side, and there are few of us who would not be better for some touch of that good man's failings, if only we might grieve over them with something of his sincere self-condemnation. In all things his life was patterned upon the character of that Saviour whose very compassion seemed to prostrate the humility of his disciple the more. Yet if one looked only upon the martyr-side of Dr. Gannett, he would greatly mistake and wrong him. His career was one of active combat in many respects; he was a man of profound convictions, and of very decided opinions. Reared in the Calvinistic faith, he early forsook it, with a courage greater than men can now understand to have been required, and he remained through life the stanch, old-fashioned Unitarian he became, while Unitarianism continually changed, and meant hardly the same thing to-day that it meant yesterday. He deeply deplored slavery, but he never could be brought to approve of the ideas of the abolitionists, valuing the Union which their movement seemed to threaten as the only means of ending slavery; and he never countenanced the war for the Union, because he believed all wars were wrong. His record in these matters is one which all abolitionists and patriots can now read with profound respect for his sincerity, and tenderness for the loving heart which the reproach of indifference to any form of human misery cruelly wrung, and for the struggles by which he maintained himself in what he considered civic duty. His whole history in these matters is scrupulously set down by his son, who also gives us with a singularly unobtrusive delicacy the many facts and traits about which there never could be two minds. There is something very winning in the sweetness with which those little peculiarities that make one smile are recognized by the biographer, and Dr. Gannett is brought personally before us in his daily life, the joys and heavy sorrows of his home, with a modesty in which there is no affectation of apology. One has sometimes indeed to look twice at the reticent words that portray his goodness, his industry, his high standard of duty, his active charity, his self-devotion; his griefs, his bereavements, are never dwelt upon, though they qualify all our sense of him; the terrible disaster in which he perished is hardly more than intimated.

The book abounds in many interesting sketches and notices of his contemporaries, Channing, Norton, Emerson, Parker, and the rest; there are abundant passages from Dr. Gannett's journals, letters, and sermons, and at the close of the volume a number of his sermons are printed entire.

— In 1868 Mr. Bigelow introduced a new edition of Franklin's Autobiography, the correct text of which he had been so fortunate as to discover. We noticed at the time the excellent service which he rendered to literature by this work, and we have to thank him again for a similar service. The Autobiography is again given, with the account of its fortunes, substantially as in the edition of 1868, and then from the mass of Franklin's letters Mr. Bigelow has arranged a continuation of the narrative, taking it up where the Autobiography is interrupted, in 1757, and carrying it on to the last letter written, so that the Autobiography itself and the supplementary Letters present in three volumes, of a little more than five hundred pages each, a connected life in Franklin's own words. He has occasionally introduced a short paper by Franklin, where the letters make special mention of such or the narrative would be rendered more complete by the insertion. Thus he has given the stinging Rules for Reducing a Great Empire to a Small One; the ironical Edict by the King of Prussia; the two careful *résumés*, An Account of the Transactions relating to Governor Hutchinson's Letters and An Account of Negotiations in London for Effecting a Reconciliation between Great Britain and the American Colonies; the clever moral of The Whistle; his unfinished Journal of the Negotiations for Peace with Great Britain from March 21 to July 1, 1782; and has given also in its proper place that masterly analysis of the disturbing causes of the Revolution, Franklin's Examination before the House of Commons, which, as Burke said, made Franklin appear like a schoolmaster questioned by a pack of school-boys. The notes to the Autobiography and Letters are brief and pertinent; they are drawn sometimes from Sparks's edition of Franklin's works, at others from William Temple Franklin's Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Benjamin Franklin, and sometimes are the editor's own. The work of the editor throughout is unobtrusive. "I am not aware," he says, "that any other eminent man has left so complete a record of his own life" as Franklin, and it has been his object simply to arrange that rec-

ord and to supply in foot-notes what was lacking in the way of explanation of allusions not intelligible to the general reader, or of necessary connection in the diary.

Mr. Bigelow advises the reader that he has not undertaken to give all of Franklin's letters, nor always the whole of every letter, but has made his selection in accordance with his purpose to make a connected autobiographic narrative. Upon this plan he has omitted all of Franklin's letters written prior to 1757. These were not many nor very important, yet we think he might well have used portions of them as annotations to the Autobiography. Nor has he omitted so many letters subsequent to that date as his admission would seem to imply. On the contrary, he has left out so few that we think it a pity he did not give them all, and so satisfy the hungry reader and relieve him from the sense of uneasiness which an incomplete series of letters always leaves in the mind, especially when there is no complete series easily to be had. By extending the volumes but a few pages, the editor might have announced to the satisfaction of his readers that he had given all of Franklin's printed letters save the strictly philosophical ones. A comparison, besides, of these volumes with Sparks's edition leads us to wonder why Mr. Bigelow omitted certain letters here and there. The interesting letters to Cadwallader Evans on silk culture occupy but little space, yet only one or two are given; letters to John Bartram are now and then omitted, and some interesting ones to Hugh Roberts, of the Junto. There is, besides, a gap of the years 1764, 1765, in which Franklin's letters to his wife and others in America are not given, but only an account in other form of his exertions to secure the repeal of the Stamp Act. The omission of unimportant paragraphs in the letters, and of the address and subscription, has served to condense the material with only slight loss to the reader, but we regret that Mr. Bigelow did not more frequently allow some of the expressions of affection and tenderness to remain, "trifles light as air," but serving to display a very attractive side of Franklin's character. The bibliography at the close would have been improved by a chronological rather than an alphabetical arrangement of titles. A good index completes the furnishing of the volumes, and an engraving on steel from the pastel by Duplessis is prefixed to the work.

We hope that this convenient edition will induce many to make themselves familiar with Franklin's character and services to the country. The deficiencies as well as the excellences of that character stand forth unmistakably in the writing. His enemy could hardly have stated more sharply than has Franklin himself the prudential limitations of his virtue. Perhaps it might be necessary to call in testimony of others to understand the singular position which he occupied in France, yet if one follows closely his correspondence with the French court and with his fellow-commissioners, it is not difficult to detect the eminence he occupied. Apart too from the worth of these letters as an illustration of Franklin's character, they are invaluable for the disclosure they make of the growth of the spirit of independence. Franklin was one of the first to foresee the tide of events, one of the last to abandon the hope of a reconciliation. Through his clear interpretation it is not hard to see the workings of the material causes of the Revolution, and while the sagacity and cheerfulness of the man stood him in stead of the penetrating purpose of a high ambition and of faith in eternal principles, they were of extraordinary value in the field of diplomacy. The ease with which Franklin did great things misleads some; the absence of any high imaginative power has rendered him uninteresting to many, but no one can study the movements of the latter half of the eighteenth century and not see how clearly Franklin dominated in that material province which was at once the glory and the shame of the period. "A bad woman," says Mr. Ruskin, "may have a sweet voice; but that sweetness of voice comes out of the past morality of her race;" and Franklin, not to press the analogy too closely, carried back to London and Paris the remains of that spirit of freedom and righteousness which had found a better chance on the western continent to withstand the forces that had for a century worked against it abroad. It may not be amiss to add that the letters of Franklin are extremely interesting for the picture they give of manners and social condition.

—Mrs. Woolson's book on reform in women's dress contains a series of lectures delivered early last year in Boston, by a number of ladies whose opinions on the matter are certainly deserving of great respect. They unite in condemning almost everything that women wear, but we cannot help thinking that in their fervor they sometimes overshoot their mark. For in-

stance, instead of urging women who have plenty of money to dress simply, in order that they may not tempt those who are poorer to extravagance, would it not be as well and wiser to advise those who are poorer not to try to rival their richer contemporaries? No one recommends that all people should live in the same sort of house, with as many pictures and the same sort of carpets as every one else, and the absurdity of recommending that they should is obvious. Why then does not the same hold true of dress? For the details of the dress the reader must be referred to the little volume, in which, beneath a good deal of rhetoric, there is to be found some good advice about what it is best to wear. These reformers have the great merit that they do not wholly sacrifice beauty to health; if they did their cause would be hopeless.

—Under the alliterative title of Hearts and Hands we find a story of the flirtations of Miss Sybil Courtenay, a young woman of North Carolina, at the White Sulphur Springs. When this smooth-named belle is the object of the attentions of two men with such heart-breaking names as Gerald Langdon and Cecil Mainwaring, it is only natural that she should treat with the utmost ignominy and contempt a man whose sponsors in baptism had so failed of their duty as to let John, commonly turned to Jack, be prefixed to the unsonorous family name of Palmer. Her less sternly treated lovers were elegant in many other ways: they were accomplished flirts, and the successful Gerald had a dark past behind him, not free from attractive mystery. In a word, the novel is as silly in an innocent way as a novel can well be. If the illustrations of the fashion-plates could descend from the walls of the milliners' and tailors' shops and go about, it is only fair to presume that their thoughts, words, and actions would be such as are described in Hearts and Hands. Christian Reid has never attained the loftiest heights, but she has, and notably in A Daughter of Bohemia, done much better than this.

— The dangers of marrying a man who is interested in chemistry are clearly pointed out in Too Much Alone. He will have an odious and false-hearted friend; he will neglect his wife's parlor for his more fascinating laboratory, — she will, however, revenge herself by desperate flirting, — and he will leave his most deadly drugs in tempting spots for his only son to feed upon. In short, Mrs. Riddell does not smile upon physical science. Her pen is brought into use against its demoralizing advance. Lina Maudsley is left a penniless orphan, and, carried away by the spirit of the age, she marries Maurice Stern, whose business it is to prepare chemicals. It is not a happy marriage. Her unwise attempt to put the laboratory in order, to throw out the vile-smelling messes, to clean the stained vessels, is the least of the many mistakes this novel records. While her husband is away she languishes in her parlor, receiving indiscreetly the adoration of a sprig of the aristocracy, with whom she nearly runs away, and all because of her loneliness. But it is quite impossible for ladies in their fine clothes to sit in the laboratory, or by the side of the blast furnace; nor can husbands bring their acids into the parlor, so that a certain amount of separation of husband and wife would seem unavoidable.

A treacherous friend is almost as bad. Gordon Glenaen can not only sneer at Mrs. Maudsley; he can break out into gross impertinence; and as for peculation, he thinks nothing of it. Indeed, taking dishonorable means to find out how a rival makes drugs seems to be considered an elevating employment of the scientific mind. Sudden and diversified penury lends incident to this novel, of which one of the principal charms is that it is still very new. Mrs. Riddell has in her time written better stories than Too Much Alone.

—If the reader of My Story will only consent to take for granted the rather wild improbability that there is anything binding in the sort of marriage by which Captain Brand and Gertrude Stewart were united, there may yet be a hope of his getting some gratification out of the novel. The heroine is a young woman who, when half beside herself with terror at the prospect of her mother's immediate death, gets married reluctantly to the captain of the merchant-ship in which she is sailing, although she not only does not love him, but also has a positive dislike of him. He is represented as a model of all the virtues, though his conduct in this matter is, to say the least, ungenerous; and he is only to claim her for his wife after the interval of a year or two. This time she passes on shore, and the record of this part of her life is what makes the novel. She is a selfish girl, far from indisposed to flirting with any man she sees, and as void of conscience as she well could be. Naturally Captain Brand has but little chance of winning her love while

he grows angry at her doings, and quite as naturally when he is angry with her she becomes fond of him, and all is peace between them. These scenes are not ill told, and the setting of the story is good, so that, on the whole, the novel is readable, — is, indeed, much better than many.

— It is not possible for everybody to read through Mr. Nahum Capen's History of Democracy, but everybody who can read it will find much entertainment in its pages. The reader will be grateful to an author who has taken so much pains to bring together a great many amusing and instructive quotations, and the good faith with which Mr. Capen exposes himself to the smile of the younger generation, while writing in tedious earnest for the politicians of his own time, is a real commendation of his work. It is not usual to find men who willingly make themselves ridiculous for the good of others. At the same time there is merit enough in the huge volume to commend it more seriously to those who make some study of political history. Its method is whimsical, its assumptions not always tenable, its style grotesque; but it indicates wide acquaintance with English and American history, extensive reading, and a sincere belief, based upon conviction as well as tradition, that a democratic form of government, such as we have in the United States, is the only good one in the world. It is true that when Mr. Capen began writing his bulky book, thirty or forty years ago, his panegyric on democracy was meant to be also an encomium on the political party of Jackson and Van Buren, then calling itself "democratic," but which proved to be, in course of time, the fierce upholder of slavery. Traces of this partisan purpose are manifest enough in the volume as it stands, and in the long array of commendatory letters with which the publishers introduce it, — letters written, for the most part, by democratic politicians or ready writers, now dead or superseded. Here are words of praise from those "old public functionaries" Buchanan, Dallas, Van Buren, Marcy, Toucey, and Cass, from Henry A. Wise, B. F. Hallet, Robert J. Walker, and Charles O'Connor; also from the late Mr. Sparks and from Nathaniel Hawthorne, a personal friend as well as a brother democrat. The more recent, and, as we may call them, the post-diluvian commendations of Montgomery Blair, Charles Levi Woodbury, and the younger John Quincy Adams, give the work a less spectral appearance, as if it were not merely "revisiting the glimpses of the moon," but had some relevancy and pertinence to our own times since the Civil War. This is doubtless true; nor did we ever, as a nation, more need to be recalled to the ancient English fountains of liberty and law, than at the present time. Mr. Capen does this by his citations rather than by his arguments or his rhetoric, neither of which can be highly praised. Thus he checks himself in the midst of a disquisition on the great Duke of Marlborough, to explain what the Athenian ostracism was; and then, without the least notice to the astonished reader, he goes on, "The mythological character of Hercules is invested with all those elements of power which are naturally associated with the excesses of interest or passion, and checks and balances are provided necessary to harmony and protection." This abrupt and inscrutable transition seems almost too much like the oratory of that fine old tory Castlereagh, to have a place in the lucubrations of an ardent democrat. "I have now shown," said Lord Castlereagh, after speaking an hour without conveying to the House the slightest conception of what he was driving at, "I have now shown that the Tower of London is a common-law principle." Much in the same fashion does Mr. Capen suspend his account of Pope's Atossa, the Duchess of Marlborough, to discourse with learned dullness on the mission and characteristics of man and woman. Here we are given to understand that "man is endowed with physical strength and power of endurance. He conquers the monster wherever found, and trains the sagacious beast wherever wanted. He meets and masters the foe of personal safety, the robber of gold and chastity, the oppressor of weakness, the slanderer of virtue and of innocence. . . . The characteristics of the true woman may be seen and felt, but language is inadequate to their description." However convincing these propositions may appear, they do not seem quite indispensable to a history of democracy.

Indeed, the great maxim of our author plainly is that legal one, "Surplusage does not vitiate." What may be useful for an indictment, however, is apt to be cumbrous in an essay, or in the pages of history. Although Mr. Capen has taken many years to complete his work, he has not found time enough yet for condensing it to the posterity point. Lumber, even literary lumber,

is hard to carry, and if trusted to the stream of time, it is quite sure to be stranded at the first turn. A book of half its size would have twice as good chances with this generation even, as the big octavo of Mr. Capen. Calling itself a "history of American democracy," this first volume begins with the creation and comes down through Greece and Rome, France, England, and the American colonies, almost to the opening of our Revolution, a hundred years ago. There is a great deal concerning the Puritans and the Quakers, the English sovereigns and statesmen from Cromwell downward, the literary politicians of Queen Anne's reign, the settlement of the United States, etc. Mr. Bancroft's history is freely drawn upon, and so are many writers who have done something in the historical way, from Burnet, Hume, and Macaulay, to George Barstow and James Parton. Mr. Capen has not caught the historian's manner from any of them, however; he has fallen, rather, into the worst and most roundabout way of generalizing and sermonizing upon whatever comes before him. Mr. Bancroft has done much in this way, but he is by no means so vague and tiresome as Mr. Capen, in his didactic passages. At times, to be sure, the latter is pointed enough, as when he quotes Pope's famous compliment to Harley,

"Above all pain, all anger, and all pride,"

and adds, "This made him incapable of sense, indignation, and self-respect." A quicker perception of the ludicrous would have preserved Mr. Capen from some faults, but perhaps would have taken away from the graver merits of the volume, which are considerable.

— The name and the labors of Dr. Wines in the cause of prison reform have become known all over the world, as the volume before us testifies, with its reports and letters from Spain and Russia, from Roumania and California, from Boston and Botany Bay, from London, Paris, Rome, Madras, Madrid, Stockholm, New Zealand, Berlin, Texas, Philadelphia, Amsterdam, Dublin, and Hobart Town. The pilgrimages of Howard, remarkable as they were, and the extent of his inquiries into "the state of the prisons," will bear no comparison with the longer journeys and œcumenical researches of this New Jersey Howard of the nineteenth century. What Burke said of Howard in 1780 may with equal truth be said of Dr. Wines, though of course the Bedfordshire sheriff had the immense advantage of being first in the field. "This gentleman," said Burke to the electors of Bristol, "has visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples, not to collect medals or collate manuscripts, but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt, to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. It was a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of charity." But like all discoverers and circumnavigators Howard could only touch at a few ports and lay down a general map of his voyages; he neither colonized nor converted nor legislated. There was great philanthropy and silent British heroism in the man, but little science or method; so that Bentham, a dozen years after Burke's eulogy and soon after Howard's death, could say justly, while eulogizing him, "Mr. Howard's publications present no complete and regular system of prison management. They afford a rich fund of materials, but a quarry is not a house. No leading principles, no order, no connection. My venerable friend was much better employed than in arranging words and sentences." But Dr. Wines has not only traveled far and corresponded farther, but he has also shown great industry in developing a prison system, and in "arranging words and sentences." He composes treatises, translates reports, compiles statistics, and makes no more of editing a volume of seven hundred pages, than we should of a single magazine article. Of this the work before us is sufficient evidence.

This book is, in fact, a year-book or annual cyclopædia of theoretical and practical penal science. Besides Dr. Wines's own reports on the work of the National Prison Association (with obituary notices of Dr. Lieber, Charles Sumner, Judge Edmands, General Pilsbury, and other deceased prison reformers) and on the condition of the hundred American prisons and reformatories of which he speaks, there are also reports and communications from Sir Walter Crofton, Miss Mary Carpenter, M. Bonneville de Marsangy, Baron von Holtzendorff, Count Sollohub, Señor Armengol y Cornet, Signor Beltrani-Scalia, and a dozen or twenty more of the recognized leaders of opinion in their respective countries, all bearing on this one subject, how best to prevent crime and reform criminals. And

along with these communications, or making part of them, comes a fund of recent and authentic intelligence concerning the state of the prisons and of the penal laws in the whole civilized world. Without going into a close calculation, we should estimate that the book contains information, either general or specific, relating to the prisons of at least three hundred millions of people. In these prisons there must have been confined in 1873–74 not less than a million persons. Thus the number reported in British India was more than one hundred and eighty thousand, in one hundred and eighty-seven prisons; in the United States more than one hundred thousand, of whom something more than forty thousand were constantly in prison, etc. Considering that crime is so fast increasing in our own country, it is comforting to know that this is not everywhere the case. Thus in Australia, to which British convicts used to be sent, the number of criminals is diminishing and the prisons are no longer crowded; the same is true of Ireland, and of some portions of England and Scotland. In Italy, where it is only of late years that any systematic effort has been made to repress crime in general, something seems to have been accomplished; while in Spain things are much worse than formerly, on account of the foolish practice of opening the prisons at every political revolution. Thus Don Pedro Armengol says, in his Reincidentia, quoted by Dr. Wines, "Spain is a prison turned loose" (*un presidio suelto*). "As the result of amnesties, exemptions, commutations, and pardons, the population of the prisons has been dispersed throughout the entire Spanish territory, and it would seem to be a constant monomania in Spain that all political crises should be celebrated with a general jubilee in favor of those who have broken the law." In Italy they have a better way of turning convicts loose. They set them at farm-work in great rural prisons or "agricultural colonies," which now contain an average, in several establishments, of more than three thousand convicts, and discharge about five hundred to their homes in each year. The effect of this occupation is thought to be better than that of mechanical and in-door labors. Italy also has a school for prison officers, now containing about four hundred men who are qualifying themselves for service in the prisons.

We notice, in some of Dr. Wines's translations from the French, Spanish, and other languages, too close and literal a rendering of the original idioms, which have no proper place in English. Thus we hear of "reclusion," "abnormity," "recidivists," etc. Sometimes this indicates only the technical use of the words; since prison-discipline, like other matters, must have a dialect of its own. But it is a good rule to be as little technical as possible, and to follow the English idiom always, until usage drives us away from it.

— There are no more delightful books of travel than those which recount explorations in Africa, and of these the palm is certainly borne by Livingstone's histories. The volume we have before us to-day, Livingstone's Last Journals, is as interesting as any for the information it gives the reader, while it has another and a higher value for the light it throws on the indomitable energy, the sincerity, and the simplicity of one of the most remarkable men of modern times. As a record of the last days and final sufferings of the great explorer it has a sad charm which could tempt to its perusal a man who never opened a book of travels.

The volume opens with Livingstone's arrival at Zanzibar, January 28, 1866, and his subsequent preparations for starting to the interior. He had under his command a large and well-equipped party, but it would be hard to exaggerate the continual annoyance caused by his worthless men. His sepoys were indolent and untrustworthy beyond belief; they threw away their heavy loads, tried to bring others to follow in their disgraceful ways, shammed sickness, and wounded the beasts of burden to render them equally incompetent. Very soon Livingstone was obliged to send them back to the coast. Not long afterwards others of his men deserted him, bringing the false news of his death. This was when he was at Lake Nyassa. A more serious matter to him was the loss of all his medicines, which took place in January, 1867, through the treachery of two deserting carriers. His comments on this well deserve copying: "All the other goods I had divided, in case of loss or desertion, but had never dreamed of losing the precious quinine and other remedies; other losses and annoyances I felt as just parts of that undercurrent of vexations which is not wanting in even the smoothest life, and certainly not worthy of being moaned over in the experience of an explorer anxious to benefit a country and a people; but this loss I feel most keenly. Everything of this kind

happens by the permission of One who watches over us with most tender care; and this may turn out for the best by taking away a source of suspicion among more superstitious, charm-dreading people farther north. I meant it as a source of benefit to my party and to the heathen." He says, "I felt as if I had now received the sentence of death, like poor Bishop Mackenzie," and there can be but little doubt that then, being deprived of what was next essential to food, it was only a matter of comparatively short time before the fatal fevers of the country would wholly break down an already much-tried constitution. Certainly from this date we find frequent mention of his suffering from grievous illnesses. Nothing daunted his unconquerable spirit, however. He pushed on, as his diary tells us in its simple words, and it is interesting to notice how indifferent to danger this experienced traveler became. Loneliness with him seems to have had the unusual effect of diminishing the feeling of self-importance. His only feeling was enthusiasm for his work. No man who ever kept a journal so unrelentingly suppressed himself; but by so doing Livingstone left a full record of himself, with his manifold virtues and his freedom from egotism. Every one will turn to his mention of the arrival of Stanley. He says, "Appetite returned; and instead of the spare, tasteless two meals a day, I ate four times daily, and in a week began to feel strong. I am not of a demonstrative turn, — as cold, indeed, as we islanders are usually reputed to be, — but this disinterested kindness of Mr. Bennett, so nobly carried into effect by Mr. Stanley, was simply overwhelming."

The last entry was made April 27, 1873. It reads, "Knocked up quite, and remain — recover — sent to buy milch-goats. We are on the bank of the Molilamo." For the preservation of these journals, and for information of his death, we are indebted to the affection of two of his men, Chuma and Susi, who seem to have derived from the explorer some knowledge of the importance of his work, and who have given by their energy the strongest proof of the influence he exercised over those he met. That they should have brought his body and his papers to the coast was a direct result of Livingstone's own spirit; he really inspired these men with sufficient affection and perseverance to accomplish this deed, and it stands as a most touching tribute to his remarkable qualities. The chapter recounting their ingenuity and activity is very interesting reading. The editor truly says, "Thus in his death, not less than in his life, David Livingstone bore testimony to that good-will and kindliness which exist in the heart of the African." As Livingstone himself wrote, jugglery and sleight of hand, which had been suggested to Napoleon III., would fail to have effect on the Africans; they are too sensible to be influenced by such childishness. "Nothing brings them to place thorough confidence in Europeans but a long course of well-doing. . . . Goodness or unselfishness impresses their minds more than any kind of skill or power." Surely Livingstone's life proves this.

As is well known, Livingstone's body was honored by burial in Westminster Abbey, or, rather, England was honored by the ability to deposit in that resting-place of poets and heroes one of the noblest of her sons. On the tablet dedicated to his memory stand these words, taken from a letter written, by a singular coincidence, just one year before the day of his death, "All I can add in my loneliness is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one, American, English, or Turk, who will help to heal the open sore of the world."

That England should maintain this form of recognition of greatness is not one of the least noticeable examples of that country's disposition to escape sometimes from what is merely practical. It is a wise and honorable token of respect. Few men have better deserved it than did Livingstone, whose whole life was a lesson to idle, selfish, faint-hearted humanity.

The editor has done his part well. His explanatory notes are of assistance to the reader, and of interest are the fac-similes of the last pages of Livingstone's diary, and of the piece of the Standard newspaper on which, in lieu of anything better, he was obliged to make some notes. It might be said, perhaps, that some of the painful illustrations could be omitted. They are really too painful.

— It is a melancholy thing to notice how much effort, observation, and invention go to the making of even a decidedly poor novel. Mr. Farjeon certainly does not stand in the ranks of the great English novelists, but he puts into every story he writes an amount of cleverness which shows how high a position among the mechanical arts that of writing a certain sort of novel has attained. In this last one, At the Sign of the Silver Flagon, a good part of the story

is laid in the gold fields of Australia. There is a certain air of truth in this part of the book, but never enough to make the reader forget that he has in his hands a story with incidents devised to pass away his time, rather than an irrepressible outburst from a genuine writer. It may be asking too much of novelists that they should always wait for the divine fire, but one may well be excused from admiring so artificial a production as this. But although artificial, it is tolerably readable, for one reads willingly many things one cannot admire.

— What more could a novel need, to be interesting, than to have a murderer for its hero, who is rich, unprepossessing to the eye, madly in love with an innocent heroine, always about to marry her, and yet continually baffled by that unfailing favorite, the crafty detective, and the virtuous, white-haired uncle who stands in close relationship to the Cheeryble brothers of Nicholas Nickleby? All the lofty intellectual pabulum which goes to the making of the impossible novel which cloaks its absurdities under the name of realism is to be found in Checkmate. He is an inexperienced novel-reader who lets the misdeeds of these precious jail-birds make him shiver, who does not know that although they have a good deal of rope given them, it will be caught into a tight knot just before the end of the book is reached. Novels of this sort do not aim high; they only claim to help the reader through an hour of idleness or discomfort, and for this purpose Checkmate is possibly as good as another; it certainly contains badness enough to satisfy any one. It is a singular comment on our civilization that for entertainment we have to go to records of wickedness. The device by which the murderer, by a combination of surgical operations, changes the appearance of his face so as nearly to elude detection, is undoubtedly novel, but whether it is worth while writing a book to introduce this trick, which is easier on paper than in the flesh, is another question.

— Mrs. Clarke's story is properly described by its title, for it is a very rambling story she tells us. That it bears the stamp of probability it would not be easy to say. In fact, it is as romantic an invention as could well be devised, and to those readers who find themselves tired of following the antics of the hero of the realistic novel, who has to be perpetually looked after lest he should perform some murder on which the whole plot depends in some unobserved moment, it will be a welcome book. There is an agreeable, old-fashioned flavor about the story, and even the fact that the amiable hero addresses his sister as "sister mine" need not poison the minds of those who take it up for an hour's diversion. It is a sort of fairy-story of the nineteenth century, and does not deserve too critical an examination.

French and German.[1]

Gustave Droz is an author of some repute; indeed, he has been generally considered one of the most promising of the younger French novelists; his cleverness is undeniable. Very frequently his ability has been employed more for the amusement of his compatriots than for the purposes of didactic instruction; at times, however, he has shown a willingness to devote his skill to simple portrayals of unobjectionable matter, as for example in a little sketch which appeared translated into English, three or four years ago, in Lippincott's Magazine, with the title Making an Omelette. The tender pathos of this short tale could not have been bettered. His longer novels too are deserving of praise. They show his humor, his pathos, and even if they cannot all be recommended for universal reading, those who take them up and are prepared for a rather violent assault on the feelings will be struck by the many claims for excellence which they present. Of these, Around a Spring is the best known; it has been translated into English, as has Babolain, which is as grim a novel as one can find in a large circulating library. Since the appearance of the one last named, Droz has kept silence until now, when he again appears before the public with a new novel, called Une Femme Gênante. This is so inferior to the others both in conception and execution, so vulgar and degrading a book, that it is the duty of every one who has opportunity to mention it, to warn the public what to expect. The story tells the love of a Breton apothecary, Corentin Kerroch by name, for his wife Céline, a Parisian woman, clever in a petty way, and hard-working. This statement would seem to

[1] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

Une Femme Gênante. Par Gustave Droz. Paris: 1875.

Fritz Reuter. Sein Leben und seine Werke. Von Hermann Ebert. Güstrow. 1874.

promise a state of affairs not always to be found in this author's novels. How well this promise is kept will be seen. After three years of married life Céline dies. Corentin is exceedingly overcome by grief, and in his despair has the body of his wife exhumed after her burial, in order that he may embalm it. Having done this he fits up a suite of rooms in his house for its accommodation. He is always in this room, reading aloud to his wife's body, and all as repulsive as you please. After this tasteful preparation the farce begins. To give the offensive details of his gradual indifference, and of the alleged comic incidents, would be more than tiresome. The upshot of the whole story is that after a time Corentin wearies of his artificial devotion, and, having fallen in love with the daughter of a neighbor, is very glad to have the embalmed body of his first wife returned to its proper resting-place. This dignified picture of human affection, this insult to the human race, is all that the writer has to show after four years of silence. A greater downfall it would have been hard to find. Our only apology for mentioning the book at all is, as has been said, to keep possible readers from the vain expectation of finding it in any way as clever as some of the rest of his work.

So great a change for the worse would be considered unequaled, were it not that Cherbuliez, whose fame was even greater, has added to his list of works a lamentable novel of flirtation, of which an "emancipated" English girl is the heroine. The title of the book is Miss Rovel; it has lately been appearing in the Revue des Deux Mondes. The story is a description of the wiles by which a young Englishwoman, of more than doubtful antecedents, brings down a cynical French savant, who has had his heart-break, but who recovers under the fascinations of this ingenious maiden. What had been cleverness in some of Cherbuliez's best work, becomes, in this, a trivial appeal to catch the momentary attention of the reader. It is like the mannerism of an old beau, whose words flow in a certain formal way, once capable of amusing, now seeming merely to echo what was at one time wit. Instead of making an attempt to please or even to thrill his reader, Cherbuliez seems only to have tried to baffle him, to puzzle him continually, and to surprise him by new developments. This is a tendency he has shown before, though generally he has kept it in its proper subordinate place; but in Miss Rovel it is all that the book contains. His cleverness becomes as tiresome a trick as incessant punning. One almost yearns for a deep draught of conscientious stupidity. With these two unsatisfactory novels French fiction makes just now but a poor showing. It furnishes an example of the degeneracy which is sure sooner or later to appear in an over-worked field; every man has to try to outdo a host of rivals, and the jaded taste of the public is satisfied with nothing but very strong sensations. Novelty is required before anything else, and that being obtained, the means by which it has been furnished are judged very gently.

— Hermann Ebert's Life of Fritz Reuter is an interesting book. The author has accumulated with care as well as industry a large number of facts about Reuter, and given them to the public in a volume of moderate compass. To be sure, there are some passages which bring to the reader's lips a smile which the author did not intend to excite; but these are not very many in number, and are certainly harmless enough. Such a passage is that in which after crediting Reuter's father with devotion to the practical in his own house, and his mother with devotion to the ideal, he goes on to say that the latter represented the *ewige Weibliche* in the family mansion. Of course she did.

Reuter's father was Bürgermeister of Stavenhagen, and apparently an excellent magistrate. He lived and ruled in a stormy time, that of the French invasion, which brought heavy troubles upon his fellow-citizens. During them all the Bürgermeister was a sound adviser and a trustworthy leader. At home he was a somewhat rigid ruler; it was his wish that his son Fritz should study law, instead of following his own tastes and studying painting. Opposition was useless, and Fritz was sent to the university. When there his devotion to jurisprudence was of the slackest; he joined the loud but harmless talking bands of students, and, as is well known, was arrested and confined for seven years in prison. Ebert does not bring a very large number of new facts to throw light on this period. But it is easy to see how carefully Reuter forbore, in his Ut mine Festungstid, from any exaggeration in his pathetic description of his sufferings. It was indeed a most bitter experience.

It is interesting to read of Reuter's first attempt as an author. He was living in Trepton, as a teacher, when he wrote the

first part of his Läuschen un Rimeln, but that was easier than to find a publisher. Hence he determined to be his own publisher. For the moderate sum of two hundred thalers, which was lent him by a friend, he set to work and had an edition of twelve hundred copies struck off, in six weeks. Such was the success of the book, that a second edition was called for, and the author's fame was made. It was in November, 1853, that the book first appeared. Of his subsequent success this Life gives full information. His works appeared in swift succession until he felt his skill deserting him, when he wisely ceased writing. Although no mention is made in this biography of the fact, it is well known that Reuter was for many years the victim of a mania for drink, which he developed during his years of imprisonment. His wife, who seems to be a most worthy woman, helped him in his struggles against what was really a disease. She also encouraged him in his literary pursuits.

There has been in modern times no German writer more popular than Fritz Reuter. Others have been more coolly admired, but his truthful delineations, his charming humor, and his unaffected pathos won for him a very high place in the estimation of his readers. What he did was to describe what he had seen, or felt, or known. It has been found possible to trace almost the whole of his life in his various writings. It is certainly to be hoped that those who are already familiar with German will be willing to take the little trouble necessary to acquire the power of reading Plattdeutsch, to be able to enjoy him in the original. For those who are anxious to put their hands on some satisfactory account of Reuter, no better book can be found than Ebert's simple, kindly, unpretending biography. Of course it has no index. In two or three centuries, perhaps, German writers will learn how best to put their copious contributions to the instruction of the public in a useful form. Meanwhile readers will have to make indexes for themselves.

ART.

Mr. Hamerton's Portfolio[1] is easily chief among English art periodicals, and has the advantage of being written by men who not only are familiar with the literature of art and the works of artists, but are artists by profession, and so know the feelings, aims, and technicalities of artists. The editor is probably better acquainted with Continental artists and their work than most of his insular fellows, and his art theories and criticisms are proportionately more catholic and more valuable. He is an agreeable writer, a clear thinker, who does not fly over his readers' heads, and, if he seldom rises into the region of the highest feeling, is likely to have the more influence with the average educated Englishman, who abhors the transcendental. He has, moreover, the collaboration of men of acquirement and culture both literary and technical, as, for example, Messrs. W. B. Scott and F. W. Burton. Hence The Portfolio, instead of being a magazine of current gossip about artists and their doings, is a work of permanent value, apart from its excellent illustrations, as a collection of able essays, critical, historical, technical, and personal, very free from narrowness and professional or national prejudice.

The editor continues and concludes in this volume the series of papers entitled The Sylvan Year, begun in 1873, — meditative papers, pleasantly descriptive of landscape scenery in various aspects, illustrated by abundance of quotations from poets old and new, Latin, French, Italian, and English, from Virgil to Rossetti, and by a number of small etchings, some by the writer and some by French artists, more or less apposite and more or less interesting. There is also a number of articles, erudite and chatty, on some important pictures in the National Gallery, by Mr. Wornum, the keeper of the gallery, chiefly interesting for the admirable etchings that accompany them; and a suggestive series of papers by Mr. Basil Champney, on Winchelsea, Rye, and Romney Marsh. These last have since been pub-

[1] *The Portfolio, an Artistic Periodical.* Edited by Philip Gilbert Hamerton. With numerous illustrations. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, Fleet Street. New York: J. W. Bouton, 706 Broadway. 1874.

lished in a very attractive volume. They are full of close observation, with a pleasant savor of refinement and poetry.

The volume for 1874 contains some interesting articles about etching, of which The Portfolio is a representative among Englishmen, being the only English periodical illustrated by it. One is in answer to a letter in The Architect, by Mr. Ruskin, in which with characteristic energy he argues against what he considers the idle effort to give chiaroscuro in etching. Mr. Ruskin had already in his Oxford Lectures (those published under the title of Ariadne Florentina) taken the wider ground that chiaroscuro should be banished from all engraving except mezzotint, and that local color should be preferred to it. Mr. Hamerton — who has always argued that the line is the characteristic element in etching, and should therefore be frankly shown and made the most of — nevertheless upholds stoutly both the practicability, in thoroughly skillful hands, and the value of etched chiaroscuro; and the general superiority of the French etchers, who cherish it, to the English, who neglect it, is a strong point in its favor. Without venturing into the controversy we may say that if chiaroscuro is difficult in etching, the rendering of color is impossible, and can only be suggested by the baldest conventionalizing, which to most artists' eyes, we think, is pretty unsatisfactory, though it be the frankest confession of incapability. The shades and tints of mezzotint, it may be added, are naturally of a very insipid kind, and tolerable only when emphasized and enforced by etching, as in the Liber Studiorum, or by the burin.

We do not see how any engraver working on Mr. Ruskin's theory could have given a satisfactory rendering of Turner's pictures, except by mezzotint. This process, however, was hardly used for any of his works after the Liber Studiorum, in which there were special reasons for this treatment. There are in the volume before us very interesting etchings of Turner's pictures by French artists. The Burial of Wilkie, for example, is a picture which, as we remember it, it would be absurd to engrave at all except for its chiaroscuro, for so neutral is its color and so vague its drawing that there is little else in it, and the etching of it, by M. Brunet-Debaines, is just the most successful of the Turners in this volume, and with the necessary limitations of engraving seems to us an admirable rendering of the wild and poetic brilliancy of the picture. We doubt if any of the present generation of Englishmen, with their preference for the line, would have expressed it so well. The French device of leaving a film of ink on the plate, to underlie the darks, gives an effect analogous to that of the line and mezzotint in which the Liber Studiorum is executed; but to our thinking it renders even better the most brilliant passages of Turner's light and shade, though not the most delicate ones. M. Gaucherel's etching of the Sun of Venice well suggests the glow of sunlight and the liquid ripple of water in the original. M. Rajon is less successful with the Fighting Téméraire (an uninviting subject, perhaps, to a patriotic Frenchman). This picture without its wonderful color is at best a wraith, but the etching is feeble, and gives a poor suggestion of the rich chiaroscuro of the original, being far inferior in this to the English engraving of it.

The most remarkable of the etchings is Jacquemart's, after Sir Antonio Moro's portrait of Elizabeth of Valois. It is a wonderful combination of precise drawing and clearness in detail with decision and vigor of general effect. To those who know the difficulties of stopping-out and biting-in minute portions of a plate, its brilliant intricacy of light and shade is no less than marvelous. For quiet mastery of the needle and perfect freedom of handling there is nothing better than the superb etching by Waltner after Rembrandt's portrait of himself at thirty, in the National Gallery, which is the frontispiece of the volume. A remarkably vigorous etching, full of rough character and spirit, is that from the Banquet of the Civic Guard of Franz Hals, by Professor Unger; and a Russian amateur, Massaloff, has rendered one of Rembrandt's portraits with much power, though with less freedom. Lalanne is represented by a bit of landscape from a fragment of a larger plate, which shows well his characteristic brilliancy, firmness, and grace. This is one of the illustrations of a new and cheaper edition of Etchers and Etching which we are glad to see announced in The Portfolio, and in which, we infer, the illustrations are to be changed. There are many other excellent prints scattered through the volume. Mr. Hamerton contributes several plates of not much pretension; it must be confessed that he is less interesting as an etcher than as a writer.

The illustrations of Mr. Champney's papers are worth noticing as good examples

of Mr. Alfred Dawson's process of typographic etching, a process in which the surface of the plate is attacked by the acid, leaving the lines in relief, so that they may be printed with letter-press, and which seems to give very satisfactory impressions from plates, in clear and decisive lines such as Mr. Ruskin would approve, but has not here lent itself kindly to tints.

It is the glory of The Portfolio that it is in a way cosmopolitan, free from the prejudices of nations and schools. The papers in this volume are all by Englishmen, but the plates are from the hands of English, French, German, and Russian artists, half the whole number being French.

— In this country, not having the education of example, we find ourselves obliged to resort largely, for the cultivation of a pure popular taste in art and architecture, to hand-books. The increasing industry of publishers and compilers in producing works of this scope attests the strong demand which the public is just now making for this cultivation; works on painting multiply to an almost bewildering extent; and at last we receive that which should perhaps have come first — an elementary treatise on architecture "for general students."[1] Having pledged ourselves to the arts, we are manifesting a disposition to "put them through" somewhat as if they were matter of belated legislation, to be disposed of by a given date; so that there is danger of flimsiness in the means employed for calling into being a national taste. This, however, Mrs. Horton seems in the main to have avoided. Her book is unpretentious and evidently sincere. The reader, at the same time that the beginnings of the art are not slighted, will not find himself wearied at the start by that too detailed attention to antiquities which compilers feeling the dignity of history hanging over them are apt to bestow. Less than one half the book carries us through Assyrian, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman architecture, and without disaster of inaccuracy. Romanesque, Gothic, and Renaissance follow; and a little discussion of recent architecture in England, France, Germany, and America forms the conclusion.

We are not sure that the authoress has quite solved the extremely difficult problem of adapting her subject to "general students." In all books of this sort a difficulty arises in presenting the broad principles, the æsthetics of the matter in hand, in company with the mass of technical detail which even lay readers must learn to command to some extent. Definitions are apt to smother the ardent *feeling* of beauty which it should be a primary care to kindle in all art-students. Mrs. Horton might easily have omitted some that she gives in the beginning, for they are found in the glossary. On the other hand, the glossary should be made complete; we notice the omission of certain words, as "counterport" and "cavetto," described in the text, while others, also described, are included in the glossary. And it is misleading to find on page 56 the statement that "in all the orders the shafts diminish in diameter *from the base upwards* about one sixth of their diameter," while on page 73 it is said, without any warning, that Penrose found that "the external lines of the columns were curved, forming a parabolic entasis." Now "parabolic entasis" is not explained, except by a definition in the glossary which is not at all sufficient for a general student. In this connection, we must observe that Mr. Penrose was *not* sent out by the British government, as here stated, but by the Dilettanti Society — a significant fact, as showing that government patronage is not essential to undertakings of this sort. It is to a society of gentlemen, of enthusiasts for the advancement of artistic knowledge, that we owe the most valuable and suggestive discoveries contributed to modern investigation of Greek architectural science. Before closing the list of corrections, we may point out that this manual would gain greatly by the addition of more elaborate and systematic illustrations than now accompany it; we think that no introductory work to this study can reach its full efficacy until provided with profile outlines (perhaps, for greater effect, to be slightly exaggerated) of the different orders, and accurate front views of buildings embodying the same. The chapters on American architecture are very well considered; the criticisms of the Capitol at Washington, certain railroad depots in New York and Boston, and the Harvard Memorial Hall are just and temperate; and on the whole, the book can hardly fail to exercise a good influence.

[1] *Architecture, for General Students.* By CAROLINE W. HORTON. With Descriptive Illustrations. New York: Published by Hurd and Houghton; The Riverside Press. 1874.

MUSIC.

On the 18th of February Robert Schumann's Paradise and the Peri was brought out at the eighth Symphony Concert of the Harvard Musical Association, by the Cecilia Club under the direction of Mr. B. J. Lang. This, the first performance of one of Schumann's choral works in Boston, was in many respects a fine one. Our new choral society, the Cecilia, may especially congratulate itself upon having got through with an inordinately difficult task in a most creditable manner. The difficulties the chorus had to encounter, and which they most triumphantly conquered, were neither few nor light. Perhaps the least of them was the intrinsic difficulty of the music itself. The choral part of Paradise and the Peri is in many places as nearly impossible as vocal writing well can be. Schumann's knowledge of the capabilities of the human throat was slight, at best, and it almost seems as if in writing this score, the composer, rather at a loss to know exactly what singers could or could not do, had cut the Gordian knot by taking it for granted that they could do almost anything. The final chorus of the first part, for instance, might well make even the most courageous chorus mistrust its own powers, written as it is with apparent total disregard of the fact that even the longest-winded singers must be allowed to draw breath sometimes. But, as we have said, the Cecilia came out triumphant; after what severe rehearsing one almost trembles to think of. Under Mr. Lang's pitiless *bâton*, woe to the luckless singer who made even the smallest slip! Back he and the rest of the chorus must go to the beginning of the phrase, until perfection crowned the work. But what superb results were gained! The chorus sang *with authority*. If all else went wrong, one felt sure of their being right. Unfortunately much else did go wrong; and here we come to the chief difficulty the chorus had to meet. The orchestra (rather a heterogeneous body, if we may say it) had to play an unusually difficult work, wholly new to them, and in an unaccustomed style, under a conductor with whose ways they were not familiar, after only three rehearsals! In fact, matters looked so threatening at the last rehearsal, that it showed no mean amount of courage in Mr. Lang, rather new to the trade as he was, to face his task at all on the afternoon of the concert. He rose to the height of the occasion, however, and pulled his forces through much better than could have been anticipated. Another trouble was that the solo singers, with the notable exception of Miss Welsh, the contralto, were discouragingly unfamiliar with their parts. With whom the fault lay we do not know, but the fact is that several excellent artists were placed in a very false position. A conductor can do much towards infusing life into a timid chorus or orchestra, but before a soloist who does not know her part through and through so as to be able to sing it with assurance, the best conductor who ever wielded bâton is helpless. The solo singer ought to be the real leader in a performance; the conductor's position is simply that of accompanyist; he should never have to take the initiative. He accompanies the singer with chorus and orchestra, instead of at the piano-forte. At rehearsals and in all preliminary studies his word should be law; there should be no manner of dispute between the singers and him. He is the absolute ruler and infallible authority. He has to teach the chorus and orchestra to follow him, but to teach the solo singers to *lead* him as he wishes to be led. At the performance he steps down from his throne and puts the reins into the singer's hands. What then is the ill-starred conductor to do, when the singers, instead of singing like autocrats in their own right, and to the manner born, hang breathless upon every movement of his bâton, and seem to hesitatingly ask his permission for every note they utter? What hold can the greatest singer who ever breathed have upon an audience when she has to think of two things at once? She may sing —

> "Joy, joy forever! my task is done,
> The gates are passed and heaven is won,"

until she is hoarse, but the only thing the public will hear will be: "I hope to heaven that I shall keep my place!" Imagine a peri going to heaven, counting her bars! Our respect and admiration for the many and fine artistic qualities of Mrs. H. M. Smith and Mr. George L. Osgood are not one whit lessened by what we heard in

the Music Hall the other afternoon. We know of no singers in the country whom we should rather have seen in their places. They simply attempted the impossible, and, if we may be allowed to say so, they owed it to their own reputation, that of their conductor and the Cecilia Club, — we will even say, strange as it may sound in this country, they owed it to their audience, — not to attempt it. It is needless to say that the Harvard Musical Association owed it to the singers and orchestra to have allowed them many more rehearsals. A part of the shortcomings of the singers are no doubt to be attributed to the necessarily inefficient condition of the orchestra (for which the orchestra was by no means to blame); but to show that this is only a part of the evil, we will merely mention the really charming effect Miss Welsh (a far less experienced singer than either of the others) made, simply by knowing her part so well that she could sing as if, so far as she was concerned, orchestra, chorus, and conductor had no existence. It is, of course, ridiculous to suppose that artists like Mrs. Smith and Mr. Osgood could sing their parts, even though they were reading at sight, without doing much that was fine. The parts of the Peri and the tenor are extremely difficult, and are written, as was Schumann's wont, with royal disregard for the compass of the soprano and tenor voice. Upon the whole, the performance was rather good than poor; it was only so much less good than the excellent executive material warranted! Admitting the disastrous conditions under which the work was given, it would not be too much to say that the performers and conductor covered themselves with glory.

About the composition itself we might write volumes, but mercifully will not. It is, in fact, hardly yet time to do so. Schumann's work depends so much upon a sympathetic rendering, much more than Mendelssohn's choral works, the singer has to read so much between the lines, that we hardly feel that the public can have got an adequate enough idea of the work from the performance of the other afternoon, for us to talk about it intelligibly and to any real purpose. We anxiously await another performance. As a mere confession of faith we are willing to own almost unbounded admiration for the work.

— Dr. Chomet's The Influence of Music on Health and Life[1] is undeniably a curious work. The fact alone that it is an attempt to bring music within the already extended catalogue of materia medica shows a certain daring originality of conception. The doctor's Theory of Sound, and explanation of the acoustic properties of sonorous bodies, is not less strikingly original. We will merely quote what seems to us a significant passage in Dr. Chomet's book, and leave our readers to draw their own inferences. The doctor says: —

"If we but recall the nature of imponderable fluids, such as heat, light, and electricity; if we admit, what is accepted as truth by the whole world, that these fluids, either latent or apparent, are developed through the changes, or simply the modifications of all bodies, whether solid, liquid, or gaseous, changes produced by blows or friction, by chemical composition or decomposition; again, if we recall the readiness of almost all bodies in nature to be impregnated by one or more of these imponderable fluids, it will be very interesting to see if, when sound is produced in resonant bodies, there is not an escape of some fluid, like magnetism, heat, electricity, light, which themselves are different manifestations of one and the same fluid; if, in a word, we may not be allowed to admit the existence of a *sonorous* or *musical fluid*; the name matters little.

"If the production of sound, or of the sonorous fluid, be developed under the same conditions and circumstances as other imponderable fluids, if it follow the same laws, if, like them, it give rise to similar phenomena, shall we not have some ground, some reason to suspect its existence? As for me, I unhesitatingly admit it."

In as far as the doctor bases the therapeutic application of music upon his own peculiar hypothesis, we must look upon his medical theories with distrust. He however gives some very interesting examples in which music has had an undeniable physical effect upon living organisms, which examples may well give serious cause for reflection.

The more purely musical part of the book, the chapters on the character of music and musical history, are not uninteresting, albeit written with the calm, unquestioning conviction of an amateur, whose knowledge of his subject does not extend far below the surface. Enthusiasm is not wanting, and

[1] *The Influence of Music on Health and Life.* By Dr. H. Chomet. Translated from the French by Mrs. Laura A. Flint. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1875.

at times the author seems in danger of being embarrassed by the number of *greatest* composers he has to deal with. Some of his opinions can at worst provoke a smile; such as, for instance, —

"We cannot hesitate to admit that Rossini, up to the present time, is the greatest and most finished composer that the nineteenth century has yet seen."

Some of us may remember that the present century was well out of its teens when a certain man, "not without talent,"[1] died in Vienna, by name Ludwig von Beethoven!

Upon the whole, the doctor's tendency to "evolve the camel from his own consciousness" is rather a marked one. His catalogue of the various characteristics of national music, resulting from differences of climate and temperature, is so delightfully systematic, so exactly as it would be convenient to have them, that one is almost tempted to believe in it.

The translator seems to be as well aware of the questionable points in the book as any one, and openly states in the preface that she cannot agree with the doctor's theories. We all owe her a debt of gratitude for putting a book of such undoubted originality of thought within reach of the English-reading public, and who knows but Dr. Chomet may at last find us all at his feet, doing homage to his newly promulgated hypothesis of sound?

The translation is, upon the whole, very good and clear, though without any pretensions to brilliancy of style, which, by the way, we strongly suspect the original French to have been somewhat deficient in. Only in a very few places are we led to think that the translator has mistaken the author's meaning. One misstatement we would however call attention to, and that is in the translator's foot-note to page 46; a misstatement that she may very likely have been drawn into by a corresponding one implied in the text. Dr. Chomet says, in speaking of the old Grecian *modes*, "Later, several modes were again added: the Hyper-Dorian, Hyper-Lydian, Hyper-Phrygian, Hypo-Dorian, Hypo-Lydian, and Hypo-Phrygian." The translator's foot-note says, "As the Greek prefix indicates, these additional modes differ from the original ones by the position of the key-note; it being in one case above, in the other below. For instance, the key-note of the *Hyper*-Dorian is four tones above that of the Dorian, that of the *Hypo*-Dorian four tones below it." Thus the key-note of the Dorian mode being as nearly as possible our modern D, the key-note of the Hyper-Dorian would be A, and that of the Hypo-Dorian G, making the Hyper-Dorian and Hypo-Dorian two different modes, as Dr. Chomet seems to imply that they were. This is wrong. Leaving out of the question that the Dorian is an authentic mode, and the Hypo-Dorian its relative plagal mode, that is, that they both have *the same key-note* D, — only that in all authentic modes the key-note (*Grundton*, or fundamental note) falls upon the first degree of the scale, and in the plagal modes upon the fourth, — we will point out that the hyper modes begin their scale a *fifth* higher than the corresponding authentic modes, and the hypo modes a *fourth* lower. Thus if the Dorian scale begins on D, the Hyper-Dorian will begin on A, and the Hypo-Dorian also on A. Hypo and hyper are, in fact, only different names for essentially the same thing.

— Professor F. L. Ritter's History of Music[2] is one of the most excellent books of the sort that we know. To sound learning, above all an exhaustive knowledge of his subject, the author unites rare critical acumen and catholicity of spirit. We should, perhaps, be tempted to call him too little of an extremist, were it not evident that the middle ground he holds between the extreme classicists (so called) and the modern radical *Naturalisti*[3] comes from carefully and conscientiously formed convictions, and not from indecision and timidity. Ritter is by no means one of those pitiable tertium quids who sit tottering on the fence, yearning for what they instinctively like in art, yet not daring openly to break with what they know to be respectable and of good repute. Ritter is none of these, but a man capable of looking through the husks of things and finding real meaning in the kernel, free enough from all prejudice to give that meaning its full weight. His style is wonderfully direct and compact, perhaps a thought dry, but this may be the unavoidable result of great condensation. His estimate of the merits and demerits of

[1] "A director of fine arts (who deplored his loss) once acknowledged to me that this same Beethoven *was not without talent* (n'était pas sans talent)." Hector Berlioz: Les Grotesques de la Musique.

[2] *History of Music.* In the form of Lectures. By Frederic Louis Ritter, Professor of Music at Vassar College. Second Series. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co. 1874.

[3] Vide Atlantic for May, 1874, page 632.

composers and schools of music is to our mind almost invariably just, and founded upon true comprehension of what is eternal in art, unbiased by all that is merely transient and accidental. Especially excellent is what he says of Mendelssohn and Schumann. Mendelssohn has been the unfortunate object of more superlatives, both admiring and execrative, than any other composer, with perhaps the exception of Richard Wagner. He is hardly ever mentioned save in hysterics. Ritter shows a very just appreciation of what fire all this smoke has come from. His notice of Berlioz is upon the whole the best and most intelligent appreciation of that little comprehended composer that we have yet seen. The remarks upon church music are excellent, as far as they go, but, to our thinking they only touch one side of that exceedingly knotty question, and that is the æsthetic one.

— We have before us the piano-forte score of Ruth and Naomi,[1] a Scriptural Idyl in the guise of a cantata, by Leopold Damrosch. We have always had, and still have, an unreasonable unwillingness to say much about a work of this sort before hearing it. We know that omniscience is the indispensable attribute of a critic, and that we ought to be able to see, or rather scent out, all the faults or beauties of the most complex score from even the most imperfect piano-forte arrangement. But we really cannot. The work seems to us to contain much that is genuine and strong, especially in the choruses, together with much that is unspontaneous and, so to speak, manufactured. In Ruth's air, "Entreat me not to leave thee," for example, the perpetual employment of enharmonic modulation, the wandering off to distant keys so that every time the theme returns in the original key it springs upon you as from round the corner, can only be called tricky. The following chorus, "Thy mercy, O Lord," is really fine, and has a certain Händel smack to it, which is especially grateful after the dilutions of Mendelssohn that most young composers give us nowadays. Naomi's prophecy, "Hail, hail, the Lord is with me," is particularly striking and effective, we had almost said powerful. The chorus which follows it (the last in the work) is, all things considered, the best of all. The opening *adagio* theme is peculiarly beautiful. We have a suspicion, though it would be difficult to tell why, that the work is very finely instrumented. At all events we hope to have a chance to hear it performed, when we can form some genuine opinion as to its merits.

— Of a very interesting collection of Swedish and Finnish songs we have before us Stjernan, by Karl Collan, and Tuol on mun Kultani, of very old Finnish origin.[2] The piano-forte accompaniments to these songs are uncommonly well written, which is saying much, as some of the older ones, the Finnish song, for instance, present some difficulties to the harmonist. The last-mentioned song bears evident marks of being originally written on a different musical scale from ours. As for the songs themselves, they hardly come within the province of criticism. The folk-song is to be reverenced and accepted as beautiful, almost as a work of nature is. We do not criticise or analyze a rose, otherwise than chemically, to make attar of roses. Poetry we can write about it, but rhapsodizing does not happen to be our trade. We are very glad to see so copious a collection of genuine, pure people's-music offered to the public in so acceptable a shape.

— We most heartily recommend Dr. Von Bülow's edition of Cramer's piano-forte studies.[3] It is an invaluable addition to this class of music. There is hardly a pianist, certainly no teacher, living, who cannot learn something from Von Bülow. The man positively shows a genius for fingering.

— Baby's Eyes,[4] by Ailie E. Ropes, is carefully written, and shows a good appreciation of the effect that can be drawn from certain languid, dreamy discords. It has rather the air of the work of a beginner who is a thought over-anxious to exhaust all his musical resources at once, but it is still refined and quite pleasing.

[1] *Ruth and Naomi.* A Scriptural Idyl (words taken from the Bible). By LEOPOLD DAMROSCH. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

[2] *Svenska och Finska Sånger. Lays of Sweden and Finnland.* Arrangements and words by SELMA BORG and MARIE A. BROWN. Philadelphia: Louis Meyer.

[3] *Fifty Selected Piano-Forte Studies, by J. B. Cramer.* Arranged in systematic order, revised with expression marks, and carefully fingered. Also instructive text written for the use of the piano-forte students in the Royal Conservatory at Munich. By DR HANS VON BÜLOW. English translation by J. C D. PARKER. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

[4] *Baby's Eyes.* Slumber Song. By AILIE E. ROPES Boston: Carl Prüfer.

EDUCATION.

In the preface to his Essays on Educational Reformers,[1] the Rev. Robert Quick says, "If the following pages attract but few readers, it will be some consolation, though rather a melancholy one, that I share the fate of my betters." We have read his book through twice, and since there is no other *résumé* that is at once so brief and so comprehensive, we do not see how intelligent parents, teachers, and school directors can afford to be without it. The volume is not large, but the type is, and the chapters are so short that the book is easily finished. Why then should it not be extensively read, when the influence it could exercise is just now so much needed in our national educational system? Why, indeed, except that the training of their children is the last thing about which parents and communities will exert themselves to vigorous thought and independent action? No more striking proof of the inertia of the human mind can be found than the fact so clearly revealed by this book, that for many generations the true philosophy of teaching has had its prophets and apostles, and yet that substantially we are training our children in the same old blundering way.

Each division of the work is devoted to one or more of "those innovators whose innovations, after a struggle of two hundred years, have not been adopted, and yet seem now more likely than ever to make their way." The author begins by a sketch of the famous Jesuit school-system, which, elaborated as a countercheck to the inroads of Protestantism, soon drove all competition from the field, and for a hundred years trained nearly all the foremost men of Europe, whether clergy or laity. "To lead, not drive" their pupils was their principle. They taught them Greek, but they aimed chiefly at making them perfect in the Latin tongue, at teaching them their own principles of philosophy and theology, and at making them skillful in disputation. "Originality and independence of mind, love of truth for its own sake, the power of reflecting, or of forming correct judgments, were not merely neglected, they were suppressed, in the Jesuit's system."

Thus the reformation of education, like that of religion, was essentially left to Protestants and skeptics. And what was that state of education, at least in England, which so demanded a reform? Simply boys kept year after year in two daily sessions of *five hours each*, and punished unmercifully throughout their school-lives, to learn chiefly the Latin language. It was natural, therefore, that the attention of the first modern educational reformer, Roger Ascham, should be turned only to the shortest and easiest way of acquiring a dead language, and his method of "double translation" (the one in which he trained Queen Elizabeth) is still, in the opinion of weighty judges, the best ever devised.

But in the next generation, Montague took a wider view of the educational problem. He himself had learned Latin like a mother-tongue, by hearing nothing else spoken at home. Afterward, grammars and dictionaries were so heaped upon him at college that he says he half forgot what he had acquired so easily and naturally, and thereupon he burst out, "I am scandalized that our whole lives should be taken up with nothing else than fine speaking. No doubt Greek and Latin are very great ornaments, but we may buy them too dear." He advocated that children should be made to inquire into *things*, and that the pupil should be incited to think and observe for himself, instead of taking everything without reflection from his master. He also insisted on the importance of physical education. "We have not to train up a soul, nor yet a body, but a man; and we cannot divide him." A German, Ratich, first attempted to apply these new ideas to practical pedagogy. His method of teaching languages was similar, though inferior, to Ascham's, and his principal maxims were these: "Everything in the order and course of nature." "One thing at a time;" "One thing again and again repeated;" "Nothing shall be learned by rote;" "Knowledge of the thing itself must be given before that which refers to the thing;" "Everything by experiment and analysis;" "Everything without coercion." (The rod was to

[1] *Essays on Educational Reformers.* By Robert Herbert Quick, M. A. Trin. Coll., Cambridge, Late Second Master in the Surrey County School, and formerly Curate of St. Mark's, Whitechapel. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1874.

be used to correct offenses against good morals only.) Milton, too, accomplished classicist though he was, appreciated the "bondage of these verbal toils," and wished to turn the young from them "to the study of things:" "Language is not to be pursued for itself, but merely as an instrument conveying to us things useful to be known. Latin and Greek must therefore be acquired by a method that will take little time." The still more extraordinary educational genius, Comenius, a sketch of whose life is given, said that "education must proceed in the following order: First, educate the senses; next the memory; then the intellect; last of all the critical faculty." "We should learn as much as possible, not from books, but from the great book of Nature — from heaven and earth, from oaks and beeches." These protests of the "innovators," as the Germans call them, have been kept up by a succession of reformers from that time to this. "In his demand to educate first the senses," says the author, "Comenius was the forerunner of Pestalozzi, and of the champions of science, as Tyndall and H. Spencer, among ourselves; . . . and the classicists, after withstanding a siege of nearly three centuries, seem at last inclined to come to terms." If the great educational reformers of Europe waged their war against grammatical studies which at least involved the command of another language and literature, what would they have said to our pedagogical system of spending the precious years of childhood on the twenty-four barren rules of *English* grammar merely! Can it be that the misfortune came upon us through the perversion of the term "grammar school," which in colonial times, as still in England, meant "*Latin*-grammar school"?

The essay of the philosopher Locke was intended only as advice upon the "education of a gentleman." "Its aim was to develop a robust mind in a robust body. Good principles, good manners, and discretion were to be cared for first; intelligence and intellectual activity next, and actual knowledge last of all." A good programme, it seems to us, on which to bring up any family of children, as could be devised. Locke laid stress on cold bathing and athletic training, and on *dancing;* "and by all means," said he, "let a gentleman learn at least one manual trade, especially such as can be practiced in the open air." He warned parents against the inevitable corruptions (bishops and clergymen who are founding them, hear!) of *boarding-schools.* Latin he considered absolutely necessary for a gentleman, but "the learning of Latin being nothing but the learning of words, join as much real knowledge with it as you can, beginning still with that which lies most obvious to the senses; such as is the knowledge of minerals, plants, and animals," etc. Though classed among the "educational reformers" Locke is really in remarkable contrast to them, simply because he was *not* a reformer or an enthusiast, but a powerful thinker who drew on his common-sense and his experience in deciding how to train up a manly and gracious man. The result is that we have the essentials which education should confer upon any and every youth who can get one.

The fifth chapter contains a summary of that extraordinary mixture of falsehood and truth presented in Rousseau's Émile; "probably," says our author, "the most influential book ever printed on education." According to Mr. Quick, the great merit of Rousseau is in the distinction which he drew between childhood and youth, the former being the period when "reason sleeps, and the senses are in their fullest activity and vigor." Hence studies and methods which are suited to the one are not so to the other. He laid great stress on teaching children from objects, and on leading them to *self-teaching.* He believed human nature to be so utterly bad that he would have the child taught nothing about it, but would acquaint him only with the material universe — a rather worse one-sidedness than what had gone before, since of all knowledges a knowledge of humanity is the most indispensable for human beings. Basedow and his famous school, the "Philanthroperin" are next described. "It was the only school in Germany," said Kant, "in which the teachers had liberty to work according to their own methods and schemes, and where they were in free communication among themselves and with all the learned men in Germany. . . . Gymnastics were now first introduced into modern schools, and the boys were taken long expeditions on foot, — the commencement, it is believed, of a practice now common throughout Germany." After Basedow follows the pathetic story of the life and struggles of Pestalozzi, than whom never any man was a more complete illustration of "the experiment fails, but the principle remains the same;" for his abortive attempts at school-keeping will influence school-teach-

ing for all time to come. He first brought the external world into the school-room, and practically, children owe all their "object lessons" to him. Nor was intellectual awakening his only aim. Locke's system showed how to bring up a youth to be a virtuous gentleman. But the conventions of the world did not satisfy Pestalozzi. "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect," was his standard, and he wanted to train children primarily to imitate Christ and to fill their destinies as "created and responsible beings." Last in the series comes a review of Herbert Spencer's work on Education, which is at once ably supported and ably criticised by Mr. Quick. The book ends with two chapters of the author's own; the first giving suggestions from his own experience as to the kind and amount of schooling suitable to children between five and ten years of age, the second containing wise, and, as it seems to us, most true thoughts on that perplexing problem, the moral and religious training of boys. We regret that Luther, Dr. Arnold, and Froebel were not sufficiently "innovating" to have found a place in Mr. Quick's sketches, but whoever wishes to comprehend and to respect the vocation of the educator can do no better than to study this most interesting and valuable book. If public-school teachers generally could be made to pass an examination in it, before receiving their certificates to teach, the national education would not be long in taking on a very different phase from the present.

—Professor Sauveur's pamphlet[1] is one of the echoes that are beginning to be heard in response to the utterances of the "innovators" we have been considering. It contains an interesting account of how he was led to attempt the "teaching of living languages without grammar or dictionary," together with advice to other teachers how they may go and do likewise. The accomplished pupils of the school of modern languages established in Boston by himself and his German colleague, Professor Heness, can attest the success of their method, and the pleasure of pursuing it under their keen and animating instruction.

Professor Heness caught the idea from Montaigne, who, as we have just seen in our notice of Mr. Quick's book, learned Latin perfectly in no other way. Professor Sauveur received it from Professor Heness, and together, in this happy land of "new ideas," they have put it into practice, as the latter hints it would not yet be possible to do in France. "Who would dare to speak there," he asks, "of a revolution in education?" Yet he is sure that by his method a pupil could learn as much Latin in two years as he does now in the French schools and colleges, by the old one, in ten. The difficulty, however, would be to get these schools "wherein should be spoken only the language of old Rome, and where neither French nor any other language should penetrate, but arithmetic, history, geography, etc., all be taught in Latin." In the account of his class of "Yale tutors," Professor Sauveur gives a striking instance of what may be done in a few months by adult trained minds under a thorough master, in this method. In short, so interesting and so constant to nature is it, that the extent to which it will be adopted, at least for French and German, will probably depend only on the number of teachers who are competent to follow where Professors Heness and Sauveur have led.

—Mr. Lauderbach's kindly and judicious little pamphlet[2] is briefly descriptive of the system of study and discipline pursued in the Lauderbach Academy in Philadelphia. His training as a teacher was gained in the public schools, and for the last five years he has conducted an eminently successful school of his own. His hints as to his methods and management are therefore of practical value to the teacher, and they of his profession would do well to imitate him in this attempt to put himself *en rapport* with the parents of his pupils, since if a parent is not a coadjutor, he is pretty sure to be a hinderer, in the educator's work.

Mr. Lauderbach seems to lean to the theory of Locke, now so much in favor, that study must be made always agreeable to the pupil. While in general we fully believe that if the acquisition of knowledge is irksome to the scholar it is because the teacher is inadequate, yet there can be little doubt that for the scholar to feel that everything must be made easy and pleasant to him is demanding as much too little of

[1] *Introduction to the Teaching of Living Languages without Grammar or Dictionary.* By L. SAUVEUR, Ph. D., LL. D. Boston: Schoenhof and Moeller; Lee and Shepard; A. Williams & Co. New York: F. W. Christern. 1874.

[2] *Hints on School Education and Discipline.* By H. Y. LAUDERBACH, Principal of the Lauderbach Academy, Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia.

him as it is too much of his instructor. Pestalozzi said that "a child must very early in life be taught the lesson that exertion is indispensable for the attainment of knowledge." We have heard one of the best high-school masters in New England complain that this demand for learning made easy is now the vice of popular teaching. Said he, "I have so to smooth away every difficulty for my boys that the path of knowledge opens out before them at every step, apparently of its own accord, and *they* are left with nothing to do." As Pestalozzi justly reflects, there can be no "solidity" in such acquisitions as these; and happy is he, rather, who "hath borne the yoke in his youth." In Mr. Lauderbach's primary department the natural sciences, with music and drawing, do not seem to hold the prominent place that is now demanded for them by the best educational authorities.

— The selections from the poems of Ovid prepared for the use of schools by Messrs. Allen and Greenough[1] form a neat volume of moderate size, which has all the principal good qualities required in a work of its kind. The choice of the passages to be included in the book could hardly have been better. The reputation of the Metamorphoses for being comprehensible and entertaining to young readers makes it a matter of course that extracts from that poem should occupy five sixths of the collection, although Ovid's peculiar merits are better shown in his clever elegiacs than in his smooth but rather weak hexameters. But the eleven short extracts in elegiac verse are happily chosen, and are enough for a school-book.

The type and punctuation of the work are good, and misprints are very few. We notice a vacillation in the spelling of *Virgilius* and of *Cygnus* which is probably unintentional, but in our opinion unimportant. It is just as well that school-boys should know that orthography, whether English or Latin, cannot always be settled off-hand by a dictionary.

The introductions to the Metamorphoses, Fasti, etc., are clear and sensible, and the synopses, or arguments, prefixed to the extracts from the Metamorphoses, will be found useful in showing what connection there is between different parts of the poem.

The notes are, on the whole, very serviceable and judicious. We particularly like the instructions given at the outset in the art of scanning the ordinary Latin hexameter. We almost wish that some of the peculiarities of Ovid's verses had here been pointed out, because mechanical criticism of this kind can be comprehended and applied by even a dull mind; but considering that in general short notes are best, we suppose that the authors have been well advised in stopping where they do. Some points in the notes are open to criticism. For instance, the English word "reeking" is not elegant enough to make up for its loss of force when used out of its proper meaning, and therefore is not a neat translation of the Latin "madens." The formidable creature described in Victor Hugo's Toilers of the Sea is as fabulous a monster as Ægæon himself, and therefore should not be made to serve as his prototype. The *Architeuthis monachus* of Professors Steenstrup and Verrill is indeed an actual inhabitant of the ocean, but it has little to do with Victor Hugo's absurd compound of sea-anemone and cuttle-fish. Besides, when we have Argus, Cerberus, Janus, and Hindoo divinities generally, to refer to, there is no need of a cuttle-fish to account for Ægæon. In the apostrophe of Pyramus and Thisbe to the wall between them, the line, "Quantum erat, ut sineres toto nos corpore jungi" is confused by the suggested translation of "toto corpore." These words should of course be translated along with "jungi" by the English verb "to embrace." It is not perfectly accurate to say that "unius" is simply "a" in the phrase "missi de gente Molossa obsidis unius," which manifestly implies that there were not merely other hostages, but other Molossian hostages, in Lycaon's hands. At least as good an illustration of the use of unus as an indefinite article might have been found in the line "Deque viris quondam pars tribus una fui," contained in the last selection in the book; although even here "una" is opposed to "tribus," and "pars una" may be rendered either "a third part" or simply "one." The astronomical information relating to the adventure of Phaethon might be a little improved; Ophiuchus, for instance, is not the Serpent. As to the course of the sun, no explanation would suffice to adapt Ovid's careless description to the facts; but poets have some right to say, "Tant pis pour les faits." Defects like those just noticed cannot be regarded as serious, and the book before us seems to contain few even of these.

[1] *Selections from the Poems of Ovid, chiefly the Metamorphoses.* Edited by J. H. and W. F. Allen and J. B. Greenough. Boston: Ginn Brothers 1875.

THE

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SPRING IN NEW ENGLAND.

(1875.)

I.

THE long years come and go,
And the Past,
The sorrowful, splendid Past,
With its glory and its woe,
Seems never to have been.
The bugle's taunting blast
Has died away by Southern ford and glen:
The mock-bird sings unfrightened in its dell;
The ensanguined stream flows pure again;
Where once the hissing death-bolt fell,
And all along the artillery's level lines
Leapt flames of hell,
The farmer smiles upon the sprouting grain,
And tends his vines.
Seems never to have been?
O sombre days and grand,
How ye crowd back once more,
Seeing our heroes' graves are green
By the Potomac and the Cumberland,
And in the valley of the Shenandoah!

II.

Now while the pale arbutus in our woods
Wakes to faint life beneath the dead year's leaves,
And the bleak North lets loose its wailing broods
Of winds upon us, and the gray sea grieves
Along our coast; while yet the Winter's hand
Heavily presses on New England's heart,

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And Spring withholds the sunshine of her eyes
Lest some vain cowslip should untimely start, —
While we are housed in this rude season's gloom,
In this rude land,
Bereft of warmth and bloom,
We know, far off beneath the Southern skies,
Where the flush blossoms mock our drifts of snow
And the lithe vine unfolds its emerald sheen, —
On many a sunny hill-side there, we know
Our heroes' graves are green!

III.

The long years come, but *they*
Come not again!
Through vapors dense and gray
Steals back the May,
But they come not again, —
Swept by the battle's fiery breath
Down unknown ways of death.
How can our fancies help but go
Out from this realm of mist and rain,
Out from this realm of sleet and snow,
When the first Southern violets blow?

IV.

While yet the year is young
Many a garland shall be hung
In our gardens of the dead;
On obelisk and urn
Shall the myrtle's azure burn,
And the wild-rose leaves be shed.
And afar in the woodland ways,
Through the rustic church-yard gate
Matrons and maidens shall pass,
Striplings and white-haired men,
And, spreading aside the grass,
Linger at name and date,
Remembering old, old days!
And the lettering on each stone
Where the mold's green breath has blown
Tears shall wash clear again.

V.

But far away to the South, in the sultry, stricken land, —
On the banks of silvery streams gurgling among their reeds,
By many a drear morass, where the long-necked pelican feeds,
By many a dark bayou, and blinding dune of sand,
By many a cypress swamp where the cayman seeks its prey,
In many a moss-hung wood, the twilight's haunt by day,
And down where the land's parched lip drinks at the salt sea-waves,
And the ghostly sails glide by, — there are piteous, nameless graves!

Their names no tongue may tell,
Buried there where they fell,
The bravest of our braves!
Never sweetheart, or friend,
Wan pale mother, or bride,
Over these mounds shall bend
Tenderly putting aside
The unremembering grass!
Never the votive wreath
For the unknown brows beneath,
Never a tear, alas!
How can our fancies help but go
Out from this realm of mist and rain,
Out from this realm of sleet and snow,
When the first Southern violets blow?
How must our thought bend over them,
Blessing the flowers that cover them, —
Piteous, nameless graves.

VI.

Ah, but the life they gave
Is not shut in the grave:
The valorous spirits freed
Live in the vital deed!
Marble shall crumble to dust,
Plinth of bronze and of stone,
Carved escutcheon and crest, —
Silently, one by one,
The sculptured lilies fall:
Softly the tooth of the rust
Gnaws through the brazen shield:
Broken, and covered with stains,
The crossed stone swords must yield:
Mined by the frost and the drouth,
Smitten by north and south,
Smitten by east and west,
Down comes column, and all!
But the great deed remains.

VII.

When we remember how they died, —
In dark ravine and on the mountain-side,
In leaguered fort and fire-encircled town,
Upon the gun-boat's splintered deck,
And where the iron ships went down, —
How their dear lives were spent,
In the crushed and reddened wreck,
By lone lagoons and streams,
In the weary hospital-tent,
In the cockpit's crowded hive, —
How they languished and died

In the black stockades, — it seems
Ignoble to be alive!
Tears will well to our eyes
And the bitter doubt will rise —
But hush! for the strife is done,
Forgiven are wound and scar;
The fight was fought and won
Long since, on sea and shore,
And every scattered star
Set in the blue once more;
We are one as before,
With the blot from our scutcheon gone!

So let our heroes rest
Upon your sunny breast:
Keep them, O South, our tender hearts and true,
Keep them, O South, and learn to hold them dear
From year to year!
Never forget,
Dying for us, they died for you.
This hallowed dust should knit us closer yet.

VIII.

Hark! 't is the bluebird's venturous strain
High on the old fringed elm at the gate, —
Sweet-voiced, valiant on the swaying bough,
Alert, elate,
Dodging the fitful spits of snow,
New England's poet-laureate
Telling us Spring has come again!

T. B. Aldrich.

RODERICK HUDSON.

VI.

FRASCATI.

One day, on entering Roderick's lodging (not the modest rooms on the Ripetta which he had first occupied, but a much more sumptuous apartment on the Corso), Rowland found a letter on the table, addressed to himself. It was from Roderick, and consisted of but three lines: "I am gone to Frascati — for meditation. If I am not at home on Friday, you had better join me." On Friday he was still absent, and Rowland went out to Frascati. Here he found his friend living at the inn and spending his days, according to his own account, lying under the trees of the Villa Mondragone, reading Ariosto. He was in a sombre mood; "meditation" seemed not to have been fruitful. Nothing especially pertinent to our narrative had passed between the two young men since Mrs. Light's ball, save a few words bearing on an incident of that entertainment. Rowland informed Roderick, the next day, that he had told Miss Light of his

engagement. "I don't know whether you 'll thank me," he had said; "but it 's my duty to let you know it. Miss Light perhaps has already done so."

Roderick looked at him a moment, intently, with his color slowly rising. "Why should n't I thank you?" he asked. "I 'm not ashamed of my engagement."

"As you had not spoken of it yourself, I thought you might have a reason for not having it known."

"A man does n't gossip about such a matter with strangers," Roderick rejoined, with the ring of irritation in his voice.

"With strangers — no!" said Rowland, smiling.

Roderick continued his work; but after a moment, turning round with a frown: "If you supposed I had a reason for being silent, pray why should you have spoken?"

"I did not speak idly, my dear Roderick. I weighed the matter before I spoke, and promised myself to let you know immediately afterwards. It seemed to me that Miss Light had better know that your affections are pledged."

"The Cavaliere has put it into your head, then, that I am making love to her?"

"No; in that case I should not have spoken to her first."

"Do you mean, then, that she is making love to me?"

"This is what I mean," said Rowland, after a pause. "That girl finds you interesting, and is pleased, even though she may play indifference, at your finding her so. I said to myself that it might save her some sentimental disappointment to know without delay that you are not at liberty to become indefinitely interested in other women."

"You seem to have taken the measure of my liberty with extraordinary minuteness!" cried Roderick.

"You must do me justice. I am the cause of your separation from Miss Garland, the cause of your being exposed to temptations which she hardly even suspects. How could I ever face her," Rowland demanded, with much warmth of tone, "if at the end of it all she should be unhappy?"

"I had no idea that Miss Garland had made such an impression on you. You are too zealous; I imagine she never appointed you guardian of her happiness."

"If anything happens to you, I 'm accountable. You must understand that."

"That 's a view of the situation I can't accept; in your own interest, no less than in mine. It can only make us both very uncomfortable. I know all I owe you; I feel it; you know that! But I 'm not a small boy nor an outer barbarian any longer, and, whatever I do, I do with my eyes open. When I do well, the merit 's mine; if I do ill, the fault 's mine! The idea that I make you nervous is detestable. Dedicate your nerves to some better cause, and believe that if Miss Garland and I have a quarrel, we shall settle it between ourselves."

Rowland had found himself wondering, shortly before, whether possibly his brilliant young friend was without a conscience; now it dimly occurred to him that he was without a heart. Rowland, as we have already intimated, was a man with a moral passion, and no small part of it had gone forth into his relations with Roderick. There had been, from the first, no protestations of friendship on either side, but Rowland had implicitly offered everything that belongs to friendship, and Roderick had, apparently, as deliberately accepted it. Rowland, indeed, had taken an exquisite satisfaction in his companion's deep, inexpressive assent to his interest in him. "Here is an uncommonly fine thing," he said to himself: "a nature unconsciously grateful, a man in whom friendship does the thing that love alone generally has the credit of — pricks the bubble of pride!" His reflective judgment of Roderick, as time went on, had indulged in a great many irrepressible vagaries; but his affection, his sense of something in his companion's whole personality that overmastered his heart and beguiled his imagination, had never for an instant faltered. He listened to Roderick's last words, and then he smiled as he rarely smiled — with bitterness.

"I don't at all like your telling me I 'm too zealous," he said. "If I had not been zealous, I should never have cared a fig for you."

Roderick flushed deeply, and thrust his modeling tool up to the handle into the clay. "Say it outright! You 've been a great fool to believe in me."

"I desire to say nothing of the kind, and you don't honestly believe I do!" said Rowland. "It seems to me I 'm really very good-natured even to reply to such rubbish."

Roderick sat down, crossed his arms, and fixed his eyes on the floor. Rowland looked at him for some moments; it seemed to him that he had never so clearly read his companion's strangely commingled character, — his strength and his weakness, his picturesque personal attractiveness and his urgent egoism, his exalted ardor and his puerile petulance. It would have made him almost sick, however, to think that, on the whole, Roderick was not a generous fellow, and he was so far from having ceased to believe in him that he felt just now, more than ever, that all this was but the painful complexity of genius. Rowland, who had not a grain of genius either to make one say he was an interested reasoner, or to enable one to feel that he could afford a dangerous theory or two, adhered to his conviction of the essential salubrity of genius. Suddenly he felt an irresistible compassion for his companion; it seemed to him that his beautiful faculty of production was a double-edged instrument, susceptible of being dealt in backhanded blows at its possessor. Genius was priceless, inspired, divine; but it was also, at its hours, capricious, sinister, cruel: and men of genius, accordingly, were alternately very enviable and very helpless. It was not the first time he had had a sense of Roderick's standing helpless in the grasp of his temperament. It had shaken him, as yet but with a half good-humored wantonness; but, henceforth, possibly, it meant to handle him more roughly. These were not times, therefore, for a friend to have a short patience.

"When you err, you say, the fault 's your own," he said at last. "It 's because your faults are your own that I care about them."

Rowland's voice, when he spoke with feeling, had an extraordinary amenity. Roderick sat staring a moment longer at the floor, then he sprang up and laid his hand affectionately on his friend's shoulder. "You 're the best man in the world," he said, "and I 'm a vile brute. Only," he added in a moment, "*you don't understand me!*" And he looked at him with eyes of such radiant lucidity that one might have said (and Rowland did almost say so, himself) that it was the fault of one's own grossness if one failed to read to the bottom of that beautiful soul.

Rowland smiled sadly. "What is it now? Explain."

"Oh, I can't explain!" cried Roderick impatiently, returning to his work. "I have only one way of expressing my deepest feelings — it 's this!" And he swung his tool. He stood looking at the half-wrought clay for a moment, and then flung the instrument down. "And even this half the time plays me false!"

Rowland felt that his irritation had not subsided, and he himself had no taste for saying disagreeable things. Nevertheless he saw no sufficient reason to forbear uttering the words he had had on his conscience from the beginning. "We must do what we can and be thankful," he said. "And let me assure you of this — that it won't help you to become entangled with Miss Light."

Roderick pressed his hand to his forehead with vehemence and then shook it in the air, despairingly; a gesture that had become frequent with him since he had been in Italy. "No, no, it 's no use; you don't understand me! But I don't blame you. You can't!"

"You think it *will* help you, then?" said Rowland, wondering.

"I think that when you expect a man to produce beautiful and wonderful works of art, you ought to allow him a certain freedom of action, you ought to give him a long rope, you ought to let him follow his fancy and look for his material wherever he thinks he may find it! A mother

can't nurse her child unless she follows a certain diet; an artist can't bring his visions to maturity unless he has a certain experience. You demand of us to be imaginative, and you deny us that which feeds the imagination. In labor we must be as passionate as the inspired sibyl; in life we must be mere machines. It won't do. When you have got an artist to deal with, you must take him as he is, good and bad together. I don't say they are pleasant fellows to know or easy fellows to live with; I don't say they satisfy themselves any better than other people. I only say that if you want them to produce, you must let them conceive. If you want a bird to sing, you must not cover up its cage. Shoot them, the poor devils, drown them, exterminate them, if you will, in the interest of public morality; it may be morality would gain — I dare say it would! But if you suffer them to live, let them live on their own terms and according to their own inexorable needs!"

Rowland burst out laughing. "I have no wish whatever either to shoot you or to drown you!" he said. "Why launch such a tirade against a warning offered you altogether in the interest of your freest development? Do you really mean that you have an inexorable need of embarking on a flirtation with Miss Light? — a flirtation as to the felicity of which there may be differences of opinion, but which cannot at best, under the circumstances, be called innocent. Your last summer's adventures were more so! As for the terms on which you are to live, I had an idea you had arranged them otherwise!"

"I have arranged nothing — thank God! I don't pretend to arrange. I 'm young and ardent and inquisitive, and I admire Miss Light. That 's enough. I shall go as far as admiration leads me. I 'm not afraid. Your genuine artist may be sometimes half a madman, but he 's not a coward!"

"Suppose that in your speculation you should come to grief, not only sentimentally but artistically?"

"Come what come will! If I 'm to fizzle out, the sooner I know it the better. Sometimes I half suspect it. But let me at least go out and reconnoitre for the enemy, and not sit here waiting for him, cudgeling my brains for ideas that won't come!"

Do what he would, Rowland could not think of Roderick's theory of unlimited experimentation, especially as applied in the case under discussion, as anything but a pernicious illusion. But he saw it was vain to combat longer, for inclination was powerfully on Roderick's side. He laid his hand on Roderick's shoulder, looked at him a moment with troubled eyes, then shook his head mournfully and turned away.

"I can't work any more," said Roderick. "You 've upset me! I 'll go and stroll on the Pincian." And he tossed aside his working-jacket and prepared himself for the street. As he was arranging his cravat before the glass, something occurred to him which made him thoughtful. He stopped a few moments afterward, as they were going out, with his hand on the door-knob. "You did, from your own point of view, an indiscreet thing," he said, "to tell Miss Light of my engagement."

Rowland looked at him with a glance which was partly an interrogation, but partly, also, an admission.

"If she 's the coquette you say," Roderick added, "you have given her a reason the more."

"And that 's the girl you propose to devote yourself to?" cried Rowland.

"Oh, I don't say it, mind! I only say that she 's the most interesting creature in the world! The next time you mean to render me a service, pray give me notice beforehand!"

It was perfectly characteristic of Roderick that, a fortnight later, he should have let his friend know that he depended upon him for society at Frascati, as freely as if no irritating topic had ever been discussed between them. Rowland thought him generous, and he had at any rate a liberal faculty of forgetting that he had given you any reason to be displeased with him. It was equally characteristic of Rowland that he complied with his friend's summons without

a moment's hesitation. His cousin Cecilia had once told him that he was the dupe of his placid benevolence. She put the case with too little favor, or too much, as the reader chooses; it is certain, at least, that he had a constitutional tendency towards magnanimous interpretations. Nothing happened, however, to suggest to him that he was deluded in thinking that Roderick's secondary impulses were wiser than his primary ones and that the rounded total of his nature had a harmony perfectly attuned to the most amiable of its brilliant parts. Roderick's humor, for the time, was pitched in a minor key; he was lazy, listless, and melancholy, but he had never been more friendly and kindly and appealingly submissive. Winter had begun, by the calendar, but the weather was divinely mild, and the two young men took long slow strolls on the hills and lounged away the mornings in the villas. The villas at Frascati are delicious places, and replete with romantic suggestiveness. Roderick, as he had said, was meditating, and if a masterpiece was to come of his meditations, Rowland was perfectly willing to bear him company and coax along the process. But Roderick let him know from the first that he was in a miserably sterile mood, and, cudgel his brains as he would, could think of nothing that would serve for the statue he was to make for Mr. Leavenworth.

"It is worse out here than in Rome," he said, "for here I 'm face to face with the dead blank of my mind! There I could n't think of anything either, but there I found things to make me forget that I needed to." This was as frank an allusion to Christina Light as could have been expected under the circumstances; it seemed, indeed, to Rowland surprisingly frank, and a pregnant example of his companion's often strangely irresponsible way of looking at harmful facts. Roderick was silent sometimes for hours, with a puzzled look on his face and a constant fold between his even eyebrows; at other times he talked unceasingly, with a slow, idle, half-nonsensical drawl. Rowland was half a dozen times on the point of asking him what was the matter with him; he was afraid he was going to be ill. Roderick had taken a great fancy to the Villa Mondragone, and used to declaim fantastic compliments to it as they strolled in the winter sunshine on the great terrace which looks toward Tivoli and the iridescent Sabine mountains. He carried his volume of Ariosto in his pocket, and took it out every now and then and spouted half a dozen stanzas to his companion. He was, as a general thing, very little of a reader; but at intervals he would take a fancy to one of the classics and peruse it for a month in disjointed scraps. He had picked up Italian without study, and had a wonderfully sympathetic accent, though in reading aloud he ruined the sense of half the lines he rolled off so sonorously. Rowland, who pronounced badly but understood everything, once said to him that Ariosto was not the poet for a man of his craft; a sculptor should make a companion of Dante, and he lent him the Inferno, which he had brought with him, and advised him to look into it. Roderick took it with some eagerness; perhaps it would brighten his wits. He returned it the next day with disgust; he had found it intolerably depressing.

"A sculptor should model as Dante writes — you 're right there," he said. "But when his genius is in eclipse, Dante is a dreadfully smoky lamp. By what perversity of fate," he went on, "has it come about that I am a sculptor at all? A sculptor is such a confoundedly special genius; there are so few subjects he can treat, so few things in life that bear upon his work, so few moods in which he himself is inclined to it." (It may be noted that Rowland had heard him a dozen times affirm the flat reverse of all this.) "If I had only been a painter — a little quiet, docile, matter-of-fact painter, like our friend Singleton — I should only have to open my Ariosto here to find a subject, to find color and attitudes, stuffs and composition; I should only have to look up from the page at that moldy old fountain against the blue sky, at that cypress alley wandering away like a pro-

cession of priests in couples, at the crags and hollows of the Sabine hills, to find myself grasping my brush. Best of all would be to be Ariosto himself, or one of his brotherhood. Then everything in nature would give you a hint, and every form of beauty be part of your stock. You would n't have to look at things only to say, — with tears of rage half the time, — 'Oh, yes, it 's wonderfully pretty, but what the deuce can I do with it?' But a sculptor, now! That 's a pretty trade for a fellow who has got his living to make and yet is so damnably constituted that he can't work to order, and considers that, æsthetically, clock ornaments don't pay! You can't model the serge-coated cypresses, nor those moldering old Tritons and all the sunny pathos of that dried-up fountain; you can't put the light into marble — the lovely, caressing, consenting Italian light that you get so much of for nothing. Say that a dozen times in his life a man has a complete sculpturesque vision — a vision in which the imagination recognizes a subject and the subject kindles the imagination. It is a remunerative rate of work, and the intervals are comfortable!"

One morning, as the two young men were lounging on the sun-warmed grass at the foot of one of the slanting pines of the Villa Mondragone, Roderick delivered himself of a tissue of lugubrious speculations as to the possible mischances of one's genius. "What if the watch should run down," he asked, "and you should lose the key? What if you should wake up some morning and find it stopped, inexorably, appallingly stopped? Such things have been, and the poor devils to whom they happened have had to grin and bear it. The whole matter of genius is a mystery. It bloweth where it listeth and we know nothing of its mechanism. If it gets out of order we can't mend it; if it breaks down altogether we can't set it going again. We must let it choose its own pace, and hold our breath lest it should lose its balance. It 's dealt out in different doses, in big cups and little, and when you have consumed your portion it 's as naïf to ask for more as it was for Oliver Twist to ask for more porridge. Lucky for you if you 've got one of the big cups; we drink them down in the dark, and we can't tell their size until we tip them up and hear the last gurgle. Those of some men last for life; those of others for a couple of years. Nay, what are you smiling at so damnably?" he went on. "Nothing is more common than for an artist who has set out on his journey on a high-stepping horse to find himself all of a sudden dismounted and invited to go his way on foot. You can number them by the thousand — the people of two or three successes; the poor fellows whose candle burnt out in a night. Some of them groped their way along without it, some of them gave themselves up for blind and sat down by the wayside to beg. Who shall say that I 'm not one of these? Who shall assure me that my credit is for an unlimited sum? Nothing proves it, and I never claimed it; or if I did, I did so in the mere boyish joy of shaking off the dust of Northampton. If you believed so, my dear fellow, you did so at your own risk! What am I, what are the best of us, but an experiment? Do I succeed — do I fail? It does n't depend on me. I 'm prepared for failure. It won't be a disappointment, simply because I shan't survive it. The end of my work shall be the end of my life. When I have played my last card, I shall cease to care for the game. I 'm not making vulgar threats of suicide; for destiny, I trust, won't add insult to injury by putting me to that abominable trouble. But I have a conviction that if the hour strikes *here*," and he tapped his forehead, "I shall disappear, dissolve, be carried off in a cloud! For the past ten days I have had the vision of some such fate perpetually swimming before my eyes. My mind is like a dead calm in the tropics, and my imagination as motionless as the phantom ship in the Ancient Mariner!"

Rowland listened to this outbreak, as he often had occasion to listen to Roderick's heated monologues, with a number of mental restrictions. Both in

gravity and in gayety he said more than he meant, and you did him simple justice if you privately concluded that neither the glow of purpose nor the chill of despair was of so intense a character as his florid diction implied. The moods of an artist, his exaltations and depressions, Rowland had often said to himself, were like the pen-flourishes a writing-master makes in the air when he begins to set his copy. He may bespatter you with ink, he may hit you in the eye, but he writes a magnificent hand. It was nevertheless true that at present poor Roderick gave unprecedented tokens of moral stagnation, and as for genius being held by the precarious tenure he had sketched, Rowland was at loss to see whence he could borrow the authority to contradict him. He sighed to himself, and wished that his companion had a trifle more of little Sam Singleton's evenness of impulse. But then, was Singleton a man of genius? He answered that such reflections seemed to him unprofitable, not to say morbid; that the proof of the pudding was in the eating; that he did n't know about bringing a genius that had palpably spent its last breath back to life again, but that he was satisfied that vigorous effort was a cure for a great many ills that seemed far gone. "Don't heed your mood," he said, "and don't believe there 's any calm so dead that your own lungs can't ruffle it with a breeze. If you have work to do, don't wait to feel like it; set to work and you *will* feel like it."

"Set to work and produce abortions!" cried Roderick with ire. "Preach that to others. Production with me must be either pleasure or nothing. As I said just now, I must either stay in the saddle or not go at all. I won't do second-rate work; I can't if I would. I 've got no cleverness, apart from inspiration. I 'm not a Gloriani! You 're right," he added after a while; "this is unprofitable talk, and it makes my head ache. I shall take a nap and see if I can dream of a bright idea or two."

He turned his face upward to the parasol of the great pine, closed his eyes, and in a short time forgot his sombre fancies. January though it was, the mild stillness seemed to vibrate with faint midsummer sounds. Rowland sat listening to them and wishing that, for the sake of his own felicity, Roderick's temper were graced with a certain absent ductility. He was brilliant, but was he, like many brilliant things, brittle? Suddenly, to his musing sense, the soft atmospheric hum was overscored with distincter sounds. He heard voices beyond a mass of shrubbery, at the turn of a neighboring path. In a moment one of them began to seem familiar, and an instant later a large white poodle emerged into view. He was slowly followed by his mistress. Miss Light paused a moment on seeing Rowland and his companion; but, though the former perceived that he was recognized, she made no bow. Presently she walked directly toward him. He rose and was on the point of waking Roderick, but she laid her finger on her lips and motioned him to forbear. She stood a moment looking down at the handsome young sleeper.

"What delicious oblivion!" she said. "Happy man! Stenterello," — and she pointed to his face, — "wake him up!"

The poodle extended a long pink tongue and began to lick Roderick's cheek.

"Why," asked Rowland, "if he 's happy?"

"Oh, I want companions in misery! Besides, I want to show off my dog." Roderick roused himself, sat up, and stared. By this time Mrs. Light had approached, walking with a gentleman on each side of her. One of these was the Cavaliere Giacosa; the other was Prince Casamassima. "I should have liked to lie down on the grass and go to sleep," Christina added. "But it would have been unheard of."

"Oh, not quite," said the prince, in English, with a tone of great precision. "There was already a Sleeping Beauty in the Wood!"

"Charming!" cried Mrs. Light. "Do you hear that, my dear?"

"When the prince says a brilliant thing, it would be a pity to lose it," said the young girl. "Your servant, sir!"

And she smiled at him with a grace that might have reassured him, if he had thought her compliment ambiguous.

Roderick meanwhile had risen to his feet, and Mrs. Light began to exclaim on the oddity of their meeting and to explain that the day was so lovely that she had been charmed with the idea of spending it in the country. And who would ever have thought of finding Mr. Mallet and Mr. Hudson sleeping under a tree!

"Oh, I beg your pardon; I was not sleeping," said Rowland.

"Don't you know that Mr. Mallet is Mr. Hudson's sheep-dog?" asked Christina. "He was mounting guard to keep away the wolves."

"To indifferent purpose, madam!" said Rowland, indicating the young girl.

"Is that the way you spend your time?" Christina demanded of Roderick. "I never yet happened to learn what men were doing when they supposed women were not watching them but it was something vastly below their reputation."

"When, pray," said Roderick, smoothing his ruffled locks, "are women not watching them?"

"We shall give you something better to do, at any rate. How long have you been here? It 's an age since I have seen you. We consider you domiciled here, and expect you to play host and entertain us."

Roderick said that he could offer them nothing but to show them the great terrace, with its view, and ten minutes later the group was assembled there. Mrs. Light was extravagant in her satisfaction; Christina looked away at the Sabine mountains, in silence. The prince stood by, frowning at the rapture of the elder lady.

"This is nothing," he said at last. "My word of honor. Have you seen the terrace at San Gaetano?"

"Ah, that terrace," murmured Mrs. Light, amorously. "I suppose it is magnificent!"

"It is four hundred feet long, and paved with marble. And the view is a thousand times more beautiful than this. You see, far away, the blue, blue sea and the little smoke of Vesuvio!"

"Christina, love," cried Mrs. Light forthwith, "the prince has a terrace four hundred feet long, all paved with marble!"

The Cavaliere gave a little cough and began to wipe his eye-glass.

"Stupendous!" said Christina. "To go from one end to the other, the prince must have out his golden carriage." This was apparently an allusion to one of the other items of the young man's grandeur.

"You always laugh at me," said the prince. "I know no longer what to say!"

She looked at him with a sad smile and shook her head. "No, no, dear prince, I don't laugh at you. Heaven forbid! You are much too serious an affair. I assure you I feel your importance. What did you inform us was the value of the hereditary diamonds of the Princess Casamassima?"

"Ah, you are laughing at me yet!" said the poor young man, standing rigid and pale.

"It does n't matter," Christina went on. "We have a note of it; mamma writes all those things down in a little book."

"If you are laughed at, dear prince, at least it 's in company," said Mrs. Light, caressingly; and she took his arm, as if to resist his possible displacement under the shock of her daughter's sarcasm. But the prince looked heavy-eyed toward Rowland and Roderick, to whom the young girl was turning, as if he had much rather his lot were cast with theirs.

"Is the villa inhabited?" Christina asked, pointing to the vast melancholy structure which rises above the terrace.

"Not privately," said Roderick. "It is occupied by a Jesuits' college, for little boys."

"Can women go in?"

"I 'm afraid not." And Roderick began to laugh. "Fancy the poor little devils looking up from their Latin declensions and seeing Miss Light standing there!"

"I should like to see the poor little devils, with their rosy cheeks and their long black gowns, and when they were pretty, I should n't scruple to kiss them. But if I can't have that amusement I must have some other. We must not stand planted on this enchanting terrace as if we were stakes driven into the earth. We must dance, we must feast, we must do something picturesque. Mamma has arranged, I believe, that we are to go back to Frascati to lunch at the inn. I decree that we lunch here and send the Cavaliere to the inn to get the provisions! He can take the carriage, which is waiting below."

Miss Light carried out this undertaking with unfaltering ardor. The Cavaliere was summoned, and he stood to receive her commands hat in hand, with his eyes cast down, as if she had been a princess addressing her major-domo. She, however, laid her hand with friendly grace upon his button-hole, and called him a dear, good old Cavaliere, for being always so willing. Her spirits had risen with the occasion, and she talked irresistible nonsense. "Bring the best they have," she said, "no matter if it ruins us! And if the best is very bad, it will be all the more amusing. I shall enjoy seeing Mr. Mallet try to swallow it for propriety's sake! Mr. Hudson will say out like a man that it 's horrible stuff, and that he 'll be choked first! Be sure you bring a dish of macaroni; the prince must have the diet of the Neapolitan nobility. But I leave all that to you; my poor, dear Cavaliere; you know what 's good! Only be sure, above all, you bring a guitar. Mr. Mallet will play us a tune, I 'll dance with Mr. Hudson, and mamma will pair off with the prince, of whom she is so fond!"

And as she concluded her recommendations, she patted her bland old servitor caressingly on the shoulder. He looked askance at Rowland; his little black eye glittered; it seemed to say, "Did n't I tell you she was a good girl?"

The Cavaliere returned with zealous speed, accompanied by one of the servants of the inn, laden with a basket containing the materials of a rustic luncheon. The porter of the villa was easily induced to furnish a table and half a dozen chairs, and the repast, when set forth, was pronounced a perfect success; not so good as to fail of the proper picturesqueness, nor yet so bad as to defeat the proper function of repasts. Christina continued to display the most charming animation, and compelled Rowland to reflect privately that, think what one might of her, the harmonious gayety of a beautiful girl was the most beautiful sight in nature. Her good-humor was contagious. Roderick, who an hour before had been descanting on madness and suicide, commingled his laughter with hers in ardent devotion; Prince Casamassima stroked his young mustache and found a fine, cool smile for everything; his neighbor, Mrs. Light, who had Rowland on the other side, made the friendliest confidences to each of the young men, and the Cavaliere contributed to the general hilarity by the solemnity of his attention to his plate. As for Rowland, this spirit of kindly mirth prompted him to propose the health of this useful old gentleman, as the effective author of their pleasure. A moment later he wished he had held his tongue, for although the toast was drunk with demonstrative good-will, the Cavaliere received it with various small signs of eager self-effacement which suggested to Rowland that his diminished gentility but half relished honors which had a flavor of patronage. To perform punctiliously his mysterious duties toward the two ladies, and to elude or to baffle observation on his own merits — this seemed the Cavaliere's modest programme. Rowland perceived that Mrs. Light, who was not always remarkable for tact, seemed to have divined his humor on this point. She touched her glass to her lips, but offered him no compliment and immediately gave another direction to the conversation. He had brought no guitar, so that when the feast was over there was nothing to hold the little group together. Christina wandered away with Roderick, to another part of the terrace; the prince, whose

smile had vanished, sat gnawing the head of his cane, near Mrs. Light, and Rowland strolled apart with the Cavaliere, to whom he wished to address a friendly word in compensation for the discomfort he had inflicted on his modesty. The Cavaliere was a mine of information upon all Roman places and people; he told Rowland a number of curious anecdotes about the old Villa Mondragone. "If history could always be taught in this fashion!" thought Rowland. "It 's the ideal — strolling up and down on the very spot commemorated, hearing sympathetic anecdotes from deeply indigenous lips." At last, as they passed, Rowland observed the mournful physiognomy of Prince Casamassima, and, glancing toward the other end of the terrace, saw that Roderick and Christina had disappeared from view. The young man was sitting upright, in an attitude, apparently habitual, of ceremonious rigidity; but his lower jaw had fallen and was propped up with his cane, and his dull black eye was fixed upon the angle of the villa which had just eclipsed Miss Light and her companion. His features were grotesque and his expression vacuous; but there was a lurking delicacy in his face which seemed to tell you that nature had been making Casamassimas for a great many centuries, and, though she adapted her mold to circumstances, had learned to mix her material to an extraordinary fineness and to perform the whole operation with extreme smoothness. The prince was stupid, Rowland suspected, but he imagined he was amiable, and he saw that at any rate he had the great quality of regarding himself in a thoroughly serious light. Rowland touched his companion's arm and pointed to the melancholy nobleman.

"Why in the world does he not go after her and insist on being noticed?" he asked.

"Oh, he 's very proud!" said the Cavaliere.

"That 's all very well, but a gentleman who cultivates a passion for that young lady must be prepared to make sacrifices."

"He thinks he has already made a great many. He comes of a very great family — a race of princes who for six hundred years have married none but the daughters of princes. But he is seriously in love, and he would marry her to-morrow."

"And she won't have him?"

"Ah, she is very proud, too!" The Cavaliere was silent a moment, as if he were measuring the propriety of frankness. He seemed to have formed a high opinion of Rowland's discretion, for he presently continued: "It would be a great match, for she brings him neither a name nor a fortune — nothing but her beauty. But the signorina will receive no favors; I know her well! She would rather have her beauty blasted than seem to care about the marriage, and if she ever accepts the prince it will be only after he has implored her on his knees!"

"But she does care about it," said Rowland, "and to bring him to his knees she is working upon his jealousy by pretending to be interested in my friend Hudson. If you said more, you would say that, eh?"

The Cavaliere's shrewdness exchanged a glance with Rowland's. "By no means. Miss Light is a singular girl; she has many romantic ideas. She would be quite capable of interesting herself seriously in an interesting young man, like your friend, and doing her utmost to discourage a splendid suitor like the prince. She would act sincerely and she would go very far. But it would be unfortunate for the young man," he added, after a pause, "for at the last she would retreat!"

"A singular girl indeed!"

"She would accept the more brilliant *parti*. I can answer for it."

"And what would be her motive?"

"She would be forced. There would be circumstances . . . I can't tell you more."

"But this implies that the rejected suitor would also come back. He might grow tired of waiting."

"Oh, this one is good! Look at him now." Rowland looked, and saw that the prince had left his place by Mrs.

Light and was marching restlessly to and fro between the villa and the parapet of the terrace. Every now and then he looked at his watch. "In this country, you know," said the Cavaliere, "a young lady never goes walking alone with a handsome young man. It seems to him very strange."

"It must seem to him monstrous, and if he overlooks it he must be very much in love."

"Oh, he will overlook it. He is far gone."

"Who is this exemplary lover, then; what is he?"

"A Neapolitan; one of the oldest houses in Italy. He is a prince in your English sense of the word, for he has a princely fortune. He is very young; he is only just of age; he saw the signorina last winter in Naples. He fell in love with her from the first, but his family interfered, and an old uncle, an ecclesiastic, Monsignor B——, hurried up to Naples, seized him, and locked him up. Meantime he has passed his majority, and he can dispose of himself. His relations are moving heaven and earth to prevent his marrying Miss Light, and they have sent us word that he forfeits his property if he takes his wife out of a certain line. I have investigated the question minutely, and I find this is but a fiction to frighten us. He is perfectly free; but the estates are such that it is no wonder they wish to keep them in their own hands. For Italy, it is an extraordinary case of unincumbered property. The prince has been an orphan from his third year; he has therefore had a long minority and made no inroads upon his fortune. Besides, he is very prudent and orderly; I am only afraid that some day he will pull the purse-strings too tight. All these years his affairs have been in the hands of Monsignor B——, who has managed them to perfection — paid off mortgages, planted forests, opened up mines. It is now a magnificent fortune; such a fortune as, with his name, would justify the young man in pretending to any alliance whatsoever. And he lays it all at the feet of that young girl who is wandering in yonder *boschetto* with a penniless artist."

"He is certainly a phœnix of princes! The signora must be in a state of bliss."

The Cavaliere looked imperturbably grave. "The signora has a high esteem for his character."

"His character, by the way," rejoined Rowland, with a smile; "what sort of a character is it?"

"Eh, Prince Casamassima is a veritable prince! He is a very good young man. He is not brilliant, nor witty, but he 'll not let himself be made a fool of. He 's very grave and very devout — though he does propose to marry a Protestant. He will handle that point after marriage. He 's as you see him there: a young man without many ideas, but with a very firm grasp of a single one — the conviction that Prince Casamassima is a very great person, that he greatly honors any young lady by asking for her hand, and that things are going very strangely when the young lady turns her back upon him. The poor young man, I am sure, is profoundly perplexed. But I whisper to him every day, 'Pazienza, Signor Principe!'"

"So you firmly believe," said Rowland, in conclusion, "that Miss Light will accept him just in time not to lose him?"

"I count upon it. She would make too perfect a princess to miss her destiny."

"And you hold that nevertheless, in the mean while, in listening to, say, my friend Hudson, she will have been acting in good faith?"

The Cavaliere lifted his shoulders a trifle, and gave an inscrutable smile. "Eh, dear signore, the Christina is very romantic!"

"So much so, you intimate, that she will eventually retract, in consequence, not of a change of sentiment, but of a mysterious outward pressure?"

"If everything else fails, there is that resource. But it is mysterious, as you say, and you need n't try to guess it. You will never know."

"The poor signorina, then, will suffer!"

"Not too much, I hope."

"And the poor young man! You maintain that there is nothing but disappointment in store for the infatuated youth who loses his heart to her?"

The Cavaliere hesitated. "He had better," he said in a moment, "go and pursue his studies in Florence. There are very fine antiques in the Uffizi!"

Rowland presently joined Mrs. Light, to whom her restless *protégé* had not yet returned. "That 's right," she said; "sit down here; I have something serious to say to you. I 'm going to talk to you as a friend. I want your assistance. In fact, I demand it; it 's your duty to render it. Look at that unhappy young man."

"Yes," said Rowland, "he seems unhappy."

"He is just come of age, he bears one of the greatest names in Italy and owns one of the greatest properties, and he is pining away with love for my daughter."

"So the Cavaliere tells me."

"The Cavaliere should n't gossip," said Mrs. Light dryly. "Such information should come from me. The prince is pining, as I say; he 's consumed, he 's devoured. It 's a real Italian passion; I know what that means!" And the lady gave a speaking glance, which seemed to coquet for a moment with retrospect. "Meanwhile, if you please, my daughter is hiding in the woods with your dear friend Mr. Hudson. I could cry with rage."

"If things are so bad as that," said Rowland, "it seems to me that you ought to find nothing easier than to dispatch the Cavaliere to bring the guilty couple back."

"Never in the world! My hands are tied. Do you know what Christina would do? She would tell the Cavaliere to go about his business — Heaven forgive her! — and send me word that, if she had a mind to, she would walk in the woods till midnight. Fancy the Cavaliere coming back and delivering such a message as that before the prince! Think of a girl wantonly making light of such a chance as hers! He would marry her to-morrow, at six o'clock in the morning!"

"It is certainly very sad," said Rowland.

"That costs you little to say. If you had left your young precious protégé to vegetate in his native village, you would have saved me a world of distress!"

"Nay, you marched into the jaws of danger," said Rowland. "You came and disinterred poor Hudson in his own secluded studio."

"In an evil hour! I wish to Heaven you would talk with him."

"I have done my best."

"I wish, then, you would take him away. You have plenty of money. Do me a favor. Take him to travel. Go to the East — go to Timbuctoo. Then, when Christina is Princess Casamassima," Mrs. Light added in a moment, "he may come back if he chooses."

"Does she really care for him?" Rowland asked, abruptly.

"She thinks she does, possibly. She 's a living riddle. She must needs follow out every idea that comes into her head Fortunately, most of them don't last long; but this one may last long enough to give the prince a chill. If that were to happen, I don't know what I should do! I should be the most miserable of women. It would be too cruel, after all I 've suffered to make her what she is, to see the labor of years blighted by a caprice. For I can assure you, sir," Mrs. Light went on, "that if my daughter is the greatest beauty in the world, some of the credit is mine."

Rowland bowed and remarked that this was obvious. He saw that the lady's irritated nerves demanded comfort from flattering reminiscence, and he assumed designedly the attitude of a zealous auditor. She began to retail her efforts, her hopes, her dreams, her presentiments, her disappointments, in the cause of her daughter's matrimonial fortunes. It was a long story, and while it was being unfolded, the prince continued to pass to and fro, stiffly and solemnly, like a pendulum marking the time allowed for the young lady to come to her senses. Mrs. Light evidently,

at an early period, had gathered her maternal hopes into a sacred sheaf, which she said her prayers and burnt incense to, and treated like a sort of fetich. They had been her religion; she had none other, and she performed her devotions bravely and cheerily, in the light of day. The poor old fetich had been so caressed and manipulated, so thrust in and out of its niche, so passed from hand to hand, so dressed and undressed, so mumbled and fumbled over, that it had lost by this time much of its early freshness, and seemed a rather battered and disfeatured divinity. But it was still brought forth in moments of trouble to have its tinseled petticoat twisted about and be set up on its altar. Rowland observed that Mrs. Light had a genuine maternal conscience; she considered that she had been performing a sacred duty in bringing up Christina to set her cap for a prince, and when the future looked dark she found consolation in thinking that destiny could never have the heart to deal a blow at so deserving a person. This conscience upside down presented to Rowland's fancy a real physical image; he was on the point, half a dozen times, of bursting out laughing.

"I don't know whether you believe in presentiments," said Mrs. Light, "and I don't care! I have had one for the last fifteen years. People have laughed at it, but they have n't laughed me out of it. It has been everything to me. I could n't have lived without it. One must believe in something! It came to me in a flash, when Christina was five years old. I remember the day and the place, as if it were yesterday. She was a very ugly baby; for the first two years I could hardly bear to look at her, and I used to spoil my own looks with crying about her. She had an Italian nurse who was very fond of her and insisted that she would grow up pretty. I could n't believe her; I used to contradict her, and we were forever squabbling. I was just a little silly in those days — surely I may say it now — and I was very fond of being amused. If my daughter was ugly, it was not that she resembled her mamma; I had no lack of amusement. People accused me, I believe, of neglecting my little girl; if it was so, I 've made up for it since. One day I went to drive on the Pincio in very low spirits. A trusted friend had greatly disappointed me. While I was there he passed me in a carriage, driving with a horrible woman who had made trouble between us. I got out of my carriage to walk about, and at last sat down on a bench. I can show you the spot at this hour. While I sat there a child came wandering along the path — a little girl of four or five, very fantastically dressed in crimson and orange. She stopped in front of me and stared at me, and I stared at her queer little dress, which was a cheap imitation of the costume of one of these *contadine*. At last I looked up at her face, and said to myself, 'Bless me, what a beautiful child! what a splendid pair of eyes, what a magnificent head of hair! If my poor Christina were only like that!' The child turned away slowly, but looking back with its eyes fixed on me. All of a sudden I gave a cry, pounced on it, pressed it in my arms, and covered it with kisses. It *was* Christina, my own precious child, so disguised by the ridiculous dress which the nurse had amused herself in making for her, that her own mother had not recognized her. She knew me, but she said afterwards that she had not spoken to me because I looked so angry. Of course my face was sad. I rushed with my child to the carriage, drove home post-haste, pulled off her rags, and, as I may say, wrapped her in cotton; I had been blind, I had been insane; she was a creature in ten millions, she was to be a beauty of beauties, a priceless treasure! Every day, after that, the certainty grew. From that time I lived only for my daughter. I watched her, I caressed her from morning till night, I worshiped her. I went to see doctors about her, I took every sort of advice. I was determined she should be perfection. The things that have been done for that girl, sir — you would n't believe them; they would make you smile! Nothing was spared; if I had been told that she must have a bath every morning of molten pearls, I would have

found means to give it to her. She never raised a finger for herself, she breathed nothing but perfumes, she walked upon velvet. She never was out of my sight, and from that day to this I have never said a sharp word to her. By the time she was ten years old she was beautiful as an angel, and so noticed wherever we went that I had to make her wear a veil, like a woman of twenty. Her hair reached down to her feet; her hands were the hands of a princess. Then I saw that she was as clever as she was beautiful, and that she had only to play her cards. She had masters, professors, every educational advantage. They told me she was a little prodigy. She speaks French, Italian, German, better than most natives. She has a wonderful genius for music, and might make her fortune as a pianist, if it was not made for her otherwise! I traveled all over Europe; every one told me she was a marvel. The director of the opera in Paris saw her dance at a child's party at Spa, and offered me an enormous sum if I would give her up to him and let him have her educated for the ballet. I said, 'No, I thank you, sir; she is meant to be something finer than a *princesse de théâtre*.' I had a passionate belief that she might marry absolutely whom she chose, that she might be a princess out and out. It has never left me till this hour, and I can assure you that it has sustained me in many embarrassments. Financial, some of them; I don't mind confessing it! I've raised money on that girl's face! I've taken her to the Jews and bade her put up her veil, and asked if the mother of that young lady was not safe! She, of course, was too young to understand me. And yet, as a child, you would have said she knew what was in store for her; before she could read, she had the manners, the tastes, the instincts of a little princess. She would have nothing to do with shabby things or shabby people; if she stained one of her frocks, she was seized with a kind of frenzy and tore it to pieces. At Nice, at Baden, at Brighton, wherever we stayed, she used to be sent for by all the great people to play with their children. She has played at kissing-games with people who now stand on the steps of thrones! I have gone so far as to think at times that those childish kisses were the pledge of a manifest destiny. You may laugh at me if you like, but have n't such things happened again and again without half as good a cause, and does n't history notoriously repeat itself? There was a little Spanish girl at a second-rate English boarding-school thirty years ago! . . . The empress certainly is a pretty woman; but what is my Christina, pray? I've dreamt of it, sometimes every night for a month. I won't tell you I have been to consult those old women who advertise in the newspapers; you'll call me an old imbecile. Imbecile if you please! I've refused magnificent offers because I believed that somehow or other — if wars and revolutions were needed to bring it about — we should have nothing less than *that*. There might be another *coup d'état* somewhere, and another brilliant young sovereign looking out for a wife! At last, however," Mrs. Light proceeded with incomparable gravity, "since the overturning of the poor king of Naples and that charming queen, and the expulsion of all those dear little old-fashioned Italian grand-dukes, and the dreadful radical talk that is going on all over the world, it has come to seem to me that with Christina in such a position I should be really very nervous. Even in such a position she would hold her head very high, and if anything should happen to her, she would make no concessions to the popular fury. The best thing, if one is prudent, seems to be a nobleman of the highest possible rank, short of belonging to a reigning stock. There you see one striding up and down, looking at his watch, and counting the minutes till my daughter reappears!"

Rowland listened to all this with a huge compassion for the heroine of the tale. What an education, what a history, what a school of character and of morals! He looked at the prince and thought of the classic French ejaculation, "Oh, le bon billet qu'a La Châtre!" "I certainly hope you'll keep him," he said

to Mrs. Light. "You have played a dangerous game with your daughter; it would be a pity not to win. But there is hope for you yet; here she comes at last!"

Christina reappeared as he spoke these words, strolling beside her companion with the same indifferent tread with which she had departed. Rowland imagined that there was a faint pink flush in her cheek which she had not carried away with her, and there was certainly a light in Roderick's eyes which he had not seen there for a week.

"Bless my soul, how they are all looking at us!" she cried, as they advanced. "One would think we were prisoners of the Inquisition!" And she paused and glanced from the prince to her mother, and from Rowland to the Cavaliere, and then threw back her head and burst into far-ringing laughter. "What is it, pray? Have I been very improper? Am I ruined forever? Dear prince, you are looking at me as if I had committed the unpardonable sin!"

"I myself," said the prince, "would never have ventured to ask you to walk with me alone in the country, for an hour!"

"The more fool you, dear prince, as the vulgar say! Our walk has been charming. I hope you, on your side, have enjoyed each other's society."

"My dear daughter," said Mrs. Light, taking the arm of her predestined son-in-law, "I shall have something serious to say to you when we reach home. We will go back to the carriage."

"Something serious! Decidedly, it *is* the Inquisition. Mr. Hudson, stand firm, and let us agree to make no confessions without conferring previously with each other! They may put us on the rack first. Mr. Mallet, I see also," Christina added, "has something serious to say to me!"

Rowland had been looking at her with the shadow of his lately-stirred pity in his eyes. "Possibly," he said. "But it must be for some other time."

"I 'm at your service. I see our good-humor 's gone. And I only wanted to be amiable! It 's very discouraging. Cavaliere, you, only, look as if you had a little of the milk of human kindness left; from your venerable visage, at least; there is no telling what you think. Give me your arm and take me away!"

The party took its course back to the carriage, which was waiting in the grounds of the villa, and Rowland and Roderick bade their friends farewell. Christina threw herself back in her seat and closed her eyes; a manœuvre for which Rowland imagined the prince was grateful, as it enabled him to look at her without seeming to depart from his attitude of distinguished disapproval.

Rowland found himself aroused from sleep early the next morning, to see Roderick standing before him, dressed for departure, with his bag in his hand. "I 'm off," he said. "I 'm back to work. I 've got an idea. I must strike while the iron 's hot! Farewell!" And he departed by the first train. Rowland went alone by the next.

Henry James, Jr.

TRANSITION.

A CLASH of human tongues within
  Made the bright room a dreary jail;
Dull webs of talk the idle spin
  Turned all its glow and color pale.

Outside, the peaceful sunset sky
  Was burning, deepening with the night;

One great star, glittering still and high,
  Sent o'er the sea its track of light.

And wearily I spoke, and heard
  An empty echo of reply,
Fretting like some imprisoned bird
  That longs to break its cage and fly;

When suddenly the din seemed stilled,
  Rarer the air so dense before;
A mystic rapture warmed and thrilled
  My heart, and I was dull no more.

Joy stole to me with sweet surmise,
  With sense of some unmeasured good;
There was no need to lift my eyes
  To know who on the threshold stood,

More splendid than the brilliant night
  That looked in at the window-pane,
Welcome as to parched fields the light,
  Refreshing touch of summer rain!

She moved with recognition sweet,
  She bowed with courtesy calm and kind,
As graceful as the waving wheat
  That bends before the summer wind.

Swift sped the step of lagging time,
  As if a breeze of morning blew;
Clear as the ring of Chaucer's rhyme
  The vapid, idle talking grew!

I heard her rich tones sounding through
  The many voices like a strain
Of lofty music, strong and true,
  And perfect joy was mine again.

I did not seek her radiant face,
  Bright as spring light when winter dies,
But warm across the crowded space
  I felt the gaze of noble eyes;

And in that glorious look, at last,
  I seemed like one with sins forgiven,
With all life's pain and sorrow passed,
  Entering the open gates of heaven!

Celia Thaxter.

POLITICAL RESULTS FROM THE VARIOLOID.

A LEAF OF HISTORY.

I DO not think that any nation was ever, within one single sixth of a century, brought face to face with two questions of more gigantic import, or more embarrassing to unravel, than those which within the last fifteen years have presented themselves to our nation for solution. Two questions: the first already solved rather for us than by us; solved by the appointment of God and the wrath of one portion of our population, far more than by the design or the wisdom of the other portion.

For nearly a century we had been trying, originally against our own will, and under protest,[1] an experiment which ultimately failed, because it ought never to have succeeded. Engaged in founding a vast government on the public will, we had sought to reconcile irreconcilable things. Fifteen years ago we had reached a point at which twenty millions of our people were existing under one system, industrial and social, ten millions under another. The twenty millions were still seeking to carry out a declaration made eighty-four years before, touching the equal creation and inalienable rights of man. The ten millions consisted, in nearly equal proportions, of two races: one the descendants of voluntary immigrants who had come to America seeking freedom in a foreign land; the other deriving their blood from ancestors who had been brought hither in chains and been sold as chattels. To these forced immigrants and their descendants laws had denied the rights of property, of marriage, of family, of education, of self-defense, even of self-ownership; the master-race had lived by their labor.

The experiment which we had been trying was whether, over social and industrial elements thus discordant, a republican government could be successfully maintained.

Our long, vain dream that it could be was to be terribly broken; the war-tempest burst upon us at last. Yet it raged for months, even for a year or two, ere we discerned its mission. When our people, in April, 1861, vindicating their Saxon ancestry, deserted farm and workshop at a day's warning, they entered the field as sturdy patriots, not as far-seeing reformers. For them the constitution stood in the place occupied under the monarchical system by the sovereign in person, and they had been taught that this supreme object of their loyalty commanded, "Hands off slavery!" Thus they fought, conscience-shackled; "building better than they knew."

Unfamiliar with the law of war, it was long before they saw clearly that, as the Southern claims to "service and labor" — claims imminently threatening the integrity of the Union — had become enemies' claims, we had a legal right to confiscate them; in other words, to liberate four millions of people. But light came at last. After four years of desperate struggle, at the cost of three hundred

[1] "The inhabitants of Virginia . . . had again and again passed laws restraining the importation of negroes from Africa; but their laws were disallowed. . . . The king in council, on the 10th day of December, 1770, issued an instruction under his own hand, commanding the governor 'under pain of the highest displeasure to assent to no law by which the importation of slaves should be, in any respect, prohibited or obstructed.' . . . Virginia . . . resolved to address the king himself, . . . and these were the words: 'The importation of slaves into the colonies from the coast of Africa hath long been considered as a trade of great inhumanity, and, under its present encouragement, we have too much reason to fear, will endanger the very existence of your Majesty's American dominions.' . . . Thousands in Maryland and in New Jersey were ready to adopt a similar petition; so were the legislatures of North Carolina, of Pennsylvania, of New York. Massachusetts, in its towns and in its legislature, unceasingly combated the condition, as well as the sale, of slaves." (Bancroft's History of the United States, vol. vi., pp. 413-415.)

thousand lives and three thousand millions of treasure, we had solved the first of the two portentous questions that imperiled the national existence, and we saw our way out. By constitutional amendment we abolished slavery.[1]

But when we stood, victors, on the hither side of the war-gulf, dark and discouraging still was the outlook! There confronted us the second of the two fateful questions, clamoring for solution; a question scarcely less threatening than the first, and even more intricate; for it demanded statesmanship to restore peace — a thing harder to find than generalship to conduct war.

The situation was without a parallel in history. A century-old domestic system for ten millions of people had been forcibly broken up. A conquered nation, exhausted and exasperated, almost reduced to anarchy, needing a reconstruction of society, neither in nor out of the Federal Union, awaited our action. A race of men outnumbering four millions, bondmen for generations past, had suddenly become freemen; our duties to them were imminent and bounden. Then we had our own prejudices and enmities to conquer, and the vicious woe-to-the-conquered sentiment to eradicate from our hearts. Was ever problem more vast or more delicate presented to a national legislature?

Throughout the winter of 1865–66 I had watched, with anxious interest and with some misgivings, the doings of Congress and of her reconstruction committee.[2] This committee had made no sign except a "partial report," on January 20, 1866, in these words: —

"Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within the Union according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed. *Provided* that whenever the elective franchise shall be denied or abridged in any State on account of race or color, all persons of such race or color shall be excluded from the basis of representation."

Nothing more from them during February and March. The principle above set forth was doubtless just and proper, as far as it went; but it touched not the substance of the great problem.

I became restless under this delay. As chairman, during 1863, of a government commission appointed to inquire into the condition of the American freedmen, I had studied the character and the probable future of the negro. I had recognized in his race excellent qualities. I had found our colored population genial, emotional, ruled by the social affections; disposed to cheerfulness and mirth; devotional by feeling; with more humility, resignation under adversity, and trust in Divine Providence than the Anglo-Saxon; and above all, marvelously free from blood-thirstiness and ill-will toward their oppressors. But I had detected in them, also, grave failings and short-comings, partly of race, chiefly caused by the condition of servitude: extreme ignorance, of course, — and the ignorant are ever the prey or the tool of the iniquitous schemer; lack of self-reliance, and therefore constant liability to be misled; dim perceptions of property-rights, and therefore need of a training to honesty; deficiency of enterprise, of breadth of views and habits of generalization, and therefore small capability of taking a lead in the material improvement or in the political advancement of society.

Having, in a general way, made up my mind as to what was our ultimate duty toward this race, so long and so grievously oppressed, I had, as early as the spring of 1864, publicly expressed it thus:

"Three fourths of the States might not to-day, but ere long they will, pass some such amendment to the constitution as this: 'Slavery shall not be per-

[1] Namely, by Amendment XIII., approved February 1, 1865, and declared ratified December 18th of the same year.

[2] Appointed December, 1865, of fifteen members, namely: Senators Fessenden, Grimes, Harris, Howard, Johnson, and Williams; and Representatives Stevens of Pennsylvania, Washburne of Illinois, Morrill of Vermont, Grider of Kentucky, Bingham of Ohio, Conkling of New York, Boutwell of Massachusetts, Blow of Missouri, and Rogers of New Jersey.

mitted, and no discrimination shall be made as to the civil or political rights of persons because of color.' "[1]

Toward the close of March — the committee still inactive — I became, to borrow the Quaker term, greatly "exercised" in regard to this matter; and I visited Washington, resolved to do what in me lay toward the judicious settlement of so vital a question; not concealing from myself, however, that an outsider, intermeddling in congressional action, must make up his mind to encounter, from members, a certain amount of impatient opposition.

After sounding several of my personal acquaintances in the House and Senate, also Governor Morton [2] (not yet senator), I called, early one morning, on my friend Thad. Stevens (as we were wont to call him), then chairman, on the part of the House, of the reconstruction committee, and read to him the following, as my proposed amendment to the constitution: —

ARTICLE XIV.

SECTION 1. No discrimination shall be made by any State, nor by the United States, as to the civil rights of persons, because of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

SECTION 2. From and after the fourth day of July, eighteen hundred and seventy-six, no discrimination shall be made by any State nor by the United States, as to the enjoyment, by classes of persons, of the right of suffrage, because of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

SECTION 3. Until the fourth day of July, eighteen hundred and seventy-six, no class of persons, as to the right of any of whom to suffrage discrimination shall be made by any State, because of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, shall be included in the basis of representation.

SECTION 4. Debts incurred in aid of insurrection, or of war against the Union, and claims of compensation for loss of involuntary service or labor, shall not be paid by any State nor by the United States.

SECTION 5. Congress shall have power to enforce, by appropriate legislation, the provisions of this article.

"Read that to me again," said Stevens, when I had concluded. I did so, and inquired if he had an hour to spare.

"I have nothing half so important to do as to attend to this. Take your own time."

Then I set before him, succinctly, the chief reasons for the policy embodied in my amendment. "The freedmen," I said, "ought to be regarded as the wards of the Federal government."

Stevens. — Our very first duty is to them. Let the cursed rebels lie on the bed they have made.

Myself. — But we cannot separate the interests and the fate of the negro from those of the planter. If we chafe and sour the whites of the South, the blacks must necessarily suffer thereby.

Stevens. — Is that your reason for proposing prospective suffrage?

Myself. — Not the chief reason. The fact that the negro is, for the present, unprepared wisely to use the right of suffrage, and, still more, incapable of legislating with prudence, is not less a fact because it has occurred through no fault of his. We must think and act for him as he is, and not as, but for life-long servitude, he would have been. We seclude minors from political rights, not because they are unworthy, but because, for the time, they are incapable. So of foreigners; we grant them the privileges of citizenship only after five years' probation.

Stevens. — I hate to delay full justice so long.

Myself. — Consider if it be not for the freedman's welfare and good name that he should be kept away from the duties and responsibilities of political life until he shall have been, in a measure,

[1] Wrong of Slavery and Right of Emancipation, pp. 197, 198. (By Robert Dale Owen. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1864.)

[2] My plan, which I fully discussed with him, met his approval.

prepared to fulfill these with credit to himself and advantage to the public service. He thirsts after education, and will have it if we but give him a chance, and if we don't call him away from the school-room to take a seat which he is unfitted to fill in a legislative chamber. If he occupies such a seat prematurely — perhaps before he can read a word of the constitution — and becomes a nuisance or a laughing-stock, we, in case we mismanage our African wards, ought to bear the blame.

Stevens. — You seem to take it for granted that as soon as the negro is admitted to political rights, he will set up as legislator.

Myself. — In South Carolina and Mississippi the blacks outnumber the whites;[1] and in Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, and Florida, the numbers approach equality.[2] The negro can count, if only on his fingers; and knows well enough when he has the power. Are we reasonable if we expect from uncultured freedmen self-restraint and abnegation of political aspirings which we never find among ourselves?

Stevens. — If the negroes don't rule, impenitent traitors will. Is n't that as bad?

Myself. — I think not; and if either are to make a mess of it and lose character, I 'd rather it should be the planters.

Stevens. — But if they dictate the laws, what security have the freedmen against outrage and virtual return to slavery?

Myself. — This. We shall have invested them, beyond repeal by law, with political rights, if it be prospectively only; and their former masters will feel that they have now to deal with men who, in a few years, will be able to control elections, make governors and congressmen, and confer office on whom they please.[3]

Stevens picked up my manuscript, looked it carefully over, and then, in his impulsive way, said: "I 'll be plain with you, Owen. We 've had nothing before us that comes anywhere near being as good as this, or as complete. It would be likely to pass, too; that 's the best of it. We have n't a majority, either in our committee or in Congress, for immediate suffrage; and I don't believe the States have yet advanced so far that they would be willing to ratify it. I 'll lay that amendment of yours before our committee to-morrow, if you say so; and I 'll do my best to put it through."

I thanked him cordially, but suggested that, before he did so, it would perhaps be well that I should see Senator Fessenden and other prominent members of the reconstruction committee on the subject; to which he assented.

Then I laid before him, as supplement to my Article XIV., the following draft of a joint resolution to amend the constitution and to provide for the restoration to the States lately in insurrection of their full political rights: —

"*Whereas*, It is expedient that the States lately in insurrection should, at the earliest day consistent with the future peace and safety of the Union, be restored to full political rights, therefore

"*Be it resolved*, etc., That the following article be proposed to the several States as an amendment to the constitution, etc." (Here my proposed Article XIV. was set forth at length.)

"*And be it further resolved*, That whenever the above-recited amendment shall have become part of the constitution, and any State lately in insurrection shall have ratified the same and shall have modified its constitution and laws in conformity with the first section thereof, then and in that case all laws, or parts of laws, confiscating the property of any

[1] According to the census of 1860 South Carolina had whites, 291,388, and colored, 412,320; while Mississippi had whites, 353,901, and colored, 437,404.

[2] Louisiana, whites, 357,629; colored, 350,373. Alabama, whites, 526,431; colored, 437,770. Georgia, whites, 591,588; colored, 467,693. Florida, whites, 77,748; colored, 62,677.

[3] I made memoranda, at the time, of the arguments to be used with Stevens and others on this subject; and these, with many details touching this matter, I have preserved; so that I am enabled to state that the above conversation is narrated substantially as it occurred.

of the inhabitants of such State, or imposing on any of them pains, penalties, and disabilities because of their participation in the late insurrection, shall be deemed and held to be repealed and of no effect, so far as the said inhabitants are concerned. And the senators and representatives from such State, if found duly elected and qualified, shall, after taking the usual oath of office, be admitted as such. *Provided* that no person who, having been an officer in the army or navy of the United States, or having been a member of the thirty-sixth Congress or of the Cabinet in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty, did afterwards take part in the late insurrection, shall be eligible to either branch of the national legislature until after the fourth day of July, 1876."

Stevens flared up at this. "That will never do! Far too lenient. It would be dangerous to let these fellows off on such easy terms."

I reminded him that if the ex-rebel States (as they surely would) postponed negro suffrage till 1876, then, according to the third section of my article, instead of *sixty-six* representatives in Congress (as under the apportionment then in force), they would be entitled, under a purely white basis of representation, to *forty-two* representatives only. "Surely," said I, "you can manage that number, even if they should happen to be ultra secessionists."

"Perhaps we could," replied Stevens. "But you forget the Senate. The eleven insurrectionary States would be entitled to their twenty-two senators, suffrage or no suffrage."

I admitted the force of this; and I failed to bring him over to my views of a clement policy. He had been terribly stirred up, like so many others, by the assassination of Lincoln, and he was ruled by an embittered feeling toward the South.

I found Senator Fessenden, who was chairman of the reconstruction committee on the part of the Senate, the very reverse of Stevens. Cold, deliberate, dispassionate, cautious, he heard me patiently, but with scarcely a remark. At the close, while assenting to the importance of the subject, he withheld any opinion as to my amendment; asked me to leave the manuscript with him, said he would give it careful attention and would be glad to see me again. When, two days later, I called upon him, he told me, in guarded and general terms, that he thought well of my proposal, as the best that had yet been presented to their committee. Washburne (E. B.) agreed to my amendment, with some enthusiasm. Conkling approved it. So, strongly, did Senator Howard. So, in a general way, did Boutwell. So, qualifiedly, did Bingham, observing, however, that he thought the first section ought to specify, in detail, the civil rights which we proposed to assure; he had a favorite section of his own on that subject. All the republican members of the committee received the proposal more or less favorably. The democrats held back.

Stevens adhered strictly to his promise. He submitted my amendment to the committee, frankly avowed his approval of it as the fittest measure to meet the case, faithfully pressed its consideration, perseveringly exerting to that end the great influence which, as the oldest member, and one among the most respected members, of the House, he possessed. He had about him none of that petty jealousy which is wont to deter selfish men from earnest advocacy of a measure, because they may have had nothing to do in preparing it. He was rough in expression, had strong prejudices, and was sometimes harsh in his judgments; but he was genuine to the core, upright and patriotic beyond the reach of sinister motive, inflexible and enthusiastic of purpose in the right; above all, he was a stanch friend of the poor and the oppressed, and benevolent at heart, despite outward severity. The public has learned to value in him these last noble qualities since it has become recently known that (with reservation of a few small bequests) his entire estate, valued at from a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, goes by will to found an asylum for orphans; no

distinction to be made because of denomination, race, or color.

I called on Charles Sumner. "I cannot vote for this amendment," he said frankly; "it contains a tacit recognition that the ex-slaveholders have a right to withhold suffrage from the freedmen for ten years longer."

I repeated to him the arguments which I had laid before Stevens. He listened attentively, but they produced no effect upon him. "It is a question of abstract principle," he said, "not of expediency."

"Do you believe," I asked, "that an amendment providing for immediate suffrage can pass this session, or even the next?"

"Probably not, this session; and it may be several years before it does. If so, let the responsibility rest on those who reject it."

"But, in the mean time, the negro will not have the protection even of a prospective right."

"I shall be sorry if that prove so," answered Sumner. "I think no one feels the wrongs of the negro more strongly than I do. But not even to mitigate his sufferings for the time can I consent to palter with the right, or to violate a great principle. I must do my whole duty, without looking to consequences."

I saw that it was useless to say more. Admiring the inflexibility of the man, I held to my opinion that he did not take a practical view of this question. With his colleague, Senator Wilson, I was more successful. He heartily approved the amendment, and said he hoped, for the country's sake, that it would pass.

During the next two or three weeks I saw Stevens from time to time. "I am not yet at liberty," he said, "to tell you just what has passed in committee; but be assured that it is coming out all right, and that I am neglecting nothing to forward it." I was greatly encouraged.

On Sunday, April 22, a vague rumor reached me that my amendment had, by the committee, been adopted and ordered to be reported to Congress; but as, in the next day's proceedings, I could find no reference to it, I supposed that there was a mistake.

On Sunday morning, April 29, I found published the plan proposed by the committee, which was reported next day to Congress. It had evidently been hurriedly thrown together, and it contained no reference whatever to negro suffrage, present or prospective. Greatly vexed, I called on my friend Stevens for an explanation. "So that was all labor lost?" said I.

"Yes," replied Stevens hotly; "but not by my vote. Don't imagine that I sanction the shilly-shally, bungling thing that I shall have to report to the House to-morrow."

"But how came it?"

"It 's all over now, so I need not conceal the particulars." And this is what he told me.

The amendment had been elaborately debated in committee, the deliberations upon it running through several sessions; then it was taken up section by section, each section being discussed and separately voted on. With some unimportant verbal alterations it had been, on April 18, adopted; but that vote was reconsidered, to give time for further reflection and amendment. Finally on Saturday, April 21, the vote was a second time taken on the plan as a whole, was carried, and it was ordered to be reported to Congress on Monday, the 23d.

"It was actually ordered to be reported?" I exclaimed.

"Certainly," said he, "on Washburne's motion. It got every republican vote in the committee except one. We rose to depart."

"And then?"

"Ah, then! Fessenden happened to be absent from our sitting that day, sick of the varioloid, but was reported convalescent. As we were about to leave the room, some one suggested that he would probably be well in a few days, and that it would seem a lack of courtesy if the most important report of the session should be made without his agency. I had it on the tip of my tongue to say that we ought not to delay the presen-

tation of a great public measure, for a mere matter of form; but I bethought me that, being myself chairman on the part of the House, it would seem uncivil in me to the Senate chairman. So I let it pass, thinking that a few days would make no difference. God forgive me for my folly!"

"But what happened?"

"Our action on your amendment had, it seems, got noised abroad. In the course of last week the members from New York, from Illinois, and from your State too, Owen, — from Indiana, — held, each separately, a caucus to consider whether equality of suffrage, present or prospective, ought to form a part of the republican programme for the coming canvass. They were afraid, so some of them told me, that if there was 'a nigger in the wood-pile' at all (that was the phrase), it would be used against them as an electioneering handle, and some of them — hang their cowardice! — might lose their elections. By inconsiderable majorities each of these caucuses decided that negro suffrage, in any shape, ought to be excluded from the platform; and they communicated these decisions to us. Our committee had n't backbone enough to maintain its ground. Yesterday the vote on your plan was reconsidered, your amendment was laid on the table, and in the course of the next three hours we contrived to patch together — well, what you 've read this morning."

I was silent, thinking to myself how often, in this riddle of a world, results of the most momentous import turn on what seem to us the veriest trifles. But, mortified as I was, I could not help smiling when Stevens, after his characteristic fashion, burst forth, "*Damn the varioloid! It changed the whole policy of the country.*"

It remains to supplement this narrative of facts by reminding the reader that nothing was done in the way of granting suffrage to the negro for four years after the above events occurred. On the 30th of March, 1870, was declared adopted the fifteenth amendment to the constitution, providing that the right to vote "shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude."

During the interval — that is, for about two fifths of the ten years' probation which I had proposed — we had nothing better (beyond the mere abolition of slavery) than the present fourteenth amendment, so disparagingly characterized by Stevens. It embodies, substantially, —

SECTION 1. A declaration who is a citizen: unnecessary, if we had given suffrage to the negro; since there could be no possible doubt that an elector, native-born, is a citizen of the United States. Also a specification of the particular civil rights to be assured: out of place, I think, in a constitutional amendment, though necessary and proper in a civil rights bill.

SECTION 2. The same provision which I have above recited as reported by the committee on January 20, only much more clumsily worded; the express enactment being that when the right to vote was denied or abridged by any State to any of the adult males thereof, "the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years old in such State," — a proportion which could not be ascertained except by taking, at the time of such denial, a special census of the inhabitants within the State. My proposal could have been worked out without any difficulty; it being practically this, that if South Carolina, for example, denied suffrage to a single negro, her basis of representation should be reduced, if prior to publication of the census of 1870, by 412,320; if after such publication, then by the total colored population of South Carolina, according to that later census.

But a much graver objection still lies against the above provision. The enactment declares that if the right to vote for president, congressmen, or State representatives by any of the adult males in a State is "in any way abridged," the basis of representation shall be reduced accordingly. This is, in fact, to

impose a penalty on any State which sees fit to make the ability to read, or the payment of a poll-tax, or any similar restriction, a qualification of suffrage. If this was not intended, the clause is a gross blunder, and the wording should have been, as I had it, that no discrimination shall be made on account of color; if it was intended, then it is a reversal of a policy sanctioned by the framers of the constitution (Art. I., Sect. 2; Art. II., Sect. 1) and ever since held inviolate, namely, that each State shall have the right to determine the qualifications of its electors. It seems probable that it was *not* intended, or else that public opinion ignores it; seeing that, while various States have abridged suffrage by imposing qualifications,[1] no attempt has been made, or is likely to be made, to ascertain how many adult males are thereby excluded, or to deduct, proportionately, from the basis of representation in these States.

SECTION 3. A denial of the right to suffrage and to office of all persons who, having previously held office and taken an oath to support the constitution, did afterwards engage in rebellion or give aid and comfort to the enemy: certainly out of place in a constitution, since such penalties, made repealable by law, should, if needed, have been imposed by law. But aside from this, it was in my judgment a measure of wholesale exclusion, injudicious and unstatesmanlike; even — to take a lower view of it — very impolitic. Why so odious and galling a measure, excluding, not only from Federal offices but from State offices also, every man whom the South had thought worthy of such office, and who did not desert her? To what practical end? The number of Southern representatives in Congress was the important thing, not the shade of opinion held by each individual. In truth, the frank, outspoken opponent was the least dangerous. And after all, the North, for a decade at least, had to depend on her own votes.

SECTION 4. Similar to mine, except that it contains the very superfluous declaration that the Federal government, remaining honest, shall not question the validity of its own debts. In this article, too, crept into our constitution for the first time the word "slave;" studiously excluded throughout by its original framers.[2]

SECTION 5. The same as mine.[3]

[1] Here are a few examples. In the Pennsylvania constitution of 1875 the fourth qualification for an elector is: "If twenty-two years of age or upwards, he shall have paid within two years a State or county tax . . . at least one month before the election." (Art. VIII., Sect. 2.)

Massachusetts has a similar provision; and among the amendments to her constitution stands the following: —

"Article XX. No person shall have a right to vote, or be eligible to office, under the constitution of this commonwealth, who shall not be able to read the constitution in the English language and write his name." Ratified May 1, 1857. But this provision applies only to those who come of age, or enter the State, after the date of ratification.

Finally, in the constitution of Rhode Island (1842) we find a property qualification: an elector must own real estate to the amount of one hundred and thirty-four dollars without incumbrance, or its equivalent in other property. (Art. II., Sect. 1.)

[2] They were careful, even, so to word the article containing a provision for the surrender of fugitives from service and labor, as to exclude the idea that slavery was morally lawful. The provision, as originally reported to the convention, read thus: —

"No person *legally* held to service or labor in one State, escaping to another, shall," etc.

It was amended so as to read: "No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping," etc.

"This was done," says Madison, "in compliance with the wish of some who thought the term *legal* equivocal, and favoring the idea that slavery was legal in a moral view." (Madison Papers, vol. iii. p. 1589.)

It is doubtful whether, in strictness, the constitution recognized chattel slavery, or only tolerated claims to service or labor in the nature of dues or debts, or of what are technically called *choses in action*.

[3] For facility of reference, I here reproduce the text of this, the fourteenth amendment of the constitution.

SECTION 1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States, and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the law.

SECTION 2. Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed. But when the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President and Vice-President of the United States, representatives in Congress, the executive and judicial officers of a State, or the

The entire article, crude and verbose, bears abundant marks of its hasty composition. It is a thing very remarkable (though such short-comings are frequent in legislation), that after the reconstruction committee had suffered five months of the session to elapse without definite action in this matter, they should finally have spent but three hours in concocting and adopting their official report on a subject fraught with as much of good or ill to the future destiny of the nation as perhaps any other that was ever presented to an American Congress.

But for one deplorable national misfortune the issue might, I think, have been other than it was. I knew Abraham Lincoln well, and had so often conversed with him on similar topics that I feel assured I should have had his cordial and active aid on this occasion. Add to this that if that noble life had never been attempted by the assassin, the feeling in Congress and throughout the country would have been far less embittered than I found it; and the disposition would have been correspondingly greater to deal liberally with the insurrectionary States. But all this was not to be.

Under the light of the experience that has been gathering throughout the last nine years, and more especially in view of the present political condition in South Carolina, in Louisiana, and in other States with a large colored population, I have often — after seeking to divest myself, so far as one may, of selfish bias toward a favorite scheme — set about reflecting whether the policy of prospective suffrage was the wisest, and, under the circumstances, likely to have worked the best. I distrust my judgment in the matter: we are all dim-sighted where self is concerned. Yet it still seems to me that if the project had been another's I should have supported it heartily and lamented its failure. I have seen no cause to change the views which I expressed to Stevens and his fellow-committeemen: on the contrary, the actual results, political and financial, consequent upon legislation by illiterate and undisciplined negroes, misled by demagogues, have strongly confirmed what, at the outset, were anticipations only.

Nor should it be forgotten that if the time for negro suffrage to take effect had been postponed till July of next year, we should have had during the interim, and should still have, as representatives in Congress from the ex-insurrectionary States, but three fifths as many as now take their seats: surely an item of some importance.

As to the policy marked out in the joint resolution which I proposed, of clemently treating the South, though the reconstruction committee rejected it and though Congress would probably have voted it down, I am not convinced of its unwisdom. It was a terrible crime to levy war against a just government, in order to maintain and perpetuate human bondage; but terribly, also, had that crime been expiated. Our opponents lay prostrate, little needing acts of ours to add penal force to their deso-

members of the legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years of age, and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State.

SECTION 3. No person shall be a senator or representative in Congress, or elector of president and vice-president, or hold an office, civil or military, under the United States, or under any State, who, having previously taken an oath as a member of Congress, or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of any State legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any State, to support the constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid or comfort to the enemies thereof. But Congress may, by a vote of two thirds of each house, remove such disability.

SECTION 4. The validity of the public debt of the United States, authorized by law, including debts incurred for payment of pensions and bounties for service in suppressing insurrection or rebellion, shall not be questioned. But neither the United States nor any State shall assume or pay any debt or obligation incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion against the United States, or any claim for the loss or emancipation of any slave; but all such debts, obligations, and claims shall be held illegal and void.

SECTION 5. The Congress shall have power to enforce, by appropriate legislation, the provisions of this article

lation: never had a people, by their own acts, brought upon themselves more bitter retribution. Precautions it was our bounden duty to take; but to take in the way of defense, not in the spirit of requital. To avert evils in the future better befits a Christian people than to avenge injuries of the past.

I thought it a precautionary measure of vital moment, and not unduly severe, to exclude from the national legislature, during a decade, a few of the chief ring-leaders in the rebellion; to wit, those who had stepped from their posts as Federal officials to join the enemy. The list included, in the Cabinet, Howell Cobb, Jacob Thompson, and Floyd, the arch-traitor who, while yet Secretary of War, robbed the arsenals of the nation to place arms and ammunition in the hands of those who sought that nation's life; in the Senate, such names as Jefferson Davis, Slidell, Mason, Toombs, Benjamin, Hunter, and Yulee; in the House, sixty-six influential politicians, almost all of whom probably owed their elections to their secession proclivities. The entire list embraced more than a hundred persons — the very soul of the insurrectionary movement. These shut out from Congress, I thought then, as I think still, we might take our chance with the remainder. Coupled, as in my proposal the above provision was, with the repeal of all confiscatory laws, I believe the Southern people would have felt that, in going only so far as this, we had treated them with clemency.

It was of moment that they should feel thus toward us. The sword conquers — it does not convince; and the vanquished are not wont to love the victors. It was gravely important that sectional exasperation should not, by any act of ours, be kept alive among those who had been lately our enemies in war, and were now, in peace, our friends. Exasperation, in such a case, when self-control is lacking, breeds outrage; and there is danger that the victors, taking short cuts to repress outrage, may overstep constitutional bounds. There is temptation to resort to enforcement acts; temptation to clothe our chief magistrate with extraordinary and dangerous powers; for example, with permission to suspend, at his discretion, the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*, even in advance of overt act. It would be lamentable if it should prove that negro suffrage, granted without probationary novitiate, can be maintained only at cost of time-honored safeguards of liberty, and by despotic exercise of executive will. Conciliation, on fitting occasion, is not weakness; it may be an element of strength; and we need from the South more than the consenting act, a consenting mind also.

And here again I have not a doubt that — but for the dread bereavement which had then recently overtaken us — the gentlest and truest heart that ever cared for a nation's welfare would have cordially approved and sustained some such lenient scheme as I had proposed. We have recent testimony, from an unimpeachable source, disclosing what Abraham Lincoln's policy toward the deluded secessionists was, as expressed on the very last day of his life. On the 14th of January last, Mr. Frederick Seward, son of the late Secretary, narrated, in the New York Assembly, what passed during the Cabinet meeting which was held on the fatal April 14, 1865; he himself having, on account of his father's illness, been present as his representative, on that occasion. He tells us that the president, "in that terse and homely mode of speech, the memory of which still lingers pleasantly in the hearts of the American people," said, "We can't undertake to run State governments in these Southern States. *Their people must do that*, though I reckon at first they may do it badly." And Mr. Seward adds, "Secretary Stanton produced some sheets of paper on which he had drafted the outlines of a plan of reconstruction, embodying the president's views. . . . In substance it was that the treasury department should take possession of the custom-houses, and proceed to collect the revenues; that the war department should garrison or destroy the forts, take possession of arms, etc.; that the navy department should

occupy the harbors and take possession of navy-yards, ships, and ordnance; that the interior department should send out its surveyors, land and Indian agents, and set them to work; that the Postmaster-General should reopen his post-offices, and the Attorney-General reëstablish the Federal courts: in short, that the machinery of the United States government should be set in motion, its laws vigorously enforced, and all domestic violence or insurrection be suppressed; *but the public authorities and private citizens should remain unmolested, unless found in actual hostility to the government of the Union*. . . . That night Abraham Lincoln passed from earth." [1]

[1] The entire speech from which these extracts, slightly abridged, are taken appeared in The Albany Journal of January 15, 1875.

It little avails, with the inexorable past behind us, to speculate on what might have been. But if that great and good man whose last address to the people who loved him breathed "malice toward none, charity to all," had lived to assist at the coming celebration of the republic's hundredth birthday, he might perhaps have been called on, in Philadelphia as at Gettysburg, to harangue the assembled multitude; and he might perhaps — who knows? — have had to announce, to a country less distracted than ours to-day, that henceforth, the war-fever over and justice and mercy prevailing, there should be no longer forever among us either political proscription or political exclusion; but for all, without limit of section or race, universal amnesty and universal suffrage.

Robert Dale Owen.

"FOLDED HANDS."

(THE STORY OF A PICTURE.)

MADONNA eyes looked at him from the air,
  But never from the picture. Still he painted.
The hovering halo would not touch the hair,
  The patient saint still stared at him — unsainted.

Day after day flashed by in flower and frost;
  Night after night, how fast the stars kept burning
His little light away, till all was lost! —
  All, save the bitter sweetness of his yearning.

Slowly he saw his work: it was not good.
  Ah, hopeless hope! Ah, fiercely-dying passion!
"I am no painter," moaned he as he stood,
  With folded hands in death's unconscious fashion

"Stand as you are, an instant!" some one cried.
  He felt the voice of a diviner brother.
The man who *was* a painter, at his side,
  Showed how his folded hands could serve another.

Ah, strange, sad world, where Albert Dürer takes
  The hands that Albert Dürer's friend has folded,
And with their helpless help such triumph makes! —
  Strange, since both men of kindred dust were molded.

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

BORING FOR OIL.

THERE needs no skill of ready pen or graphic pencil to portray the Land of the Lamp — kerosene — to dwellers in Western Pennsylvania, or to the Eastern strangers who came thither to seek fortune at the bottom of a well. Too often, alas! she was missing at the "third sand-rock," and they had naught but a "dry hole" to show for their trouble; but at least the strangers carried away with them memories of a singularly wild and picturesque country. Doubtless Berks's fertile plains were dearer than ever to the Dutchman who had been beguiled into transporting oil and oil equipments over Venango's steep and barren hills. Hills they are to Pennsylvanians, but mountains to easy-going Marylanders, or to the "smart" Western Yankees from Ohio, who look upon the face of the earth as a race-course, and consider the slightest elevation of surface an abnormal and undesirable development.

"I say!" called out a traveler, drawing rein beside a dilapidated old stone farm-house.

The master of the house slowly made his way to the front door. "If it 's the road to the oil-well you want, it 's straight over the hill."

"We have been there before, thank you; I want to know the name of that mountain," in clear, curt, decisive tones. A city lawyer, one would say, from tone and manner, used to make his questions go straight to the point. Plain as his request had been, the words seemed to miss their mark, for the man only looked at him with a blank stare.

"I said," — the lawyer raised his voice in case his hearer should be deaf, — "I asked you what was the name of that mountain?" The traveler pointed across the gleaming river to the steep crag that loomed up, darkly purple against the pale green of the evening sky.

"*That!* A mountain, d 'ye say, mister? I don't know nothin' 'bout mountains; we don't hev sich lifts in these parts; but if it 's that little rise ye want to know 'bout, I 've seen that hill every day since ever I kin mind seein', an' I never heard it called a thing but Woolly-Creek Hill, till a stranger chap took it into his head to ask if 't was n't a mountain!"

"Sharp, the old fellow was, was n't he?" said the gentleman to his companion, with a laugh, as he urged his horses forward. "I ought to have known better than to call that peak a mountain; only the Alleghany range has that title here. But I wonder what kind of idea our friend has of a mountain?"

"Nothing lower than five miles admitted to the royal circle," returned the other. "I think he might find the Himalayas tame."

And truly, "mountain" is a misnomer, for the lofty, darkling aspect of the hills comes less from actual height than from abrupt inclination. Some rivers flow broad and calm through fertile, smiling valleys, whence the hills slowly lift themselves in successive ranges, bluer as they rise, the loftiest one tint deeper than the clouds that flit above; and the whole landscape, seen from the river-bank, suggests the profanely prosaic idea of a company of school-children marshaled on a platform, the babies in front and the big boys and girls behind. Other rivers have no broad borders; the line of green that runs on either side is the merest ribbon in the world; and the hills stand dark and grim, full of water-worn caverns and unearthly echoes. Here is no holiday parade; say, rather, the grave, stern, expectant look of veteran soldiers ready for the battle.

To the latter class of streams does the Alleghany belong; and it is among such sentinel hills that speculators seek what they call "oil territory;" changed, by easy transmutation, into "turritory." Many are the theories of such specu-

lators: now the best oil sites are on the hill-tops; now it is useless to buy land anywhere save in a valley, and then the favored tracts lie only within a certain limit from the stream running through it; now the oil is gathered in a basin, now it is distributed through a belt. One thing only seems thoroughly proved by experience in the Alleghany district in which my particular well is located: where the hills are steepest and ruggedest, where the barren land contributes its worthlessness to the scanty vegetation that covers it, where the trees are poor and stunted, and the oak, king of the forest that he is, has grown so ashamed of his degenerate self that he hides trunk and timber underground, and protrudes only a mean little bush to the light of day, to be henceforth recognized as "scrub-oak,"—in such a quarter as this, oil is apt to be found; the shabby cup holds liquid gold; and you may set up your derrick and go to boring, with the flattering unction laid to your soul that at least outside appearances are in your favor.

I do not know whether it be so elsewhere, in more thickly settled districts; but the removals westward that I remember,—removals to Wisconsin, Minnesota, California,—have oftener been from the driving pressure of bustling city, or the dull stagnation of country town, than from the hard labor of the farm, albeit that farm was poor to begin with, and thoroughly worked out at last.

Such a farm as this had descended to William Maxwell by inheritance; and he and his wife had been content to remain there, both active, strong, and young, and both showing, before thirty years had passed over their heads, the marks of their hard, careful life. Eliza Maxwell was a good woman, and a sound Presbyterian; but one sentence there was of the Master's own speaking that troubled her greatly: "Take no thought for the morrow." How was it to be done? The children must be cared for, the cows must be milked, the butter must be churned, the harvesters must have their five meals a day! Not that she grudged the toil and care that were making her grow old early, as her mother, the farmer's wife on the other side of the hill, had grown old before her—but could it all be done without taking thought? What if that taking thought was not a matter of her own free-will? what if she were predestined to be lost forever by the very work given her to do?

Something like this she said to her husband, in shy, halting words, as they sat one restful Sunday evening, enjoying the quiet hour between the children's bed-time and their own. Busy people know the charm of Sunday evening converse, when, after the day's refreshment to soul and body, hearts and tongues make the most of their holiday, dimly descrying Monday morning in the distance. Such charm the time had for William Maxwell and his wife; week-day sunsets often found them too tired to wish to speak one unnecessary word; but this evening there had been leisure for Eliza to touch on such shadowy fears, and for William to listen, in spite of visions of a meadow where the grass was growing all too ripe, and of a cupboard wherein was just bread enough for breakfast.

The woman's thin, white, eager face sought her husband's as she asked at the end, "What do you think, William?"

It was a commonplace face that met her gaze, with coarse features, deeply-set eyes, and hair and skin that plainly showed they had known little shelter from sun or wind; but the brow was fine, and the countenance lighted by that subtle something we call "expression," and fancy the riddle read because we have given it a name. Looking at the man, you would have said that the neighbors were wise in deferring to William Maxwell's judgment as they did, and safe in reckoning on his sweet, steady temper. There was a smile in his eyes, but his lips were grave and reverent as he answered, "I don't know, Eliza. It 's too hard a matter for me; but I 'm sure of one thing: the good Lord has made you a farmer's wife, and he will never blame you for doing your

best to be a good one." So Eliza's fancies were chased away that harvest-time.

The hay was stacked, the wheat and oats were in the barn, and there was a breathing-time before the ripened corn would be ready for the crib. For months back, William Maxwell had been pondering over the late oil strikes in a new and hitherto untried quarter, some miles away. In the winter, when the hard-frozen ground rang under his footsteps, he had wondered whether Jack Frost and oil tools worked well together; in the spring, turning up the soil, all too light a brown, he had speculated on the results of going deeper; and now that harvest was over, the plan of sinking a well began to take more tangible form.

He talked of it to his wife, half jesting, half in earnest. She took it all as "Will's fun;" something that was good to turn a fret into a laugh, or to satisfy the children's cravings for the glories of Brandon stores. "You shall have it when father's ship comes home, Willy," she said, gently urging the reluctant boy past a window where pranced a hobby-horse, resplendent with trappings of gold and scarlet.

"What ship? and when will it come?" inquired unbelieving Willy.

"When father strikes oil," was the reply.

"O-h-h!" returned the child, much better satisfied; for had he not been over to Davis Landing with his father in the spring, and seen a great tank full of oil with his own eyes?

One later trip Maxwell had taken, to see a man who had acquired great distinction in the neighborhood. Whether Mr. Grayby carried a lucky-stone in his pocket, whether the spectacles that rested on his long, inquisitive nose helped him to see to the centre of the planet, or whether he were a walking wand of witch-hazel, drawn by occult magnetic influence to the right spot, none could tell; but all averred that he had never yet failed in his prophecies, either for himself or for other people. William Maxwell pished and pshawed at the Brandon gossip about the marvelous stranger; but when news came one day that an old well, long abandoned, and sold to the prophet for a mere song, had given forth its treasure after a fortnight's boring, he owned, "The man may know something about the matter, seeing he makes it his lawful business. At any rate, it will do no harm to go and see him."

"No harm in the world," laughed Eliza, not checking her needle in its task of darning and patching.

"And no good either, I know you think," returned her husband, giving the fire a vigorous poke that shivered the great piece of coal into a thousand fragments, and sent a shower of bright lights about the room. She only laughed again; and again he poked the fire. "I know I 'm half a fool about it," he said, drumming with the poker on the bars of the grate. "But I can't get rid of the notion that there 's oil on this farm."

Eliza's mouth was still twitching at the corners. "Half a fool must feel bad enough," she said. "But might n't a whole one feel worse?"

He groaned aloud, "'Liza, 'Liza! That you should talk to me like that, and we not seven years married yet! Perhaps if you had a little more money and a little easier time, you would n't be quite so sharp on a fellow; so I reckon I 'll go at the oil well to-morrow, and not mind thrashing out that buckwheat."

Nervous, sensitive, tired as she was, the touch of blame implied in the good-humored teasing, made Mrs. Maxwell's face flush. "Oh, William, you know I did n't mean that! I only meant we have to work hard now, but things might be a great deal worse; and if we put all we have into an oil well, and it comes to no good, what will become of us?"

"We need n't put all in," answered William, cheerily. "Lambert wants that land near Brandon, and will give forty-five hundred for it. I think that is about what they say it costs to bore — that is, if you are careful, and see to things yourself. So that money could go into a hole in the ground, and we not miss it much; d' ye see?"

"Y-yes," with rather a doubtful inflection.

"That means, you don't. Well, that is where it is to go." Maxwell spoke decidedly, getting up to give the fire a final stab, that sent a hail-storm of cinders rattling through the bars. "I 'll ride over to the Landing to-morrow, and ask Grayby to come and take a look at the Double Hill. Perhaps I can bring him back with me; but I ought to make an early start, so let 's to bed now."

It was a rough, hilly road to Davis Landing that Maxwell traveled next morning; the nine miles passed, he put up his horses and set out to seek Mr. Grayby among the groups of men scattered along the river-bank and the hill-side above. He found him by the side of Little George, this George being not a small boy, but a thriving well. Beside Little George Sister Anne was rapidly descending, as told the sound of the sharp tool drilling through solid rock; and a rough-looking company were discussing the feasibility of putting down a third well, that should be known to the world as Uncle Pete.

"In my opinion, gentlemen, you had better not put down another well," spoke Grayby. "The risk is too great. Uncle Pete would probably be dry; and if you take my advice, you will give up Anne, and let George have the field to himself. There is not room enough for so large a family."

"That 's so!" agreed the spokesman of the party. "Lonesome for George, but better for us."

"Exactly," said Grayby, wheeling round to where William Maxwell stood. "Are you looking for any one, sir?"

"For you, sir, if you are Mr. Grayby."

"Yes, at your service."

William had grown slightly ashamed of his errand at the last, and thought, "As if I ought n't to know more about my own farm than a stranger! But I 'm in for it now." So, clearing his throat, he told his story, winding up with "Can you come over and look at my farm?"

The revealer of hidden things had fidgeted about a good deal while William was talking, and did not answer for some moments. "I 'll tell you what it is, Mr. Maxwell," he said at last. "I don't believe my opinion is worth *that* to you," with a snap of his fingers. "The one I gave a moment ago was worth something, for those numskulls had not the wit to see that there would only be one vein of oil for three wells, and that multiplying outlets was just an expensive way of wasting fluid. I am an engineer by profession, and used of course to note how the land lies; I have been through all these petroleum districts, and sometimes I think the more I see of such places, the less I know about them! This belt theory, now; as yet I see no reason why it may not be true; but if you get oil — did n't you say your land lay nine miles west of this place, and sloped to another stream?" William nodded. "Then if *you* get oil, that 's the last of the belt."

"Bad for the belt," gravely responded William.

"Very," laughed Mr. Grayby. "That would not hurt you or any one much, unless you had been buying land, or were one of the sort who think the inside and outside of the world were made by their pattern. I tell you plainly, I don't value my own opinion on such matters, and I never take money for it," glancing at the wallet in Maxwell's hand. "Nor do I attempt to explain my own success. But I *do* want to get out of this wretched atmosphere for a day; and if convenient, I should like to drive over with you and take a look at the farm to-morrow."

William gladly agreed, and greatly enjoyed his companion's bright, fresh talk about men and things during the drive home. But neither then nor that evening would Mr. Grayby talk about oil. He told pleasant stories of foreign countries, making his listeners laugh over divers odd experiences of travel; and later, when all were gathered about the fire, he chatted to Mrs. Maxwell of the household where he was the youngest son. "Maxwell may bore for oil to-morrow if he likes," was the man's thought. "I 'm determined he shall not bore me with it to-night."

Next morning he was early ready for action, and, breakfast over, the two started off to the Double Hill. It formed the

most deserted quarter of the farm: for the homestead looked out upon comparatively level fields, and the orchard slope stretched lazily to the south, as if to get the full benefit of the sunlight; yet even there the clear, keen air made one conscious of the elevation of the country. Mr. Grayby and William Maxwell had touched the northern boundary of the plateau that lifted itself in the centre of the county, when they stood on the eastern crest of the Double Hill and looked down into the little hollow that lay between twin peaks clothed from base to summit in a mean, yet not unpicturesque mantle of scrub-oak. There was a tradition in the neighborhood that the sun never climbed above the eastern peak till after ten o'clock, and that he sank behind the western summit before two; certainly there was a much scantier supply of daylight there than elsewhere.

"Humph!" said Mr. Grayby, as they paused. "Any way of getting down into that hollow?" pointing to the narrow cleft below them.

"This way," said William, taking the narrow foot-path that successive generations of cows had worn down the hill to the muddy little stream at its base. "Ugh!" muttered Grayby, as a low oak-branch thrust itself in his face. "When cattle lay out roads, why can't they guess that their betters will come after them, and make them just a little wider?"

At last they stood between the two hills. It was still early morning, and the air of the valley, chill and damp at noonday, made both men shiver. Maxwell was too anxious to ask many questions, and only watched the reputed wise man, busy prying up the loose soil with his cane, scanning horizon lines, and noting the dip of the strata where a ledge of rock cropped out from the starveling bushes. "Well," he said at last, speaking slowly and deliberately, "from what I can tell, I do not see but that you run as good a chance of striking oil here as over at the river."

"Then you think this land would do to bore?" Maxwell spoke quickly and eagerly.

"I should think it would do better to bore than to farm," returned the other, shrugging his shoulders. "Mind, I am very far from saying that there is oil here. You say your farm does not slope to the river?"

"No, the other way; it slopes down to a little creek that runs into a larger one south of this; they don't go to the Ohio by way of the Alleghany."

"That is against you; it shows that you are outside of one oil-bearing section. As I said yesterday, there 's no belt I know of wide enough to take you in; but, if I had not more wells than enough on my hands already, I 'd go in with you, and try my luck here."

"You think it sure enough for that?"

Mr. Grayby eyed the questioner narrowly. "Sure enough," he said, "for me, who have twenty-five flowing wells to make up for the loss of one. But it is probably another thing to you, Maxwell. How many of your neighbors would join with you?"

"Four — or five," counted Maxwell, vainly trying to think of others who had means to risk in such a venture.

"Four or five. Well, that would not be so bad. But if it involve your own affairs, let it alone, man! Don't stake all you have got on a game like this. It 's not worth it!" Mr. Grayby was growing emphatic and excited. "You may go on boring and boring, through first, second, third sandstone, until you have lost money and health and peace of mind, and are ready to make the well your grave, if it were only wide enough to take you in. I say again, the place looks like a first-rate oil site; but don't let this miserable hollow give you the oil fever!"

Maxwell shook his head. "Thank you, sir," he said. "Your advice about that comes too late; I 've had it these six months."

Mr. Grayby groaned. "Then there 's no use in my talking; but I wish you may never rue the day when you came over to Davis after me. I wish I had n't come!" turning on his heel in comical disgust.

"You did me a great favor, sir, and I am very much obliged to you."

"Time enough for thanks when you come to oil," returned the other, making an effort to shake off his vexation. "Come, let us get to the top of the hill; if oil fever is about, so is intermittent."

The mail-wagon passed the Maxwells house on Mondays and Thursdays; and the old man who drove it carried Mr. Grayby away with him that afternoon. He did not find the engineer sociably inclined, and set him down as "a sassy chap, mighty savin' of his tongue; it was too good to waste on common people, p'r'aps." All the while, his passenger was fretting that he had ever seen the Double Hill. "Nice fellow, that Maxwell; nice wife, too; and here I have been and put him in the way to ruin himself. I declare, I was ashamed to look that woman in the face at dinner! There is one comfort, though: if his mind had not been pretty well made up beforehand, he never would have taken the trouble of coming over to see me."

The last thought was a relief. Still, the matter worried him; and he was glad to have his reverie ended by the sudden jerk that not only announced that the wagon had stopped, but nearly unloaded it of its freight. There was a telegram awaiting him from the New York shippers of petroleum, and in another hour he had taken the evening train for the city and forgotten the Double Hill in his own business perplexities.

But he had left William Maxwell in high spirits, only shown, however, by a clearer ring in the cheerful voice, and a quickening of his steady, even pace. Eliza allowed that there *was* encouragement in what Mr. Grayby had said, but — It was plain to be seen that Mrs. Maxwell was not the stuff for a pioneer. Not a spark of the spirit of prophetic enterprise fired her breast, and she owned that she could not believe in that barren, desolate Double Hill ever making any one rich.

During the next fortnight, Maxwell went from one to another of the neighboring farm-houses, in search of stockholders for an oil company. All in vain; few had any funds to spare, and none were willing to risk what they had in developing land which might or might not prove oil territory. Everywhere Maxwell had "No" for an answer; till coming to the last house he found that he was just too late: the master had only that week decided to invest in Western lands, and was now dreaming about Missouri dividends.

However, Brandon remained untried; and some wealthy people lived there. Some of them, too, had grown rich by oil speculation; and with Mr. Grayby's words as a sort of letter of credit, William Maxwell introduced the Double Hill to the moneyed men of the town. No better luck; the gentlemen pricked up their ears when Mr. Grayby's name was mentioned, listened attentively to the report of his dicta, but drew back when Maxwell invited them to join him in putting down a well in the valley. Money was scarce; oil was low; good reasons were as thick as hops; but, underlying all excuses, Maxwell saw the truth shine through: "Too poor a prospect for such risk."

A little disheartened but no whit less determined, Maxwell left Brandon behind him, and went home to plan out operations by himself. He had sold the Two-Mile Farm, — so called on account of its distance from Brandon, — and the money lay in the bank. Next week he would go to the city and see about the engine and tools; also, he must have some one over from Davis Landing to superintend the work until he himself should have learned how to manage the drilling.

"William," said Eliza one night, as he sat conning over a schedule of necessary expenses, trying hard to devise some way of lessening them, "don't you sometimes feel afraid you 'll get too much bound up in that oil well?"

"You never said that to me in harvest-time, Eliza," he returned, his eyes twinkling.

"No; but that was different."

"I don't think it was. Then I was trying to do my best with the old farm; and as far as my lights show me, that 's just what I 'm trying to-day. Make the best of what you have, Eliza; I thought

that was one of your women's tests for a good cook or housekeeper."

She could not gainsay him here, the more because her work was on his side, she being busy "making the best" of a mérino that had seen seven years' service.

One thing came of Mr. Grayby's opinion, as sent abroad by Maxwell's Brandon expedition. Four or five gentlemen managed to buy up a goodly number of acres in the neighborhood of the Double Hill. The land was poor, and the owners were glad to find it marketable, until it oozed out that a land company was forming, whose tracts would be priceless in case of an oil strike. This brought the buying and selling to a speedy end; but it showed William that Brandon merchants deemed the project worth some thought and a little money. Poor encouragement, doubtless; but yet, better than none at all.

All was ready at last, after considerable outlay of time and money. The boring was to begin Monday morning; and Saturday night William Maxwell went to sleep with the comfortable feeling that all was in readiness for work, with a quiet day before beginning it. There was religious service that Sunday in the little brown school-house, and a stranger preached, taking for his text, "Thy will be done." Perhaps the worn, weather-beaten faces that looked up at him saved the preacher from what is hardly an error, yet surely only half a truth. Preachers and poets are apt to read that holy scripture as setting forth passive submission rather than active effort; they fashion us a resignation from wax rather than from marble, a recumbent form with closed eyes and folded hands, and miss, by some strange chance, the calm, grave, steadfast figure, with eyes that see the lions in the way, but with hand on sword-hilt, and feet that swerve not from the appointed path.

"The will of God is to be done as well as borne; obedience to that will is oftener an act than a state of feeling." So Mr. Hepworth closed his sermon, and gave out

"Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve!"

for a finish. The people waited about the door to have a word with him, stranger as he was; the habit had come down to them from the elder generations. Among the rest, William Maxwell put out his hand, saying heartily, "I 'm very glad I came to church this morning, sir."

"And I 'm very glad to hear you say so," returned the minister, his quick eye taking in at a glance man, wife, and wagon. "I hope you are in the habit of coming?"

"Oh, yes," returned Maxwell. "But you see, my wife and I do not always agree."

"That is a pity; still, neither of you look as if it was a serious matter," said Mr. Hepworth, —his laugh reassuring Eliza, who had felt doubtful as to what the minister might think of such levity on Sunday. "I suppose nobody 's to blame?"

"That 's just it, sir," answered Maxwell. "But I thought that sermon of yours to-day had saving doctrine for us both. You see, Mr. Hepworth, I have one of these old scrub-oak farms that barely give people a living. I don't want to abuse the land; it does the best it can; but the best 's bad. So, I 've thought the matter over and taken advice about it, and have sold another piece of land, —but perhaps, sir, you don't wish to hear about buying and selling, to-day?"

"I do not see what my sermon has to do with it," said the minister, smiling but puzzled.

"Just this, Mr. Hepworth. The place looks like oil, so say the folks that know, but it is a great venture for me; and my wife, here, is afraid to have me try, for she thinks I 'm sure either to fail, and lose my money, or to find, and lose my soul."

"Oh, William! I never said that," exclaimed Eliza, deeply horrified.

"No, Eliza, you never did; but that is where the risk comes in, and you felt it. Well, sir, you stood up and preached about the Lord's will; and it seemed to me that what you said was just a few good words over that well I 'm going to work at to-morrow. As far as I see, it is no more his will that I should scratch the face of the earth for a poor living

than it is that I should go farther down to find a better one; and to me, the first way looks like laziness or cowardice until the other has been tried!"

Mr. Hepworth looked closely at him. "So far, so good. Two things come after: Granted, that it is his will you should find what you seek, he is to be honored in the using of it; but what if that will be that you fail?"

William drew his mouth up closely for a minute. "Well," he said at last, "I hope if he helped me to begin boring, he would help me to give it up!"

"Then I think your husband is pretty safe, Mrs. Maxwell," said Mr. Hepworth, shaking hands. "I should like to see your farm, if I had not to be back in Brandon to-morrow morning. Good-by; and I wish you success, whether your well proves one or not."

"What did he mean by that, I wonder?" pondered William, as he turned the horses' heads homewards.

"A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth," softly quoted his wife.

It was early spring when the derrick was set up in the cleft of the Double Hill. Before long, William Maxwell had fathomed the mysteries of the engine, and the workman from Davis Landing went home again, wishing his employer "ile by the tank-full." To tell the truth, the farm suffered a little that season; for, though he tried hard, the master could not be in two places at once, and hired laborers ill supplied his place; and in September the crops showed the difference. Nevertheless, there was plenty for the household; not so much to sell that fall as in other years, but that loss could be balanced by buying less, and accounts would still be even at the end of the year.

All through the summer and autumn, the little tool — I do not know its name, but it suggests a sharpened iron pencil, — went deeper and deeper into the heart of the rock, tapping so as to compel admittance; but November came, and still it struck only sandstone, and that the first of the three strata.

"Hallo, you there! Puttin' down a well?" called out a passer-by, driving his wagon along the ridge of the eastern hill.

"Yes," Maxwell shouted back.

"How far down ha' ye got?"

"Six hundred feet."

"Hi! What sand are ye in? third?"

"First," came sharply back.

"Third, did ye say?"

"First," shouted Maxwell again.

"Whew-w-w!" whistled the questioner, driving on. "Ef I had gone six hundred feet into one sand-rock, I 'd think my chances further down were pretty slim."

So also thought the neighbors; Maxwell may have been more of a mind with them than he cared to own, but he never showed discouragement, and laughed, as the tool kept on its downward way, over his seven hundred feet of good, soft, yellowish sand stone. "I might set up a quarry, but — the stone is n't good for anything."

However, the first sandstone *did* come to an end at the depth of eight hundred feet. Maxwell felt as if he saw the oil spouting up already, and was surprised at his wife's indifference as to what sandstone they were working in. But when he had drilled two hundred feet into the second layer of rock, friends thought it their duty to remonstrate with the deluded dreamer. Did he not know there was no well along the river more than a thousand feet deep?"

He did. "The sandstones are thinner there."

"But it stands to sense, they are too thick here for you to get through them!"

"At any rate, I 'll go as far as I can go," was the answer.

"You are wasting your money; and it 's a sight easier to send dollars out than to bring them home again. You have a wife and family, remember."

Remember! He drew his arm closer about the little daughter on his knee. "I 'll have stopped boring for oil long before I forget that, neighbor," he said quietly.

Others came and discoursed to the same effect, and to no better purpose.

Every spare day, Maxwell was to be seen by the derrick. "Maxwell's mad, and his wife's a martyr," was the general opinion; while the members of the Brandon land company were twitted about their ventures: what would they take for an acre now? or how soon did they hope to be millionaires?

The little pencil was now fourteen hundred feet from the surface. "Bound for China?" queried a ragged urchin, whose cow had made her way down the hill-side, and stood viciously horning the derrick.

"Yes, by a bee-line."

The money! At first it had seemed a bountiful supply, but there had been many unreckoned expenses, with some accidents to machinery; and one evening Maxwell showed his wife the last hundred in the wallet. "The best part of this must go to repairing the engine," he said. "What is left will carry us down a few feet farther, perhaps to the third sandstone; who knows? Anyhow, I could n't borrow if I wanted to; every one thinks me a fool now. Besides, I think it will be safe to make the bottom of my purse the turning-place; when my money's done, I 'll take it as a sign that it is time to give up, and not try mortgaging the farm."

"You know there is the five hundred Uncle Silas left me. It has been in the bank these six years, and never been touched."

"Yes; and I mean it to stay there for you. No, Eliza; I won't squander your money on my whim."

She was setting the table, and her back was towards him as he spoke; but she turned on him, the butter-plate in her hand, and indignation in her eye. "I wonder you 're not ashamed of yourself, William Maxwell! One would think, to hear you, I was n't your wife at all!"

An outburst of wrath from the gentle little woman was such a novelty that her husband only stared at her blankly. "I 've heard of husband and wife keeping their money separate, and living like two strangers; but I never thought you had any such notions in your head! And if you don't take that money and put it into the well, I 'll — I 'll go and do it myself!" with a vast amount of explosive stress on the last sentence.

"Run the engine yourself, — hey? Don't be unreasonable, Eliza; I did not mean to vex you, but 't is well for you to have that bit of money laid by, in case anything should happen to me. And the children will be growing up, too."

But the idea of "something happening" Eliza flatly refused to consider at all; and as for the children, what comparison could be made between an oil well and five hundred dollars? So the discussion ended in the injured wife having her own way, and sending her uncle's legacy down into the sandstone with what remained of the sale-money of the Two-Mile Farm.

Fourteen hundred and fifty feet, and lo, a sudden jet of oil and gas that burst into flame on reaching upper air, lighting the sky for miles around! Brandon people saw the illumination, and drove out the next day to find a great puddle of oil, a new derrick, with the charred timbers of the old one beside it, and Maxwell busy at work, congratulating himself on having saved the engine, not on the oil vein he had reached. For in the second sandstone an oil strike was rather a bad sign than good, generally indicating that the lower vein was poor, if indeed it were there at all; and now that oil was down in the market, a pumping well fifteen hundred feet deep would not be worth the working.

That bubble burst, the Brandon gentlemen went home again; and the engine kept driving the pencil through the rock, until, eighty feet deeper, Maxwell found that he had tunneled the second sandstone. He was anything but a nervous man; but eighteen months of toil, anxiety, and discouragement had told upon him, and when he found himself nearing the test rock, his head grew dizzy and confused, and his hand unsteady. At last he gave up, and turned to the half-grown boy who was his only helper: "We 've got through two rocks, Jem; let 's take a holiday to ourselves before we go to work on number three.

Put out the fire; I reckon the engine needs a rest, too."

Jem obeyed right willingly, and scrambled up the hill as fast as his long legs could carry him; was not the circus to be in Brandon that very afternoon? Maxwell went home at quite a different pace, gravely thinking over the past, hardly daring to glance at the future. "We have come to the third rock, Eliza," he said, sitting down in the doorway.

"The third sandstone? You don't mean it, William!"

He laughed at her excitement. "I think you and I have changed places lately, Eliza. You have put your money in at the last, and just begin to hope now."

"But is n't there always oil in the third sandstone?"

He laughed again at her woman's wisdom. "No; sometimes there 's a vein of coal through it; but that would hardly pay for the working, when the one at Willard's crops out right by the roadside."

This was rather a damper. "But why should you be so discouraged now, after all your work?"

"After all my work; I guess that 's just what 's the matter. I tell you, Eliza, I stopped work to-day just because I was afraid to go on! If it is cowardly, I can't help it."

Maxwell was not given to moods, and his wife hardly knew what to do with him in one. Fortunately, she had the good sense to see that the best thing to do was to let him alone; and held her peace about sandstones, first, second, or third, while he sat silent all the evening. Eight o'clock came, and with it the commending of the little household to God; and for once in his life the man's voice broke over the familiar prayer, "that we may know thy will, and do it."

"That sets it right," he said, after the children had gone up-stairs. "I believe it was right to put that well down, even if it has taken all my spare cash and yours. Next week we stop; and if" — he drew a long breath — "if we fail, it is his will. There 's many a riddle in soils and stones as well as in books; and if I made a mistake in reading this one, I 've no one to blame but myself."

"Mr. Grayby," quickly suggested his wife.

"No; he told me he did not set much by his own opinion. I fancy Grayby 's had the starch taken out of him by some pretty hard rubs. And I tell you, Eliza, this oil well has made a difference in me. I don't feel quite so sure as I used to, that when a poor fellow fails it 's all his own fault; and I don't feel quite so sure of doing things myself."

"You never did brag, William," interrupted Eliza, not liking to hear her husband blame himself.

"Not out loud; but there 's no telling what I thought to myself. Oil wells would n't be counted the best sort of places to experience religion; but I don't know. That seems to be a little like the oil itself; only the good Lord can say where it is, and where it is n't."

Another day's boring in the long-looked-for third sand follows. At sundown the engine stops working, and surely the little pencil has a glisten different from the brightness due to constant friction! Examination shows the tool greasy, with an odor not exactly that of Araby the blest, but sweeter than attar of rose in the nostrils of eager fortune-hunters. Certainly they are nearing oil! Maxwell and Jem have had company at their work to-day; for the news that the third sand is reached has drawn half a dozen neighbors to the place; and these now begin to talk, surmise, suggest, advise, till Maxwell is almost beside himself.

"Start the engine again, Will, and let us see how the tools look."

"No, let it alone till morning; what 'd you do if you struck oil now, with no tanks ready?"

"Had n't I better go over to the landing and order a tank? Maybe it would be as well to say two," volunteers a third.

"Strange you did n't think to have tanks ready, when you 've been at work so long," puts in an old opponent of the enterprise, seemingly oblivious of former

objections, as also of the fact that oil vessels are not to be had for the asking.

"I guess when I have waited so long, I can afford to wait till to-morrow," Maxwell good-humoredly answers. "Put out the fire, Jem. You 'll all be here to-morrow, boys?"

"For sure," all agree, as they start on their different ways. The neighborhood is astir late that night, and the Double Hill is the one theme of conversation. Many are the new oil theories propounded, calculated to make a geologist's hair stand erect with horror. The hill's owner, too, comes up for discussion; yesterday, his obstinate pig-headedness made him rather a disgrace to his neighbors; to-night, they glory over his plucky perseverance.

They are early on the ground next morning, and the engine begins work again, with the dull, monotonous sound that has so often been pain and weariness to William Maxwell's ears during the past year. Presently they have proof that admits of no gainsaying; a drop of real, genuine petroleum has run down the tool, and fallen on Jem's outstretched hand. "Hi!" shouts Jem, and turns a somersault; after which he extends his greasy palm for the admiration of the company. Soon, a spectator verifies the fact for himself; and the Double Hill rings with cheers.

But there is no time for nonsense. They are nearing the vein, and have no vessels ready; therefore one of the party must ride off to Davis at once and order a tank to be made and sent over. They hope to have it by evening, for the dealers in such articles are used to filling orders at short notice.

Up and down goes the iron pencil, the group of men around it growing silent from very eagerness. There is a sudden gurgle, as if a giant choked below.

"It 's coming, I tell you! Put out that fire there, quick!" shouted one, more experienced than the rest. They stumbled back in haste, and Maxwell rushed to the engine. Too late, however. With one spurt the imprisoned fountain leaped high into the air, drawing to its breast the fire that it loved. Derrick, engine, grass, trees, all were alike shrouded in the flame, and the men ran for their lives, not stopping till beyond the turn of the winding path they paused to count heads, and found that Maxwell and Jem were missing.

To venture back was running into the very jaws of death, yet two volunteered. They were met by Jem, who, badly burned about face and hands, had yet made shift to drag Maxwell from the very heart of the fire, and now was vainly trying to carry him up the hill. The fire was spreading through the woods; and while one division of the company carried home William Maxwell, conscious only of maddening pain in the crowning moment of success, another hurried off to seek help to extinguish the fire; so the grand fountain, a magnificent jet of flame one hundred and fifty feet high, burned on for some hours, absolutely unheeded. The giant had been long imprisoned, but he took his revenge that autumn morning; and the Double Hill shows to-day the scars of the encounter.

Little warning had Eliza Maxwell of the shock in store for her. She had sent the children to the orchard for apples, and stood watching them, as they vainly tried to steady the basket they had filled to overflowing. Some one spoke over her shoulder: "They have struck oil, and the well is on fire. They are bringing William home; he is burned." And just beyond were the rest with their burden. That picture is burned into the woman's brain for life: the still, sweet October morning, the laughing children, the basket heaped with scarlet fruit, the man's frightened face, and the writhing figure that the others carried. It is more distinct now than it was then, for the need of action chased away feeling; her husband wanted care too much for anything else, even her own pain, to be present to her consciousness.

But alas, there was so little she might do! The others were kind and helpful, and it was not long till the doctor came. But his skill was of no use here. The burning gas had penetrated wher-

ever it could find a lodgment, and life could only be reckoned by hours. Eliza turned sharply on the physician as he spoke the words that sounded like a death-warrant in her ears, but by sunset she had only one thought, one prayer — that the agony might soon be over.

And it did end soon. There came a brief respite of pain before the last, as if the exhausted nerves had borne all that they could bear, and had died before the soul departed. At the beginning of that quiet hour, before the lethargy of death crept on, William Maxwell's eyes looked into his wife's; the old, bright look came back for an instant to his poor, marred face, and the burned lips whispered, "God's will!" That is the other picture for remembrance that Eliza Maxwell cherishes in her heart to-day.

Mr. Warden's house is one of the pleasantest of Brandon homes, and it looks cheerier than ever in the October twilight, with the firelight illuminating the windows, and the hall door hospitably open. But the lady of the house seems uneasy, and moves restlessly from door to windows, while her ears keep basely deceiving her by hearing wheels that never come any nearer. She has some ground for uneasiness; husband, brother, and cousin have all gone to the Double Hill; and the road thither is narrow and steep, and Mr. Warden's horses entirely too spirited for his wife to approve of.

At last the real wheels are heard, and the gentlemen hurry in, bringing with them a current of fresh, keen, outside air. "Well, Annie, I'll own it at last," says the cynical brother, who thinks his sister buried in a wilderness, "Brandon has got up something worth going to see; I never saw anything like the force of that oil stream."

"What did you say the average yield was, John?" from the other visitor, busy getting rid of his overcoat.

"Three hundred barrels a day, they tell me; and there's no saying how further boring may increase the yield."

"What do you suppose they have called the place, Annie?"

"I'm sure I don't know," returns the lady. "There are so many Petroleums and Petrolias, I should think they would be puzzled for a new variation."

"It is Leipsic; nothing less. Some old German from Leipsic is the largest land owner in the township, so it is Leipsic to please him. Fancy the bookish, musical old city's horror of its greasy namesake!"

"Funny to see the name written on a shingle nailed to a tree," lazily says the brother, taking out a cigar. "I have seen cities in their prime, also towns that had come to their life's end; and saving your presence, my dear sister and brother, I always thought Brandon belonged to the latter class. But I never before saw a town beginning the world."

"What did you say that land was leased for, John? What is the royalty reserved?"

This question opens a long oil discussion, and Mrs. Warden slips into the dining-room, sure that the excursionists have come home in a state of starvation, and anxious to put the last touches to her dainty tea-table with her own fingers. Her eyes are so busy inspecting glass and china, that her ears hear nothing of the talk that floats in through the open door, of stocks and bonds, pipes and tanks, Virginia dividends and Antwerp securities. Some stray word attracts her attention at last, for she sets down the sugar-bowl and goes to the door-way.

"John, did you see the man?"

"Your land? Yes, ma'am, I saw the lovely spot. Teddy Maguire is putting up 'The Brandon Hotel' just beside it; Teddy's a small man, but his house is going to be rather a tight fit for him. And, Mrs. Warden, in the course of six months I expect to see that beauteous half-acre of yours as full of derricks as to-day it is of ground oaks! Did you know Annie was a land-holder, Harry and Ned? I made her one last January, and have rued it ever since; she has grown fearfully independent. It is

no use for any one in the family to think of buying her out; she asks too exorbitant a price; she 'll have to fleece some Down-Easter. Then she 'll either found a hospital or go to Europe; one takes just about as much money as the other, according to her notion. What is the matter, ma'am? You don't look quite comfortable in your mind!"

"I should n't think I would! You never hear a half or a quarter of what I say to you!"

"Ahem! I never contradict a lady; but I feel as if my memory had improved wonderfully! I know I hear a good deal; but what was the last sweet thing I missed, Mrs. Warden?"

"I did n't ask you about land; I hear enough of oil talk. I wanted to know if you saw the man — the man who put down the well?"

"The man? Why, did n't you hear yesterday? It is odd; I certainly thought I had told you. He 's dead, poor soul!"

B. W.

WASTE.

Down the long orchard-aisles where I have strolled,
On fragrant sward the slanted sunlight weaves,
Rich-flickering through the dusk of plenteous leaves,
Its ever-tremulous arabesques of gold!

In globes of glimmering color sweet to see,
The apples greaten under halcyon sky,
Green, russet, ruddy, or deep-red of dye,
Or yellow as the girdle of a bee.

But o'er the verdure's blended shine and shade
Small blighted fruits lie strown in dull array,
Augmenting silently from day to day,
Gnarled and misshapen, worm-gnawed and decayed.

Ah me! what strange frustration of intent,
What dark elective secret, undescried,
Lurks in this dreary failure, side by side
With opulence of full-orbed accomplishment?

Oh seeming mockery! Oh strange doubt, wherein
The baffled reason gropes and cannot see!
If made at all, why only made to be
In irony for that which might have been?

Nay, vain alike to question or surmise! . . . .
There, plucking white moon-daisies one by one,
Through yonder meadow comes my little son,
My pale-browed hunchback, with the wistful eyes!

Edgar Fawcett.

THE CALIFORNIA RANCH.

THERE is a story related of one of those nomads of the far West whom Blumenbach might classify as belonging to the genus emigrantes, species remigrantes, who was met returning from California with his family and all his worldly possessions in an ox-wagon.

"Why are you leaving California?" he was asked.

"I 'll never live in a country," said he, "whar straw is called hay, and men do the cookin'."

This remark illustrates two of the points wherein the Eastern farmer will find his ideas upset on becoming a California ranchman. What a curious farm-world it is! More than three hundred clear working days in a year, with all the rainy weather collected in one balmy and liquid season, and all the long, cloudless days in another. Never a white dart of lightning, never a blare of the great trumpets of the thunder through all the monotonous year, so that the spirit of man wearies of this strange, eternal silence, and longs for only one thunder-storm of his native East, with all its soul-stirring pomp, until, some sullen, murky day of this treacherous stillness, the Sierra itself cracks, and the lightnings leap out of the summit instead of falling down upon it! For five, six, seven weary months the sun comes up with a pale orange, burns all day across an unwinking and pitiless heaven, and goes down as he came up. If there were so much as one little capful of fog, one square foot of green grass! The whole face of the earth is seamed with cracks; the coarse grass-stems crumble even to dust beneath one's tread; there is no sod; at least a half-dozen species of small burrs spread everywhere, and woe betide the lounger who reclines on his back beneath a tree! for he will acquire a thousand burrs, and the ants will insinuate themselves into every crevice of his garments. A thin film of almost impalpable dust gilds everything, and rises like a magic exhalation when touched. But the halo of the earth amid the violet hills — that certain something of desert lands which Solomon, after mentioning all the sources of light, calls "the light," —atones for all. There is a subdued warmth and softness in the earth's reflection — for the sun itself is phenomenally white and pitiless — which breathes through the soul of man a languor and a great content. The old Californian feels this delicious quality, even if unable to analyze it, and it holds him like the charms of a mistress. How he sighs for it beneath your cold, sour sky! The dryest day of your Eastern heavens has a washed and wet-blue color which is chilling even to remember; but here the sky is ever pale and warm. The singular purity of the atmosphere causes the new-comer to have a strange feeling as of nakedness, and in late autumn Nature certainly seems to be *en déshabillé*.

These huge and treeless hills of the Coast Mountains, seen far off, seem clad in deerskin, smooth and soft as velvet; or a rich, cold brown; or, when they stand beneath the sun, they take on a damson-purple, all frosted with a soft and sunny flush of haze. Look over, now, across yon distant slope, where each humble house or splendid villa seems to sleep as light as a thought, on its broad, tawny-velvet floor, as if scarcely touching. Often as one may execrate these California autumn landscapes, one cannot elude their secret power. There is that strange desert glory, that wild and wizard transparency, breath, halo, which has for me an inexpressible fascination. Nowhere else on earth, and I have been a wanderer in many lands, have I seen the light of the sun rest on this beautiful world so tenderly as it streams down through this white-lilac autumn haze of California; such a light alone as could have inspired the passionate laments which Euripides puts into the mouths of Alcestis

and Iphigenia as they close their dying eyes. Hard was it for the ancient Greek to leave his beloved light; and to go down from this witching breath of California into the grim, black grave — that were the saddest death which earth could give!

Then comes, from Christmas to the end of May, the revival of earth, the one long-drawn spring, with its "vivid, incessant green." Here autumn and winter are omitted from the roll of the seasons. Grass and grain are up by Thanksgiving, and grow slowly until the robins come out of the mountains; then, like magic. Plowing goes on all winter, except in an excess of rain. The overland cars, after climbing the lofty Sierra, descend into Sacramento with their backs covered with snow, like an apparition from another planet; and the California boys stare at it.

Of pointing out many contrasts there is no end. In summer the earth bakes so hard that plowing is impossible (I have seen *ten horses* hitched to a farm-plow in July); in winter a horse will bog down in almost any ravine in the forest.

Rain comes from the south, and simooms from the north, sometimes even burning off a small circle of bark from young fruit trees, close to the ground. Robins winter in the mountains, and appear in the valleys in spring. Many birds which migrate in the Atlantic States here remain throughout the year. Away in the dryest of the dry October days, in the wooded coast valleys, early in the morning I have heard a most sweet jangle of many tunes — the lark, the magpie, the California quail, the red-winged blackbird, the oriole, the bluebird, the paysano, and the grossbeak, if not others: such a concert as is possible in the East only in spring. California has the reputation of producing songless birds, an erroneous impression which arose from the fact that the journeys of most early pioneers lay across the naked and arid central plains, where no birds lived. Cronise, in The Natural Wealth of California, asserts that her flowers are notably scentless; but they are certainly gorgeous, to suit that "tropical Spanish taste" of which she is accused by her poets, and the copses of the Coast Range are remarkably aromatic. Mint, rosemary, sweet-scented shrub, honeysuckle, sage, fennel, — all these in several varieties you may find in the space of a single square rod, in Los Angeles County.

The average ranchman plants no Indian corn, no vegetables. In the East the country supplies the town; here the town supplies the country. The town is furnished by San Francisco, the latter by the vegetable-growing counties of the bay and coast. In one way or another Indian corn gives the Eastern farmer employment three hundred and sixty-five days in a year; but the wheat ranchman does no work of any consequence save twice a year, in harvest and seed-time. The all-year-round Ohio corn is a nourisher of industry and virtue; the wheat of California greatly promotes idleness, gambling, and horse-racing between seasons. There is a traditional and time-honored interval of a few days between corn planting and the first plowing in Ohio, when "all hands go a-fishing," the one, solitary play-day of the year; but the rancher works with amazing energy in the two busy seasons, then takes many a play-day, idling away his time in the village.

The California boys have no corn to plow and hoe and cut and husk and crib and shell, for months; no garden to hoe after school; no hopeful, spotted steers to break; perhaps no chickens to feed; no old cow to milk; no briers and bushes to mow out of the fence-corners. There is very little firewood to be cut. Whatever is burned is generally picked up dry beneath the trees, or if that supply is exhausted, a superfluous limb or two is lopped from an oak, after the excellent economical fashion of the old padres. (To their credit be it recorded, the Californians do not slash down their all too sparse valley forests, but the wheat flourishes amid the white-oak parks.) Under these conditions the boys gravitate to mischief and a shotgun, as the sparks fly upward. A pair of huge Mexican bell-spurs and a buckskin bronco are the least objection-

able forms in which this disease of juvenile idleness breaks out. The boy rides to school on a vicious beast, by an exceedingly devious and uncertain route, and hitches him to a tree, where he meditates the livelong day on the bunch-grass pastures which once he was cognizant of. It is a pity to see these fine lads going in troops to the bad for lack of those old-fashioned, homely, Yankee chores to do. Pity California does not produce more weeds, more hoe-handles, and more birch!

The great majority of farm laborers dwell in the towns, except about four months in the year. In this dry climate wheat, instead of sprouting, lies sacked in the field for months, and is transported to market on open platform cars. It is so flinty that the millers have to moisten it at the rate of twelve or fifteen pounds of water to a hundred pounds of wheat, before it can be ground. Instead of shrinking, as in the East, it gains, the increase in bulk going far toward paying the transportation to Liverpool. Wood is so hard and knaggy that it often has to be burst asunder with powder before it can be converted into firewood. That grubbing which the Eastern farmer so dreads is often performed here, during the softest winter weather, with a long rope and a yoke of oxen.

All through the State, until you penetrate to the remote and lonely cattle-ranches and the habitations of the Pikes, there is a suggestion of city life, of city atmosphere, about a California ranch, which renders it thoroughly unlike an Eastern farm. There is little rusticity in the dress, for the rurals are so often in the village that they keep abreast of the fashions. I do not remember ever to have seen a patched garment on a farmer, and the "old clo'" man is only found occasionally in the vicinity of the largest cities. Daily or semi-weekly the butcher wagon, the fruit and wine wagon, and the vegetable wagon make their appearance, far out from the village; and they will execute small commissions on the grocery ten miles distant. Daily papers from San Francisco travel hundreds of miles by rail, then are carried twelve or fifteen farther by the rancher, arriving out forty-eight hours old. Four hundred miles from the metropolis I have stopped the mail-carrier, riding on a mule in a bridle-path, and bought the daily journals. On that same bridle-path you shall see scores of letter-boxes nailed to trees, though the ranchers' houses are not in sight. The young men drive spanking teams to spick-and-span new sulkies or buggies, with elegant cashmere or wolf-skin afghans. Their talk is the talk of the town: it has gold in it, and stocks, and horse-races. A ranch has two or three great, high-seated California wagons, with a splendid four-in-hand to each; the corral (speak, corrèl) is so full of trig and painted gimcracks that it looks like a magazine of agricultural machinery. There are few cozy, comfortable, middle-class homes. The house is either a magnificent country residence, or a mean, unpainted redwood shanty, though either may be occupied by a man immensely wealthy. Everything seems put there, adventitious; nothing grew out of the soil. There are no ancient trees, no shrubberies, no grass. Instead of homely farmer-messes, you eat urban fare of beefsteak and hot biscuit made with Boston yeast-powder. You hope for pumpkin pie, and get a can of Baltimore oysters. There are Oregon apples, Cincinnati hams, and stewed prunes from Germany. A man may be worth one hundred thousand dollars and have no milk to whiten his coffee. The cow runs on the range and comes home when she lists. A boy may be dispatched for her on his tough little shaggy cow-horse, and a man must be sent to bring the boy home. The yard-fences all look imported, as they are; all things have a contractor-like look, a little tawdry, a little cheap. Everything is so naked and so new, that no one can hang a tradition on it. There is no moss on the fences; the newly sawed boards and posts and the houses stand out painfully ugly and prominent beneath the lovely sky. Yet you never hear the wind whistle or malignantly yell around them, as in the East in winter; it always gurgles

softly around those hideous corners. Fortunate it is so. Nowhere else could the flimsiness and cheapness of our American material civilization stand revealed with more appalling ugliness. It would require the finest and subtlest art to bear the searching test of this pellucid atmosphere. In the East the fog and humidity conceal something; they lend garments of moss; they blind your eyes to deformities. When one goes abroad in California, he shudders and shrugs his shoulders and wishes to draw a mantle around him. Especially does he wish to draw a mantle around those stark and rigid fences and naked houses.

Let us recur to the disgusted Pike's complaint. It is necessary to admit that nowhere else has the "tyrant man," white, black, or yellow, so completely intruded himself into the scullery, so audaciously peeped into the mysteries of the Bona Dea. It is safe to assert that there are few men who have been on the coast long enough to entitle them to admission into the society of California pioneers, who cannot prepare a beefsteak and decoct a cup of Mocha as well as their spouses, if not better. And that is nothing especially creditable to them, for the time once was when to a majority of them cooking was a grim necessity. In the days when the watchers on Telegraph Hill signaled to the incoming steamer, as the first question, "Have you any women aboard?" and when reputable merchants of San Francisco robed beardless boys in feminine apparel and placed them behind the counter, as a legitimate means of attracting customers, it was not strange that men acquired the science of Francatelli per force. There were only two alternatives, of which the one was painful to contemplate, while the other was death. And often it was a dilemma of only one horn, for death was in the pot anyhow. Many a hapless ranchman came to an untimely end before the great truth became generally disseminated, that the beans must be boiled two hours before the pork is introduced into the pot. Dried apples have slain their thousands, heavy bread its tens of thousands. While California has probably the healthiest climate in the Union, it supports to-day over twenty mineral spring resorts, some of them with scores of patients apiece. These consist principally of two great classes: the rheumatics, victims of mining; and the dyspeptics, victims of ranch cooking.

Probably the wheat-ranch is the best present representative of the coast. With a crop of this cereal reaching in 1872 the great figure of twenty-nine million bushels, California outranks all other wheat-growing States. It is, fortunately, no longer preëminently the Golden State, but the agricultural as well, or, as Starr King happily described it, "The beloved Benjamin of American States, whose autumn sack is filled with grain, while the mouth of it contains a cup of gold." The first thing that impresses one in this department is the multifarious and almost humanly conscious machinery, which gives one man dominion over so many acres, and has elevated California in twelve years from an arid waste to the first wheat-producing State. Down in the San Joaquin Valley there is a ranch so vast that the men start in the morning with their gang-plows, travel on until noon, take dinner at a midway station, then drive on until the going down of the sun, and return the day following. So immensely is one man's profitable ownership broadened by machines. True, the plowing is only skin-deep, and the average yield per acre has already fallen off over five bushels in the State; but who takes thought for the morrow? Then in harvest, the field actually swarms with machinery. As the cumbrous header moves on, with its long guillotine reaching far out into the wheat to be decapitated, a wagon is driven dexterously alongside to receive the heads. Every header thus employs five men, three wagons, and twelve horses. Sometimes three or four headers are going at once, each with its little army, and simultaneously in the middle of the field a steam thresher, with its greater army of men, dark as mulattoes with tan and dust, working with an amazing energy, even running at their several tasks, while the header wagons

come and return on a trot. Perhaps a spark from the thresher ignites the standing grain: the farmer leaps on a reaper and whips his horses to a gallop to cut a swath around and arrest the progress of the conflagration. The wind sweeps the billowy flames upon him; he dismounts, slashes off the traces, bestrides a horse, and gallops for life, leaving the reaper to its fate. It might as well be burned as lie outdoors all winter. It makes one's head dizzy to see how they do things in California in harvest.

The more careful farmer harvests his grain with a reaper, and binds it into sheaves. In the hot and dry interior the straw is too brittle to be bound by day, so you shall sometimes see John Chinaman binding wheat all night long by the light of the moon and the stars, and sleeping by day in a dirty tent or underneath a spreading oak, perfectly secure from rain. The ranchman's house is generally too small for this sudden host of laborers, quite small enough for himself and his family, and the workmen sleep outdoors, like Boaz, at the end of the heap of corn, wrapped in their gray California blankets.

Usually the grain is sacked and left in the open field for months together, without fear of rain or thieves. By and by it accumulates around the little country depots, corded up in quarter-acres and half-acres. For month after month immense trains of platform-cars are rolling down to the bay with this gorge and plethora of wheat, and frequently the rainy season begins before it is all removed.

As soon as the first rain comes, in October or November, the torch is applied to the straw piles. I have stood in Sacramento in the evening and seen the whole circle of the horizon one red, angry glare of flaming ricks. Wasteful California! For lack of that straw next winter hundreds of cattle may go to the crows. This straw is not fired before a considerable rain has fallen, because sooner there would be a good likelihood of consuming the whole surface of the earth. The one constant, deadly peril of the farmer in summer is fire. He plows fresh strips of earth parallel with the railroad to keep the locomotive from burning up his ranch. Standing near the railroad track after a train passes, you may presently see a hand-car propelled by two burly, red-jowled Irishmen, running in a mad chase after the great thunderer, to discover and extinguish the sparks he may have left in his flight. Nothing is so terrible as the snaky swiftness with which the fire will flash along an old brushwood fence in the mountains. The Indians used to fire the woods on these red, dusty foothills, that they might devour the roasted grasshoppers, and they kept the forests swept clean as a park; but nothing will rally out a neighborhood so quick as a column of smoke, and now there is increase of undergrowth. Those evil and miserable vagabonds who migrate to Oregon one year and return the next frequently fire the ranges from their bivouac fires. Farmers seeing a "blanket man" crossing their fields with a lighted cigar follow him until he disappears over the outside fence.

The most common fashion of ranch-house is the pioneer redwood shanty, which has neither posts, joists, nor braces, neither lath, plaster, nor paper; the merest shell of savory, cedar-smelling boards, with a ceiling of cotton drilling, if any. Unfenced, unshaded, unplaned, unpainted, it looms stark and rigid across the tawny plains, where broods a dead, grim silence, like a desert spectre. Ten thousand acres of splendid, golden wheat may wave around it, but not one tree within eye-shot. A cabin of this description is frequently seen in the San Joaquin Valley, tenanted by two or more bachelors. They rent land at a cash rental of two, three, or even five dollars an acre, go in debt with Californian recklessness, establish a rude *cuisine*, and sow five hundred, perhaps one thousand acres of wheat. Last year the windows of heaven were opened without stint, and men reaped seven hundred bushels for every man, woman, and child in the county (that has been done); but this year comes a drought, a killing drought, and dries up

the bud of all their prospects. Those vast plains, so fertile in themselves, become as naked as the back of a man's hand. The sheriff attaches everything for the merchants, but they finally relent and restore one horse, whereon our two bachelors, riding and walking by turns, set out for Oregon, execrating California, but as certain to return to it as curses come home to roost. Fortunate they were bachelors, else they would have been too poor to get away, and ever-generous San Francisco would have been obliged to send them provisions and seed for a fresh start. Perhaps they escape from the wreck with a wagon and horses, and turn teamsters until they accumulate enough to repeat the foolhardy venture. Thus they will vibrate to and fro, and five out of a hundred may make a fortune in a single year, while the ninety and five have their noses on the grindstone all the while. There are immense bodies of land owned by San Franciscans which are seldom wrought by other than tenants. They do as above described, perhaps putting one thousand dollars' worth of improvements on the portion rented by them, then abandon them totally, and they go to the owls and the bats before another tenant comes along. And yet, notwithstanding all this waste and this recklessness, all this miserable shilly-shally and vagabondage, the prodigal soil of California, in a good year, pours forth its millions upon millions, until the outgoing wheat-ships whiten the seas.

You see everywhere deserted cabins like that above described. I suppose I have seen one for every five miles I have traveled in the State, though it is often a shell made by a preëmption or homestead claimant to hold his claim, and visited by him perhaps once in six months, perhaps never.

A second style of ranch-house is the great, barnlike affair, something in the Southern plantation manner, with outhouses leaning in various directions with entire indifference, and perhaps a few giant cottonwoods about; a broad veranda stretches all across the front, reached by a flight of steps of equal length. The veranda floor and steps are cumbered with saddles, bridles, huge Mexican bell-spurs, cougars' and coyotes' skins, ox-hides, whips, etc. There is no carpet in any room, and the chair-legs are worn off up to the first round. All the doors are open the year long in this delicious climate. In the yard is one of those Connecticut pumps which when sent to far California never yield any water until they are irrigated. There is also one of those Indiana wagons whose tires never stay on in this climate, unless they are watered as often as the horses. California and Texas are the ultimate receptacles of all the wooden nutmegs, sanded sugar, and split-leather boots manufactured in the Union. Eastern-made garments, when purchased in either of those two commonwealths, commence shedding their buttons the first day. In a land of bachelors the latter insult would almost justify the secession of the State.

In the interior the ordinary fence is constructed of boards, running along the top of a slight embankment to economize lumber. Owing to the extraordinary shrinkage of lumber in summer and the corresponding swellage in winter, farmers are more and more planting the posts independently and fastening on the boards with wire. Nothing is done thoroughly on the ranch, hence the fence soon sags over, and the above circumstance added makes an affair which would be a grievous eye-sore to a well-regulated farmer in the East. This variable quality of lumber is a source of infinite annoyance. In winter you can kindle a fire several mornings off the edge of your door; then in summer, if you are as small and humble a person as little Dr. Chillip, you can slip in sideways between the door and the post. In the coast valleys, near the great redwood forests, the common fence is made of espaliers driven into the ground and capped with a board, which is rather pretty than otherwise in a landscape of golden, lilac-tinted wheat-fields islanded with live-oaks. In the mountains the hideous brushwood fence largely prevails. In Southern California cottonwood logs

are set on end in a ditch, suggesting the earlier company-drills of the war, wherein a six-footer would stand alongside of a boy, and a slim man beside a Jack Falstaff.

Throughout the more populous bay counties, in Sacramento, San Joaquin, Los Angeles, etc., there is nearly as great a proportion of tasteful farm-houses as in Ohio, for instance. A white farm-house with green shutters is seen less frequently than East, yet too often, for it looks painfully stark and staring in the pellucid air and straw-colored landscape of summer. A new-comer will weary of the houses sicklied over with yellowish, brownish, drabbish, or leaden paints, but this is inevitable, for unless one lives far from the main road and remote from the prodigious and execrable clouds of dust, white is the last color that should be put upon a dwelling. Probably the windmill is the most distinguishing feature of the farm picture. Above all others it is the one thing that California has contributed to American agriculture and American landscape. It is not the unwieldy Dutchman, swinging his four huge arms around as if fuddled with schnapps, but a genuine, money-making American, working right lustily. It is neatly painted white, smirk and smug, and looks very pleasant and chipper on a summer day, amid the still, dead landscape, running so fast that it seems a solid wheel. It stands astride the well with a huge tank hoisted high on its shoulder, and it is its constant business to keep this filled and overrunning into the garden and orchard through a rubber hose, which the ranchman has only to change now and then, to set the water running in a new direction.

Representative of Southern California is the stock-ranch. Far down in the San Joaquin Valley, where the cars (a bit of the nineteenth century injected into the eighteenth) bowl over the infinite dead wastes, singing with a clear, dry whir through the desert air — there is the land where yet the Lethe of Spanish life rolls its lazy waves. Across this seeming desert sluggishly creeps a stream, coming out of somewhere and ending nowhere, for its ends are concealed in the all-enveloping murk. A few willows and cottonwoods fringe its banks, and beneath them ruminate the Spanish cattle, with their long, shining horns; sleek-looking but leggy and high-headed brutes, with a disposition to inspect closely a pedestrian's heels. On the mighty plains around there is not a spear of green herbage, nothing but the coarse burr-clover stems and leafage, now reduced even to powder. But the cattle thrust out their long tongues and gather up the farinaceous seeds, thriving thereon. On the river-bank stands the ranch-house, a structure of the meanest description, perhaps a "dobie," long and windowless. It has been there sixteen years, yet there is not a panel of fence nor a single green leaf to shelter the inmates against the fervid heat. Hard by is a little inclosure, just spacious enough to contain three graves and a poor, struggling tree-of-paradise. It is little wonder that the son pistoled his step-father and graduated from this accursed spot to San Quentin. Living in such a house at such a temperature, a man might even take the life of his mother-in-law. A little farther away there is a rick of alfileria hay, the natural product of some moister river meadow, and harvested for the supply of the vaqueros' horses. Such "hay" were best handled with a shovel, as it consists largely of vegetable powder, though exceedingly nutritious. The surroundings are completed by the spacious circular corral of poles.

Early in the morning, while it is cool, the Mexican and Indian vaqueros saddle their wiry little broncos, gather their riatas and cow-whips, leap into the saddle, and scour away over the plains, disappearing from sight. Toward meridian the Chinese cook emerges from the cabin, his shaven pate shining in the sun and his pigtail gayly flapping, and with his telescope sweeps the horizon. If the black specks far in the distance are moving homeward, he goes in and hastens on the dinner. In half an hour the vaqueros gallop up, with their ponies' flanks smoking and bleeding from the

cruel laceration of the spurs, loosen the sinches a little, and make their toilet with a comb which is kept hanging in the switch of an ox-tail. The casual stranger riding up is saluted with a quiet "*buenas dias*," after which he draws up to the table, as expected to do, without ceremony. Everything eaten, to the gammoned pork and the cabbages, was brought down from San Francisco. After the meal the cigaritos are rolled and puffed a while, then the herdsmen sinch and are off again like a shot, while John, sly dog, brings out a lickerish morsel and discusses it alone. He is not eligible to sit at table with Greasers and Diggers, but he has his little revenge.

Meantime, what are the vaqueros doing afar off? Perhaps amusing themselves by lassoing up the survey stakes, to keep "the —— farmers" from settling in the vicinity, or to annoy the railroad surveyors. Perhaps they are purposely herding their enormous droves so as to trample down some poor man's little grain patch, his solitary hope of the year for the maintenance of his wife and children. The cattle-lords do things that way in the "cow counties." Lumber is too costly to be thought of for fencing by any person not owning a fortune. The farmer watches his hard-earned crop as long as human nature can endure, but there comes a night when he must sleep. In the morning it is a field of dust. And so at last, bullied, badgered, "pastured out," trampled out, run over, insulted, he appeals, perhaps, to the first and last law-maker of California, the six-shooter, and blood is spilled. Yet this infamous system is upheld year after year by State legislation! And for what purpose? Simply that these brutal bullies, these domineering "ox-born souls," may monopolize the shambles of San Francisco with their mustang beef and cow-heel.

If these bull-baiters reared valuable animals, their infamous tyranny and stamping out of small farmers would be more tolerable. But, like everything acclimated in California, the Digger, the mustang, the mission grape, the club wheat (will it be so with the American?), the cattle are "runts." In a good year they are eatable, but in droughty times, after the horns and hide are subtracted there is little remaining, and that were best fed to a menagerie. Day after day they have to travel out farther from the water to procure grass, day after day they grow weaker, until at length they are mere skeletons, and their instinct tells them infallibly they cannot accomplish the journey again and return. Then they may be seen staggering, feebly thrusting and fighting about the pools, and mournfully rolling their hollow eyes around, until they go down in some untoward lurch, and yield themselves up to the ravens, if indeed those foul birds have not plucked out their eyes before they ceased to struggle.

Kindred with this is the great sheep-ranch. It is on all hands agreed that the occupation of a sheep-herder (the word "shepherd," so haloed round about with memories of the poetic Orient, is not heard here) is the most degraded in the whole category. A man who has fallen from society and passed down through all the menial and despised avocations outside of San Quentin, ends at last by herding sheep. Suicide in San Francisco Bay comes next. The Greaser and the Digger have contributed something to make this employment what it is; decrees of social outlawry and prison service in the East have contributed more. The great sheep-runs of California, like those of Australia, are a mollified form of Botany Bay for their respective mother countries, and not in any vocation known to civilization, outside of prison walls, are there so many sad and melancholy human shipwrecks or downright caitiffs. A large wool-grower in Salinas Valley once told me that he had in his employment during one year (according to my recollection) a bishop's son, an editor, a civil engineer, a poet, a book-keeper, etc., all college graduates.

Of itself it is rather a romantic pursuit. Far in among the broken hills of the Coast Range, beneath a live-oak grove and hard by a living spring or

pool, is the brushwood corral and the shepherd's hut of shakes (long shingles). He cooks his own provisions, — the inevitable mutton, beans, and tea, — wraps himself in his blankets, and is lulled into a delicious condition of semi-sleep by the puppy-like chorus of the coyotes, or starts up in terror at the lumbering crunch of the grizzly over his corral. Once a week or once a fortnight he hears from the great outside world, when there is brought to him a donkey-load of supplies. Through the long-drawn summer of California he loafs with his gadding flock over the hills yellow with the gold of the ripened wild oats and aromatic with mint and rosemary, or through the live-oak parks of the valleys, where the long, pea-green streamers of moss sweep and sway in the breeze. But there comes also the winter of his discontent, when he must wrap himself closely in his waterproof or seek the friendly shelter of a tree.

The life of the great southern wool-grower is almost the stupidest possible to be conceived. Living far from neighbors, with all his shepherds away in the mountains, his wife perhaps a native lady and compelling him to speak Spanish to her, no improvements around his house to occupy his attention, but all about a sheep-trodden waste, he is oppressed with intolerable ennui. Early in the morning he saddles his horse and gallops away to the old Mission to meet his compotators. Deep within the cool, dark, earth-walled recesses of its wide-stretching wings he gambles the livelong day, only now and then casting a glance out through the massive arches upon the crisped plain beyond, where the heat-waves wimple and quiver like a wounded serpent.

Time has been when fortunes were reaped in sheep-farming with only less suddenness than in the most successful mining ventures. With his flock frequently increasing at the rate of one hundred and fifty per cent., and self-supporting the year long, with only a little nucleus owned in fee-simple, but rimmed with a boundless margin of government land, at a trifling outlay for tendance, clipping and hauling of fleece, etc., he saw himself grow rich without effort. Many colossal fortunes of the South have been thus made, and impregnably intrenched by the owners "pasturing out" all poor neighbors, until the Land Office wearied of offering land for pre-emption and let it drift off in vast masses at private entry. Nearly all the native grasses of California are annuals, depending for their continuance on seeds, and these the sheep ruthlessly consume, so foreshortening the pasturage year by year; and as the government ranges have been pared down continually, and one flock after another wedged into a given region, the wings of the wool-grower have been seriously clipped, though this is still one of the best paying industries on the coast.

Here it will be in place to say a few words concerning that beautiful and interesting animal, the Cashmere goat, with its fleece like a summer cloud, wavy and long and shining after a rain, like white-gold satin. William M. Landrum says in his pamphlet on the subject that there are already seventy thousand animals in the State with more or less of this noble blood in their veins. Always hardy and healthy in this climate, clean as a cat, inodorous, never deserting its young like the base Spanish goat, contentedly browsing on chaparral, pine, poison oak, and a hundred things where even the little Merino would die, never so happy as when picking moss off a rock or a decaying log, never getting lost like the stupid sheep, but always cleaving to its fellows and always coming to the corral at night of its own accord, yielding the purest milk of all animals, which is never bitter, no matter what the goat eats, with flesh sweeter than mutton and mohair twice as valuable as wool — this little animal is one of Nature's priceless boons to the poor man. It thrives wonderfully on the thinnest, rockiest farms of the foot-hills, where the miners have peeled off the top-soil, and in my opinion it is destined to be the regenerator of those very regions, otherwise beyond hope. In addition to its beauty and its

value, it is an affectionate animal, and if indulged by its master with a casual handful of grain or salt, it will become greatly attached to him, and distressed when he is out of sight, running and bleating in quest of him. How any man with a knowledge of these facts can still cleave to the filthy, accursed, abominable hog — which may I live many years to kick! — passes my comprehension. Dry wines, fruits, nuts, and mohair are destined to be the great staples of the Sierra foot-hills.

Of the vineyard, the orchard, the mountain bee-ranch of Los Angeles, the strawberry garden, the mulberry grove, and many other forms of the ranch with which I am personally less familiar, it is not needful here to speak. But there is one other deserving brief mention, because it is so characteristically Californian, and that is the turkey-ranch. Along the base of the Sierra for hundreds of miles, between the foot-hills and the plains proper, there is a strip of rolling land, arid, gravelly, and uninhabitable. Certainly no human being can gain a livelihood here. But a Californian would extract blood from a turnip. What have we? First, grasshoppers; second, a little, harsh, miserable plant, called by the Americans mullein, by the Spaniards *poleo*. Its prickly capsules are as full of farinaceous seeds as they can hold. Just the place for turkeys, but it required a genius to think of that. It is very curious to see a man on these desolate and burning wastes, afoot or on horseback, herding five hundred, one thousand, sometimes two thousand or three thousand turkeys in a flock, and perhaps assisted by a shepherd dog, who gently admonishes the stragglers. But, in Californian parlance, "it pays." I know an old man and his son who are said to clear three thousand dollars a year in the business. A man is considered to be getting pretty well down in the social scale who will circle turkeys; but when he comes to town at Christmas with his cribs of fat gobblers at sixteen cents a pound, no true Californian will refuse him respect. He is the more entitled to that tribute because he has gained an honest living where Nature seems to have displayed her ingenuity in making it impossible. Even heathen John is entirely respectable when he turns his turkeys into "Christian ducats."

There are many nuisances encountered by the farmer in this part of the world which do something to countervail the surpassing loveliness of the climate. Of these, ants are one. Frequently food can be preserved only by being suspended in sacks, or placed in cupboards with their legs standing in vessels of water. The native Californians scrape all the grass out of their yards and tramp the ground down hard to keep the ants away. Choppers are sometimes driven from a tree by the amazing multitude and the stench of them. They collect great quantities of grass-seed into their holes, leaving the chaff on the surface, and these chaff heaps become quite a resource for stock in the winter. The fleas have given rise to a fashionable folly known as the "California wriggle," which even young ladies practice in the presence of their lovers. In the high mountain regions, strange to say, and around the salty lagoons of the bay, mosquitoes are so intolerably bad that men often wear mosquito-bars on their heads. On the portion of the plains overflowed in the wet season, gnats are so thick that many people live for weeks in a smoke, with their hands and faces lacerated by themselves to a bloody blotch. In the coast valleys and the interior basin, ground-squirrels swarm in countless hordes, honey-combing all the surface of the earth, and devouring every green thing, unless the farmers make banded war on them with strychnine pot, shotgun, trap, sulphur smoke, water, and all other conceivable devices. Summer brings a plague of impalpable dust which penetrates even into a watch; winter, a plague of fathomless mud and of miring down.

Though making more pretensions to a lofty generosity, ranchmen treat laborers more shabbily and niggardly than their Eastern brethren do. They keenly contract with them for one dollar a day, or thirty dollars "for twenty-six dry days."

No shelter is provided where they may labor on a rainy day, but they are meanly compelled to lose that time. The amount is not great, but the principle is pitiful. At night they are relegated to the horse-stable. A story is related of an Irishman who came to breakfast in the morning, snatching the while at the barn straw in his hair, and was greeted by the proprietor, "Good morning, sir." Whereto Pat made reply, "And is it 'sur' ye says to the likes of me? Shure and I'd like to trade that same for a bed, bedad."

There is a favorite bit of blarney which calls this "the workingman's paradise." If a poor man can acquire a piece of land without borrowing, or is a skilled artisan, then it is indeed good for him to be here — as the forty-eight million dollars in the savings-banks of the State attest. But a hireling, *as such*, for the most part leads a precarious and miserable existence. Finding steady employment only about four months a year, he is eternally in quest of "a job," eternally impecunious, eternally a vagabond and a wanderer on the face of the earth. On the other hand, farmers have had their tempers infinitely tried by the thieveries, the barn-burnings, and the infamous wastages of property done by these tramps. It is a melancholy spectacle to see them wearily approach with their rolls of blankets a-shoulder, and timidly or with reckless bravado — one or other, because they have been so often rudely repulsed — "ask a brother of the earth to give them leave to toil." Time has been when, for half the year, there were probably ten thousand men to whom their good gray blankets were at once house, bed, pillow, trunk, chair, and cushion. Happily, thrice happily for California, the great "blanket brigade" is fast being mustered out. As good men as ever knapped ginger have trudged in the dusty road, carrying their blankets — and as infamous. The former have received one kind of discharge-papers; the latter, another. It has taken California many years to absorb all the men who drifted down out of the placers, and all the riff-raff of the East; and there were plenty of them that required to be absorbed seven feet deep.

An unfavorable symptom appearing to the traveler is the number of ranches over which is posted in conspicuous lettering that melancholy legend For Sale. There is little hazard in asserting that there is not a ranchman of them all who would not sell "if he could get his price." Everybody wants to "realize." Nobody is content to sow the long seed of the future. Who plants olives for his son? or a grove of hard-wood trees for his son's son? Interest is reckoned by the month, laborers are hired by the day. People know not how "to labor and to wait." The one baneful error of thousands is that they think they are making nothing unless they are working for a wage. They want to see and finger every night what they have accumulated during the day. The old, ineradicable virus of the mining days is in their blood, and it can never be gotten out of them unless it is stamped out or burnt out. When a generation of men grow up who have never seen a "chispa" or handled a sluice-fork, then and not till then will farming affairs be managed with some steadfastness and good discretion. No farmer now, or farmer's wife, drops a tear of sentiment or of regret over the rough and uncanny dwelling which the hammer of the roaring auctioneer knocks off amid a ribald throng. No long-drawn chain of sweet and tender recollections grapples the old homestead back into the storied past, or binds it to scenes rendered forever sacred by participation of beloved hearts which now lie low in the church-yard graves, turning to silent dust. There is no spreading tree which Benny planted long ago, when a boy, or rose-bush which Mary's tender hands placed in the ground, watered, and taught to twine itself across the casement. All these matters are the growth of time alone, and they will come to California at last, when the wild and reckless wanderers who planted the foundations hap-hazard are sleeping in the ground.

Let us hope also that the California farmer may not always preëminently deserve the epithet given by Virgil to the

universal class, *avarus agricola.* It makes one's blood bitter to be compelled always, when about to do a matter of business, to be braced in every direction like an Olympic wrestler. The pitiless and eternal hunting down of "a bargain;" the backing and filling and hedging; the higgling and chaffering; the bated breath with which one party ventures an offer at last, and the other listens; the sickening of heart and bitter chagrin with which one or other or both contemplate the dawning suspicion that they have been overreached — these things are pitiful. This accursed, insatiable rapacity of California is the one "damned spot" on its character.

Agriculture has had to make a hard and bitter fight to secure even the poor modicum of recognition which it has. For nearly fourteen years no man came here to get any good out of the soil itself. The vaquero and the "forty-niner," the old Spanish *régime* and the mining system, have been the serpents to throttle the young Hercules, but are themselves gasping instead. The former still holds the legislature to the nefarious fence-law in its home counties, against the farmer's behoof; the latter still cracks the whip in Sacramento which it has swung ever since the "legislature of a thousand drinks," forcing on the agricultural counties certain wrongs in regard of taxes and representation; though the seat of wealth and population long ago migrated to the plains, leaving the prematurely old, bankrupt, skinny mining counties in the mountains like a haggard young debauchee.[1] Farmers as a class are still highly contemned and disparaged by miners, both in the legislature and outside of it. Truthful James has no admiration for dull John Hodge. In the agricultural fairs the most pitiful premiums are awarded to stock and field products, which are huddled in a corner, while thousands are lavished on the races. A farmer on the soundest basis cannot borrow of the San Francisco money-jugglers as easily as a stock-gambler can. Addressing a farmers' club, Ross Browne bitterly but too truly said, "Even now I believe he could raise money more readily on diamond lands than on swamp or agricultural enterprises." Ranchmen are scattered and powerless; the men of the cities are united and strong; hence the former are outrageously fleeced by them. Wheat is often sold at one hundred per cent. over what the farmers received; wine at one dollar and a half a bottle, while it was sold at Los Angeles for forty cents a gallon, or eight cents a bottle; grapes at eight or ten cents a pound, when the grower was glad to get seventy-five cents a hundred; and tons of fruit are cast into San Francisco Bay every summer because the petty hucksters cannot work it off at five cents a pound, though the farmer was obliged to accept twenty dollars a ton. Thousands of tons rot under the trees yearly, while the poor of the cities go without, because the infamous extortions of the middle-men place it above their reach.

Despite all these drawbacks, the outlook for agriculture in this great commonwealth is hopeful. The skinning and shiftless methods of the present are passing away. There are two great and cardinal ideas slowly permeating the rural mind. One is the absolute necessity of getting the seed into the earth in time to receive the earliest autumn rains, comprehended in one word, *summer-fallowing.* The other is the economy and the greater security of planting several crops on every ranch, so that if one is a failure another may succeed, comprehended in two words, *diversified agriculture.* Another equally important matter is the breaking up small of the colossal ranches owned under Mexican grants or got together through the enormous rapacity of speculators. Cronise says in his preface,[2] "It will be a grand day for California when the word 'ranch,' like the idea and system it represents, has only a historical meaning, and when small farms, well tilled, dot the lovely

[1] In 1859 thirteen mining counties returned $31,615,000 total taxable values; thirteen young agricultural counties only $17,101,000. In 1867 the former returned $29,230,000; the latter $26,404,000. In 1870 the former had still largely declined, while the latter returned $45,413,000.

[2] The Natural Wealth of California. San Francisco: H. H. Bancroft & Co.

plains now abandoned to herds of cattle." Only consider the vast area of cultivable land, of which men have as yet tilled merely the tithe! In the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys there are twelve million eight hundred thousand acres of arable land in an unbroken body! True, this will yield only about four years in seven, while in the remaining three drought brings the harvest to nothing. But Nature has provided an exhaustless resource in the mountains, of which men have only to avail themselves in order to regulate the machinery of the heavens and bring water upon the thirsty earth at pleasure. The immense area of condensation and catchment afforded by the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range creates vast reservoirs in the form of snow and mountain tarns, which at present all run to waste, flowing down in swift and ice-cold rivers across the sweltering plains. It is not that Nature scatters rain upon California with a niggard hand, but that it is mostly precipitated upon the summits, whence it runs down two or three months too early. It is necessary to create artificial reservoirs in the elevated valleys, and retain there this magnificent supply of waters until later in the season. Otherwise expressed, it is necessary to construct eaves-troughs for the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range, which can be plugged and tapped at pleasure.

Already a chartered company have quietly expended over five hundred thousand dollars in surveys and initiatory works toward the setting on of this vast undertaking, the irrigation of an empire. There is a loose and large swing of phrasing in their certificate of incorporation — "the construction of irrigating canals in the State of California, . . . the supplying of cities and towns with pure, fresh water," etc. — which is peculiar to the lordly Western speech. But when great deeds unostentatiously follow hard on the heels of these large, unconscious utterances, the case is hopeful. The time may come when this arid basin will be netted with irrigating canals, making possible a dense population.

Stephen Powers.

CRUISE OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK IN CALAIS HARBOR.

In the year 1863 I was one of the English residents at the country village of Fréthun, about six miles from Calais, when rumors of a most extraordinary nature began to circulate. It was confidently stated that a pirate ship had been brought into the harbor; some averred that she had come in of her own accord for the express purpose of burning Calais and massacring the inhabitants. To ascertain the exact truth, my two sons speedily walked into town, and having well examined this redoubtable craft, brought back more certain information. The ship was a Confederate cruiser bought at Sheerness under another name, by Confederate agents, which had been brought over to Calais by a lieutenant of the Southern navy, with only a few men; on nearing Calais harbor they had hoisted the Confederate flag and christened the vessel the Rappahannock. Very soon after her arrival she had gathered together a motley crew of one hundred and eighty men and thirty-two officers, who expected, after getting stores and ammunition on board, to sail out of the harbor fully prepared for action. Such was not the intention of the authorities; an embargo was laid upon the Rappahannock, and to prevent any sudden attempt of her commander to take her out of port, she was placed in the Bassin à Flots, and kept there for more than a year.

My two sons, of the respective ages of twenty-one and eighteen, were heartily tired of the monotony of their country

life, and I felt uneasy when, after the arrival of the Rappahannock, every day found them prepared for a walk into Calais and a further inspection of the Southern vessel; I was certainly more grieved than surprised when one day they informed me that they had shipped as two of the crew of the Rappahannock, and would be expected to join immediately. All remonstrance was useless, and I had no option left but to do my best towards preparing them comfortably for their new life. This I did, and my daughters and myself bade them farewell with many tears, many blessings, and many sad misgivings as to their future prospects. In a short time our kind friend the Protestant clergyman, who was the English consular chaplain at Calais, wishing if possible to comfort me, brought down with him on a visit one of the lieutenants of the ship, that I might ask him all the questions my maternal solicitude prompted. This officer was a young Virginian of good family, whose uncle was an admiral in the Confederate service, his family being all stanch supporters of the Southern cause. He had been educated at West Point, and was very good-looking and agreeable. I heard afterwards that both in principles and in manners he was greatly superior to his brother officers. This prepossessing young man was most enthusiastic as to the cause he had espoused, and seemed to feel certain of its favorable issue. He gave me every promise and assurance that my sons should be speedily promoted, that their comfort and welfare would be well looked to, and even that, if inclined to study, time would be allowed them for the purpose. I knew too well that much of this would be impossible on board such a ship, but he certainly left me much comforted, and as far as he was concerned amply redeemed his promises, for he proved a very kind friend to both my sons. As he had predicted, they were speedily promoted; the elder was made an officer, and the younger a quartermaster. They went on board in December, 1863, and during the summer of the following year the time of our old gardener was greatly taken up in carrying books, fruit, flowers, clean linen, and many little delicacies on board their ship, to insure their own comfort and to recommend them to their messmates.

In the mean time all Calais and its environs became stanchly Confederate. I am bound to say that the crew of the Rappahannock were a goodly assemblage of robbers, murderers, pirates, deserters, and pickpockets, and even according to their own account of themselves, there was hardly one who did not deserve hanging. The officers, however, were all gentlemen, mostly young and good-looking, and they certainly were caressed, fêted, and lionized to their hearts' content. Enthusiastic young ladies wore the Confederate colors of gray and blue, and fastened their collars with Rappahannock buttons presented by their gallant admirers. In musical families among the English residents, sweet voices sung Southern songs to admiring audiences, and breakfasts, dinners, concerts, balls, picnics, and, I must add, desperate flirtations, enlivened the whole neighborhood. The officers returned the civilities of their town friends by many pleasant parties and one splendid ball given on board, at which they spared neither expense nor trouble. Nor was the delicate attention omitted of providing a dressing-room for their fair visitors, and ladies' maids to assist them in the adjustment of their dress. Great was the curiosity of all classes to go over the vessel, and inexhaustible the politeness of the officers in showing it off. The throngs on the quay, which assembled every day to watch the proceedings of these rovers of the sea, seemed never to have seen enough, and especially at the sailors' dinner-hour their curiosity was powerfully excited. A wag on board having suggested that they came to see the wild beasts feed, the crew entered into the joke, and not only pretended to snatch up their food and claw it to pieces like wild animals, but, simulating bears, gave utterance to sundry horrid growls, to the great terror of the female portion of the lookers-on.

It might have been supposed that the

Rappahannock, being peaceably moored by the side of the quay, would have been in no danger of law proceedings. Not so. A timber vessel came into the Bassin à Flots, and injured her bowsprit rigging by running into the rigging of the Southern ship. The matter was referred to the Tribunal de Commerce, and one of my sons, who was only too well acquainted with the very unsatisfactory course of French justice, told the captain at once that the Rappahannock, and not the aggressive timber ship, would bear the brunt of the affair, and for this simple reason, that the president of the Tribunal de Commerce was father-in-law to the owner of the timber vessel. He was right; the Rappahannock was condemned to pay a fine of three hundred francs, and as the captain positively refused to pay, the town bill-sticker was ordered not only to paste up bills of sale all over the town, but also to go on board the ship for the same purpose. Having fulfilled the first part of his commission, the public functionary strolled along the quay and fearlessly stepped on to the deck of the Rappahannock, with his pot of paste and bundle of bills. The officer of the deck instantly signaled to two stalwart tars, who, seizing the man, each by an arm and his trousers, hove him on to the quay, which, being at least ten feet above the level of the deck, made his rapid ascent rather perilous. He was not hurt, but, from the impetus given, fell into his paste pot, and the day being stormy his bills were scattered to the four winds of heaven. He shook his fist at the ship and hurried to tell his tale to the authorities. In half an hour a fierce-looking gendarme was sent to parley with the recalcitrant ship; but by this time the officer of the watch had completely lost his patience, and sending the steward for his sword, laid it on the capstan and swore that he would cleave the head of the first man who dared to set foot on the deck. Afraid any longer "to beard the lion in his den," the gendarme disappeared, and what more came of the matter history does not record.

An incident of a more serious kind, which under other circumstances would have led to a naval execution, took place while my sons were on board. A tall, good-looking young man came one day and shipped before the mast, and though rated as a common seaman, seemed marvelously conversant with nautical affairs. He attracted notice at last by his constant examination of every part of the ship to which he could gain access, and he was specially addicted to prowling about the powder-magazine. A whisper began to circulate in the ship that a Northern spy was on board, and suspicion at once fell upon this young man. The captain intercepted and read a letter from his mother, which fully verified the fact of his being a spy. It was supposed that he belonged to the Kearsarge, which kept cruising between Cherbourg and Calais, and which sometimes came almost to the entrance of the harbor. He was at once made prisoner, heavily ironed both hand and foot, and confined on the lower deck, where he remained nearly two months strictly guarded. My sons, whose hearts had not been hardened by the cruelties of war, so far as they had known them, found means of supplying the unfortunate man with clean linen, of which he was dreadfully in want, and other small comforts which were rigorously denied him. If the captain had dared he would at once have hung his prisoner, but in a foreign harbor that was impossible. It was, however, fully decided that if the ship were ever released and got out to sea, the spy would swing from the yard-arm. He was saved from this fate. It was found so difficult and troublesome to have him constantly guarded, that at length it was decided to dismiss him with ignominy. The crew and the officers were accordingly mustered upon the deck, and the prisoner being brought up, his irons were taken off and he was very unceremoniously put on shore in nothing but his shirt and trousers, much broken down by his long imprisonment. Far from being ashamed of his detection as a spy, he gloried in it, and maintained that he was in the strict line of duty and was performing a most heroic act of

patriotic self-devotion. He openly acknowledged that it had been his intention to blow up the Rappahannock with all on board, could he once have gained access to the powder-magazine, and he had taken the precaution of having always a small boat at a short distance to facilitate his own escape. He must have had friends and resources in Calais, for the day after his dismissal he reappeared in gentlemanly dress and took up his abode at one of the best hotels. He wrote once afterwards to my sons to thank them for their kindness.

While these events were passing, my daughters and myself spent a summer of torturing anxiety. We had always the dread that the Rappahannock might be allowed to go out to sea, in which case my sons would be carried away from us. We also knew that the notorious Alabama was off Cherbourg and in want of more hands. I fear that it will be thought very shocking in an Englishwoman, but I confess that when I heard of the total destruction of the Alabama in her fight with the Kearsarge, I felt nothing but an inexpressible relief and thankfulness. My sons, longing for active service, and heartily weary of the idle, droning life they led in the harbor, had signed their names as volunteers for the Alabama only a few days before her destruction. My long trial was, however, coming to a close. Early in August, 1864, Antoine, our old gardener, returned one day from the ship, bringing back with him all the parcels I had sent in the morning. He told me that he had seen and spoken with both his young masters, who had sent me word that they were both coming back for good the next day, and wished nothing more sent. Seeing me still incredulous, the old man added that the crew were being paid off as fast as possible, and that many of the officers had already quitted the ship. The next day this joyful news was confirmed by the arrival of our two absentees, and if we did not actually kill the fatted calf, we at least received them with heartfelt thankfulness.

How many broken hearts the gallant Confederate officers left behind them, I am not prepared to say; but this I do know, that great grief and lamentation took place at their departure, and that for months afterwards the very spirit of dullness brooded over the old streets of Calais. The Rappahannock was for years a standing joke in our family, and was christened Mamma's Sinking Fund, so great was the outlay of money and everything else it had cost me.

H. B. K.

BENJAMIN JACQUES.

In an iron-bound valley of the Adirondacks, Ben Jacques was financially ruined in the summer of 1842 by a mining speculation. His ruin did not mean so very much in dollars and cents, perhaps less than his previous failures in the same barren field, but somehow this last failure seemed to mean a great deal to him personally. His open, honest face revealed keen suffering.

Jacques had been very temperate and industrious. He would have gained success if there had been half a chance. But mining in the Adirondack Mountains was hard. So long as a man was young, and new at the business, he could endure the disappointments after a fashion; but when he was turned of forty years of age, and had learned that mining in the Adirondacks was contending against great commercial odds if not natural laws, he was apt to think that he needed a change. One's best strength for "fighting the rocks" was likely to be impaired before middle life. Jacques, however, was still strong. It was the check upon earnest purposes and honest hopes that wrung his heart. He had tried so many times, he said, and so fair, and every time a failure.

On this last occasion Jacques's brown locks were turning to silver, as the assets of his venture were made over to "the company," leaving him without a dollar; and he explained to his friends, in his simple, direct way, with tears in his frank, gray eyes, that he was tired.

"More than twelve years ago," he said, "I brought a little money and a hopeful heart to these mountains, and you all know whether I have worked faithful. I own I am down now, and my heart is sore. It an't no use, boys," he added. "It is a hard country. Them few black holes over there in the hill is all I have to show for my work. And them an't mine any longer," he added, struggling with a sob. He said to a friend, privately and with tears, "It 's all right, George, to talk of settling down, but when a man has had his hopes, and sees it 's too late, and he has nothing to offer, what can he say?"

Three days after the failure, Ben Jacques started away from the mining settlement alone for a walk among the mountains. He was trying to get a mental view of what else there might be in the world beside iron ore and speculation and heart-ache. It was a July morning, all brightness, and cheered by the birds, he walked along a little road up by a cabin where his newly-married friend, Nellie, and her husband lived. The little home was a sweet picture. Beyond it were the woods and the dark mountains. To the toiler whose existence had been for so many years a struggle to wrench a fortune from these rocky hills, they seemed implacable and pitiless. What was the serenity of their heights but contempt for his feeble struggles?

He passed on from the settlement into the woods. There was an old mining road that he knew of. It led many miles into the wilderness. It had been "cut out" and speedily abandoned in a mining speculation years ago. He followed this track five miles, to Cherry Lake. The lake was very solitary. A dark, rugged hill clothed with black spruce rose beyond it. Where Jacques was, there was a plain covered with maple and beech trees. He noticed how fine the prospect was, and how wonderfully the blue waters sparkled in the July noon. Then he sat down upon the shore and smoked his pipe, and thought it all over again. When he returned to the settlement that evening, he remarked that he had considered the matter fully, and was sure that he had done with mining forever.

A week later the news was circulated that Ben Jacques had put up a log-cabin away off in the woods at Cherry Lake, and was going to turn hermit. There were diverse comments upon this intelligence. Some reckoned that he had found a new mine out there, others were "afeard" that Ben had a soft spot in his head. His own statement of the case to Nellie was plain. He said he was tired. He declared, also, that it was pleasant at the lake, and that he loved to dream there in the silence. "I remember a world outside of these mountains, Nellie," said Jacques, "that you have not seen." When Nellie said, anxiously, that she feared he was giving way to some secret sorrow, he did not reply.

Jacques's cabin at the lake was a pleasant place. During the autumn he cleared a little ground, that he might have a garden in the spring, and he improved the old road so that a team could be driven over it. A few weeks' labor at "The Works" supplied him with means to procure the necessaries he required. Then a little furniture and a few books were taken to the cabin, and the toiler settled down to rest.

Jacques was a sensitive man. The isolation of his hermit-life soon had its natural effect upon him. That unseen world that surrounds the living, both when they wake and when they sleep, seemed to him to come nearer and nearer. The strange spirits that woo and win the solitary found him in the wilderness. It was observed that he was becoming quiet and shy, and that the little he saw of society when he visited the settlement oppressed him.

The seasons came and went with much feverish anxiety, and many baffled

enterprises, at the mining settlement. Amid the worry and the failures, Ben Jacques, the hermit, was little cared for, and rarely remembered.

The little settlement did not encroach very rapidly upon the woods. Jacques's cabin was still miles away in the forest. His acre of garden was a rose in the vast wilderness. In spring the flowers bloomed around his door-way, and the bees from his hives hummed around the tiny clearing. Remote as it was, the robins and the bluebirds found this lonely home. It was one of the picnic journeys in summer, for the young folks to travel the long, unfrequented road through the woods, and visit Jacques, the hermit. These visits were received as a great honor by the venerable man, and he always gave the visitors honey and flowers. But only Nellie, and her husband and children, knew "old Mr. Jacques" as something more than a strange man, or a curiosity. Twice, at least, every summer, a horse and rude wagon were driven by Nellie's husband or by her own hands over the rough road to Mr. Jacques's. Almost every month in the year Jacques came to see Nellie and her family. It was the tie that bound him to the outward world.

Nellie used to say to her husband that although she could not imagine what it was, she was sure there was some sad secret in Mr. Jacques's life. Her eyes grew dim with tears, as she saw that her own little Mary, so timid and shy toward all others, yet found a friend in this lonely and aged man. She wondered at the pretty blush that came to his withered cheeks as the quiet child welcomed and kissed him.

But no one knew the life or the thoughts of Benjamin Jacques. The dreary years, the brightness of summer, and the winter's dreadful cold, found him dwelling ever alone in the silence of the great woods. As the long decades were passing, the silver of his locks changed to snow.

It came to pass that a message from the years gone by penetrated to his seclusion, reaching his saddened spirit more to wound than to cheer.

It was an August night and was raining. Jacques sat in his cabin, reading a newspaper dated three months back. The light of a candle which he held in his hand fell upon his face, revealing how strangely and sadly it was chastened by his lonely life. The rain beat dull and dreary upon the window-pane. A mouse nibbled in a cupboard and then ran across the floor. A low, moaning sigh came from the forest. Jacques put his candle upon the table, pushed up his spectacles, closed his eyes, and sat thinking. There were strange stories in the newspaper he had been reading, about spirits coming back to this world. He was not surprised by the idea. He had felt his deceased mother near him many times, when he was utterly heart-broken and weeping in his solitary hours. But he did not think it likely that the spirits would make noises and disturb people. He was satisfied that the accounts in the newspaper were not true. Then he wondered again what it was that he had felt coming all day. Perhaps it was nothing. Yet why should he feel it always before people came? He would not have believed such things years ago.

Jacques opened his eyes. Was that a faint lightning-flash upon the window? It was too long and steady for that. He rose and peered out into the blackness of the rainy night. His window overlooked the lake. Across, upon a point of land that projected out from the main shore, a ruddy fire was burning. Its red glare came in a misty, shimmering track across the waves.

"Some hunters, probably," thought Jacques. And yet the hunters never came to the lake, and there was no fishing there. "It must be somebody who has come all the way through the woods on the old mining road," he said to himself. He tried to believe it was not remarkable; but he did not sleep very soundly that night for thinking of it, although the beat of the rain upon the roof soothed him.

The next morning was clear and beautiful. The green, wet woods were steaming in the warm summer air, and

the bees were humming. At eight o'clock Jacques sat reading in his open door-way. A bright, active boy, dressed in a blue suit, and about twelve years of age, came along the lake shore, and to the door of the cabin.

"Good morning, Mr. Jacques," said the boy, with a cheery smile; and his clear blue eyes looked kindly and curiously at the long, white hair and grave, sad face of the hermit. Jacques pushed his spectacles back upon his forehead, and turned his dreamy look upon the eager young face before him.

The boy proceeded to tell Jacques that he and his older brother had walked sixty miles along the roads through the woods for a vacation, and were camping over on the point. He said that as it was Sunday, they should stay over until to-morrow. "They told us back at Smith's that you lived here, and that your name was Mr. Jacques," said the boy with juvenile volubility; and turning partly away, the lad commenced biting the green bark from a fresh birch branch in his hand, glancing at the man meanwhile, to discover what impression he was making. When the hermit spoke a few kind words in reply, the boy seemed to judge that it would be safe to develop his policy. "You see, Mr. Jacques," he said, "we want some new potatoes from your garden, and I guess you will hate to let us have any."

The boy found little difficulty in arranging with kind-hearted Mr. Jacques. The hermit was ready to do more than was asked of him. He urged that the lads should come and stay at his cottage.

The boy departed, and soon returned with his comrade. They brought a knapsack full of trout, and a rifle. The elder boy was also dressed in blue; he was grave and sedate.

The young talkers made it lively at the cottage. Jacques had not heard such music there for many a dreary day, — not since the picnic, three years before.

The boys looked at the bees and the flowers, and the younger one explored all the surroundings of the place. Will, the elder, sat with Jacques and conversed quietly of the news of the day. The conversation turned upon books. The boy was well-informed.

"You are a student," said Jacques. "When I was young, I too had some schooling; in my solitude I still find in reading my chief enjoyment and solace." And then Jacques produced a worn volume of Milton's Poems, and read, in a slow, measured manner, a part of the poem beginning at man's first disobedience, that brought death into our world and all our woe.

The old man became confidential with the sober, scholarly lad. "I know a little," said Jacques, humbly, "of the great world in which you live, and of literary men and fame; my grandfather was a writer for the press in France." And then Jacques, with diffidence and embarrassment, confessed that in the long, silent hours, just to amuse his thoughts, he had himself composed a few lines, and had them in memory. They were not much, he said, but they gave him something to think about, and imparted to his solitary hours a certain pleasure.

"I am not skilled in punctuation," he remarked, in his unaffected way, "and so I have never written them down." As the two became more acquainted, the old man, blushing a little, repeated a poem of his own, and the young student jotted it down in cipher in his note-book. The hermit was greatly pleased at this, and smiled with a simple, honest pride, as his words were read back to him to see that all was right. Jacques was correct in saying that the lines were not very much. They were evidently inspired by Milton's Paradise Lost, and treated of the same great theme. With all their rudeness, however, they revealed the native grandeur of his soul, and I would fain believe that they reflected in some degree the light of the great epic that inspired them.

As the sun was going down, the boys and Jacques sat in the cottage door.

"You call each other Will and George," said Jacques, "but if I may ask, what are your full names?"

The boys gave their names and the name of their father.

What was it that made Jacques tremble and then remain so still? The boys noticed the agitation and the silence, but knew no cause. By degrees the conversation was resumed. A half-hour passed away.

Jacques said to Will, as if casually, "Your father is the missionary-pastor that has recently come to this region and visits the settlement sometimes?"

Will replied in the affirmative. The conversation turned again to other matters. An hour later Jacques said to Will, "*You* favor your *father* in your looks, I suppose."

"Yes, so they say," replied Will, smiling at the old man's curiosity.

"But *he* is not like your father," said Jacques, pointing to George.

"No," said Will, unconsciously, "he is like mother, they say."

Why was the old man so quiet? Why did his voice tremble when he spoke? The boys noticed how humble and sad and subdued he seemed that evening, and wondered why he consulted every wish of theirs so anxiously, and seemed to strive so hard to serve them.

In spite of their expostulations the hermit gave up his one bed to the boys. The brothers sat by their bed before retiring. They were whispering a moment together. What was it? Jacques heard the words, "George, mother said we always must," and then the two knelt silently at the bedside. When they rose they saw that Jacques was also kneeling, and a low sound like a sob came from the dim corner where he was, as he rose from his knees. There were kind good nights said, and wishes for a bright to-morrow, and the lads slept.

The wishes for a bright morning were realized, and the youthful travelers prepared to resume their journey. Before they went away Jacques said, "I was acquainted with your parents many years ago; that is," he continued, with a strange faltering, "I do not know as I was acquainted with your *father* — You might tell them," he added, "that Mr. Jacques sends his respects, — if they should remember me."

It was seven o'clock, and the sun was shining very brightly, when the rosy-faced boys left Jacques's cabin, and with kind words of "good-by" started along the road out toward the mining settlement. As they passed into the woods they turned and looked back once more at the garden and the flowers, and they waved one more adieu with their caps to the hermit. As they did so Jacques stood by the road-side, leaning upon his staff and weeping bitterly.

"That is a very strange old man," said George.

"So he is," said Will; "I think he was crying all last night." And the two, so young and inexperienced in the voyage of life, passed on, not knowing what message they had brought to this shipwrecked mariner, upon his lonely rock in the vast, mysterious ocean.

Jacques's health declined. Nellie thought it was not safe for the old man to live alone. She urged upon her husband the propriety of bringing their friend to their own house. But Jacques when invited said, no, he could not leave his home. In the winter following, Nellie's husband visited Jacques several times, making the journey upon snow-shoes. But he always found the hermit in about his usual health, and able, he said, to visit the settlement whenever he desired it.

It was spring again. Robins and bluebirds came; and Jacques's garden hummed with the bees and bloomed with flowers. There came a bright, warm day, when the fire-pulsed, leafy June was glowing with the life of a new summer. Nellie and little Mary went in their wagon to visit "old Mr. Jacques," at the lake. They came to the cottage. The timid little maiden sprang out of the wagon and went forward through the gate, while her mother remained to tie the old gray horse to a post. Mary went close up to the cottage. The door was open and she stepped in. Then she called back to her mother that Jacques was asleep. Nellie felt the presentiment. She entered the cabin, and there

upon the bed was the weary traveler, forever at rest.

It was plain that the great conqueror had surprised him. Jacques was dressed with his usual neatness and care. His Milton had fallen from his hand and was lying upon the bed by his side. The clock was ticking upon the shelf, and the flowers upon the little table at the bedside were still fresh with the morning dew. The little window toward the lake was open, and the light summer air stirred the white muslin curtain that shaded it. Nellie and little Mary stood for a while awe-stricken in the great hush and stillness of the presence of death. Then Nellie closed the house, and her tears fell as she realized that she was doing the last service she could render her friend. Then she and little Mary returned to the settlement, and suitable aid was secured and sent to the cabin.

It was proposed that Jacques should be brought out to the common burying-ground; but it turned out that he had strictly charged Nellie that his grave should be at his home. The place he had chosen was where the flowers grew, and the bees and the birds and the sunshine came first in spring.

The hermit's wishes in regard to his last resting-place were complied with. The funeral was upon the Sabbath; and a service at the settlement was omitted, in order that the people might assemble at the hermitage. It was esteemed fortunate that the missionary-pastor was making his round, traveling with his wife in the bright, summer weather, along the roads to the settlements in the wilderness. They came to the meeting that bright Sabbath, at the little clearing in the woods.

The missionary-pastor was a venerable man, who had seen service in the cause of his Master in many fields. His wife was a tall, quiet woman, bearing well the dignity of age. The silver was thickening in her hair, but her features were still symmetrically molded and she retained her queenly tread.

The pastor spoke from the door of the cabin, while the women were within, and a congregation of men was upon the outside.

Why did the pastor's wife manifest so much interest in the cabin and the things there? She observed the hermit's furniture and his books. After the sermon, when there was a little stir in arranging before burial, she ventured to lift a worn copy of Milton's Poems from the table at her side. What was it upon the fly-leaf that brought a little flush to her face? Only these faded words, written in an unformed, girlish hand, "Happy New Year to Mr. Jacques, 1829."

Soon the arrangements were made, and the people, according to the country custom, passed in file by the coffin and looked their last. It was noticed that the pastor's wife wept, and placed a flower from the garden upon the breast of the aged sleeper.

The services were over. The body of Benjamin Jacques had been committed to its kindred dust. The pastor observed that his wife trembled as he aided her to get into the stout buggy which was his traveling carriage. As the line of wagons filed along the road under the trees, the pastor said in his kindest tone, "My dear, you were very much affected by the services, to-day." The wife placed her hand tenderly upon her husband's arm and replied, "It is the *same man*, Joseph; I was acquainted with Mr. Jacques when I was a young girl in Salem."

P. Deming.

STORY OF A CONTRABAND.

THE hero, and indeed the author, of this little story (since I took it down almost word for word from his own lips) is a huge, jet-black, powerful negro, whose trials and sorrows have never damped the courage or soured the sweetness of a singularly brave and kindly nature. I first saw him in the soft twilight of a lovely summer evening, working most energetically in a friend's garden, and was instantly attracted by the fact that he was not only willingly and cheerily working after hours, but was doing so with immense energy and rapidity. He replied to all his master's entreaties to stop work and go home with the assurance that he was "interested in dese yer raspberries; goin' to rain to-morrow, and dey won't be nice fur de mist's jam if dey 's wet."

Finally he emerged, carrying a big basket, a tin pan, a hoe, and a rake, all in one hand, in a peculiarly dexterous manner. For Joe McEntyre had but one arm, and with this, as I soon discovered, accomplished much more than most men with two. He was a great favorite with his employers, and equally so with his fellow-servants, while his skill, cleverness, and willingness made him factotum in general. In the rosy dawn, the first sounds that greeted our ears all that summer long were the mellow tones of Joe's naturally deep bass voice, subdued to softest accents of persuasion, as he coaxed a refractory cow to let down her milk. It was not his business to milk this particular cow, but it became his habit, because she invariably kicked over stool, milking-pail, and milker, if any one else attempted to handle her. This is only one instance out of many, of his happy gift of managing animals. The kindly paternal way in which he used to coax, and pet, and feed the young calves and colts would have filled an orphan child's heart with longing; indeed, the dominant instinct of the man's nature led him to delight in making all creatures happy, and I remember well the odd sight he presented one morning, shambling across a field, with colts, calves, and cows all following him in affectionate and uncomfortable proximity, while he expostulated with them: "Now, honeys, ye done come fur enuff; yer knows I 's got to go home to my dinner, and I carn' take all on yer along. Lemme go now, and I 'll bring all on ye some salt when I come back."

The story which follows I took down at different times, as I followed Joe about the garden, for he never paused in his labor for an instant. It will be seen that his diction is peculiar, the ordinary negro phraseology being diversified by some high-flown expressions which he has picked up at various times, while occasionally a singularly happy and picturesque phrase will find its way into his speech. At first his recollections were given in rather a fragmentary form, but at my earnest request he devoted a Sunday afternoon to my notebook, and appeared in resplendent attire, arrayed in stiffly starched nankeen pantaloons and a showy shirt, his shoes — he wears sixteens — brilliantly polished, a handsome coat much too small, and a large white hat surmounting all, while four gorgeous breastpins shone radiant upon different parts of his person. One blazed in his cravat, a second adorned his shirt-front, a third the bottom of his waistcoat, while the fourth gleamed like an order upon his empty sleeve. I give his story as nearly as possible in his own words, though unfortunately I cannot claim to have preserved, in anything like its native freshness, the racy charm of his narrative, to which indeed his tones and gestures added not a little.

Yes, mist', I was bohn in Guinea, and de fust t'ing I 'member is woods, woods, woods, stretchin' away like de

ocean dar now. We was happy enuff in dem days. Not as I 'member so much, neither. I was eight years old, 's nigh as I can guess, when I was took, me and my brudder Alfred, and my fader and mudder. Dey was two sisters too, but dey got away, and I suppose is livin' dar now. Well, beside de woods, dar was de ocean dar, jus' like it is yere, only dar was dar, so it seems to me, brighter-colored pebbles on de sho'.

We was mighty fond of goin' down to de sho', all on us, young and old, to bathe, but we young ones 'joyed ourselves de best. We went dar day arter day, like young lambs, to play. My mind sometimes goes wanderin' over dem days, so you must 'scuse me, mist', if I don't bring my 'collections togedder as smooth as beads on a string. Well, 'bout our bein' took. Dar was a colored man dar; don' know nuffin 'bout how he came, only know he was dar, and spoke our language like he was one of us, which was likely he had been, though now he was paid by pirates, which of course we did n't know. He was roun' dar a long time, tellin' stories to de chil'en, and talkin' eberlastin' wid de grown-up folks, till he got mos' of de leadin' Africans under his belief (Guinea, you know, mist', is in Africay; so that 's why dey call my nation people Africans) dat he had a ship full of red blankets and red caps and beads and sich. 'Pears like de fus' t'ing cl'ar like a picture to my mind is a follerin' on, a lot of us, chil'en, parents, old folks, and all, fro de woods, follerin' on, I say, jess like birds a charmer. By and by we see de sea shinin', and dar shore enuff was de ship, white sails spread, and goin' softly up and down on de waves, like she was dancin' or courtesyin'. Den dis yer man turns 'roun', and he makes a speech. He seen dey was a lot of old folks along, for dey was covetuous of de beads an' caps an' red stuffs, as well as de rest; an' he tuck mighty good keer to let dem old folks know he had n't nuffin fur dem.

Finally we got aboard de ship, and we was tuck down to a place dat was all lit off wid lookin'-glasses and colored lights and beads and red and yellow stuffs hangin' 'roun'. A gorgerer place I never saw. We all got in dar, and den he tole us to stand up close, and den when we was all fixed de t'ings would be give out to us. So he got us till we was all settin' by, expectin' of great treasures, an' all dis time he was edgin' hisself to de do'. All of a sudden like a streak of lightnin' he jumped out, an' de do' was shut on us. De ole uns of us saw den how 't was, an' of all de jumpin' an' boltin' an' hollerin' an' roarin' dar ever was in dis world, you bet dar was nuffin like what was on dat ar boat. Some of dem big, double-j'inted African men struck de ship like dey 'd break it in two. 'T wa' n't no use, we could n't git out, and 'fore many minutes was over we felt de ship movin' over de water. I 've heerd since, she hung about de sho', skirtin' 'roun' Africay a good while, 'fraid of anodder ship huntin' of her, and that it was about two months 'fore we got compass right, and off for de United States. Ef de ship had been caught, dey 'd have fastened us all togedder wid big ball chain handcuffs an' pitched us overboard. 'T was a bad time, anyhow; we was packed so close we could n't hardly breathe, and de food, beef an' sich, was forked in to us fro' de rails. Dar was fightin' den, you bet. Ef it had n't ha' been fur my big, double-j'inted brudder Alfred, we 'd ha' died, fader an' mudder and me. He fit de others and saved enuff to keep us alive. Dey was a good many deaths, more 'n half; a good many more 'n half, I guess; but at las' de ship sailed inter New Orleans. Hundora was her name. I heern arterwards she was burnt on de high seas, 'stroyed fur de business she was in, carr'in' niggers.

De fust t'ing arter we came to land dere came down a lot of strappin' big nigger-drivers, all dressed out in white coats and pants and hats, and carr'in' mighty big whips. And dey came and looked at us fro' de rails; we had n't never been let out; 'cause de sailors was 'fraid of us. By dis time we was too weak to fight much, but we was that

vicious that it would n't have been safe for any of 'em to come amongst us widout bein' mighty keerful. Arter a time dey got us out on deck. We was all naked and barefoot, in course, all on us. De nigger-drivers brought out, fust t'ing, plenty of hominy and coarse Indian meal and milk. Dey put it in a big trought on deck, an' we helped ourselves. When we was all full, den come de tug of war, 'cause dey brought along shirts and shoes and pants and hats, and begun to put 'em on us. Well, of all de rippin' an' tearin', when dem ar clo'es got on, you bet, mist', you never seen nuffin to beat it. Dem ar clo'es went lickety-split; hats and shirts and pants, dey was all ripped and teared. 'Pears like de feelin' ob de clo'es jus' drove us crazy. We was all sold in one lot, — me, an' my brudder Alfred, an' my fader and mudder. Dey all died in slavery too, 'ceptin' me. Dey had to treat Alf like a beast, he was that desprit and strong, and some of de others 'peared like their hearts was busted in 'em. When we got to de plantation, orders was give to de nigger-driver to teach us how to hoe, 'ceptin' me. I was too little, an' was let run along of de odder pickaninnies. Dey put a clean shirt on me fust t'ing, and I tore mine inter strings. 'Peared like I could n't b'ar clo'es nohow. Den dey put on anodder shirt, and dat I durst n't take off. Dat shirt tormented me so, I was off my feed nigh two days, and den I went for 't like a tiger.

De fust work I ever done was scrapin cotton. I broke down over dat, an' den I was set to tote water. I used to car' it on my head. I had to go down to de ribber to git it, and mos' allers used ter git in an' have a good royal bathe. I used ter stay in a good while, till I 'd see de nigger-driver huntin' of me with a whip. He did tan me mis'able one time, an' arter dat I was n't a good water toter no more. I was mighty lazy and mischievious in dem days, and de judge, — Judge Annesley was our boss, — he tole Essex ter timber me well, so 's ter teach me ter behave. I fit Essex when he done it, and de judge larfed ter see me pitch into him. Finally I ran away, and stayed in the hay till I got starved out, and arter dat I had a real nice time, 'cause de judge he would n't let me be tanned so hard ag'in. Judge Annesley was a real kind man, good to all his hands. Dere wa' n't no runnin' away when he was to home, but the gardeen,[1] he was a cross man. When I 'd been growed up a few years, de judge was tuck sick; he was sick a good long time and finally he tuck to his bed. I was 'roun' about him a good deal, and de day 'fore he died he had me in ter lift him, and he shuck hands with me. "Good-by, Joe," says he; "you 've been a good, faithful boy, Joe," he says. He died next day, and arter the death of him my days began ter git kind of ashy.

Arter he 'd been buried 'bout a week, madam had us all, field hands and all, up to de house; the new overseer she 'd engaged, he was dar too, stan'in' 'longside of her chair and lookin' mighty fierce. Soon as we was all dar, madam spoke up. "Now, boys and girls," says she, "do you know what you are?" she says. "You 're jus' de laziest, good-for-nuffinest set of hands in Louisiana. Now I 'm goin' ter make workin' niggers of you," says she. "I 've got a overseer now as 'll manage things, and I 'm agoin' to make money by my cotton; and if ye don't work your stent you 'll get the stick." With that she made us all stan' up in a row 'fore de oberseer, and den she give her orders fust, and arter dat she sung out in a angry voice, "Will you all obey?"

Den de oberseer spoke up, and says he, "Now, Mrs. Annesley," says he, "I 'm de man to fulfill yer orders. I 'll keep 'em all up ter time, but I don't want no questionin' nór interferin' 'bout de way I deal wid 'em. I hope you 'll agree to dis, madam," says he.

Well, she did n't like it, but she said she 'd agree to it, and a little while arter dat she went off summerin' and left all her keys in de keepin' ob a favorite nigger-driver named Caleb. She tole Caleb not to let on to anybody, 'specially de oberseer, that he had 'em, and Caleb

[1] Overseer.

was a mighty faithful hand, and he did n't; but de oberseer suspicioned it, and Caleb he allers tole him no; course he did, 'cause de mist' tole him not to let on.

Howsomdever, spite ob de oberseer's suspicionings, eberyt'ing went along tol-'able smooth till de mist' came home. I was dar, up roun' de house, when she arrove, an' Mass' Matthews, de oberseer, he was dar too. De mist' asked him ef eberyt'ing was goin' on well, and de hands all well and behavin' theirselves, and he says yes, eberyt'ing was goin' along fust-rate. Well, dis yer pleased de mist', and she gin Mr. Matthews quite a flatteration on his management; but right on top of it she sung out loud, "Joe, take de pony, an' go down to de south plantation and ask Caleb to send me my keys." Mass' Matthews gave mist' de blackest look I ever did see, but he did n't say nuffin, only walked away quick. He did n't say nuffin to Caleb, neither, but from dat day nuffin dat poor nigger done was right. He 'd give him orders mortal man could n't fill, an' den he 'd be down on him 'cause he did n't do de stent ob four men. Ye see, mist', dat ar key was in his mind all de time, an' dis yer fault-findin' about pickin' cotton and sich was ter drown de t'oughts ob it out ob our minds. But we 'membered of it all de time. Arter mist' had been home most a week, de oberseer came down ter de cotton-field whar Caleb and me was workin'. "Ye damned, lazy, good-for-nothin' nigger," says he to Caleb, as soon as he came close up to us, "ye have n't done yer stent, I see. I 'll teach ye ter disobey my orders. I 'll give ye some ile ter limber yer j'ints, ye lazy dog." Wid dat he called up four ob de biggest and savagest ob de nigger-drivers, and made 'em drive four stakes into de groun', an' strip Caleb, an' lay him down, an' tie him to de stakes. He stood close by, hisself, an' made 'em put on de lashes. I won't tell yer no more 'bout dat, mist'. Only he was jus' cut to pieces. Why did n't we tell mist'? Lord! we would n't dar'. Ef she 'd ha' found it out, she 'd ha' stopped it mighty quick, but we did n't none of us dar' to run off an' tell her, and de whippin' place was more 'n two miles from de house. Ef we 'd ha' started to run, he 'd ha' killed us. Lord! jus' as easy as you 'd kill a fly. When Caleb was tuck up he was 'most gone. De oberseer was frightened, den. Dey carr'd him home and put sweet ile and cotton on him, and de oberseer went fur de doctor. De nex' day mist' hearn he was sick, and came ter see him, and brought him wine and medicine and sich, but she nebber suspicioned nuffin. He was all covered up close in bed. De oberseer he 'd threatened de doctor ter shoot him dead, ef he did n't say dat pneumony was what was de matter of Caleb, so de doctor did say so, and mist' nebber know no better. Ye see it was n't 'lotted fur mist' ter stop it, nor punish it, and it was 'lotted fur Caleb ter die; and he did die four days arter he was flogged.

Ed Matthews was de oberseer's name; he had it all his own way arter dat, but 'peared like his heart was broke fur what he done. He nebber whipped no one no more, nor gib an order. 'Peared like he could n't care about nuffin. We soon found dat out, and done what we pleased. Arter a while he tole mist' he must go; he would n't even wait till she got some one else.

Bob Barrett was de next man in charge; he did n't flog so much, but he fed de slaves so poor dat de wind could have blowed 'em over. Two pounds of meat a week, and a pint of meal a day, husks and all, and de work powerful heavy, too. When he was pushed for time he 'd keep de hands on workin' day and night; and de meat was give raw, and no fire 'mos' of de time to cook it. Many would mix pone and put it down to de fire to bake, and den be kept so hard to work dat when dey came back, dey 'd find de pone all burned up; I have, many a time. Dar was hard times down dar. Often when night come, arter I 'd had nuffin to eat all day, I 'd be too tired, spite of de hunger in my stomach, to go up to de house and get a piece from de mist's table.

Bob Barrett was de man dat threatened to lick me. I 'd got on pretty well all along, and never had a thrashing since I grew up; and I was a powerful hand to work, so I kept along, and he got no chance to lick me; but he was hard on me, pilin' up my stent a little more ebery day, 'cause he knowed I could n't b'ar de shame of de stick, and dat I 'd work de nails off my fingers fust. Dem days is gone, but my flesh was wore away like an old hoe den, and 'pears like I ache in all my bones when I 'member of 'em. When Bob Barrett had been on de plantation about six months, I had a bad turn of cholera morbel. I should ha' died ob it, ef it had n't been for Luce, madam's maid. I laid down under de trees near de house, 'most ready to gib in, but Luce seen me, and she mixed a powerful dose ob camphire and hot water, and worked and worked till she got it down me. In a day or two I was back in de field ag'in, but 'peared like my bones was limber, and I could n't do my stent nohow. Mass' Bob Barrett he came up to me in de cotton-field as mad as fire. "Now you Joe," he says, "don't you show me none of yer shamming sick tricks; you pick your stent to-day or you git a licking to-night, as sure 's my name 's Bob Barrett." Den he rode off.

Well, I tried hard fur an hour, but I could n't pick my stent nohow. So den I made up my mind to put for de swamp, an' nebber pick no more. I knowed he 'd flog me, and I could n't stan' it; I 'd nebber tuck a licking, and 'peared like it would break my heart. So I give out I was mighty sick in my insides, and den I crep' under de fence, an' laid dar, like I was 'mos' dead. Arter a while, when I seed dey was n't 'memberin' of me, I crep' away little by little till I got out ob sight, and den I put fur de swamp. I was allers a mighty good hand to run, and swim too, and 'fore dey stopped work, or suspicioned ob me, I was fur enuff away. I knew de swamp well, an' jus' how to 'scape from de hounds; I heern 'em arter me, soon arter sundown, but my trail was lost in de water, and dey could n't kitch me. I stood it pretty well dat night, and de nex' day, till it seemed like I 'd go mad with hunger. De second night I went up de swamp two miles or more beyond our plantation, and den I hid in de woods; I could n't find nuffin to eat dar, so I clum up a tree to take a look 'roun' de country, an' sure 'nuff I seen some of Mass' Blackmore's plantation hands (de plantation 'longside of ours was Mass' Blackmore's) makin' a fire, and workin' 'roun'. By'mby dey fixed some pone and some meat, an' put 'em down 'fore de fire ter cook. You bet I was down dat ar tree quicker 'n lightnin', as soon as dey went back to work. I grabbed all dere victuals an' back to de swamp again. Tell you, dat supper tasted fust-rate, and I had enuff ter last me two or free days. De dogs was out arter me ag'in dat night, and I had ter take to de water. Dem nights was mighty hard. I had ter keep out in de ribber on an ole tree-trunk, and de alligators was n't nice company. I made a kind of a harpoosh of a long stick, and stuck a knife into de end of it, to keep 'em off wid. It was hard work, though I was a mighty smart hand at hittin' alligators. When de daylight came I got along better. Ef I could git stones, I used ter hit 'em with a stone right in de snout; dat 's de best way ter kill 'em. But Lord! dey was too thick 'roun' dar fur me. A fellow's arms ud git wore out in a few hours, a-keepin' on em off. Day-times I lay down under de young undergrowths, poplars and willows and sich. De tussock was soft enuff; easy runnin' on it fur me, 'cause I was bar'-footed; it was chock full of snakes, but I never minded of 'em. I was more 'fraid ob a white man's face dan all de reptileses in de swamp. As soon as I 'd eat up all I stole, I begun ter contrive and watch how I could creep out ob de swamp to steal suffin. I was most starved 'fore I got anudder chance. I had a little tobacker in my pocket, and I chawed dat, and when dat give out I found an ole dried-up grape-vine, and I lived on dried bunches of grapes fur two days.

All dis time dey was a-huntin' of me. I 'd hear de dogs bayin' ebery night, and I worked my way furder and furder up de swamp. Two nights arter I fust found de grape-vine, dey was nearer to me dan dey eber was before, and I tuck to de water, and swum a long stretch. I was 'mos' wore out when I lighted on a ole boat what was left, and I clum inter dat, and stayed a while. I 'll nebber forgit de way de muskeet's fit me dat night. It was worse 'n de alligators, and 'fore daybreak I swum ag'in a long stretch till I come to a little island in de ribber. It had a kind of a sandy beach, and I kivered myself all up with sand up ter my neck. I got a real good sleep den, nobody ter 'sturb me, and good pertection from de muskeet's. It was 'mos' sundown 'fore I woke up, ravin' hungry. "O Lord!" I says, out loud, "where will I get suffin ter eat dis day?" I jus' lifted up my eyes den, and I see right hangin' down ober me some sycamore buds. I was under a sycamore-tree dat was chock full of buds. Dey was sweet and good too, and I lived on water and dem buds till I stripped dat ar tree bar''s de palm of my hand. Den I tuck ter hangin' roun' on de edge ob de plantations ag'in, ter see ef I could find suffin to eat, and I had mighty good luck; dar was a fine sheep, one of ole mist's sheep, strayed away from de plantation. I knowed de look ob him, and felt like I could sing fur joy when I knocked him on de head. I got back to de swamp ag'in with him mighty quick, and I did n't wait fur fire, de fust meal I made off dat ar sheep. I jus' fill' myself full as I could stick, and den I laid down 'longside of my sheep. De nex' day I set to work to skin him reg'lar, and I was workin' away when I heerd a kind of a soft step, and twigs cracklin'. Lord! dar was a painter a-lookin' at me, all ready fur ter spring on me. My ha'r riz on my head, and my feelin's change', but I frew down de sheep and tuck a step away, and he did n't come arter me, and I felt some 'lief. Den I tuck anudder step away and I felt 'liefer. By dat time de painter had hold ob de sheep, and I made tracks fur de woods. I knowed he would n't put arter me till he 'd eat up my sheep, and den I run my bestest. I tell you I was glad of a good bellyful dat time. I could n't have stood de rovin' and hidin' dat week ef I 'd begun on an empty belly. I got away from de painter easy enuff de fust day, but he was nosin' arter me fur free days and nights, and I oneasy and runnin' and hidin' as hard as I could. De end ob it was I had a good nine-mile stretch away from him. I run and run till by'mby I come all of a sudden plump on a hut in de swamp, whar some colored people lived. I knowed dey was livin' in de swamp somewhar, but I had n't nebber found 'em afore. Dey was eatin' supper when I bu'st in on 'em, and frightened 'em 'mos' to deff, 'cause dese yere niggers what hides in swamps is always thinkin' de white folks and dogs is arter 'em. I fell on de flo' as soon as de do' was shut. "I 'm a friend," says I (for I was 'fraid dey 'd kill me), "I 'm a friend, but I 'm runnin' from a painter. Look out!" says I, "he 's close by." He was so, shore 'nuff, and a man shot him fro' de window wid his rifle.

I laid nine days in dat nigger hut. Dey had plenty to eat, and 'peared like I could n't eat and sleep enuff. Dey was a few runaway niggers dar, what was united togedder in a kind of a band, and dey wanted fur me ter unite wid 'em, but I would n't, and den dey would n't gib me nuffin more t' eat. I watched my chance, and one night when dey was all asleep I run away. De nex' evenin' I wentured out towards Mr. Erskine's plantation, 'cause I knowed his niggers was n't watched bery close, and I thought I 'd get a chance fur ter get suffin t' eat. 'Peared like I must run any risk, I was so mortal hungry. I got as fur as de gin-house, and den I crep' up and hid among de piles ob cotton, and 'fore I 'd been dar long I heard some one a-creepin', creepin' up. I made ready ter fight fur my life, and den de step come creepin' along, and I saw 't was anodder runaway nigger. Gransome was his name. He kivered hisself up close wid de cotton, and

'peared like he was waitin' fur suffin; and shore 'nuff, 'fore long a woman come in mighty softly.

"'Sh-h, 'sh-h!" says she. "Puss, puss, puss!"

"Miaw; I 'm here," says he.

"Dar," says she, givin' him a lot of victuals, "dar 's enuff ter last you two or free days. Keep still, and don' you stay 'roun' yere long, 'cause massa 'll be home to-morrow."

"All right," says he, and he crep' back under de cotton and fell to like a good un. Tell you, de water come in my mouff ter hear him crackin' and crunchin'.

"Hem! Gransome!" says I in a whisper.

"Who 's dar?" says he.

"'Sh-h, 'sh-h! a friend," says I "Joe McEntyre. Fur de Lord's sake gib me suffin ter eat," says I. "Ef yer don't, I 'll hab ter take it, and I 'm stronger 'n you."

"Ye kin hab some," says he, and I eat till I was satisfied. I had a good sleep dat night, and when I woke up Gransome was gone. I put fur de swamp ag'in 'fore daybreak, and de nex' night I slep' in anodder gin-house, furder up de bay. Dar wa' n't no one dar, and I mixed some pone from some corn meal I found, and set it down to de fire to bake. I knowed no one would n't be back dat night. By'mby I went up a tree so 's to look 'roun' de country. Dar wa 'n't no one in sight, but when I come down ag'in to git my bread, I was scented by an old dog. He come up and scented me, and gib me a terrible fright, so I tuck a run and tuck to de ribber, but all was quiet, and 'fore midnight I come slippin' back ter git my bread. De fire was out, so 't was n't burned, and I had a good meal off it.

De nex' day I come 'mos' to de edge ob de plantation, and laid down under some willows to watch till I 'd git a chance to git suffin to eat. I laid low all day; 'peared like I could 'mos' spread my body even wid de ground, but I got no morsel to eat dat day. De nex', as I was hangin' 'roun', I smelt dried beef, plain as could be. Lord! when you 're wanderin' and starvin' like dat, 'pears like you can smell like a hound. Well, de 'traction ob de beef drawed my nose to it straight as could be; I found it was in a gin-house, whar de men was workin' all night. I waited and watched till dey was all asleep, and den I made tracks wid de beef. I made a good meal off it, but arter dat I had a terrible hard time ag'in. De dogs was out arter me ag'in, and I was runnin' night and day. I was a year and a half in de swamp, and I 'member de fust few weeks de best of all. I had n't no thought left 'ceptin' to hide and fight. I made dat my reverent idea. I was shot at, fust and last, eight times, and I got ter feel more like a wild beast nor a man. I did n't know nuffin 'bout de war, nor de Norf, nor nuffin. But I 'll nebber forgit de fust United States soldier I seen. It was de end ob my trubbles. It was de last day I was hidin', and I was out huntin' fur suffin ter eat. I did n't know whar I was, not at all, but I knowed I was many a long day's journey away from de ole plantation. I 'd been makin' a long march, huntin' food, and I was most wore out, when I come on an open place in de woods whar some men in red and blue clo'es was runnin' across a field and goin' fro' some manœuvres. I was watchin' of 'em like one 'stracted, when dey caught sight ob me, and I put for 't, 'cause I had n't no belief in no one.

"Hallo! stop! stop!" dey says, runnin' arter me. "We 're friends! stop! stop!"

But I put for 't all de more. I was dat desprit and strong I felt like I could run a hundred miles, and de soldiers dey come arter me lickety-split.

By'mby I felt my strength gibin' out, and I jus' laid down and shammed dead. 'Peared like my head sunk and my heart bu'sted, and I did n't know nuffin more till I come to myself and found I was lyin' on de ground, de soldiers all 'roun' me, and one on 'em pourin' water down my throat. "Don't be afraid," dey says, "we 're friends ob de slaves." Arter dat, soon 's I was able ter walk, dey tuck me back ter camp, and de fus' t'ing

I noticed was a big kettle, and pork and beans and corn and tomat's all bilin' in it togedder. I was dat starved dat I was goin' fur dat ar kettle de fus' t'ing, but de Zouave what tuck me, he held on to me. "Hold hard, ole feller," he says. "I must take you to de cap'n first, and den yer can eat as much as yer want."

De cap'n was mighty kind to me; he gin me some clo'es, and tole me to go to de brook and wash myself, and put 'em on, and den I could eat till I was satisfy. Golly! I set down by dat ar kettle, and I eat till I could n't eat no more, and den I went ter sleep huggin' of it. De soldiers all came 'round and larfed at me. Lord! dat was my best time! I would n't do nuffin but eat and sleep de fust two days, and den I got so filled up I could n't hardly creep. I was sick arter dat, and put into de hospital, and when I got well I 'listed. Tell you, missy, dat ar was a proud day when my name went up to de president. I was mustered into Company C, United States Colored Rangers. I tuck to soldierin' as natural as a duck to water, and dey was mighty good times arter all I 'd come fro'. My captain was a good, kind man; he writ fur me a good many times to try and find what 'come ob my wife and four children what I left behind me on de ole plantation, but could n't nebber hear nuffin about 'em. When we went inter battle I fit like a tiger, and liked it arter de fust few minutes. I lost my arm in de battle ob Savannah. I was a long time in hospital arter dat, and was moved a good many times. Fust I was moved to Beaufort, Souf Ca'lina, and den when I got better I was brought up Norf and put in hospital on David's Island. I was a good while gittin' well, and when I was discharged Dr. Wetmore gin me a good recommend fur a gardener, and got me a nice place. I 'm doin' well now. I bought dis yere little house, and paid for 't, and what with garden work, and sellin' vegetables and eggs and sich, I git on mighty well. Only dis spring de fowls has tuck ter eatin' dere eggs, and I made a heavy loss by dat.

Yes, I 'm married. When I found I could n't yere nuffin about my fust wife, 'peared like I ough' ter git married. So I got engaged to two colored ladies, one in Washington and one yere. Dis one was raised in Philadelphy. I was kind o' connected with both of 'em in my mind, and I did n't 'cide which I 'd take till de night 'fore I was married. Den I 'cided I liked dis one de best, so I tuck her. I nebber heern nuffin more 'bout de one in Washington arter I writ her I was married.

Mrs. Launt Thompson.

WISE AND UNWISE ECONOMY IN SCHOOLS.

There is a strong set of public opinion in favor of economy in city and town expenditures. This general desire for economy is a healthy desire, and it is much to be wished that it may be persistent and keen enough to bring honesty and frugality into the administration of our public affairs; but it is of great consequence that behind the eager desire for economy there should be a well-informed and careful judgment concerning the best means and methods of retrenchment. It is a noticeable fact that the public schools are often selected as the department in which retrenchment is to be made. There is a plain rule by which every proposed economy in public schools should be tested. Nothing should be done, for the sake of saving money, which will hurt the schools, — which will make them in the judgment of competent persons poorer than they now are. It is just as true of the state or of the town as it is of the family, that

the very last place to save money is in the education of the children. In any station of life there is no better test of substantial worth in a family than the estimate which their actions show them to place upon the education of their children. No one expects much from a poor family which has no ambition about the schooling of the children. As to rich people who are careless about their children's training, their wealth is generally a mischief to themselves, their children, and the community. Whatever else the city or town may deny itself, let it not deny itself schools, or impair the efficiency of those it has. No retrenchment which injures the schools is true economy; for the ultimate object of public economy is to increase the public weal, and this common weal has its roots in the intelligence, vigor, and morality of the population, qualities which are cherished, trained, strengthened, and disseminated in the common schools. Guided by this principle, let us examine a few of the common ways of economizing in the public schools.

One way is to build a very large building for school purposes, instead of several smaller ones. It is undoubtedly an economical measure, as regards both first cost and running expenses, to bring from five hundred to one thousand children under one roof. There is one head-master with many assistants instead of several head-masters, one lot of land, one many-storied building, one furnace, and one janitor, instead of several lots, roofs, fires, and servants. But this kind of economy impairs the quality of the schools. It is disadvantageous to bring a great number of children together into one building. The more children the stricter and more repressive must be the discipline, the greater the risk of contagious disease, the more dangerous the influence of bad children, and the worse the heterogeneousness of the school, unless, indeed, it is situated in a densely populated district where all the people are of one stamp. This great and growing evil of heterogeneousness in the free schools is to be avoided only by multiplying schools, so that each neighborhood in large towns and cities can have its own. In small towns the population is generally more homogeneous, and the evil is not so serious. The common school grew up in communities which were singularly homogeneous; and it is all-important that each school taken by itself should be fairly homogeneous still, although the community as a whole has lost this homogeneity. As this is to be accomplished only by multiplying schools, the consolidation of schools is an unwise economy.

The common notion that all children should be taught alike is eminently unreasonable, when the children have different inheritances, prospects, and capacities. Now a large school tends to make children alike, because it moulds them all to one rigid pattern; but it is the interest of the community that each child's special gift or grace should be sedulously cultivated, not obliterated. We Americans are so used to weighing multitudes and being ruled by majorities that we are apt to underrate the potential influence of individuals. Yet we know that Agassiz's word about a fossil fish justly outweighed the opinion of the whole human race besides; that Von Moltke is worth great armies to Germany; that a few pages of poetry about slavery and freedom by Longfellow, Lowell, and Whittier, have had the profoundest effect upon the public fortunes of this country during the past thirty years; that the religions of the world have not been the combined work of multitudes, but have been accepted from individuals. We must not be led by our averages and our majorities to forget that one life may be more precious than other millions, that one heroic character, one splendid genius, may well be worth more to humanity than multitudes of common men.

A great agglomeration of children in a single school tends to make the product of the school an averaged product, which is a very undesirable thing in education. No community can afford to average its dullards with its geniuses; and it is an unmitigated evil that the bright and studious children should be kept back by

the dull and lazy. Again, the theory of toughening children by putting them in contact with rudeness, foulness, and dulness is a gross absurdity, whether looked at from a moral or from a physiological point of view. The pure child should not be thrown in with the impure, or the refined with the coarse. Every step in perfecting the mechanism of a great school as a mill for grinding out children who can read, write, and cipher is a step towards abridging childish spontaneity and individuality. Whenever five hundred or one thousand human beings, be they children or adults, are brought together for a common object, simultaneousness and uniformity of movement and unreasoning obedience become necessary for the efficient management of the mass. They are prime objects in every large school. For these reasons great school buildings are an unwise economy.

Another mode of economizing which we see practised is to decrease the proportionate number of teachers, that is, to assign more pupils to each teacher. There is of course no pretence that this process can work anything but injury to the schools. The public schools are at the best very scantily provided with teachers; it is no uncommon thing to see forty, fifty, or even sixty children under the care of a single teacher. Few people realize the plain fact that there can be no good teaching of children without quick sympathy and perception in the teacher, and a strong personal influence going out from him. For the play of these forces close personal contact with the children is essential. These large rooms, raised platforms, and constant transfers of the pupils from one teacher to another give little opportunity for the intimate relations which should exist between the children and their teacher. The greater the number of the pupils allotted to a single teacher, the less chance has the teacher to know and help each pupil, the less chance has he to recognize and foster peculiar talents in individuals. It is a common mistake to suppose that it is the teacher's duty to treat all his pupils alike, to give as much time and thought to one as to another, or, if any distinction is made, to take most pains with the dullest. Now, on the contrary, the true duty of a teacher, both to the community and to his pupils, is to favor and help to the utmost the bright children. While he ought not to neglect the duller children, he should take the most pains with the finest of his material. The teachers of elementary schools have it in their power to pick out and help forward all the children who are of fine intellectual quality. This is a function of great importance, and the teachers should have full opportunity to make this selection; for whenever they fail to detect a child of this quality, and to put him on the way to a thorough education, the community suffers a grievous loss. Twenty-five pupils are as many as any teacher, who is not an angel or a genius, can teach well. There are exceptional men and women whose sweetness, tact, and skill can overcome the most appalling obstacles to good teaching, but the public school must of course content itself with average teachers. To reduce the proportion of teachers to pupils is then a most injurious measure, which nothing but downright poverty can excuse.

Another very common measure of economy, to which some of our richest towns and cities have not been ashamed to resort, is to substitute for competent and experienced teachers inexperienced ones. When this is done openly and without disguise, everybody knows just what to think of it; we need not waste time in condemning it; but unfortunately there are roundabout ways of accomplishing this result, and when a town or city sets out upon one of these indirect ways, none but the initiated know whither the way leads. One of these roundabout ways is the substitution of superintendence for teaching. A school committee hires a superintendent, and then thinks it can safely employ an inferior class of teachers, just as an inferior class of laborers may safely be employed for digging or sweeping, if a smart overseer is hired to watch them. There is a conspicuous illustration of this very method of substituting

inexperienced for experienced teachers in the city of Boston. There used to be at the head of each of the grammar schools an accomplished and experienced teacher, whose personal force was profitably exerted in direct teaching. These gentlemen have been made district superintendents, and their places in the schools have been filled by much less competent persons, employed at comparatively low salaries. There may have been need of more superintendence, but this improvement in the amount of oversight has been gained at the expense of a heavy loss of teaching force. Now a gain in superintendence which is procured at the expense of a loss of direct teaching power is too dearly bought. The reason of this is contained in a self-evident proposition which all people admit on its bare statement, and yet too often lose sight of. A good school is not a grand building, or a set of nice furniture, or a series of text-books selected by the committee, or a programme of studies made up by the superintendent; and all these things put together, though each were the best of its kind, would not make a good school; for a good school is a man or a woman. The very best thing a superintendent can do for his town or city is to select men and women who have the natural gifts, the training, and the experience which fit them to keep good schools, and by hook or crook — for too often he has no direct power — to get them into his school-houses, while at the same time he gets out the incompetent and inapt. A superintendent who is worth his salt will be sure to want, not smaller but larger salaries for his teachers, not worse but better teachers for his schools. There is no reason to doubt the advantages of discreet and competent superintendence; but it is no substitute for real teaching, and the establishment of superintendence should never be the occasion of impairing the teaching force either in quantity or in quality.

A second roundabout way of insuring the ever-recurring substitution of inexperienced for experienced teachers is to employ an undue proportion of female teachers. It is true that sentimental reasons are often given for the almost exclusive employment of women in the common schools; but the effective reason is economy. Sentiment is charming in its season, and true economy is always wholesome; but sentiment and economy make a very suspicious mixture. If women had not been cheaper than men, they would not have replaced nine tenths of the men in American public schools. Let it be granted at once that an experienced woman who has the requisite gifts and training is likely to be as good a teacher as an experienced man of like gifts and training. The superiority of men to women, or of women to men, has nothing to do with the matter now in hand. That frequent changes of teachers should result from having nine tenths of the teachers women is a necessary consequence of two stubborn facts: first, that women have not the physical endurance of men, and secondly, that the great majority of female teachers stop teaching at marriage, an event which does not stop a man's teaching. The employment of women in the schools in the enormous proportion in which they are now employed in many towns and cities is an unwise economy, because it inevitably tends, first, to make the body of teachers a changing, fluctuating body, fast thinned and fast recruited, and secondly, to make teaching, not a life-work, as it ought to be, but a temporary resort on the way to another mode of life. The first point requires perhaps some elucidation. When we try to make young women in large numbers take the places of men in any service, either public or private, we introduce into that service a new element of change and instability, which is the result, not of injudicious provisions about tenure of office, compensation, or duties, which may affect men and women alike, but of the working of irresistible natural laws which operate only upon women. In order to maintain good schools a town needs a tolerably permanent body of teachers, who have been bred to the business, have grown up with the schools, and have made a life-work of teaching. There is no business in which experience is more

valuable than in teaching, and none in which local knowledge and local attachments are more effective and desirable. It is a very silly notion that everybody can teach an elementary school. Skill, experience, and personal force and attractiveness tell for as much proportionally in a primary or grammar school as in a university. Frequent changes in the corps of teachers are injurious to a town's schools in every possible point of view. The public schools in New England suffer in this respect very much more than the private schools and the endowed academies, and here is to be found a principal reason for the growing superiority of these private institutions, and the rapidly increasing favor in which they are held. It is too true that the term of service of many of the men who teach school is deplorably short, and some of the remediable causes of this bad state of things will be considered later; but this fact does not lessen the force of the arguments that women are inevitably drawn away from teaching by marriage and family life, — good things, which only make men steadier and more earnest in their professional work, — and that being weaker than men, they are more apt to be worn out by the fatiguing work of teaching. The second reason for objecting to the form of economy now under consideration is a principle of very general application. There is no trade or profession demanding a high degree of skill which is not injured by the coming into it of a considerable number of persons who regard it merely as a means of temporarily earning a reputable living. Such persons have not the motive for attaining real excellence in the trade or profession which those have who expect to devote themselves to it as their main work in life. It does not matter whether the trade or occupation be printing or telegraphing or book-keeping or teaching; the average skill of the persons engaged in it will be lowered if large numbers of young people enter it for a time, with no fixed purpose of remaining in it for life. The average skill of the persons engaged in any handicraft cannot be lowered without more or less loss to the community; but that the average skill of the persons engaged in teaching should be lowered is a very grave matter indeed. No improvement in the implements of education can make up for less skill in the teachers. To have less skilful teachers, means poorer schools and generations less well trained.

It is quite unnecessary to this argument to undervalue the work of women in schools. Their legitimate work in teaching is immense. All children under ten years of age may be advantageously taught by well-educated women of tact and vigor, and the immediate charge of the education of all girls should be in women's hands, with some help from men towards the close of girlhood. This protest is directed against the excessive employment of women into which towns have been led from motives of false economy.

Let us now turn to the opposite side of the subject, and briefly discuss two methods of wise economy in schools, one looking to rewarding teachers for their services with certain valuable considerations besides money, and the other looking to the expenditure of less money raised by taxation.

There are several considerations which lead men and women into certain employments, besides the money they expect to earn in them. The chief of these are security, quiet, a prospect of promotion for merit, independence, and public consideration. The security or permanence of a livelihood is a very great attraction to many persons, who constitutionally prefer a moderate living with security to any chance of great gains without security. A quiet life, safe from the risks of business and the strains and worries of professional contests, from the burdens of weighty responsibilities and all the excitements and alarms of the market, the forum, and the senate, is the dearest desire of many excellent persons who are capable of rendering the best of service in congenial stations. The prospect of promotion for merit, though it be slow, is a very attractive thing to many men and women of an admirable type.

A position in life which is reasonably independent within well-defined bounds, in which one is not subject to the caprice either of an individual or of a multitude, has great charms for Americans of the best sort. Finally, consideration in the eyes of the public may replace money to a large extent as an inducement to enter an honorable service. It has often been said by ignorant people, and by some who are better-informed but prejudiced against American institutions, that Americans are eager for nothing but money, and are not open to considerations of the kind I have been describing. It is an odious slander. No people in the world are more open to these honorable considerations than Americans, and no nation consequently has better material from which to organize the great public services of the state, military, naval, and civil, that of public education included. Now, by our ill-judged method of electing the teachers in the common schools every year, or in some towns and cities twice or even thrice a year, we throw away in the most wasteful manner almost all the valuable inducements to the teacher's life, other than salary. The tenure of the teacher's office in the public schools is precarious, there is no assured prospect of promotion for merit, the mode of election and the frequent recurrence of the election both militate against a reasonable independence, and finally the function has lost in the eyes of the public too much of that consideration and dignity which used to make it attractive.

Americans do not look with much respect upon official stations from which the incumbents may be suddenly dismissed without cause alleged. If a public servant is liable to receive the notice, "From this date your services will be no longer required," he will not be the object of much public consideration, no matter how high-sounding his title or how large his salary. To make a position respectable in this country it is essential that it should have some permanence of tenure. Again, if a public servant is liable to receive any day the following notice, "From this date your salary will be reduced so many per cent.," his office will not be held in any high estimation. Notices of this description have too often been served upon teachers in the public schools. A sweeping reduction of teachers' salaries is quite the readiest way of effecting a sudden economy in town or city expenditures. It is an unjust and semi-civilized proceeding, injurious to public morality and grievously harmful to the profession of teaching. If it ever be necessary to lower the salaries of the teachers in a town, the reduction should take effect upon the salaries of persons newly appointed, never upon those of actual incumbents. Such is the rule of common-sense and common justice, and such is the practice in all civilized nations which have learned by experience what the fundamental principles are upon which alone honest and efficient bodies of public servants can be organized and maintained.

As a profession, teaching should be as much honored as preaching. The school-master should rank with the minister. The profession ought never to be chosen from mercenary motives merely, or by any persons except those who enjoy teaching and who deliberately propose to be satisfied with a modest but honorable living. It offers no money prizes, and young persons of vigor and talent should be induced to enter it by its stability and peacefulness, and by the social consideration which should attach to it. Permanence of tenure and security of income are essential to give dignity and independence to the teacher's position.

These principles do not apply to the profession of teaching alone; far from it. The neglect of them is what makes the civil service of the United States a national reproach and mortification; it is the observance of them which makes the army and navy service, and the service of our banks, savings-banks, colleges, endowed academies, many of our large industrial corporations, and most of our successful private mercantile and manufacturing houses, honest, efficient, and honorable. The statement so often reiterated by low politicians, that the

civil service of the United States is as good as the people deserve or can maintain, is a slander upon the people, and only proves that the breeding and associations of these politicians have not made them familiar with the only class of Americans who ought to gain admittance to the civil service, — the very large class of faithful, hard-working men who only want a moderate but secure livelihood, a quiet routine of duty, and the respect and consideration of their superiors and the public. It is the undemocratic and corrupting exercise of usurped powers of patronage which has destroyed our civil service, by making tenure of office short and insecure; and the same insidious demoralization has invaded even school administration. Who has not heard, when an appointment is to be made, that such a district, or such a member of the committee, is entitled to it? New legislation is urgently needed to make the teacher's office, after suitable periods of probation, tenable during good behavior and efficiency. It would at once appear that the money now spent in salaries would go further, and procure much better service. The experiment would be by no means an untried one. All the great organizations for public instruction in Europe are made upon this plan from top to bottom; and the whole of the higher and a large part of the secondary instruction in this country have always been organized upon this principle.

The second point to be treated is the justice and expediency of saving public money by collecting, from the parents of children whose education is carried above a certain level in the public schools, a portion of the cost of that advanced education. The whole cost of that modicum of education which the state compels all children to have may rightly enough be borne by the community. Suppose, for example, that the state requires of all children a certain knowledge of reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography, such as children usually acquire by the time they are twelve years of age. It is not unreasonable, though by no means necessary, that the community should bear the whole cost of giving all children that amount of elementary training, on the ground that so much is necessary for the safety of the state; but when the education of a child is carried above that compulsory limit, it is by the voluntary act of the child's parents, and the benefit accrues partly to the state, through the increase of trained intelligence among the population, but partly also to the individual, through the improvement of his powers and prospects. It is then just that the two parties benefited should divide in some equitable proportion, which would not be the same in all places, the cost of procuring that benefit. When a sewer or a sidewalk is built along a private estate, the owner makes a direct contribution to its cost, beside paying his proportion of the general taxes levied to construct the sewer or sidewalk; and he is required to do this for the reason that the sewer or sidewalk benefits him more than it does the rest of the community. So when a man has a child at the high school or in the upper classes of the grammar school, he should pay a portion of the cost of maintaining the school, beside paying his proportion as a citizen of the general taxes levied to support the school; and he should be required to do this for the reason that he receives a greater benefit from the school than the rest of the community, and he is perfectly free to take that benefit or not. The American free school was devised for and suits a homogeneous community, in which every head of a family is a tax-payer and a voter, and occupations and fortunes are similar or comparable. The free school was, at its origin, a common want, and was supported by common sacrifices. This description no longer applies to Massachusetts towns and cities. Our population is very heterogeneous as regards race, religion, education, and condition of life. A large part of the population pays no taxes and casts no votes. This part of the population now makes no contribution whatever to the cost of educating their children, even when that education is carried far above the compulsory

limit. The institutions which met the wants of the New England town of fifty years ago need to be adapted by judicious modifications to the changed condition of New England society. Our theory is republican, but our practices in several details are fast becoming communistic. There is no distinction in theory between giving all school-children their books at the public expense, and giving the children their shoes and the parents soup at the public charge. All such gratuities are wrong in theory, and in practice are subversive of republican pride, self-respect, and independence. Parents ought to be called upon to make sacrifices for the sake of educating their children. To be frugal and laborious for the sake of benefiting their children is a blessed thing for the parents. The motive is a strong one, and it impels men and women to good lives. When public legislation and custom take away this motive from a large class of the community, — and that the very class which most needs every inducement to right living, — it is not a good but an injury which is done them; just as harm and not good would be done to the poorer classes if legislation could relieve them from the necessity of working for their daily bread. The change in our school administration which is here advocated is therefore not only an economical but also a just and wholesome measure.

Two objections which come at once to mind need to be met. It may be said that the free school, with its heterogeneousness and its equal discipline for all comers, typifies American society and implants in the young mind the fundamental doctrine of equality; to alter the character of the free school is, therefore, to tamper with one of the corner-stones of republican institutions. Reasons have already been given for the belief that heterogeneous schools are not so good as homogeneous schools. Equality is a word used in many senses. The equality upon which modern republicanism is founded is not social equality, or the equality of possessions, or the equality of powers and capacities; but simply the equality of all men before the law. Republican institutions obliterate hereditary distinctions, level artificial barriers, and make society mobile, so that distinction is more easily won by individual merit and power, and sooner lost through demerit or impotence; but they give free play to the irresistible natural forces which invariably cause the division of every complicated human society into different classes. It is indeed one of the chief merits of republican institutions that they give this free play to the endless diversities of innate power, inherited capacity, and trained skill which humanity exhibits. If society were a dead level, the characteristic desire of all Americans — to "better" themselves — could have no fruition. Our laws and institutions tend to perpetuate themselves just in proportion as they help to breed men and women who have self-respect, self-reliance, and genuine independence of character. The change which is here advocated in school administration would tend to preserve and strengthen these republican virtues among our people, and these virtues are the real foundations of public liberty.

A second objection may be stated as follows: What would become, under this system, of the bright children of very poor people, children who ought to be well educated and lifted from their low estate in the interest of the whole community? The objection is readily answered. When through misfortune or crime a family became utterly unable to provide for the education of their children, the children should of course be trained, up to the compulsory limit, at the public charge, and the bright and promising among them should then be carried further at the public charge as a reward of merit, and by gradual promotion from one grade to another, each step being earned by good scholarship. The method which prevails in colleges is perfectly applicable to the common schools. Let the great majority of parents who can afford it, pay a part of the cost of their children's education, and let the meritorious scholars, whose friends are too poor to pay for them, have help from the public

purse, proportioned to their needs. Experience teaches that endowments would be provided for this purpose. The dull children whose parents are unable to pay for them will of course get no further than the compulsory limit, but the community will lose little or nothing thereby.

Charles W. Eliot.

ANNIE'S DAUGHTER.

The lingering charm of a dream that has fled,
The echo that lives when the tune is dead,
The sunset glories that follow the sun,
The taste that remains when the wine is done,
Everything tender and everything fair
That was, and is not, and yet is there —
I think of them all when I look in these eyes,
And see the old smile to the young lips rise.

I remember the lilacs, all purple and white,
And the turf at the feet of my heart's delight,
Spangled with daisies and violets sweet, —
Daintiest floor for the daintiest feet, —
And the face that was fond, and foolish, and fair,
And the golden grace of the floating hair,
And the lips where the glad smiles came and went,
And the lashes that shaded the eyes' content.

I remember the pledge of the red young lips,
And the shy soft touch of the finger-tips,
And the kisses I stole, and the words we spoke,
And the ring I gave, and the coin we broke,
And the love that never should change or fail
Though the earth stood still or the stars turned pale;
And again I stand, when I see these eyes,
A glad young fool, in my Paradise.

For the earth and the stars remained as of old,
But the love that had been so warm grew cold.
Was it she? Was it I? I don't remember:
Then it was June — it is now December.
But again I dream the old dream over,
My Annie is young, and I am her lover,
When I look in this Annie's gentle eyes,
And see the old smile to the young lips rise.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

OLD TIMES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

VI.

OFFICIAL RANK AND DIGNITY OF A PILOT. THE RISE AND DECADENCE OF THE PILOTS' ASSOCIATION.

In my preceding articles I have tried, by going into the minutiæ of the science of piloting, to carry the reader step by step to a comprehension of what the science consists of; and at the same time I have tried to show him that it is a very curious and wonderful science, too, and very worthy of his attention. If I have seemed to love my subject, it is no surprising thing, for I loved the profession far better than any I have followed since, and I took a measureless pride in it. The reason is plain: a pilot, in those days, was the only unfettered and entirely independent human being that lived in the earth. Kings are but the hampered servants of parliament and people; parliaments sit in chains forged by their constituency; the editor of a newspaper cannot be independent, but must work with one hand tied behind him by party and patrons, and be content to utter only half or two thirds of his mind; no clergyman is a free man and may speak the whole truth, regardless of his parish's opinions; writers of all kinds are manacled servants of the public. We write frankly and fearlessly, but then we "modify" before we print. In truth, every man and woman and child has a master, and worries and frets in servitude; but in the day I write of, the Mississippi pilot had *none*. The captain could stand upon the hurricane deck, in the pomp of a very brief authority, and give him five or six orders, while the vessel backed into the stream, and then that skipper's reign was over. The moment that the boat was under way in the river, she was under the sole and unquestioned control of the pilot. He could do with her exactly as he pleased, run her when and whither he chose, and tie her up to the bank whenever his judgment said that that course was best. His movements were entirely free; he consulted no one, he received commands from nobody, he promptly resented even the merest suggestions. Indeed, the law of the United States forbade him to listen to commands or suggestions, rightly considering that the pilot necessarily knew better how to handle the boat than anybody could tell him. So here was the novelty of a king without a keeper, an absolute monarch who was absolute in sober truth and not by a fiction of words. I have seen a boy of eighteen taking a great steamer serenely into what seemed almost certain destruction, and the aged captain standing mutely by, filled with apprehension but powerless to interfere. His interference, in that particular instance, might have been an excellent thing, but to permit it would have been to establish a most pernicious precedent. It will easily be guessed, considering the pilot's boundless authority, that he was a great personage in the old steamboating days. He was treated with marked courtesy by the captain and with marked deference by all the officers and servants; and this deferential spirit was quickly communicated to the passengers, too. I think pilots were about the only people I ever knew who failed to show, in some degree, embarrassment in the presence of traveling foreign princes. But then, people in one's own grade of life are not usually embarrassing objects.

By long habit, pilots came to put all their wishes in the form of commands. It "gravels" me, to this day, to put my will in the weak shape of a request, instead of launching it in the crisp language of an order.

In those old days, to load a steamboat at St. Louis, take her to New Orleans and back, and discharge cargo, consumed about twenty-five days, on an average. Seven or eight of these days the boat spent at the wharves of St. Louis and

New Orleans, and every soul on board was hard at work, except the two pilots; *they* did nothing but play gentleman, up town, and receive the same wages for it as if they had been on duty. The moment the boat touched the wharf at either city, they were ashore; and they were not likely to be seen again till the last bell was ringing and everything in readiness for another voyage.

When a captain got hold of a pilot of particularly high reputation, he took pains to keep him. When wages were four hundred dollars a month on the Upper Mississippi, I have known a captain to keep such a pilot in idleness, under full pay, three months at a time, while the river was frozen up. And one must remember that in those cheap times four hundred dollars was a salary of almost inconceivable splendor. Few men on shore got such pay as that, and when they did they were mightily looked up to. When pilots from either end of the river wandered into our small Missouri village, they were sought by the best and the fairest, and treated with exalted respect. Lying in port under wages was a thing which many pilots greatly enjoyed and appreciated; especially if they belonged in the Missouri River in the heyday of that trade (Kansas times), and got nine hundred dollars a trip, which was equivalent to about eighteen hundred dollars a month. Here is a conversation of that day. A chap out of the Illinois River, with a little stern-wheel tub, accosts a couple of ornate and gilded Missouri River pilots: —

"Gentlemen, I 've got a pretty good trip for the up-country, and shall want you about a month. How much will it be?"

"Eighteen hundred dollars apiece."

"Heavens and earth! You take my boat, let me have your wages, and I 'll divide!"

I will remark, in passing, that Mississippi steamboatmen were important in landsmen's eyes (and in their own, too, in a degree) according to the dignity of the boat they were on. For instance, it was a proud thing to be of the crew of such stately craft as the Aleck Scott or the Grand Turk. Negro firemen, deck hands, and barbers belonging to those boats were distinguished personages in their grade of life, and they were well aware of that fact, too. A stalwart darkey once gave offense at a negro ball in New Orleans by putting on a good many airs. Finally one of the managers bustled up to him and said, —

"Who *is* you, any way? Who *is* you? dat 's what *I* wants to know!"

The offender was not disconcerted in the least, but swelled himself up and threw that into his voice which showed that he knew he was not putting on all those airs on a stinted capital.

"Who *is* I? Who *is* I? I let you know mighty quick who I is! I want you niggers to understan' dat I fires de middle do'[1] on de Aleck Scott!"

That was sufficient.

The barber of the Grand Turk was a spruce young negro, who aired his importance with balmy complacency, and was greatly courted by the circle in which he moved. The young colored population of New Orleans were much given to flirting, at twilight, on the pavements of the back streets. Somebody saw and heard something like the following, one evening, in one of those localities. A middle-aged negro woman projected her head through a broken pane and shouted (very willing that the neighbors should hear and envy), "You Mary Ann, come in de house dis minute! Stannin' out dah foolin' 'long wid dat low trash, an' heah's de barber off 'n de Gran' Turk wants to conwerse wid you!"

My reference, a moment ago, to the fact that a pilot's peculiar official position placed him out of the reach of criticism or command, brings Stephen W—— naturally to my mind. He was a gifted pilot, a good fellow, a tireless talker, and had both wit and humor in him. He had a most irreverent independence, too, and was deliciously easy-going and comfortable in the presence of age, official dignity, and even the most august wealth. He always had work, he never saved a penny, he was a most persuasive borrower, he was in debt to every pilot on

[1] Door.

the river, and to the majority of the captains. He could throw a sort of splendor around a bit of harum-scarum, devil-may-care piloting, that made it almost fascinating — but not to everybody. He made a trip with good old gentle-spirited Captain Y—— once, and was "relieved" from duty when the boat got to New Orleans. Somebody expressed surprise at the discharge. Captain Y—— shuddered at the mere mention of Stephen. Then his poor, thin old voice piped out something like this: —

"Why, bless me! I would n't have such a wild creature on my boat for the world — not for the whole world! He swears, he sings, he whistles, he yells — I never saw such an Injun to yell. All times of the night — it never made any difference to him. He would just yell that way, not for anything in particular, but merely on account of a kind of devilish comfort he got out of it. I never could get into a sound sleep but he would fetch me out of bed, all in a cold sweat, with one of those dreadful war-whoops. A queer being, — very queer being; no respect for anything or anybody. Sometimes he called me '*Johnny*.' And he kept a fiddle, and a cat. He played execrably. This seemed to distress the cat, and so the cat would howl. Nobody could sleep where that man — and his family — was. And reckless? There never was anything like it. Now you may believe it or not, but as sure as I am sitting here, he brought my boat a-tilting down through those awful snags at Chicot under a rattling head of steam, and the wind a-blowing like the very nation, at that! My officers will tell you so. They saw it. And, sir, while he was a-tearing right down through those snags, and I a-shaking in my shoes and praying, I wish I may never speak again if he did n't pucker up his mouth and go to *whistling!* Yes, sir; whistling 'Buffalo gals, can't you come out to-night, can't you come out to-night, can't you come out to-night;' and doing it as calmly as if we were attending a funeral and were n't related to the corpse. And when I remonstrated with him about it, he smiled down on me as if I was his child, and told me to run in the house and try to be good, and not be meddling with my superiors!" [1]

Once a pretty mean captain caught Stephen in New Orleans out of work and as usual out of money. He laid steady siege to Stephen, who was in a very "close place," and finally persuaded him to hire with him at one hundred and twenty-five dollars per month, just half wages, the captain agreeing not to divulge the secret and so bring down the contempt of all the guild upon the poor fellow. But the boat was not more than a day out of New Orleans before Stephen discovered that the captain was boasting of his exploit, and that all the officers had been told. Stephen winced, but said nothing. About the middle of the afternoon the captain stepped out on the hurricane deck, cast his eye around, and looked a good deal surprised. He glanced inquiringly aloft at Stephen, but Stephen was whistling placidly, and attending to business. The captain stood around a while in evident discomfort, and once or twice seemed about to make a suggestion; but the etiquette of the river taught him to avoid that sort of rashness, and so he managed to hold his peace. He chafed and puzzled a few minutes longer, then retired to his apartments. But soon he was out again, and apparently more perplexed than ever. Presently he ventured to remark, with deference, —

"Pretty good stage of the river now, ain't it, sir?"

"Well, I should say so! Bank-full *is* a pretty liberal stage."

"Seems to be a good deal of current here."

"Good deal don't describe it! It 's worse than a mill-race."

"Is n't it easier in toward shore than it is out here in the middle?"

"Yes, I reckon it is; but a body can't be too careful with a steamboat. It 's pretty safe out here; can't strike any bottom here, you can depend on that."

[1] Considering a captain's ostentatious but hollow chieftainship, and a pilot's real authority, there was something impudently apt and happy about that way of phrasing it.

The captain departed, looking rueful enough. At this rate, he would probably die of old age before his boat got to St. Louis. Next day he appeared on deck and again found Stephen faithfully standing up the middle of the river, fighting the whole vast force of the Mississippi, and whistling the same placid tune. This thing was becoming serious. In by the shore was a slower boat clipping along in the easy water and gaining steadily; she began to make for an island chute; Stephen stuck to the middle of the river. Speech was *wrung* from the captain. He said, —

"Mr. W——, don't that chute cut off a good deal of distance?"

"I think it does, but I don't know."

"Don't know! Well, is n't there water enough in it now to go through?"

"I expect there is, but I am not certain."

"Upon my word this is odd! Why, those pilots on that boat yonder are going to try it. Do you mean to say that you don't know as much as they do?"

"*They!* Why, *they* are two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar pilots! But don't you be uneasy; I know as much as any man can afford to know for a hundred and twenty-five!"

Five minutes later Stephen was bowling through the chute and showing the rival boat a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar pair of heels.

One day, on board the Aleck Scott, my chief, Mr. B——, was crawling carefully through a close place at Cat Island, both leads going, and everybody holding his breath. The captain, a nervous, apprehensive man, kept still as long as he could, but finally broke down and shouted from the hurricane deck, —

"For gracious' sake, give her steam, Mr. B——! give her steam! She 'll never raise the reef on this headway!"

For all the effect that was produced upon Mr. B——, one would have supposed that no remark had been made. But five minutes later, when the danger was past and the leads laid in, he burst instantly into a consuming fury, and gave the captain the most admirable cursing I ever listened to. No bloodshed ensued; but that was because the captain's cause was weak; for ordinarily he was not a man to take correction quietly.

Having now set forth in detail the nature of the science of piloting, and likewise described the rank which the pilot held among the fraternity of steamboatmen, this seems a fitting place to say a few words about an organization which the pilots once formed for the protection of their guild. It was curious and noteworthy in this, that it was perhaps the compactest, the completest, and the strongest commercial organization ever formed among men.

For a long time wages had been two hundred and fifty dollars a month; but curiously enough, as steamboats multiplied and business increased, the wages began to fall, little by little. It was easy to discover the reason of this. Too many pilots were being "made." It was nice to have a "cub," a steersman, to do all the hard work for a couple of years, gratis, while his master sat on a high bench and smoked; all pilots and captains had sons or brothers who wanted to be pilots. By and by it came to pass that nearly every pilot on the river had a steersman. When a steersman had made an amount of progress that was satisfactory to any two pilots in the trade, they could get a pilot's license for him by signing an application directed to the United States Inspector. Nothing further was needed; usually no questions were asked, no proofs of capacity required.

Very well, this growing swarm of new pilots presently began to undermine the wages, in order to get berths. Too late — apparently — the knights of the tiller perceived their mistake. Plainly, something had to be done, and quickly; but what was to be the needful thing? A close organization. Nothing else would answer. To compass this seemed an impossibility; so it was talked, and talked, and then dropped. It was too likely to ruin whoever ventured to move in the matter. But at last about a dozen of the boldest — and some of them the best — pilots on the river launched

themselves into the enterprise and took all the chances. They got a special charter from the legislature, with large powers, under the name of the Pilots' Benevolent Association; elected their officers, completed their organization, contributed capital, put "association" wages up to two hundred and fifty dollars at once — and then retired to their homes, for they were promptly discharged from employment. But there were two or three unnoticed trifles in their by-laws which had the seeds of propagation in them. For instance, all idle members of the association, in good standing, were entitled to a pension of twenty-five dollars per month. This began to bring in one straggler after another from the ranks of the new-fledged pilots, in the dull (summer) season. Better have twenty-five dollars than starve; the initiation fee was only twelve dollars, and no dues required from the unemployed.

Also, the widows of deceased members in good standing could draw twenty-five dollars per month, and a certain sum for each of their children. Also, the said deceased would be buried at the association's expense. These things resurrected all the superannuated and forgotten pilots in the Mississippi Valley. They came from farms, they came from interior villages, they came from everywhere. They came on crutches, on drays, in ambulances, — any way, so they got there. They paid in their twelve dollars, and straightway began to draw out twenty-five dollars a month and calculate their burial bills.

By and by, all the useless, helpless pilots, and a dozen first-class ones, were in the association, and nine tenths of the best pilots out of it and laughing at it. It was the laughing-stock of the whole river. Everybody joked about the by-law requiring members to pay ten per cent. of their wages, every month, into the treasury for the support of the association, whereas all the members were outcast and tabooed, and no one would employ them. Everybody was derisively grateful to the association for taking all the worthless pilots out of the way and leaving the whole field to the excellent and the deserving; and everybody was not only jocularly grateful for that, but for a result which naturally followed, namely, the gradual advance of wages as the busy season approached. Wages had gone up from the low figure of one hundred dollars a month to one hundred and twenty-five, and in some cases to one hundred and fifty; and it was great fun to enlarge upon the fact that this charming thing had been accomplished by a body of men not one of whom received a particle of benefit from it. Some of the jokers used to call at the association rooms and have a good time chaffing the members and offering them the charity of taking them as steersmen for a trip, so that they could see what the forgotten river looked like. However, the association was content; or at least it gave no sign to the contrary. Now and then it captured a pilot who was "out of luck," and added him to its list; and these later additions were very valuable, for they were good pilots; the incompetent ones had all been absorbed before. As business freshened, wages climbed gradually up to two hundred and fifty dollars — the association figure — and became firmly fixed there; and still without benefiting a member of that body, for no member was hired. The hilarity at the association's expense burst all bounds, now. There was no end to the fun which that poor martyr had to put up with.

However, it is a long lane that has no turning. Winter approached, business doubled and trebled, and an avalanche of Missouri, Illinois, and Upper Mississippi River boats came pouring down to take a chance in the New Orleans trade. All of a sudden, pilots were in great demand, and were correspondingly scarce. The time for revenge was come. It was a bitter pill to have to accept association pilots at last, yet captains and owners agreed that there was no other way. But none of these outcasts offered! So there was a still bitterer pill to be swallowed: they must be sought out and asked for their services. Captain —— was the first man who

found it necessary to take the dose, and he had been the loudest derider of the organization. He hunted up one of the best of the association pilots and said, —

"Well, you boys have rather got the best of us for a little while, so I 'll give in with as good a grace as I can. I 've come to hire you; get your trunk aboard right away. I want to leave at twelve o'clock."

"I don't know about that. Who is your other pilot?"

"I 've got I. S——. Why?"

"I can't go with him. He don't belong to the association."

"What!"

"It 's so."

"Do you mean to tell me that you won't turn a wheel with one of the very best and oldest pilots on the river because he don't belong to your association?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, if this is n't putting on airs! I supposed I was doing you a benevolence; but I begin to think that I am the party that wants a favor done. Are you acting under a law of the concern?"

"Yes."

"Show it to me."

So they stepped into the association rooms, and the secretary soon satisfied the captain, who said, —

"Well, what am I to do? I have hired Mr. S—— for the entire season."

"I will provide for you," said the secretary. "I will detail a pilot to go with you, and he shall be on board at twelve o'clock."

"But if I discharge S——, he will come on me for the whole season's wages."

"Of course that is a matter between you and Mr. S——, captain. We cannot meddle in your private affairs."

The captain stormed, but to no purpose. In the end he had to discharge S——, pay him about a thousand dollars, and take an association pilot in his place. The laugh was beginning to turn the other way, now. Every day, thenceforward, a new victim fell; every day some outraged captain discharged a non-association pet, with tears and profanity, and installed a hated association man in his berth. In a very little while, idle non-associationists began to be pretty plenty, brisk as business was, and much as their services were desired. The laugh was shifting to the other side of their mouths most palpably. These victims, together with the captains and owners, presently ceased to laugh altogether, and began to rage about the revenge they would take when the passing business "spurt" was over.

Soon all the laughers that were left were the owners and crews of boats that had two non-association pilots. But their triumph was not very long-lived. For this reason: It was a rigid rule of the association that its members should never, under any circumstances whatever, give information about the channel to any "outsider." By this time about half the boats had none but association pilots, and the other half had none but outsiders. At the first glance one would suppose that when it came to forbidding information about the river these two parties could play equally at that game; but this was not so. At every good-sized town from one end of the river to the other, there was a "wharf-boat" to land at, instead of a wharf or a pier. Freight was stored in it for transportation, waiting passengers slept in its cabins. Upon each of these wharf-boats the association's officers placed a strong box, fastened with a peculiar lock which was used in no other service but one — the United States mail service. It was the letter-bag lock, a sacred governmental thing. By dint of much beseeching the government had been persuaded to allow the association to use this lock. Every association man carried a key which would open these boxes. That key, or rather a peculiar way of holding it in the hand when its owner was asked for river information by a stranger, — for the success of the St. Louis and New Orleans association had now bred tolerably thriving branches in a dozen neighboring steamboat trades, — was the association man's sign and diploma of membership; and if the stranger did not respond by producing a similar key and

holding it in a certain manner duly prescribed, his question was politely ignored. From the association's secretary each member received a package of more or less gorgeous blanks, printed like a bill-head, on handsome paper, properly ruled in columns; a bill-head worded something like this: —

STEAMER GREAT REPUBLIC.

JOHN SMITH, MASTER.

Pilots, John Jones and Thos. Brown.

Crossing.	Soundings.	Marks.	Remarks.

These blanks were filled up, day by day, as the voyage progressed, and deposited in the several wharf-boat boxes. For instance, as soon as the first crossing, out from St. Louis, was completed, the items would be entered upon the blank, under the appropriate headings, thus:

"St. Louis. Nine and a half (feet). Stern on court-house, head on dead cottonwood above wood-yard, until you raise the first reef, then pull up square." Then under head of Remarks: "Go just outside the wrecks; this is important. New snag just where you straighten down; go above it."

The pilot who deposited that blank in the Cairo box (after adding to it the details of every crossing all the way down from St. Louis) took out and read half a dozen fresh reports (from upward bound steamers) concerning the river between Cairo and Memphis, posted himself thoroughly, returned them to the box, and went back aboard his boat again so armed against accident that he could not possibly get his boat into trouble without bringing the most ingenious carelessness to his aid.

Imagine the benefits of so admirable a system in a piece of river twelve or thirteen hundred miles long, whose channel was shifting every day! The pilot who had formerly been obliged to put up with seeing a shoal place once or possibly twice a month, had a hundred sharp eyes to watch it for him, now, and bushels of intelligent brains to tell him how to run it. His information about it was seldom twenty-four hours old. If the reports in the last box chanced to leave any misgivings on his mind concerning a treacherous crossing, he had his remedy; he blew his steam-whistle in a peculiar way as soon as he saw a boat approaching; the signal was answered in a peculiar way if that boat's pilots were association men; and then the two steamers ranged alongside and all uncertainties were swept away by fresh information furnished to the inquirer by word of mouth and in minute detail.

The first thing a pilot did when he reached New Orleans or St. Louis was to take his final and elaborate report to the association parlors and hang it up there, — *after* which he was free to visit his family. In these parlors a crowd was always gathered together, discussing changes in the channel, and the moment there was a fresh arrival, everybody stopped talking till this witness had told the newest news and settled the latest uncertainty. Other craftsmen can "sink the shop," sometimes, and interest themselves in other matters. Not so with a pilot; he must devote himself wholly to his profession and talk of nothing else; for it would be small gain to be perfect one day and imperfect the next. He has no time or words to waste if he would keep "posted."

But the outsiders had a hard time of it. No particular place to meet and exchange information, no wharf-boat reports, none but chance and unsatisfactory ways of getting news. The consequence was that a man sometimes had to run five hundred miles of river on information that was a week or ten days old. At a fair stage of the river that might have answered; but when the dead low water came it was destructive.

Now came another perfectly logical result. The outsiders began to ground steamboats, sink them, and get into all sorts of trouble, whereas accidents seemed to keep entirely away from the association men. Wherefore even the owners and captains of boats furnished exclusively with outsiders, and previously considered to be wholly independent of the association and free to comfort them-

selves with brag and laughter, began to feel pretty uncomfortable. Still, they made a show of keeping up the brag, until one black day when every captain of the lot was formally ordered immediately to discharge his outsiders and take association pilots in their stead. And who was it that had the gaudy presumption to do that? Alas, it came from a power behind the throne that was greater than the throne itself. It was the underwriters!

It was no time to "swap knives." Every outsider had to take his trunk ashore at once. Of course it was supposed that there was collusion between the association and the underwriters, but this was not so. The latter had come to comprehend the excellence of the "report" system of the association and the safety it secured, and so they had made their decision among themselves and upon plain business principles.

There was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in the camp of the outsiders now. But no matter, there was but one course for them to pursue, and they pursued it. They came forward in couples and groups, and proffered their twelve dollars and asked for membership. They were surprised to learn that several new by-laws had been long ago added. For instance, the initiation fee had been raised to fifty dollars; that sum must be tendered, and also ten per cent. of the wages which the applicant had received each and every month since the founding of the association. In many cases this amounted to three or four hundred dollars. Still, the association would not entertain the application until the money was present. Even then a single adverse vote killed the application. Every member had to vote yes or no in person and before witnesses; so it took weeks to decide a candidacy, because many pilots were so long absent on voyages. However, the repentant sinners scraped their savings together, and one by one, by our tedious voting process, they were added to the fold. A time came, at last, when only about ten remained outside. They said they would starve before they would apply. They remained idle a long while, because of course nobody could venture to employ them.

By and by the association published the fact that upon a certain date the wages would be raised to five hundred dollars per month. All the branch associations had grown strong, now, and the Red River one had advanced wages to seven hundred dollars a month. Reluctantly the ten outsiders yielded, in view of these things, and made application. There was *another* new by-law, by this time, which required them to pay dues not only on all the wages they had received since the association was born, but also on what they would have received if they had continued at work up to the time of their application, instead of going off to pout in idleness. It turned out to be a difficult matter to elect them, but it was accomplished at last. The most virulent sinner of this batch had stayed out and allowed "dues" to accumulate against him so long that he had to send in six hundred and twenty-five dollars with his application.

The association had a good bank account now, and was very strong. There was no longer an outsider. A by-law was added forbidding the reception of any more cubs or apprentices for five years; after which time a limited number would be taken, not by individuals, but by the association, upon these terms: the applicant must not be less than eighteen years old, of respectable family and good character; he must pass an examination as to education, pay a thousand dollars in advance for the privilege of becoming an apprentice, and must remain under the commands of the association until a great part of the membership (more than half, I think) should be willing to sign his application for a pilot's license.

All previously-articled apprentices were now taken away from their masters and adopted by the association. The president and secretary detailed them for service on one boat or another, as they chose, and changed them from boat to boat according to certain rules.

If a pilot could show that he was in infirm health and needed assistance, one of the cubs would be ordered to go with him.

The widow and orphan list grew, but so did the association's financial resources. The association attended its own funerals in state, and paid for them. When occasion demanded, it sent members down the river upon searches for the bodies of brethren lost by steamboat accidents; a search of this kind sometimes cost a thousand dollars.

The association procured a charter and went into the insurance business, also. It not only insured the lives of its members, but took risks on steamboats.

The organization seemed indestructible. It was the tightest monopoly in the world. By the United States law, no man could become a pilot unless two duly licensed pilots signed his application; and now there was nobody outside of the association competent to sign. Consequently the making of pilots was at an end. Every year some would die and others become incapacitated by age and infirmity; there would be no new ones to take their places. In time, the association could put wages up to any figure it chose; and as long as it should be wise enough not to carry the thing too far and provoke the national government into amending the licensing system, steamboat owners would have to submit, since there would be no help for it.

The owners and captains were the only obstruction that lay between the association and absolute power; and at last this one was removed. Incredible as it may seem, the owners and captains deliberately did it themselves. When the pilots' association announced, months beforehand, that on the first day of September, 1861, wages would be advanced to five hundred dollars per month, the owners and captains instantly put freights up a few cents, and explained to the farmers along the river the necessity of it, by calling their attention to the burdensome rate of wages about to be established. It was a rather slender argument, but the farmers did not seem to detect it. It looked reasonable to them that to add five cents freight on a bushel of corn was justifiable under the circumstances, overlooking the fact that this advance on a cargo of forty thousand sacks was a good deal more than necessary to cover the new wages.

So straightway the captains and owners got up an association of their own, and proposed to put captains' wages up to five hundred dollars, too, and move for another advance in freights. It was a novel idea, but of course an effect which had been produced once could be produced again. The new association decreed (for this was before all the outsiders had been taken into the pilots' association) that if any captain employed a non-association pilot, he should be forced to discharge him, and also pay a fine of five hundred dollars. Several of these heavy fines were paid before the captains' organization grew strong enough to exercise full authority over its membership; but that all ceased, presently. The captains tried to get the pilots to decree that no member of their corporation should serve under a non-association captain; but this proposition was declined. The pilots saw that they would be backed up by the captains and the underwriters anyhow, and so they wisely refrained from entering into entangling alliances.

As I have remarked, the pilots' association was now the compactest monopoly in the world, perhaps, and seemed simply indestructible. And yet the days of its glory were numbered. First, the new railroad stretching up through Mississippi, Tennessee, and Kentucky, to Northern railway centres, began to divert the passenger travel from the steamers; next the war came and almost entirely annihilated the steamboating industry during several years, leaving most of the pilots idle, and the cost of living advancing all the time; then the treasurer of the St. Louis association put his hand into the till and walked off with every dollar of the ample fund; and finally, the railroads intruding everywhere, there was little for steamers to do, when the war was over, but carry freights; so straight-

way some genius from the Atlantic coast introduced the plan of towing a dozen steamer cargoes down to New Orleans at the tail of a vulgar little tug-boat; and behold, in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, the association and the noble science of piloting were things of the dead and pathetic past!

Mark Twain.

ODE READ AT THE CONCORD CENTENNIAL.

I.

Who cometh over the hills,
Her garments with morning sweet,
The dance of a thousand rills
Making music before her feet?
Her presence freshens the air,
Sunshine steals light from her face,
The leaden footstep of Care
Leaps to the tune of her pace,
Fairness of all that is fair,
Grace at the heart of all grace!
Sweetener of hut and of hall,
Bringer of life out of naught,
Freedom, oh, fairest of all
The daughters of Time and Thought!

II.

She cometh, cometh to-day;
Hark! hear ye not her tread,
Sending a thrill through your clay,
Under the sod there, ye dead,
Her champions and chosen ones?
Do ye not hear, as she comes,
The bay of the deep-mouthed guns?
The gathering buzz of the drums?
The bells that called ye to prayer,
How wildly they clamor on her,
Crying, "She cometh! prepare
Her to praise and her to honor,
That a hundred years ago
Scattered here in blood and tears
Potent seeds wherefrom should grow
Gladness for a hundred years"?

III.

Tell me, young men, have ye seen
Creature of diviner mien,

For true hearts to long and cry for,
Manly hearts to live and die for?
What hath she that others want?
Brows that all endearments haunt,
Eyes that make it sweet to dare,
Smiles that glad untimely death,
Looks that fortify despair,
Tones more brave than trumpet's breath:
Tell me, maidens, have ye known
Household charm more sweetly rare?
Grace of woman ampler blown?
Modesty more debonair?
Younger heart with wit full-grown?
Oh, for an hour of my prime,
The pulse of my hotter years,
That I might praise her in rhyme
Would tingle your eyelids to tears,
Our sweetness, our strength, and our star,
Our hope, our joy, and our trust,
Who lifted us out of the dust
And made us whatever we are!

IV.

Whiter than moonshine upon snow
Her raiment is: but round the hem
Crimson-stained; and, as to and fro
Her sandals flash, we see on them,
And on her instep veined with blue,
Flecks of crimson, — on those fair feet,
High-arched, Diana-like, and fleet,
Fit for no grosser stain than dew:
Oh, call them rather chrisms than stains,
Sacred and from heroic veins!
For, in the glory-guarded pass,
Her haughty and far-shining head
She bowed to shrive Leonidas
With his imperishable dead;
Her, too, Morgarten saw,
Where the Swiss lion fleshed his icy paw;
She followed Cromwell's quenchless star
Where the grim puritan tread
Shook Marston, Naseby, and Dunbar;
Yea, on her feet are dearer dyes
Yet fresh, nor looked on with untearful eyes.

V.

Our fathers found her in the woods
Where Nature meditates and broods

The seeds of unexampled things
Which Time to consummation brings
Through life and death and man's unstable moods;
They met her here, not recognized,
A sylvan huntress clothed in furs,
To whose chaste wants her bow sufficed,
Nor dreamed what destinies were hers:
She taught them beelike to create
Their simpler forms of Church and State;
She taught them to endue
The Past with other functions than it knew,
And turn in channels strange the uncertain stream of Fate;
Better than all, she fenced them in their need
With iron-handed Duty's sternest creed,
'Gainst Self's lean wolf that ravens word and deed.

VI.

Why cometh she hither to-day
To this low village of the plain
Far from the Present's loud highway,
From Trade's cool heart and seething brain?
Why cometh she? she was not far away;
Since the soul touched it, not in vain,
With pathos of immortal gain,
'T is here her fondest memories stay;
She loves yon pine-bemurmured ridge
Where now our broad-browed poet sleeps,
Dear to both Englands; near him he
Who wore the ring of Canacë;
But most her heart to rapture leaps
Where stood that era-parting bridge,
O'er which, with footfall still as dew,
The Old Time passed into the New;
Where as your stealthy river creeps
He whispers to his listening weeds
Tales of sublimest homespun deeds;
Here English law and English thought
Against the might of England fought,
And here were men (co-equal with their fate)
Who did great things unconscious they were great.
They dreamed not what a die was cast
With that first answering shot: what then?
There was their duty; they were men
Long schooled the inward gospel to obey
Though leading to the lions' den;
They felt the habit-hallowed world give way
Beneath their lives, and on went they,
Unhappy who was last:
When Buttrick gave the word,
That awful idol of the hallowed Past,

Strong in their love and in their lineage strong,
Fell crashing; if they heard it not,
Yet the earth heard,
Nor ever hath forgot,
As on from startled throne to throne,
Where Superstition sate or conscious Wrong,
A shudder ran of some dread birth unknown.
Thrice-venerable spot!
River more fateful than the Rubicon!
O'er those red planks, to snatch her diadem,
Man's Hope, star-girdled, sprang with them,
And over ways untried the feet of Doom strode on.

VII.

Think you these felt no charms
In their gray homesteads and embowered farms?
In household faces waiting at the door
Their evening step should lighten up no more?
In fields their boyish steps had known?
In trees their fathers' hands had set
And which with them had grown
Widening each year their leafy coronet?
Felt they no pang of passionate regret
For those unsolid goods that seem so much our own?
These things are dear to every man that lives,
And life prized more for what it lends than gives;
Yea, many a tie, by iteration sweet,
Strove to detain their fatal feet:
And yet the enduring half they chose,
Whose choice decides a man life's slave or king, —
The invisible things of God before the seen and known:
Therefore their memory inspiration blows
With echoes gathering on from zone to zone,
For manhood is the one immortal thing
Beneath Time's changeful sky,
And, where it lightened once, from age to age
Men come to learn, in grateful pilgrimage,
That length of days is knowing when to die.

VIII.

What marvellous change of things and men!
She, a world-wandering orphan then,
So mighty now! Those are her streams
That whirl the myriad, myriad wheels
Of all that does and all that dreams,
Of all that thinks and all that feels
Through spaces stretched from sea to sea:

By idle tongues and busy brains,
By who doth right and who refrains,
Hers are our losses and our gains,
Our maker and our victim she.

IX.

Maiden half mortal, half divine,
We triumphed in thy coming; to the brinks
Our hearts were filled with pride's tumultuous wine;
Better to-day who rather feels than thinks:
Yet will some graver thoughts intrude
And cares of nobler mood:
They won thee: who shall keep thee? From the deeps
Where discrowned empires o'er their ruins brood,
And many a thwarted hope wrings its weak hands and weeps,
I hear the voice as of a mighty wind
From all heaven's caverns rushing unconfined, —
"I, Freedom, dwell with Knowledge: I abide
With men whom dust of faction cannot blind
To the slow tracings of the Eternal Mind;
With men, by culture trained and fortified,
Who bitter duty to sweet lusts prefer,
Fearless to counsel and obey:
Conscience my sceptre is, and law my sword,
Not to be drawn in passion or in play,
But terrible to punish and deter,
Implacable as God's word,
Like it a shepherd's crook to them that blindly err.
Your firm-pulsed sires, my martyrs and my saints,
Shoots of that only race whose patient sense
Hath known to mingle flux with permanence,
Rated my chaste denials and restraints
Above the moment's dear-paid paradise:
Beware lest, shifting with Time's gradual creep,
The light that guided shine into your eyes:
The envious Powers of ill nor wink nor sleep;
Be therefore timely wise,
Nor laugh when this one steals and that one lies,
As if your luck could cheat those sleepless spies,
Till the deaf fury come your house to sweep!"
I hear the voice and unaffrighted bow:
Ye shall not be prophetic now,
Heralds of ill, that darkening fly
Between my vision and the rainbowed sky,
Or on the left your hoarse forebodings croak
From many a blasted bough
On Igdrasil's storm-sinewed oak,
That once was green, Hope of the West, as thou.
Yet pardon if I tremble while I boast,
For thee I love as those who pardon most.

X.

Away, ungrateful doubt, away!
At least she is our own to-day;
Break into rapture, my song,
Verses, leap forth in the sun,
Bearing the joyance along
Like a train of fire as ye run!
Pause not for choosing of words,
Let them but blossom and sing
Blithe as the orchards and birds
With the new coming of spring!
Dance in your jollity, bells,
Shout, cannon, cease not, ye drums,
Answer, ye hill-sides and dells,
Bow, all ye people, she comes,
Radiant, calm-fronted as when
She hallowed that April day:
Stay with us! Yes, thou shalt stay,
Softener and strengthener of men,
Freedom, not won by the vain,
Not to be courted in play,
Not to be kept without pain!
Stay with us! Yes, thou wilt stay,
Handmaid and mistress of all,
Kindler of deed and of thought,
Thou, that to hut and to hall
Equal deliverance brought!
Souls of her martyrs, draw near,
Touch our dull lips with your fire,
That we may praise without fear
Her, our delight, our desire,
Our faith's inextinguishable star,
Our hope, our remembrance, our trust,
Our present, our past, our to be,
Who will mingle her life with our dust
And make us deserve to be free!

James Russell Lowell.

RECENT LITERATURE.[1]

THE Lake-Country which Miss Woolson sketches is the region of the great inland seas, Superior, Huron, Erie, and the rest, and the term is allowably stretched to include that part of Northern Ohio in which the community of the Zoar Separatists prosperously doze their lives away. The ground is new, and Miss Woolson gathers from it a harvest out of which the grain had not been threshed long ago. Our readers already know three of her stories, Solomon, The Lady of Little Fishing, and Wilhelmina, which are the best in this book, and fairly suggest its range, for it is now poetically realistic in circumstance like the first and last, and now poetically fanciful like the second. Both kinds rest upon the same solid basis — truth to human nature; and because Miss Woolson has distinctly felt the value of this basis, we are the more surprised at her projecting such an air-founded fabric as Castle Nowhere. In this we are asked to suppose a wretch who beacons lake schooners to shipwreck on the rocks, and plunders them that he may keep in luxury the young girl whom he has adopted for his daughter, and who lives in an inaccessible tower on a secret isle of the lake. A subtle confusion of all the conceptions of right and wrong is wrought by this old reprobate's devotion to the child, and his inability to feel that any means to her pleasure and comfort can be bad; but we doubt whether this is an intended effect, and if it is, we think it not worth the writer's or reader's pains. Castle Nowhere is the least satisfactory of the stories; one is harassed from beginning to end by a disagreeable fantasticality.

The notion, in Peter the Parson, of the poor little ritualist who lives a missionary among the ruffians of the Northwestern lumbering town, and daily reads the service to himself in his empty chapel, is altogether better, though we wish the matter were less sketchily treated. Miss Woolson had something in Rose's unrequited love for the parson, and the tragic end it brings him to, worthy her most patient and careful art. The Old Agency is another good sketch, or study, tasting racily of the strange time and place. It is the ancient government agency building at Mackinac, about which linger the memories of the Jesuit missions, and in which, after its desertion, an old soldier of Napoleon comes to spend his last days: the story gains color from its supposed narration by the Jesuit father Piret; for the French have had the complaisance to touch our continent with romance wherever they have touched it at all as soldiers, priests, exiles, or mere adventurers. St. Clair Flats is apparently a transcript from the fact, and with its portraits of the strange

[1] *Castle Nowhere: Lake-Country Sketches.* By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

Baedeker's Handbooks for Travelers. By KARL BAEDEKER. *Italy*, 3 vols.; *Southern Germany*, 1 vol.; *Northern Germany*, 1 vol.; *Belgium and Holland*, 1 vol.; *Paris*, 1 vol.; *Switzerland*, 1 vol.; *The Rhine*, 1 vol. Revised and Augmented Editions. Leipsic: Karl Baedeker. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

The Middle States. A Handbook for Travelers. With 7 Maps and 15 Plans. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

A Short History of the English People. By J. R. GREEN, M. A. With Maps and Tables. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

Characteristics of English Poets from Chaucer to Shirley. By WILLIAM MINTO, M. A., author of A Manual of English Prose Literature. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons. 1874.

An Introduction to the Study of Early English History. By JOHN PYM YEATMAN, of Lincoln's Inn, Esquire, Barrister-at-Law, author of The History of the Common Law of Great Britain and Gaul, An Outline of the Practice of the Mayor's Court of London, etc. London: Longmans. 1874.

Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea. Edited, with an Introduction, Commentary, etc., by JAMES MORGAN HART. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons 1875.

Remains of Lost Empires: Sketches of the Ruins of Palmyra, Nineveh, Babylon, and Persepolis, with some Notes on India and the Cashmerian Himalayas. By P. V. N. MYERS, A. M., associate author, with H. M. Myers, of Life and Nature under the Tropics. Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1875.

Three Essays on Religion. By JOHN STUART MILL. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1874.

Recollections and Suggestions. 1813–1873. By JOHN, EARL RUSSELL. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

Conditions of Success in Preaching without Notes. Three Lectures delivered before the Students of the Union Theological Seminary, New York. By RICHARD S. STORRS, D. D., LL. D. New York: Dodd and Mead. 1875.

The Paraclete. An Essay on the Personality and Ministry of the Holy Ghost; with some Reference to Current Discussions. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1875

prophet, Waiting Samuel, and his wife, it is a not at all discouraging example of what our strangely varied American real life can do in the way of romance; it seems only to need the long-denied opportunity in fiction which some of our later writers have afforded it — none with greater promise of a successful interpretation in certain ways than Miss Woolson herself. Her story of Solomon is really a triumph of its kind — a novel kind, as simple as it is fresh. The Zoar Community, with its manners and customs, and that quaint mingling of earthy good-feeding and mild, coarse kindliness with forms of austere religious and social discipline, which seems to characterize all the peculiar German sectarians, has had the fortune to find an artist in the first who introduces us to its life. Solomon's character is studied with a delicate and courageous sympathy, which spares us nothing of his grotesqueness, and yet keenly touches us with his pathetic history. An even greater success of literary art is his poor, complaining wife, the faded parody of the idol of his young love, still beautiful in his eyes, and the inspiration of all his blind, unguided efforts in painting. His death, after the first instruction has revealed his powers to himself, is affectingly portrayed, without a touch of sentimentalistic insistence. It is a very complete and beautiful story. Wilhelmina, of which the scene is also at Zoar, is not quite so good; and yet it is very well done, too. Perhaps the reader's lurking sense of its protractedness dulls his pleasure in it. But it is well imagined, of new material, and skillfully wrought. The Lady of Little Fishing is as fine, in its different way, as Solomon. That is a very striking and picturesque conceit, of the beautiful religious enthusiast who becomes a sort of divinity to the wild, fierce fur-hunters among whom she pitches her tent, and who loses her divine honors by falling in love with one of them; and all the processes of this romance and its catastrophe are revealed with dramatic skill and force. It argues a greater richness in our fictitious literature than we have been able to flatter ourselves upon, or a torpidity in our criticism which we fear we must acknowledge, that such a story should not have made a vivid impression. It has that internal harmony which is the only allegiance to probability we can exact from romance, and it has a high truth to human nature never once weakened by any vagueness of the moral ideal in the author, — as happens with Mr. Harte's sketches, the only sketches with which we should care to compare it.

— In those moments of extreme exile which attend all American patriots who have once been in Europe and are there no longer, we sometimes find a fantastic solace in the examination of guide-books. Following their alluring itineraries, we place ourselves on familiar and famous routes of travel, with no other expense than a certain outlay of imagination; but even if it cost money, we feel that we could easily make it up by the difference in the price of living in Europe — so much less that one can travel there for about the same money that one stays at home in Boston. In a minute we are at Rome, or in Paris, or wherever Americans like to be; and we are stopping at this hotel or that, or have taken lodgings for a protracted sojourn, and are tired of the Louvre and the Vatican, and are looking out sharply not to be cheated by the cab-drivers and shop-people. We are blowing out the extra candle which the waiter wants to light for us at the charge of a franc; we are stickling at the service put down in the bill when we have already feed everybody; we are bringing the guides to book on their extortionate demands, and are giving nothing to Swiss beggars whose goitres weigh under four pounds; at the *table d'hôte* we are fighting the American eagle against all the other national beasts and birds; and in a word, the whole delightful world of European travel is before us. It does not always matter what guide-book we use to this magic end, whether Murray's portly and respectable tomes, or the immortal volume of our own, our native Fetridge, or some such gentlemanly and tranquil connoisseur of pictures, places, and people as the now quite superseded Valery, with whom one travels by *vettura* instead of rail. But it is well in these matters of guide-books, as in that of unabridged dictionaries, to get the best, and upon the whole we recommend Baedeker to the imaginary tourist. The Germans, who have gone to the bottom of history, philosophy, and religion (and mostly found nothing there), have in Baedeker reduced touristry to a science, and have given the public what there is of it in certain volumes covering the whole area of customary travel in those continental lands where Germans now keep all the first hotels, and are likely, if they go on with their abominable thoroughness, to gather a main share of the international commerce into their hands, and supply the

world at last with everything but its wit, grace, beauty, faith, and liberty — these trifles being unworthy their attention. In *our* European days (which envious Time has now thrust half a score of years behind him), Baedeker was one large volume in German, meant for the whole of Europe and necessarily very succinct, which all Americans carried who could muster enough German to read it. They found it entirely trustworthy, and if not so full of Byron and British propriety of fact, emotion, and opinion as Murray, or of such truly delightful originality in criticism and exegesis as Fetridge, yet supplying all the needs of hurried travel, and costing far less to carry than any guide in their own tongue, the German national frugality (not to say niggardliness) having cheapened the way everywhere to travelers supposably of the German race. This admirable compend has now been dispersed and expanded into nine volumes, each perfectly pocketable, and comprising a store of useful information not otherwise to be had in the same space. Sentiment and criticism are apparently excluded from the plan of the work; we find no poetical quotations, or very, very few; when the guide has once referred to a notable object, it refrains from comment; at the same time it gives all the historical facts necessary to intelligent enjoyment of places and things — points around which the reader can assemble his wandering general knowledge, or with which he can disperse his general ignorance. There are many maps, carefully and clearly executed, and a very great abundance of those local details concerning fares, fees, currencies, and so forth, without which no one can set out on a supposititious tour with any peace of mind. But it is not to the supposititious tourist only that we commend Baedeker. The actual traveler may consult him with unfailing advantage; and if he buys the volumes before sailing, he may most profitably give to them those moments of the voyage to Europe which would otherwise probably be abandoned to seasickness.

— It is now two or three years since Messrs. Osgood & Co. projected their series of guide-books for America on the Baedeker plan, and they have lately followed their first volume, on New England, with one for the Middle States. It is very little to say that we have hitherto had nothing at all to compare with these books in thoroughness and fullness. They are written with a sincerity and sober good taste which should be the first condition of their acceptance by the self-respectful tourist, and if they expose the poverty and monotony of American travel in some respects, there is hardly any fair-minded malcontent to whom they will not suggest that he would be more interested in his country if he knew it better. We ought to be especially grateful to Mr. Sweetser for his careful and pleasant presentation of what may be called tourist-history, no less than for those statistics, directions, and counsels which it is more strictly the business of a guide-book to give. His information upon matters of local interest in the vast area which his work covers is largely the result of his own experience and observation, and some actual use of his work enables us to bear witness to the accuracy, completeness, and good sense with which it is done. To the foreigner visiting our country such a conscientious and faithful cicerone is indispensable; and as we are all necessarily foreigners in nine tenths of our immense territory, the native American cannot very well afford to travel without him when he travels for pleasure.

— Nearly half a century ago Macaulay published, in the Edinburgh Review, his admirable essay on the subject of history, and we are just beginning to reap the fruits of his teachings. He longed to see the day when the history of his own country should be written so that it would exhibit the true spirit of each age, and by a writer able to give to truth the attractions of fiction. He would have the historian show us the court, the camp, the senate; in short, the nation, not its rulers alone. The perfect historian, he says, will not merely describe men, but will make them intimately known to us. He will indicate the changes of manners, not only by general phrases, or statistical extracts, but by appropriate images that will present the people of past times to our mind somewhat as foreign peoples are now presented to the eyes of observing travelers. Mr. Macaulay did not dare to hope that the model historian would appear in less than a century from the time at which he wrote. One half of that period has now passed, and the researches into forgotten records, as well as the few exceptionally good publications which have resulted from those researches, have prepared the way for better historical work in the future.

We are not prepared to pronounce Mr Green's compendious volume perfect, but we think it is the best effort yet made to give to schools the sort of history that they

need. It is not, he says, "a drum and trumpet history," for "war plays a small part in the real story of European nations, and in that of England its part is smaller than in any" [other]. "The only war," he continues, "which has profoundly affected English history and English government is the Hundred Years' War with France, and of that the results were simply evil. If I have said little of the glories of Cressy, it is because I have dwelt much on the wrong and misery which prompted the verse of Longland and the preaching of Ball." He has given more than usual prominence to the figures of "the missionary, the poet, the printer, the merchant, the philosopher," and subordinate positions to the military hero and the politician. The battles and sieges are presented in the form of tables of Chronological Annals, and the royal families in Genealogical Tables which are clear and comprehensive. In this way the claim of Edward III. to the French crown; the union of two branches of the descendants of Henry III. in Henry IV.; the descent of James I., his cousin Arabella Stuart, and William Seymour, her husband, from Henry VII.; and the intricate pedigrees of the members of the houses of Lancaster and York, are plainly exhibited to the eye at a glance. Very clear maps, borrowed from Freeman's Early English History for Children, are also presented.

In a work of this description, besides the traits we have already mentioned, a proper proportion in the treatment of the different periods and philosophic divisions of the subject appear to us indispensable. In these respects Mr. Green has not been so successful as in others. A glance at the titles of his chapters, the number of years they respectively treat, and the number of pages allotted each, will make our meaning more clear.

Chapter I., entitled The English Kingdoms, carries the history from the invasion of Julius Cæsar (B. C. 54) to the year 1013, occupying fifty-eight pages. The second chapter, England under Foreign Kings, 1013–1204, covers fifty-four pages; Chapter III., The Great Charter, 1204–1265, forty-two pages; Chapter IV., The Three Edwards, 1265–1360, fifty-six pages; Chapter V., The Hundred Years' War, 1336–1431, fifty-four pages; Chapter VI., The New Monarchy, 1422–1540, seventy-five pages; Chapter VII., The Reformation, 1540–1610, one hundred and seven pages; Chapter VIII., Puritan England, 1610–1660, one hundred and forty pages; Chapter IX., The Revolution, 1660–1742, one hundred and twenty-nine pages; Chapter X., Modern England, 1742–1873, one hundred and four pages. We do not intend to have it understood that we think it possible to assign an exact number of pages to a given period, nor that the importance which a historian intends to give to any era is to be gauged by the space his account of it occupies in his volume. We are exact, however, in recapitulating Mr. Green's table of contents because it is very suggestive.

The author omits to give us the reasons that influenced him in the divisions he has made, not, we presume, because he had none, but because he thinks them too plain to need explicit statement. Of course this is complimentary to the reader's sagacity, and yet we should have preferred the other course. It gives us an opportunity, however, to inquire why the first eleven centuries occupy less than eighty of Mr. Green's pages; why the period of the rule of the "foreign kings" is made to close with the year 1204, in the middle of the reign of King John; what philosophic reason exists for constituting the reigns of the "three Edwards," a period by themselves; why the Hundred Years' War, treating of forty-one years of the reign of the third Edward, is made a separate period; and why his shortest period, that of "Puritan England," occupies the greatest number of pages.

Mr. Green may tell us that the first eleven centuries of English history are barren and unimportant, but we reply that they are running over with riches of just the sort that Macaulay designed to indicate in the essay we have referred to, and crowded with incidents such as have been used by other writers who have treated special periods. The works of Mr. Freeman, from which Mr. Green has borrowed already so much relating to these times, would have given him help in becoming acquainted with the details we refer to, and the works of the now fashionable republication societies furnish a vast fund of information about the manners and intimate life of old England. We suspect that Mr. Green would offer Mr. Freeman's works as his excuse for this deficiency, but they ought not to cause us to condone the offense. We are not of those who think English history previous to the Norman Conquest of slight importance, and while we are inclined to the opinion that Mr. Freeman has given too much detail in his Early English History for Children, we are no

less positive that the book we are now considering errs in its too great brevity. What Mr. Green does give us is very clear and well put, though he stretches the matter a little in assigning "the name of England" to Angeln, a tract that he properly describes as "what we now call Sleswick, a district in the heart of the peninsula which parts the Baltic and the Northern seas." England derived its name, undoubtedly, from Angeln, but that Angeln was ever called England we have not seen stated before. Mr. Freeman is too rigid in adhering to antique orthography, and, in this case at least, Mr. Green is too free in departing from it. While on the subject of spelling we may as well protest against Mr. Green's "orgy," page 586; "*Novum Organon*," page 413; and "Renascence," repeated in many places. He properly calls the Plantagenets "Angevins," but we wish he had explained that the title he uses is derived from Anjou, for it is not found in our English dictionaries, and will confuse the young learner.

Mr. Green's divisions, Foreign Kings, and The Great Charter, we do not like, as he states them. The great struggle for supremacy in England continued from the landing of Cæsar to the time of the Conquest by William, and during all that period there was a succession of foreign rulers. At that time, however, the struggle ceased, and an unbroken line of descent connects Victoria with the Conqueror. From 1066 to the date of the signing of the Magna Charta is the next period of English history, as it exists to our mind, for the government was at that time the feudal monarchy established at the Conquest. Mr. Green's period of The Great Charter extends from 1204 to 1265, as if King John had ceased to be a foreigner eleven years before he signed the document that elevated his natural meanness to everlasting fame. We conceive the third general period in English history, that of the limited monarchy, to have begun when the Great Charter was signed.

Turning again to the merits of the work, which are far greater than its defects, we call especial attention to the citations of authorities. Each section is preceded by a discriminating list of books that may be referred to by the student, and they are not bare titles.

These lists are frequent and full, and constitute a running commentary upon the historians they mention. Finally, we commend Mr. Green's history for its admirable outlines of the progress of literature from the earliest to the latest times.

— Compendiums of English literature are generally of the most slipshod sort, and it is with great pleasure that we point out the merits of Mr. Minto's Characteristics of English Poets from Chaucer to Shirley. Nowhere does this author put down an opinion because it is the one commonly received. He has thoroughly independent judgment, which seeks the truth, however, rather than novelty. The aims he set himself were, first and principally, "to bring into as clear a light as possible the characteristics of the several poets within the period chosen," and secondly, "to trace how far each poet was influenced by his literary predecessors and his contemporaries." "Justly viewed, indeed," he says, "the method pursued in this volume is not so much the opposite as the complement to M. Taine's. His endeavor was to point out what our writers had in common; mine has been to point out what each has by distinction." This is certainly an excellent plan, nor does the execution fall short of it.

Of Chaucer, with whom the book begins, it is said that he is not so much the first genial day in the spring of English poetry as a fine day, or perhaps the last fine day in the autumn of mediæval European poetry. Such, at least, is the more instructive way of regarding him. The author shows Chaucer's dependence on the French and Italian poets, gives us some particulars of his life, and in his criticism of Canterbury Tales points out — and for the first time, if we are not much mistaken — the difference between the ribaldry of the less refined pilgrims and the delicacy of the "gentles." These tales, he says, "embody two veins of feeling that powerfully influenced the literature of the fifteenth century: the sentiment that fed on chivalrous romances, and the appetite for animal laughter that received among other gratifications the grotesque literature of miracle-plays." His exposition of this theory is very suggestive. That his independence does not become mere struggle to say something new is shown by this emphatic statement: "The compression of masterly touches in that Prologue can hardly be spoken of in sane language."

Of Shakespeare also Mr. Minto manages to say some good things which had been previously unsaid. Of course a chapter of thirty-five pages devoted to certain qualities of his poetry is incomplete, but so far

as it goes it will be found interesting. The characterization of the minor poets seems fair. Exception can be made to the little attention given to Webster, especially in comparison with that devoted to Cyril Tourneur, and to the omission of Drummond of Hawthornden, and of Donne. Spenser's sonnets are, perhaps, too summarily condemned.

On the whole, we think that this book will be found to be one of the best of companions by those who are studying early English literature. There is nothing dogmatic in Mr. Minto's expression of his opinions, and there is enough originality to encourage the reader to think for himself. There is much information and no pedantry; moreover, there is no dullness in the book. We are glad to see the announcement of an American reprint; glad, that is to say, for the American public; Mr. Minto gets no part of our congratulation.

— Mr. Yeatman has ideas of his own about early English history, as well as many ideas which were current years ago, and which have generally been regarded as obsolete. What Mr. Yeatman says of the descent of the Britons from the Trojans can serve very well as an example of the ingenuity of his mind, as well as of his method of leading his readers over the gaps in his argument by the liberal use of such words as undoubtedly, certainly, unquestionably, etc. The following are his words: —

"Thus ancient history proves conclusively the exalted character and intelligence of the Briton, and lays the foundation for a reception of the belief in his boasted pedigree. The Britons themselves claimed to be descendants of the ancient Trojans, and unquestionably they show at every stage of their history that they are worthy of such high descent." Homer "distinctly includes the Pelasgians and the Thracians amongst the allies of the Trojans; . . . thus is strengthened the belief in the truth of their claims; but, if they were not so descended, at least their ancestors may have been amongst the allies of Troy. . . . Let those who assail their position show anything like equal proofs against it. Until then, Britons can remain satisfied in their belief, and glory in the wealth of its possession." Elsewhere the connection between the Britons and the Thracians is proved in very much the same way. Nor does the author disdain to establish the identity of the Ligurians and the Angles. He by no means satisfies himself, however, with preserving vague traditions, clothing them with fallacious arguments, and calling them established truths; he can be in his turn a wild iconoclast. He is reluctant to give up Arthur, but for Alfred no words are too bitter. We are told that on grounds of common-sense we must reject Asser's Life of Alfred, and "we are forced to the conclusion that our Saxon history is a fraud which has imposed on us for centuries, and which must be utterly rejected."

Among other curious bits of information, we learn of the Druids that "we cannot resist the conclusion that they had retained the science of the Noachidæ, and must in fact have been the direct descendants of that son of Noah whose issue, it is conjectured, settled down upon this portion of the globe, and here obtained that complete exemption from strife and the turmoil of war which was the traditional inheritance of our ancestors."

The main authority for many of his statements is a book of the last century, The History of Manchester, of which Dr. Johnson, who occasionally hit the nail on the head, said "it was all a dream." The author, according to Mr. Allibone's Dictionary of Authors, was Dr. John Whittaker, whom Mr. Yeatman accordingly calls Dr. William Whitaker.

It will be noticed that Mr. Yeatman's views differ from those generally held by modern scholars. He expresses himself as follows about some remarks of Professor Max Müller: "One is disgusted with the impertinence of the comparisons drawn between our universities and those of the Continent — comparisons, of course, greatly in favor of German institutions. Those who are acquainted with their internal concerns, the lives their students yield, and the amount of learning they obtain, know that they will not compare for an instant with Oxford or Cambridge; that in classical and mathematical learning our universities stand the first in the world; . . . and indeed, by the few steps that have been made, as in the creation of a chair for the study of Anglo-Saxon, for instance, when there is no such language, they have only made themselves ridiculous, though they are not half so ridiculous as they will become if they follow the lead of the German school to the end." In short, this is a foolish book by a foolish man, which might make mischief among thoughtless readers.

— It will be the fault of the rising genera-

tion if it is not well educated. It certainly has one advantage over those which have preceded it in the school-room, namely: the possession of more wisely written text-books. Within a few years nearly all the old methods of instruction have been overhauled, and a great many useful changes have been made. Of grammars this is not the time to speak, but with the appearance of the first volume of Mr. J. M. Hart's German Classics for American Students, it is impossible not to notice the changes in the editing of books designed for students. It is intended that this series shall contain the German books generally read by young people, and that the work of the editor shall advance from giving grammatical information in the first volume, to explaining historical allusions, and pointing out trains of thought and literary qualities in those to succeed. For the first volume we have Hermann and Dorothea, which seems to us a good choice. The introductory extracts, giving an account of Goethe's material for the preparation of the poem, are to the point. The notes serve rather to supplement the lexicon, on the whole, than to take its place. Such, for example, is the comment, on the first page of the notes, on *Indianisch*, that on *Landau*, page 111 of the book, and elsewhere. With regard to questions of grammar, however, the decision about what shall be done is not so easy. To refer to half a dozen of those most commonly used takes up too much space, and to refer to one alone would be unwise; yet it would seem as if some such reference were needed for an explanation of such phrases as *er kam gefahren, frisch getrunken*, etc. Or at least, since reference to a grammar has been shown to be foolish, some tolerably complete mention of the rules covering these cases might be advantageous. At the end of the volume a glossary of the words which especially deserve the student's attention is given. In this some inaccuracies are to be noticed; especially, page 148, under the word *Heissen*, the reference to the Old English form "to hight," as if it were an infinitive, is wrong. It is for the past indefinite of the Old English *hatan*, and philologically too interesting a word to be treated with anything but the greatest respect. Again, page 152, the connection between Germ. *ziehen* and the English "to tug" is made by no means clear. As it stands, it reads as if only a similarity of meaning, and not of origin, connected the words. On page 120 we find "*Tafeln*, frames?" but is there any reason for supposing it does not mean panes of glass? Page 129, *Eirund des Kopfes* refers, we should say, to the shape of the head, and does not mean, as is there explained, the oval of the head, *i. e.*, the face. Page 132 is there any ground for supposing that *trefflich* ever means "hitting, answering to"? These seem unnecessary renderings. On the whole, this edition promises to be a good one. The first volume, at any rate, in good hands, would be found of service to students. It is with much interest that we await the next volumes, where the editor comes into comparison with Buchheim. We shall then have a better chance to judge of his success, for his task will be more difficult.

— In his journeying, Mr. Myers, the author of Remains of Lost Empires, went through many strange lands, lying outside of the usual path of even the adventurous tourist. After a trip in Egypt and Palestine he and his brother made their way to Palmyra, thence to Aleppo and Nineveh, down the Tigris to Bagdad and Babylon, into Persia, and from Shiraz to Cashmere, and then hastily through India. This was not taken merely as a pleasure-trip; both he and his brother were experienced travelers; they had already visited South America together, and his brother had also spent some time in Central America, occupied with scientific work, especially with botany. It was from his interest in this study that the brother was anxious to investigate the flora of the Himalayas. Unfortunately he was taken with fever in India, and he died on his way to Ceylon, a martyr to science. The surviving brother, the author of this volume, was interested especially in geology, but his book is by no means made into a scientific report. On the contrary, it gives the reader a notion of some of the more striking peculiarities of the comparatively unknown places visited by the author. Mr. Myers does not publish his diary, and so avoids the error of many travelers who imagine the question of what they had every day for breakfast to be as interesting to their readers as it is to themselves; yet even with this disadvantage there is often a vivacity in a traveler's journal not to be found in the more formal record. When he describes interesting incidents, such as the running away of the raft on the Tigris, for instance, Mr. Myers is much more entertaining than when he is treating his readers to brief condensations

of ancient history, with becoming moral reflections. Occasionally, too, space is found for theological discussion, as is only natural, perhaps, when one is looking for the Garden of Eden. In general, the book is not as entertaining as might be wished; it is not easy to point out exactly in what particular it falls short, but any one who compares it with really delightful books of travel, such as Eothen, The Crescent and the Cross, or some of the recent accounts of journeyings in Africa, will readily detect the difference. With regard to information Mr. Myers adds but little to what has been collected by more eager professional explorers, from whom he quotes liberally, as was but natural and right. In leaving the book we would not wish to be understood as condemning it as unreadable; it is a good book of its kind, but its kind is that of the less interesting books of travels.

— Mr. Mill's Three Essays on Religion will hardly awaken as intense an interest as they would have done ten years ago, when the influence of that remarkable man was almost paramount over a certain class of young, bold, and ardent minds. We are far from thinking that the undeniable decline of his personal authority is due to the fact that the generation which took so kindly to his tuition has outgrown him. So fine and fit a guide for students in matters purely intellectual will not soon appear again, and the world is happy in that the weighty works which he has left behind him may long continue to administer the rare tonic of his teaching. But Mr. Mill, like Plato, and more perhaps than any other philosopher whether of ancient or modern times, had the power of infusing into the dryest and most abstruse inquiries, and even into severe ratiocination, a kind of potent intensity, a magnetic force which awakened in the docile subject something very like personal enthusiasm; and all enthusiasms entail a temporary reaction. How he could have done this, how a man of his literary asceticism and unflinching sternness of method should have contrived to make so many *disciples*, was long a problem to the curious in such matters, but the Autobiography, by the light of which his works ought all to be re-read, explains it fully. We have there the spectacle of a child subjected from his tenderest years to an intellectual discipline of no less than frightful severity; responding to that discipline by an amazing precocity of powers and attainments, accompanied by an independence and sincerity of mind almost unique, but also, and inevitably, by the stunting and all but starvation of his capacities for feeling and affection. Yet that these capacities also were originally of singular richness and beauty, there is now no room to doubt. Forbidden their proper channels, they throb dumbly along the pages of his metaphysical and political treatises, making them singularly alive. The book on Liberty, many pages of the Logic itself, the Promethean defiance, early in the book, which carried so many readers triumphantly through — or over — the difficult discussion of Hamilton's philosophy, Mr. Mill's partisanship, actually fervent, of the North during our own war, his grand loyalty to his unfeeling father, and the almost divine honors which he paid to that friend and wife, the light of whose thoughts, by all independent testimony, was so largely borrowed from him — all these attest the truth of what we have said, and invest with a singular shadow of pathos the record of the great man's upright and laborious life.

It is also of especial interest to read the religious essays by the light of the Autobiography, because in the latter we find the embryo, and trace the natural growth of whatever is distinctive in the former. In describing his father's opinions, Mr. Mill says: "He found it impossible to believe that a world so full of evil was the work of an author combining infinite power with perfect goodness and righteousness. His intellect spurned the subtleties by which men attempt to blind themselves to this open contradiction. The Sabæan or Manichean theory of a good and an evil principle struggling against each other for the government of the universe he would not have equally condemned, and I have heard him express surprise that no one revived it in our time. He would have regarded it as a mere hypothesis, but he would have ascribed to it no depraving influence. As it was, his aversion to religion, in the sense usually attached to that term, was of the same kind with that of Lucretius. He regarded it with the feelings due, not to a mere mental delusion, but to a great moral evil." These words give the key-note of the Essays on Religion.

These essays are three; the first, which is brief and merely preliminary, is on Nature, and in this the author discusses the various senses in which it is usual to employ the words nature and natural, and distinguishes the proper from the fallacious, in

his most thorough and lucid manner. In the second, — on the Utility of Religion, — the author inquires whether the belief in religion considered as a mere persuasion, apart from the question of its truth, is really indispensable to the temporal welfare of mankind, and concludes that it is at least extremely beneficial; but strongly avers that a simple sense of unity with mankind, and a deep feeling for the general good, is not only entitled to be called a religion, but may be developed into a better religion than any other, and also that "the only rational form of belief in the supernatural is that which regards nature and life, not as the expression of the moral character and purport of the deity, but as the product of a struggle between contriving goodness and an intractable material, as was believed by Plato, or with a principle of evil as by the Manicheans." He also examines the value in morals of the belief in a future life, and decides that although pleasing, and by no means preposterous, it is *not* a necessary condition of the highest virtue.

The third essay, entitled Theism, inquires first into the existence and then into the attributes of a deity. Under the former head, the argument for a first cause is pronounced to be of no value for the establishment of theism, because no cause is needed for that which had no beginning, and matter and force, so far as we can judge, can have had none, although that which is called mind certainly does, in our experience, *begin*. Mr. Mill also lays light stress on the argument from consciousness, which was the stronghold of Descartes, but admits the cogency of that from the marks of design in nature, even going so far as to allow that it fulfills the conditions of an induction by the first of his own methods, and summing up with the declaration, that, — Darwinism notwithstanding, — in the present state of our knowledge, the adaptations in nature afford a *large balance* of probability in favor of creation by intelligence. The whole result of Mr. Mill's inquiry into the attributes of a deity may be condensed as follows: The evidences of natural theology distinctly imply that the author of the Kosmos worked under limitations, and was obliged to resort to contrivances, not always the most perfect imaginable, for surmounting certain obstacles, — which obstacles there is, however, no ground in natural theology for supposing intelligent. There is also a preponderance of evidence that the Creator desired the happiness of his creatures, the chief strength of that evidence lying in the fact that pleasure seems always to result from the normal working of the machinery, pain from some interference with it. On the whole, therefore, he infers a being of great but limited power, of great and perhaps unlimited intelligence, who desires and pays some regard to the happiness of his creatures, but who cannot be supposed to have created the universe for that end alone. An inquiry into the evidences of immortality leads Mr. Mill to the conclusion that there is no inherent impossibility in the persistence of the thinking and feeling power without the material conditions which we know, and he becomes almost eloquent where he urges the idealistic doctrine that "feeling and thought are much more real than anything else, the only things, in fact, which we directly know to be real, and that all matter, apart from the feelings of sentient beings, has but a hypothetical existence." Finally, the claims of revelation are briefly examined, Hume's argument against miracles is adopted with certain reservations, and the character of Christ, as deduced from those records which are entirely trustworthy, is admitted to be one of transcendent beauty, furnishing the highest ideal of conduct ever yet presented to man.

It is needless to say that the above conclusions are enforced by strong and skillfully wielded arguments, such as no inexperienced reasoner can hope fairly to confute, in a manner as free from arrogance and scoffing as from sentimental fervor, and in a style of the utmost clearness and strength. Their most startling feature to the ordinary reader will doubtless be the reiteration that the Creator's powers are *limited*, or that the notion of his omnipotence is inconsistent with that of his perfect goodness. Yet we are inclined to think that the horrors of this conception will subside, as it is dispassionately viewed. The perception of such an inconsistency has ever been a source of untold agony to some of the noblest minds, compromising the ideal which they would follow, and paralyzing their own efforts toward it; and to them no suggestion will appear contemptible which proposes a relief from their torture. There are even some positive considerations of feeling to be urged in favor of the theory which Mr. Mill revives. Since all our experience of our highest joy — that of loving — is of loving limited and imperfect beings, it would seem that another

being of the same kind, although immeasurably greater and better than those whom we see, might well engage a sincerer affection on our part, than one of whom experience enables us to form no sort of conception. And the thought that such a being is engaged in a stupendous warfare on those powers of evil which excruciate us, and that if we fight by his side ever so feebly, we may assist that ultimate triumph of his which even the stern and cautious philosopher of the present work opines to be foreshadowed by the progress of human events thus far, is surely one of inexhaustible inspiration. Moreover, it is worth while to note that some such conception of divine and human destinies has, virtually if not nominally, pervaded all religions during the period of their greatest power. It is the soul both of Greek tragedy and of the poetry of Milton, and in general of all those supreme works of the imagination which mark the highest level of the human mind.

— Lord Russell is by no means unfamiliar with the use of the pen. He has been an essayist, a biographer, a tragedian, — in which capacity he received the respects of John Wilson Croker, a critic who judged the work of the noble whig by strict tory principles, — and he has written, we see in Allibone, a tale. In his present Recollections and Suggestions, he adds another contribution to the history of English political life. He entered the House of Commons in 1813, at a time when whig principles were in abeyance, and until Lord Grey's reform administration he was in the minority. After that time he had more direct control of the fortunes of England. In this book he explains his record, avows his faults with due apology, attacks with some violence those who succeeded him in the leadership of the House of Commons, and suggests freely what he considers the best policy for English statesmen to pursue. As to his grumbling about what Mr. Gladstone has done, that bears some resemblance to a family quarrel, which will probably settle itself without difficulty. What is most interesting to us is what he has to say about the Treaty of Washington. This he condemns in no measured terms. He says it is commonly regarded in this country as an act of capitulation on the part of England, and for corroboration of this belief he quotes the opinion of Baron Hübner. With all respect for that authority, however, we would most earnestly say that it is more generally regarded as acknowledgment of error on the part of England, which is much to the credit of that country, rather than a humiliating concession. He says, "I assent entirely to the opinion of the Lord Chief-Justice of England, that the Alabama ought to have been detained during the four days in which I was waiting for the opinion of the law officers. But I think that the fault was not that of the commissioners of customs; it was my fault, as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs." At last Lord Russell sees his error, which has certainly been an expensive one to his country, but there is no one in America who thinks that the confession of wrong-doing on the part of England is truckling to our greatness, or a sign of a disposition to submit to bullying. We know the English too well for that. Baron Hübner formed his opinion from the remarks of American "statesmen," presumably those of Washington, who are generally many years behind their fellow-citizens in forming an honest opinion.

While Lord Russell acknowledges his error with regard to not detaining the Alabama, he condemns severely Mr. Adams for lack of confidence in the good intentions of the English government. If Mr. Adams saw what he had a right to demand of the English government, and urged that policy upon them, it is certainly natural and justifiable that he should have distrusted their intention when their acts were iniquitous. In short, Lord Russell cannot make a mistake that brings serious harm upon another country, and escape suspicion of not treating that country fairly. This acknowledgment of error, however, which he now makes, ought to make us ready to let bygones be bygones.

The volume throws much light on the inner history of English politics of more than half a century. To Englishmen and the many American students of English history it will be an interesting volume, not always by reason of the author's wisdom, but generally of his candor and experience. He is a man who has earned the right to speak, but the world has also the right of rejecting his opinions if they are unsatisfactory.

— The printed report of Dr. Storrs's three lectures on Preaching without Notes is itself one of the most conclusive arguments in support of the plea which he makes; for the compactness of statement, the nice use of words, the freedom from repetition, whether of phrases or of noticeable words, the precision and the kindling

fervor of some of the periods, which characterize these lectures, delivered without notes, show that it is possible to use this method and avoid the pitfalls which are plainly seen to exist for all who commit themselves to public oratory without the protection of manuscript. No doubt the author himself has special mental qualifications for preaching without notes, yet the frank account which he gives of his own experience in the matter renders it more than probable that a degree of power in this direction is within the reach of any clergyman who will take the pains to make himself master of one of the prime conditions of success in his profession. No one can read these fresh, forcible lectures without regretting the tyranny of a custom which robs the public preacher of so large a part of his power. *Extemporaneous* preaching, as it is sometimes called, rests under just suspicion when it is presumed to be preaching on the spur of the moment without special preparation. Such a proceeding is sometimes possible, when all the circumstances and inward faculties converge to lift the preacher into a sudden power of speech, but these rare possibilities only render a weekly succession of such a felicity absurdly improbable. We call attention to the book because with its wise advice, drawn from a long and notable experience, and especially with its insistence on the springs of power in such oratory, it ought to be of very great service to young preachers, and because like all honest revelations of the causes which have led to success in some one field of intellectual labor, it contains abundant suggestion for those who pursue similar though not identical labors. For example, his hints upon the best means of attaining intellectual readiness for some special task are of value to writers as well as to preachers.

— The anonymous volume entitled The Paraclete is apparently an English reprint, and would seem to have been written by a low-church Episcopalian of strong evangelical views. The author wishes to add his word on the orthodox and scriptural side of the "irrepressible conflict" now going on in the religious world. He thinks that in the future "this struggle will probably relate not so much to the mere facts of Christian history as to the reality of spiritual existence; man's personal spirituality will be denied; thought itself will be still more emphatically pronounced but a form or expression of matter; . . . Christianity will be regarded as the outcome of a tragical mistake, and the entire theological idea be classed with the nightmares of paganism." The best antidote to these materializing tendencies, the author thinks, will be found in a devout acceptance of his own theory of the Holy Ghost, which he also considers the culminating doctrine of the Holy Scriptures, and which is substantially this: The Holy Ghost is a distinct person, and the highest and most potent of all possible persons. Even Christ's mission is inferior to the Spirit's, because Christ's embodiment in flesh and blood was necessarily brief, and his miracles all physical, and therefore evanescent. The dominion of the Spirit, which began when Christ finally left the world at his ascension, is progressive and eternal. The miracles of the Spirit, which are purely spiritual, have entirely superseded those grosser displays of the divine power which are recorded in the Gospels. Their era is now, and it will not pass away The writer professes his firm belief in the trinity, but to many of those who receive, or think that they receive, that doctrine, this new "scheme of salvation" will be open to the objection of seeming singularly to slight, not to say degrade, the office of God the Father.

The earlier division of the book has, however, great beauty of diction in parts, and is marked by a warmth of feeling which will render it grateful reading to some of those who have never questioned the foundations of the so-called orthodox faith. There is another class of minds in whose way it may possibly come, young minds at once active and docile, eager for rational sanction to that which they wish and think they ought to believe, and modestly ready to be imposed upon by the present author's continual assumption of argumentative forms; and to these it is surely right to point out the extreme weakness of his reasoning as such. His favorite and perhaps least obvious form of fallacy is this: If Christianity were true, such and such things would probably occur. Now they do occur, therefore Christianity is true. A more palpable form of absurdity, also frequent in these pages, may be represented by the argument for "original sin," thus: How can we help thinking that we are, by descent from Adam, totally depraved, when we know that if any one of us had been in Adam's place, we should have sinned as he did? which would seem at least to dispense with the notion of *hereditary* guilt. If relig-

ion is to be defended by reasoning, it must be of another kind than this.

The second, or controversial, part of our author's book is open to severer censure. A weak argument may after all be the only practicable weapon of a weak mind, but the plainest principles of honor and courtesy forbid such treatment of an antagonist in opinion as may be found under the head of Personal Reasons for rejecting Materialism. Here, forgetting that he has just repelled with indignation the idea that the work of the Spirit during the last eighteen hundred years is to be judged by the character of the Christian church, he rejects every form of the so-called "positive philosophy" on the ground that Hobbes and Hume advised the use of evil means for good ends; while Epicurus, Condillac, Bolingbroke, and John Stuart Mill refrained, through the fear of unpleasant personal consequences, from giving full utterance, in their lives at least, to their skeptical views. To this it must be replied, first, that they did not so refrain, but rather that each of these men, before he died, had associated his name with a perfectly distinct set of opinions; and next, that no one of them would have incurred, or did incur, danger or disgrace by the full avowal of his views. Indeed, the writer himself presently sneers at Professor Tyndall for saying that he will maintain certain positions "at all hazards," declaring that there are no hazards at the present day, "however anxious some men may be for the honors of martyrdom."

Of Mr. Mill, against whom this author's wrath is especially kindled, it is not too much to say that his life and death alike witnessed an intellectual honesty of which it may not be his critic's fault that he can form no conception, while his studied reserve and moderation of manner in expressing certain views would seem to have sprung from an unwillingness rudely to shock those believing souls the foundations of whose peace are most of all imperiled by such pious (or impious) nonsense as the following, by way of an appeal against the tendencies of modern science: "If we cannot see the organism of a nettle without a microscope, can we see 'the things of the Spirit of God' without special illumination?"

[1] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston.

Premiers Lundis. Par C. A. Sainte-Beuve, de l'Académie Française. Tomes I. et II. Paris. 1875.

Skizzen aus dem Tagebuche eines Jägers. Von Iwan Turgénjew. Zwei Theile. Autorisirte Ausgabe. Mitau. 1875.

French and German.[1]

The republication of Sainte-Beuve's earliest writings is not one of those mistaken acts of which the friends or relatives of eminent men are often guilty, when the dust is brushed off from deservedly forgotten writings and they are brought forward to mar a distinguished reputation. On the contrary, Sainte-Beuve left nowhere, even in his most distant past, spoiled paper on which he learned to write, to rise up in judgment against him. Even in his earliest essays we find the delicacy of touch, the half shy pointing with an almost imperceptible gesture, the witty, restrained comment, which made him always so delightful. He did not begin by dinning his jests into the ears of his audience, by taking his reader by the shoulders to turn his attention to what was said; he always showed his wise and attractive moderation. He was a critic born, not manufactured.

He had himself meant to superintend the publication of these volumes, or at any rate of certain of his early essays, but his death prevented. The present series begins with the articles Sainte-Beuve wrote when a medical student of twenty. Even here we find, as we have said, the charm that has won him elsewhere so many readers. In these, the first cases in which he mentioned Lamartine, Victor Hugo, and others, to whom he was afterwards continually referring in one way or another, he notes the faults as well as the virtues, and what would have been noticeable excellence in mature criticism becomes even more remarkable in the work of one so young, and who was also, more or less, a follower of the same school. In speaking of Victor Hugo he says: "In poetry, as elsewhere, nothing is so dangerous as force; left to itself it ruins everything; it makes what was new and original only odd; a brilliant contrast degenerates into affected antithesis; the writer aims at grace and simplicity, and he exhibits only triviality; he seeks for what is heroic, and finds only the monstrous; if he ever tries the monstrous, he cannot escape puerility. M. Hugo can supply us with examples." Such an example is his Chant de Néron, of which the critic says that it was the soul of the

tyrant which was to be shown us, but instead, "in approaching the scene the writer's imagination runs away with him; he without meaning it becomes a spectator, and he is much more interested with the fire-engines than with Nero's heart." Sir Walter Scott's Life of Napoleon is discussed at some length, and its many faults are exposed, but yet without any attempt to decry Scott's real merits as a novelist. In other essays we find Sainte-Beuve more on his own ground, when, namely, he is writing about those subjects which he always seemed to handle with caressing fondness, as if reluctant to leave them; such are the articles on Diderot, Madame de Genlis, Madame de Maintenon, etc. It will be with some interest that the reader turns to the notice of the American novelist, Cooper, on the occasion of a French translation of his Red Rover, but it is not necessary to give even in outline the criticism, because American readers have learned to forget Cooper, although abroad he is still read more or less. When Scott is so far on the way to temporary oblivion, it is no wonder that his followers are unread. It need only be said that Sainte-Beuve praises Scott warmly enough to make us feel ashamed of the neglect with which that novelist is generally treated. A more interesting article is that devoted to the destruction of one Alexandre Duval, a gentleman who frowned upon the young writers of The Globe, of whom Sainte-Beuve was one. M. Duval wrote as one would wish his adversaries always to write, so foolishly that his words only need be quoted for his readers to form the exactly contrary opinion. His attack on the Romantic school was of the most amusing sort, and Sainte-Beuve did not spare his foe.

In the second volume are articles on Balzac, Charles de Bernard, Gautier, Heine, and others. Parts of these Sainte-Beuve himself had already seen fit to publish, and it may be a question, too simple for casuistry, how justifiable it is to pick out what has been thrown away and serve it up again; but if the editor has done wrong, this is not the place to find fault with him. Certainly he has done no harm to Sainte-Beuve's reputation, but for that Sainte-Beuve has only himself to thank. We rejoice to see the promise of the publication of the great critic's correspondence; we only wish there were another Sainte-Beuve to choose from them extracts to be commented on, explained, and illustrated.

It should be said the title of these volumes, Les Premiers Lundis, is one given them by their present editor, from no other reason than what may be called the "force of attraction," in order to bring them into line with those other volumes of Sainte-Beuve's, The Causeries du Lundi, and Les Nouveaux Lundis, which have made his name immortal.

— We have often spoken in these columns of the excellent German translation of Tourguéneff's novels now appearing, and praised its accuracy and elegance; and now that we have a German version of a book that has never been put into English, it is doubly necessary to speak of it again. The book has appeared in French in two translations, of unequal merit, and the better translation has long been out of print, so that those who are unfamiliar with Russian will have to content themselves with the volume before us to-day, Skizzen aus dem Tagebuche eines Jägers. These were Tourguéneff's earliest prose writings, and they showed very plainly his marvelous power. They treat almost entirely of scenes in the life of the serfs, and although the author writes apparently without animus, there can be no wonder that this book did in its time for Russia what Uncle Tom's Cabin did in this country in the way of helping to form an opinion hostile to slavery. The various sketches are short, they are indeed more nearly suggestions than complete tales, but they are packed so full of life and beauty and pathos that they make a very deep impression on the reader. They are marked, too, by a poetical flavor, which only appears in hints in his longer novels, but which is to be found on almost every page of these descriptions of wanderings through the woods and fields, and of nights spent in peasants' huts, or out-of-doors by the side of a camp-fire. The sadness which fills everything Tourguéneff has written is perhaps more capable of defense for its appearance in these pages than it is elsewhere, because here the author was, or assumed to be, a chronicler of what he knew by his own experience; and living as he did in a country which has acquired suddenly all the outside show of civilization, thinly covering the fury of untamed, half-savage natures, he could not fail to meet continually with harsh discords between the false polish and the real roughness of the men he saw. Whatever happened, the serfs suffered; they had been left far behind in the march forward, and

the petty nobles and small gentry despised them. In the longer novels, however, the writer takes upon himself to picture life, and it is doubtless on account of the way the grimness of Russian society first struck him that he has become such a black pessimist. For in spite of his wonderful talent and his unfailing charm, the laws of art are surer to be right than one man's mood. There may come seasons of despondency in literature, but they are generally when weaker brothers have got the trick of writing, — as is the case, for instance, just now in English poetry; when a man of the calibre of Tourguéneff turns to melancholy, it is rather to be explained by some personal, immediate cause, than by his willful contempt for the great laws which have made literature the consolation that it is. These rise above individual experience because they are founded upon broad generalizations from many experiences. Then too, despair, however well suited for certain tastes at certain times, has been frequently convicted of unhealthiness, and is not what readers want; the familiar law in political economy about demand and supply is not without its analogy in regard to books, pictures, and other modes of escape from the harassing, sordid cares of the world.

In this German edition are included three sketches not in the French translation, two of which appear for the first time. In one of them Tourguéneff gives a most touching account of his meeting a family servant whom he remembered as a merry, thoughtless girl, but who had been struck down in her happiness, when engaged to be married, by some mysterious disease, the result of an apparently trifling accident. There is nothing more touching than the poor creature's resignation, nor more accurately represented than the narrator's robust health, which seems so blundering in comparison with the delicate sensitiveness of the sick girl. It is indeed a wonderful picture Tourguéneff has drawn here, and although the reader lays the book down with a lump in his throat, he cannot help admiring the writer's skill. It would seem as if the numerous writers of tales could not do better than study him to learn the secrets of their trade. This recommendation is safe enough, for he is sure to escape imitation.

The other new sketch describes a very trifling matter, a midnight drive over a lonely road from a peasant's house to town, during which both the writer and his driver are alarmed by the mysterious rattling of a vehicle which breaks into the lonely silence in a most ominous manner. At first it has a supernatural sound; then the driver recalls murders which had been committed in that reigon, and their fears only increase when it turns out to be a party of revelers; these, however, merely beg for some money, which they thankfully receive and soon spend for more liquor. This is a slight sketch, but it is surer to give the reader a chilly thrill than are some of Mr. Wilkie Collins's most carefully manufactured novels. The third is the one called Tschertapchanow's Ende, which appeared in the Revue des Deux Mondes, two or three years ago, and, if we are not mistaken, in a French collection of the writer's shorter stories. It is longer and more ambitious than the others, but, in our opinion, less successful. Tschertapchanow, it will be remembered, had made his appearance in an earlier sketch.

DRAMA.

Whoever failed to see Mr. Raymond in Mr. Clemens's (Mark Twain's) play of The Gilded Age, during the recent season at the Globe Theatre, missed a great pleasure. In this drama a player last year almost unknown takes rank at once with the masters of his art, and adds another to the group of realistic actors whom we shall be slow to believe less fine than the finest who have charmed the theatre-going world. One must hereafter name Mr. John T. Raymond in Colonel Sellers with Sothern in Lord Dundreary, with Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle, with Salvini in La Morte Civile, with Fechter in Hamlet. Like them he does not merely represent; he becomes, he impersonates, the character he plays. The effect is instant; he is almost never Raymond from the moment he steps upon the stage till he leaves it. His assumption of Sellers

is so perfect that at some regrettable points where Colonel Sellers pushes matters a little beyond (as where he comments to Laura Hawkins on the beauty of the speech her attorney is making in her defense), we found ourselves wishing that Sellers — not Mr. Raymond — would not overdo it in that way.

The readers of Messrs. Clemens's and Warner's novel of The Gilded Age will easily recall Colonel Sellers, who in the drama is the same character as in the book. The action of the piece has scarcely anything to do with him, and yet, as it happens, it is his constant opportunity to make all his qualities felt. It is scarcely more than a sketch, a frame-work almost as naked as that which the Italians used to clothe on with their *commedia d'arte;* and it is as unlike good literature as many other excellent acting-plays. Yet any one who should judge it from the literary standpoint, and not with an artistic sense greater and more than literary, would misjudge it. The play is true, in its broad way, to American conditions, and is a fair and just satire upon our generally recognized social and political corruptions. The story is simply that of the good old Tennessee farmer and his wife who come to Missouri at the invitation of Colonel Sellers, and through his speculative friendship lose everything but the farm on the barren knobs in East Tennessee, which they had not sold. Their adopted daughter, a beautiful and ambitious girl, is deceived into marriage with an ex-Confederate officer who has another wife at New Orleans, and they are in the lowest misery when Colonel Sellers (an ex-rebel, who "goes in for the Old Flag — *and* an appropriation") conceives his great idea that Congress shall buy the Hawkins farm in East Tennessee, and found a freedman's university on it. Laura's beauty is believed to be essential to the success of the bill in Congress, and she and her adoptive sister go to Washington to visit the family of Senator Dilworthy, who is engineering the appropriation. There one day Laura is met and insultingly renounced by her betrayer, who tells her that he is a gentleman born, and, even if his wife were not living, would never marry her: she shoots him dead, and the play closes with her trial and acquittal, and the presumed failure of Senator Dilworthy's bill. It is merely an episode, but it is strong and new to the stage, however stale to fact, and it appeals to the spectator's imagination so successfully throughout, that he does not mind how very sketchy an episode it is. The betrayer of Laura Hawkins is necessarily a little cheap, — betrayers always are, — but the rest of the character-material is simple, natural, and good, and in the play the Western quality of the people is always clearly accented without ever being overcharged; they are of the quarter of the world to which all things are still possible, and Sellers is but the highest expression of the hopeful and confiding mood in which they exist. The delightfulness of his disasters consists in the ardor with which he rises above them and enters into a new and more glorious speculation, which even as he talks of it becomes just a *side* speculation, — "to keep your money moving," — while his mind develops a yet larger scheme. If he wrecks the fortunes of his friends, it is out of pure zeal and love for them, and he is always ready to share the last dollar with them, whether it is his or theirs. Mr. Raymond nicely indicates the shades of the author's intention in his Sellers, and so delicately distinguishes between him and the vulgar, selfish speculator, that it is with a sort of remorse one laughs at his dire poverty in the scene where the door drops from the stove and betrays the lighted candle which had imparted a ruddy glow and an apparent warmth from within; or again where he makes his friend stay to dine on turnips and water, having first assured himself from his dismayed wife that the water is *good.* The warm, caressing, affectionate nature of the man charms you in Mr. Raymond's performance, and any one who felt the worth of his worthlessness in the novel will feel it the more in the play. It is a personality rarely imagined by the author and interpreted without loss by the actor. Only one point we must except, and we suspect it is not the author's lapse; that is where the colonel borrows ten dollars of Clay Hawkins, and being asked not to mention the return of it, stops on his way out and with a glance of low cunning at the audience says, "Well, I won't!" This is thoroughly false and bad, and the stupid laugh it raises ought to make Mr. Raymond ashamed. Colonel Sellers is always serious, and apart from what he considers his legitimate designs upon the public purse is as high-souled and chivalrous as Don Quixote.

Some extremely good suggestions give the ease and composure with which these Missourian ex-slaveholders adapt them-

selves to the splendors of Washington: once the first people in their own neighborhood, they are of the first people anywhere, and in arriving at luxury they have merely come into their own. But the greatest scenes are in that last act, where Colonel Sellers appears as witness for the defense of Laura Hawkins: as he mounts the stand, he affably recognizes and shakes hands with several acquaintances among the jury; he delivers his testimony in the form of a stump speech; he helplessly overrides all the protests, exceptions, and interruptions of the prosecution; from time to time, he irresistibly turns and addresses the jury, and can scarcely be silenced; while the attorneys are wrangling together, he has seized a juryman by the coat-lapel, and is earnestly exhorting him in whisper. The effect is irresistibly ludicrous. It is farce, and not farce, for however extravagantly improbable the situation is, the man in it is deliciously true to himself. There is one bit of pathos, where Sellers tells how he knew Laura as a little girl, and implies that though she might have killed a man she could *not* have done *murder*, which is of great value; if Mr. Clemens or Mr. Raymond could work this vein further it would be an immense gain for the piece; Sellers is not a mere glare of absurdity; you do not want to be laughing at him *all* the time; and Mr. Raymond might trust the sympathy of his audience in showing all the tenderness of the man's heart. We are loath to believe that he is not himself equal to showing it.

He was very tolerably supported. There are two ways of playing such a character as Laura Hawkins, and Miss Marie Gordon chose the conventional way, but in that way she was decidedly effective. It is always surprising that actors with such a piece of nature before them as Mr. Raymond's Sellers, or Mr. Jefferson's Rip, should prefer tradition, but they do — or it prefers them, perhaps. Mr. Murdock as Clay Hawkins had a fresher ideal of his part than Miss Gordon, and played more simply; one might say he played very well.

ART.

If the test of excellence in a picture-exhibition is the aggregate result of simple and non-analytical enjoyment which it leaves with the beholder, the recent display by the Boston Art Club must be accounted distinctly a success. The mood in which it left one, after a careful inspection, was one of repose and satisfaction; and it must be said that the average of merit in the present instance was higher than in the spring exhibition at the National Academy in New York. It is true that the Art Club assists itself with the work of foreign masters; but perhaps the most striking pieces on its walls this spring were a half-dozen portrait-studies by Frank Duveneck, of Cincinnati. This young man throws himself upon us with impressive abruptness, resolute, skillful, fearless in his realism, and frankly confessing by the catalogue that he himself is the single owner of these several very strong studies; and we are inclined to sympathize with him both in the realism and in the ownership. The Head of a Professor is exceedingly powerful. The old fellow scowls out of the canvas with a pedagogic ferocity which might well call back to the stoutest heart some memory of boyish tremors from a similar cause. The relief into which the face is thrown, by the management of light and shade and the liberal application of thick paint to the illuminated portions, is high and startling; the small canvas is fairly blistered with the pigment that goes to the construction of the rough chin, protuberant cheeks, and war-worn nose; while the connecting-piece of the spectacles is literally buried in the substance of this latter feature. It will be seen that such painting as this, however strong or skillful, may easily have a painful effect to some extent. In the Portrait of an Old Man we have more of the painful side of Mr. Duveneck. Here is a stringy-faced old invalid, taken at full length in his arm-chair of plain wood, who makes us think instantly of the hospital. We can read the history of his various ailments in his meagre face, with its white, sickly throat-beard, and we see at a glance that the man's mind has dried down to a habit of brooding only upon his maladies, and

has become incapable of acting in any other direction. It is a considerable achievement, of course, to show this much on a flat surface of color. But the subject was ugly and unpleasant, and the artist has taken no pains to conceal its ugliness. He has even thought it necessary to state for us the length and cut of the old man's dreary gray pantaloons, and he sets the big black foot forward in a way that affects us much as the *muscæ volitantes* disturb one's vision. Something of the same difficulty besets the Portrait of a Young Man, in the inner gallery; though the model in this case is by no means disagreeable in appearance. In all these examples there is apparent a deliberate rejection of the higher artistic function of beautifying, in favor of the more sordid end of astoundingly real representation. So comparatively slight a matter as the mode of framing has its significance in this respect. The professor is stretched on a small frame and fenced in very close, being made by these means to fill the space to overflowing, and rush forth impetuously, as it were, upon the spectator; while the other two figures, though very large to begin with, have a great deal of loose background on either side, and very narrow frames — the effect being to give them a squat look, and project them with a quasi ophidian action toward us. But in the Boy's Head and Head of an Infant, Mr. Duveneck's eccentricities disappear. These two are in no way sensational, and we are left to concentrate our attention wholly upon the remarkable seizure of character, and the unusual and indubitable mastery of technical resources, which distinguish this new painter. The Head of an Infant, too, has real poetic feeling in it, and this is what is needed in the others. Mr. Duveneck has apparently studied in Germany and with Piloty; he has certainly studied to advantage, so far as technical acquisitions of a superior sort are concerned. We know nothing of him other than what these pictures tell; but their appeal is that of a progressive man, and should be met with encouragement.

There was an excellent full-length portrait by Nelie Jacquemart, and Healy's full-length of Longfellow, from the last of which one might read a lesson on the proportions requisite to grace in such a piece, so fully did it exemplify them. We suppose that Bougeaureau's Oranges, also, may be spoken of as a portrait of a woman and two children. It is painted with wonderful lucidity and grace, and the introduction of the two oranges in immediate contrast with the delicate flesh of the naked baby is immensely skillful; but the defect is that this very point is the one which attracts our attention first. The painter appears as a juggler with a couple of painted balls and a child's flexile limbs. This child, by the way, might as well have been dressed in tights, so remote and refined away from earthiness is the flesh that has been given him.

Mr. Vinton's Celestina is more to our mind than either Bougeaureau or Duveneck. The image rises, in passing, of a nude figure treated throughout as Mr. Duveneck has treated his faces; and it seems to us that such a figure would be simply appalling in its fleshliness. However, Mr. Vinton stands in an intermediate place, with a picture professing neither the actualness of Duveneck nor the idealized polish of Bougeaureau, but merely the charming reality of art, modifying and sweetening its subject — a young Italian girl playing a violin, and clad in faded blue kirtle, drab jacket, and a white kerchief yellow-fringed. Green, gray, brown, and red are darkly interblended in the background, and the figure is defined by some bold and yet subdued spreading of lights on face, hair, and form.

A very pleasing landscape was that of Auguste Bonheur, with strong, dry, woolly sheep on a misty meadow that stretched boldly back to the woods. Mr. S. L. Gerry's The Chaudron, Switzerland, might almost illustrate one of Mr. Longfellow's recent Italian memories in verse, with its gloom of mountain and gleam of river, and soft sunlit terraces of vines. Mr. W. E. Norton makes a bold venture in his Cyclone — a mad, green mid-sea, with waves shortened by a furious wind, and a wrecked vessel thrust headlong into the vortex. There is imagination and knowledge in the piece, and one cannot but rejoice to find a marine painter going so resolutely in search of a strong dramatic situation. Not far from this was Mr. J. A. Monks's Storm Cloud, the massive coloring and poetic treatment of which reminded us of La Farge's landscapes. It was simply an outspread sheet of green pasture-land, interwoven in places with fibres of red, and over it at a sharp angle to the left upper corner stretched the white, bursting glare of a rainstorm struck with sudden radiance; but so deep was the feeling, and so harmonious the color, that one found a whole idyl devel-

oped on the slender theme. Burnier's Twilight Scene, close by, showed how a similar subject can be almost ruined by a vibration too much in a special direction; for the sunlit road-pools in its foreground were forced, and had been carried to the point of feverishness. There were other good bits of native landscape in the exhibition, and a large Inness, already described in these pages. Two excellent Corots, and a César de Kock, with its thin black trees like crinkled wires fixed upright in a flutter of light foliage, lent their fleeting grace to the collection. Nor have we ever seen a finer Jacques than this Clearing and Sheep, with its startling distinction of values, its shaggy forest standing out so tough and woodsy under the blue sky, in precisely the same relation which forest and sky would have in nature, and its rough, solid sheep, and equally solid but perfectly smoothly painted and eminently human peasant-girl.

The best of the water-colors was Serafin de Albendaño's sketch of a broken hill-side of sand or clay, with heavy purple shadow in it and a finely-wrought pine growing above. It was so exceedingly American in material, and so European in its finished skill, that we looked upon its neighbors with a sigh. There was much in the galleries both interesting and pleasurable which we must pass over in silence; but we must give place, as having some of the best qualities of flower-painting, to Mr. T. E. Wright's pink and white peonies; the pink one well rounded in with white light and rosy shadow, and the seeming ponderosity of both big blossoms being well reconciled with their real lightness and their voluminous grace.

MUSIC.

The late series of symphony concerts by the Harvard Musical Association, and those given by Mr. Theodore Thomas, taken together with the various comments they have occasioned on the part of the press and the public at large, furnish the thinking critic with matter enough and to spare for reflection. The Harvard Musical Association have just completed their tenth year of symphony concerts (one hundred concerts in all); Mr. Thomas has just completed his first season, for the symphony concert must be looked upon as the really proper sphere for an orchestra like his, and the various, too miscellaneous concerts he has given in Boston for the last five years can only be recorded as so many light, fascinating *hors d'œuvres* to whet the appetite of a confessedly uncertain public, but of no marked nutritious properties. Now that the season is well over, we find ourselves forced to admit that Mr. Thomas's concerts have been in general far more successful than those of the Harvard Musical Association. We do not care to conceal the fact that we are sorry for this. We think that the success of the Harvard concerts as belonging properly to Boston, is and should be more valuable to musical culture and the advancement of a pure musical taste in our city, than the success of any orchestra having its head-quarters in another city, and paying us merely transient visits, can be. But we are far more sorry to see the *cause* of this want of success in the Harvard concerts.

The Saturday Evening Gazette of March 20 says: "In summing up, we think that we can conscientiously say that the work of the orchestra has been better done than during the two seasons immediately preceding this. There is, however, much more to be done before the Harvard can be considered a worthy representative of the musical culture of Boston. In order to reach the position to which its directors should strive to elevate it, there are many old traditions, effete prejudices, and absurd conventionalities to be swept away. The step that has been taken in this direction, in arranging the programmes for the present season, leads us to hope that a yet greater stride may be made in future. What is most needed is an infusion of younger and more energetic blood in the management, and a more complete harmony of feeling than seems to reign at present. It also needs a body of directors who can bear to hear the truth told of their efforts, without feeling it incumbent upon them to attempt to cry down all adverse criticism as unjust or partisan, simply because it is adverse. The public has advanced too far to be

blinded by indiscriminate puffing in musical matters. It judges for itself, and judges severely, and, in the main, justly. The efficiency and prosperity of the Harvard Association are hindered at present by the obstinacy and short-sightedness that need eliminating from the conduct of its managers. We think, however, that the lessons they have received during the past two years from the growing indifference of the public to the Association, and the palpable rebuke it has given to senseless conservatism, will have the effect of inspiring the directors with a broader eclecticism. At least we hope so, because we cannot afford to lose the Harvard entirely, and we shall assuredly lose it if its rulers do not manifest greater wisdom than they have as yet shown. We have been given to understand that the season has not been profitable; that there will remain a loss after the expenses have been paid. We hope this is not so, but if there is even the shadow of a ground for the prevalence of such a rumor, it should teach those who are interested how necessary a change of policy has become." We quote this as the deliberate opinion of one of our best critics, and because there is so much truth in it. But yet, widely accepted as we know this opinion to be, we do not think that it quite hits the mark. To justify our own opinion we must go back a few years.

The only at all successful orchestral concerts in Boston ten or twelve years ago were the Wednesday afternoon concerts of the Orchestral Union. They were, as far as we remember, very well attended and greatly enjoyed. They were popular concerts in the best sense of the word, and far better, as to the programmes, than anything of the sort we have now. The programme usually comprised a symphony, one classical and one light (Rossini, Auber, Herold) overture, a Strauss waltz, some operatic selection arranged for orchestra (*finale* to first act of Don Giovanni, to the third act of Robert, duet from Hans Heiling, march from Tannhäuser or Lohengrin, etc.), and some solo for piano-forte, violin, English-horn, clarinet, etc. The performances were very rough, but not without a certain enthusiasm and unity of purpose. The old Philharmonic evening concerts died a very lingering death somewhere about the winter of 1863 or 1864, but the Orchestral Union concerts flourished well. The orchestra was the best that could be had under the circumstances, but was ridiculously small. On one occasion Beethoven's A-major symphony was given with three first, and, we think, two second violins. But this was an exception, and the usual number of players was from twenty-four to thirty. There was only one bassoon, and only two horns. In 1865 came the symphony concerts of the Harvard Musical Association, with an orchestra of fifty players. The first programme was: 1. Overture to Euryanthe; 2. Mendelssohn's violin concerto (Carl Rosa); 3. Bach's Chaconne with Mendelssohn's piano-forte accompaniment (Rosa); 4. Mozart's G-minor symphony; 5. Short violin pieces by Joachim and David; 6. Overture to Leonore, No. 3. The concert was eminently a success, as was, in fact, the whole season of six. We shall never forget the thrilling effect of the orchestra in the opening bars of the Euryanthe overture and in the great, crashing chords of the slow part of the Leonore. Compared with the wretchedly small orchestra of the Orchestral Union, it sounded positively tremendous. The success of the symphony concerts was all the more gratifying because the previous utter failure of the Philharmonic concerts seemed to show that the taste for good music was on the wane in Boston. Besides, those *monstra horrenda, informia, ingentia,* star-concerts of the nomadic sort, were particularly successful that year, and Five o' Clock in the Morning and M. Lévy's cornet seemed to have turned all heads more or less. Mr. Bateman had brought over a dilution of the fashionable concert of the London season (of the London fashionable spring and summer season, not by any means of the London musical, winter season, which is a different affair *toto cœlo*), and all musical earnestness seemed to be crushed out of us by the gaudy monster. But the symphony concerts did succeed in fanning the smoldering embers of our musical feeling into quite a respectable flame, and the prospects for the future were as sunny as possible. Here are some quotations from a prospectus of the concerts, published in Dwight's Journal of Music, December 9, 1865: —

"It is not a money-making speculation. There is no possible motive for undertaking it except the desire of good music, and the hope of doing a good thing for art in Boston. Every dollar received will be spent in making the concerts more perfect. . . . The concerts are so well guarantied as to have no motive for catering to any interests but the higher one of art. They have no need to sink their character to make them pay.

The determination is to make them as good in matter and in execution as the orchestral means of Boston (too limited indeed!) will allow. But if we cannot have a great orchestra, we can make out a very respectable one of fifty instruments or more, and one point we can at least secure, that of *pure programmes*, which one excellence, persisted in, will be a greater gain than we have yet had opportunity to realize except in small chamber-concert circles. By *pure* programmes is meant those into which nothing enters which is not in good taste, artistic, genial, such as outlives fashion; nothing which is coarse, hackneyed, shallow, 'sensational' in a poorer sense; nothing which does not harmonize by contrast or affinity with all the other pieces, and serve a general unity of design. . . . Finally, it is the belief of those who have undertaken this enterprise, that a fair measure of success in this experimental series will 'pave the way to a permanent organization of orchestral concerts, whose certain periodical recurrence, and high, uncompromising character, may be always counted on in future by the friends of good music in Boston.'"

So the Harvard Musical Association started on its enterprise with the fairest possible wind and weather, and grew in public favor. But note this phenomenon, which is significant of much. As nearly as possible two years after the Harvard Musical Association's concerts began, the Wednesday afternoon Orchestral Union concerts died of actual starvation. The fact was that, after hearing symphonies and overtures with ten first violins, the public, even the general public, would not listen to the same symphonies and overtures, or even to Strauss waltzes and operatic arrangements, with only four or five. The public had been spoiled for the playing of the Orchestral Union orchestra. *There* is at least one advancement in the public taste that the Harvard Musical Association can lay undisputed claim to. As time went on, the Harvard orchestra improved in quality, the programmes were kept up to a high level. Some unwise things were done, but not many. Some of the airs from Bach's Passion-Music were given, and very unsatisfactorily given, leaving the most dreary impression upon the public, who were just so far convalescent after the paralyzing effects of Bach's great *toccatas* and *fugues* for full organ, as to be able to hear the great John Sebastian's name mentioned with comparative equanimity, when these airs from the Passion came to give their shaken faith in Bach another knock-down blow. These very airs are to be ranked with all that is most beautiful in music, but they are the worst possible means of making an unfamiliar public favorably acquainted with Bach, unless they are given to perfection. Now they are not only extraordinarily beautiful, but they are also extraordinarily difficult both for singer and for orchestra, and the chances of their being even respectably given under the existing circumstances were too small to have warranted the attempt. Another mistake the management made was the Haydn symphonies. For about two seasons Boston was absolutely flooded with Haydn symphonies. We were all of us glad when the Haydn revival began — for it was really a revival. The pleasant, sunny old gentleman had been too long banished from our concert-room, and we received his symphonies back with open arms. But we soon began to tire of our bargain. As St. Dunstan's broomstick kept bringing on beer, so did the symphony concert programmes keep bringing on Haydn symphonies, until at last the very mention of Haydn, to use Berlioz's words, "nous donna de véritables nausées." But the fever ended at last, and things went on smoothly enough until Mr. Thomas came and gave some concerts here in the last part of October, 1869. We will quote from Dwight's Journal for November 6, 1869.

"It was truly and exclusively Thomas's New York Orchestra, — fifty-four instruments, picked men, most of them young, all of them artists, all looking as if thoroughly engaged in their work, eager above all things to make the music altogether sound as well as possible. . . . There was nothing which our people, our musicians, needed so much as to hear just such an orchestra. They came most opportunely; for our musicians, teaching by example; for our public (and there is no better public in the world for music of the highest character than that which fills the Music Hall at all good symphony concerts), to show us that, with all our pride in our own orchestra, we are yet very far this side of perfection, and must take a lesson from what is better done elsewhere. Well-informed musical persons here have always known the superiority of the New York orchestras (the Philharmonic and that of Mr. Thomas) to our own; but such has not been the imagination of the public; their own glowing sympathy and aspiration, meeting the intention of the

noble music half-way, have always fondly found the execution better than it was; nay more, the reluctantly confessed sense of weariness and ennui after many a noble composition has been too willing to accuse itself, if modest, or, if not, that venerable 'old fogy,' the composer, never suspecting that the coarse, blurred, lifeless execution may have been at fault. We have an audience that deserves the best; we have at last a quickening example of what, in execution at least, comes very near the best thus far; it will be our own fault if we do not improve the lesson, and take a new start in orchestral music, finding it impossible now to shut out of sight the new and higher standard which has so vividly impressed itself on every mind."

Now has the Harvard Musical Association acted upon this excellent advice? We should like to ask one categorical question, which, we admit, the Association is by no means bound to answer: Has the Association acted up to the promise in Dwight's Journal, that "Every dollar received will be spent in making the concerts more perfect"? The result has certainly not been all that could have been desired. Some sort of impulse was given to the Harvard orchestra by Mr. Thomas's example. Extreme attention was for some time paid to pianissimo effects on the strings, which were carried to an undue extent for a season or more. Mr. Thomas's *Träumerei* took our public by storm (we hope to live to see the day when it will be thought uncharitable to mention that wanton distortion and vulgarizing of Schumann's fascinating little pianoforte piece, in connection with Mr. Thomas), and our orchestra blossomed out into some astounding pianissimos. In this last season, indeed, we heard a sort of opposition Träumerei, which was even more outrageous than Mr. Thomas's, inasmuch as it parodied a much stronger work. We mean the sickly sweet omission of the wind instruments from the second part of the Pastorale from the Messiah. It was as if some of Ary Scheffer's flimsily sentimental angels had strayed into the midst of one of Michael Angelo's frescoes. But the pianissimo furore did not last very long, and the Harvard orchestra made no very marked improvement. At all events the playing of Mr. Thomas's orchestra has been so much finer, that for the most part our public has become so impatient of the Harvard's inferior playing as to have lost its interest in the Harvard concerts. And we insist that this loss of interest is principally due to the inferior playing of our orchestra. If we compare Mr. Thomas's programmes for this winter with those of the Harvard Musical Association (remembering that the latter gave ten concerts to Mr. Thomas's six), we shall see that there is nothing in them to warrant any overweening preference for Mr. Thomas. We do see in Mr. Thomas's list an amount of things by Sebastian Bach and Gluck that ought to make the cheeks of the Harvard Musical programme committee tingle, but beyond this we do not see any particular attraction in Mr. Thomas's programmes that the other list cannot fairly counterbalance. Mr. Thomas has given us, to be sure, more Wagner, Raff, and Berlioz, but none of these composers can be justly called favorites in Boston. Concert performances of most of Wagner's music have met with lukewarm response in Boston at best, what enthusiasm we ever had for Raff is at present more than questionable, and a very small minority of our public regard Berlioz otherwise than as a hideous bore. We subjoin a comparative list of the things given this winter by Mr. Thomas, and by the Harvard Musical Association: —

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

J. S. Bach. — Organ passacaglia in C-minor (J. K. Paine).

Beethoven. — Symphonies No. 4 in B-flat, No. 7 in A, No. 8 in F; Violin concerto in D [first movement] (Listemann); Overture to Coriolan; March from Fidelio.

Bennett. — Overture: The Naiads.

Burgmüller. — Unfinished symphony No. 2 in D, Op. 11.*

Cherubini. — Overtures: Abencerrages; Anacreon.

Chopin. — Piano-forte concerto in E-minor (Madeline Schiller).

Durante. — Magnificat in B-flat (Cecilia Club).

Franz. — Slumber Song, "*Er ist gekommen*" (Osgood).

Gernsheim. — Piano-forte concerto in C-minor * (Perabo).

Gluck. — Chaconne from Orpheus.*

Händel. — Pastorale from Messiah.

Haydn. — Symphony No. 1 in E-flat.

Hiller. — Piano-forte concerto in F-sharp, Op. 69* (B. J. Lang).

Lachner. — Suite No. 1 in D-minor.*

Mendelssohn. — Scherzo from the Reformation symphony; Meeresstille overture; Piano-forte concerto in G-minor (J. C. D. Parker); Piano-forte capriccio in B-minor, Op. 22 (Miss Finkenstaedt); Concert aria, "*Infelice;*" Four-part song, The Lark; Walpurgis Night; † Fragments from Loreley * (Cecilia Club); War march, from Athalie.

Mozart. — Symphony No. 1 in D; Aria from Don Giovanni, "*Dalla sna pace*" (Osgood); Marches from Figaro and the Magic Flute.

* First time in Boston. † Given twice

PARKER. — Four-part songs, The River Sprite, The Sea hath its Pearls (Cecilia).

REINECKE. — Overture to Dame Kobold.*

RIETZ. — Overture in A, Op. 7.

SCHUBERT. — Song, "*Sei mir gegrüsst*" (Osgood).

SCHUMANN. — Symphonies No. 2 in C, No. 4 in D minor; Overture to Genoveva; Incantation and entr' acte from Manfred; Piano-forte concerto in A-minor (Hugo Leonhard); Paradise and the Peri* (Cecilia Club).

SPOHR. — Overture to Faust.*

WEBER. — Overtures to Oberon, Euryanthe; Finale to first act of Euryanthe* (Cecilia).

THOS. WEELKES. — Madrigal, "When Thoralis"* (Cecilia).

MR. THEODORE THOMAS.

J. S. BACH. — Suite in B-minor;* Suite in D; Concerto for two violins (Arnold and Jacobsohn).

BEETHOVEN. — Symphonies No. 3 in E-flat [Eroica], No. 5 in C-minor, No. 9 in D-minor [with chorus]; Violin concerto in D [first movement] (Jacobsohn); Overture No. 2 to Leonore; Terzetto, "*Tremate, empi, tremate,*" Op. 116.

BERLIOZ. — Symphony No. 2, Harold in Italy;* Overture, Les Francs Juges.

BRAHMS. — Song of Destiny*† (chorus); Hungarian Dances.

CATEL. — Overture to Semiramis.*

GLUCK. — Scenes from Orpheus† (Miss Cranch and chorus); Overture to Paris and Helen.*

GRIEG. — Piano-forte concerto, Op. 16* (Boscowitz).

MENDELSSOHN. — Fest-gesang, To the Sons of Art (Boylston Club).

RAFF. — Symphonies No. 3 in F [Im Walde], No. 6 in D-minor* [Gelebt, gestrebt; gelitten, gestritten; gestorben, umworben]; Piano-forte concerto, Op. 185* (Mad. Schiller).

SCHUBERT. — Four-part song, Nachthelle (Boylston Club).

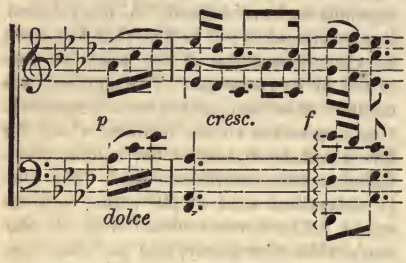
SCHUMANN. — Symphony No. 1 in B-flat.

WAGNER. — Introduction and finale to Tristan und Isolde; Wotan's Abschied und Feuerzauber,* from Die Walküre (Remmertz).

One slight cause of public feeling against the Harvard Musical Association may have been the persistent antagonism of Dwight's Journal of Music (which the public has rightly or wrongly come to look upon as the official organ of the Association) to the so-called school of the future; an antagonism that some persons have oddly enough construed into a personal enmity to Mr. Thomas, who has been to a certain extent identified with the "future" school. But such a cause is too puerile. The all-sufficient cause is, as we have said already, the great inferiority of the playing of the Harvard orchestra.

Now we are particularly sorry for this, as with all the perfections of Mr. Thomas's orchestra, we cannot but feel that his performances of the great classic music belong to a bad school, and are, by their very brilliancy, calculated to vitiate the public taste. This is simply an expression of opinion on our part, and must be taken as such. Our opinion is by no means largely shared, as we know, but it is our firm and mature conviction, nevertheless. We will take one or two examples. Of the performance of Beethoven's C-minor symphony on the evening of December 2, the Saturday Evening Gazette says: "Beethoven's C-minor symphony followed. It was given with a grandeur and consistency and a power that were never before bestowed upon its interpretation in any hearing of it at which we have assisted. As one listened, it was impossible not to feel that this must be the presentation of the work as conceived by its composer. The audience was again enthusiastic, and gave a demonstrative expression to its feelings which for fervor and heartiness is but seldom manifested at such entertainments." The Daily Advertiser says of the same performance: "The concert closed with Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and we shall hazard the assertion that that incomparable composition has never been so grandly played here as on this occasion. It seemed as if Mr. Thomas's orchestra entirely surpassed itself; the familiar symphony had not a single hackneyed suggestion for the most *blasé* concert-goer; it came to the ear and to the mind again as if it were entirely fresh, renewing its youth and the wonder of its immortal beauty, and at times almost overpowering the listener with its magnificence and sublimity. Applause is not the best possible proof of appreciation, but hearty applause generally implies interest and pleasure; and we can testify that never within our recollection has the performance of a symphony been in Boston received with such manifestations of delight as attended this interpretation last evening." One virtue the performance certainly had, that of great brilliancy; but it was a more than questionable brilliancy, to our thinking, and smacked rather of gilding and tinsel. One particular effect *was* given just as Beethoven had indicated, and most superbly given too, and that was the perfectly even pianissimo for forty-two bars at the close of the *scherzo* before the entrance of the finale. The crescendo began exactly eight bars before the end of the scherzo, as it is written. Our orchestra invariably begins the crescendo too soon. This even, persevering, *dead* pianissimo is one of the strongest and most original of Beethoven's effects, and is very rarely well given. But on the other hand, the *an-*

dante con moto was dragged out to the most ultra-sentimental *adagio*. Of all Beethoven's slow movements, this one can be made the weakest by undue sentimentalizing. If there ever were a movement that ought to be played to the beating of a metronome, this one ought. It is *con moto* throughout; its impulse is ever onward; there should not be the slightest holding back or laziness about it. As Mr. Thomas played it, it was simply emasculated, and the phrase



brought up before our mind the Donizettian tenor in his unhappiest moments. Many other exaggerated effects were noticeable, such as the undue hurrying of quick movements, sudden dynamic changes, etc. We merely give this example as a good type of Mr. Thomas's conducting of classic music. The same tendency was noticeable in his conducting of the Eroica symphony. Now the only way to counteract this influence upon the public taste is for the Harvard Musical Association to sacrifice everything to getting as good and efficient an orchestra as possible, and to show the public how much better a right rendering is than a wrong one, which can only be done with an orchestra that plays really well. One thing is certain, that Boston has been educated up to the point of not enjoying poor orchestral playing. The Harvard Musical Association have done much towards educating the public, but let them look to it that they really keep in advance of public taste instead of behind it. That Mr. Thomas is taking the lead now is evident enough, and we would not be thought to underrate what he has done for music in Boston. The things of Bach, Händel, and Gluck that he has given us to hear, if no others, claim our sincere gratitude. At the very least we have to thank him for stirring up our too torpid musical interests in a way that must bring about some decided result. We trust it is to be a good one.

— Vincenzo Cirillo's The Storm[1] has some good points, and a certain unforced Italian quasi-national local coloring that carries its own peculiar charm with it.

— Henry Smart's The Broken Ring[2] is a very good song on a rather worked-out subject. It has much more real pith and sentiment than most songs of its class, and is moreover well and concisely written.

— Millard's Alas![3] is weak enough to do ample justice to the meteorological, flimsy woe of the text, a weakness which the very elegant title-page does not satisfactorily compensate for.

EDUCATION.

The National Bureau of Education has come to be a very important instrumentality for the promotion of the educational interests of the country, and yet there is reason to believe that its objects and the results of its operations are not so generally known as they should be. Enterprising educators are of course well acquainted with its organization and doings; but for the benefit of non-educational readers it may not be superfluous to state that this central educational agency is an office in the Department of the Interior, under the direction of a commissioner appointed by the president, and that it was established seven or eight years ago, by an act of Congress, "for the purpose of collecting such statistics and facts as shall show the condition and progress of education in the several States and Territories, and of diffusing such information respecting the organization and management of school sys-

[1] *The Storm.* Song for Baritone. By Vincenzo Cirillo. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

[2] *The Broken Ring.* Song. By Henry Smart. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

[3] *Alas!* By Harrison Millard. Boston: G. D Russell & Co.

tems and methods of teaching as shall aid the people of the United States in the establishment and maintenance of efficient school systems, and otherwise promote the cause of education." The bureau is invested with no authority whatever over the school systems of the States; it is simply a contrivance for collecting and diffusing useful information on the subject of education, and especially such information as is best calculated to aid the people in promoting educational progress. It is made the duty of the commissioner to present annually to Congress a report embodying the results of his investigations and labors, together with a statement of such facts and recommendations as will, in his judgment, subserve the purpose for which the bureau was established.

The last report of the commissioner, — General John Eaton, — which was issued several months ago, is a book of more than a thousand pages, comprising by far the most complete survey of American education that has ever appeared in any one publication. The three preceding reports by the same commissioner are highly valuable documents, which no educator can well afford to dispense with; this is not only better than its predecessors, but it quite throws into the shade the famous reports of Bishop Fraser and M. Hippeau, which have heretofore been considered as containing the best accounts of American educational systems and institutions.

It is properly a leading object with local and State superintendents of education, to make known, through their reports and other means, the excellences and defects of the systems and schools under their supervision; that the latter may be remedied and the former imitated; and what these officials aim to do in this respect, in their more limited spheres of activity, the national commissioner undertakes to accomplish for the whole country. No doubt this is the most useful work that could be accomplished for the general advancement of the cause of education. No State or municipality knows how to rate itself educationally except by comparison. We can take our own measure only by comparison with others.

But it is obvious that a worthy execution of this useful task demands great labor, guided by sound judgment. The field of exploration embraces thirty-seven States and eleven Territories. The thoroughness with which this vast field has been examined, in preparing the report before us, is indicated in the following summary of the variety and range of the work of the bureau, quoted from a pamphlet recently issued under the direction of the commissioner: "The bureau must examine every school law, and mark whatever change or amendment may be made, including the charters of city boards of education, with their rules and ordinances. It must sift, for things deserving general attention, the reports of every State, county, and city superintendent of the public schools that may be sent to it. It must get at the work not only of the public high schools, but also of the private academies and special preparatory schools. It must look through the annual catalogues and calendars of a long list of colleges and universities; schools of divinity, law, medicine, and science; reformatories, and institutions for the training of the deaf and dumb, the blind, and the feeble-minded, — selecting from each what is worthy to be noted in the way of either improvement or defect. And besides all this, it must keep its eyes wide open to observe the growth of libraries, museums, schools of art and industry, and other aids to the proper training of the people; must see what the educational journals say as to school matters in their several States; must note what may be worth preserving in the utterances at teachers' associations and gatherings of scientific men; and must keep up, with reference to all these things, an incessant correspondence with every portion of the country. . . . The list of institutions in correspondence with the bureau is over four thousand, while that of individual correspondents is over eight thousand. The returns thus made to it, of perfectly free will, on education, exceed considerably what were gathered for the census of 1870 by an army of house-visitant officials, armed with authority for requiring answers to their questions." Such is the scope of the operations of the bureau, in gathering and winnowing the materials for making its exhibit of the condition and progress of education throughout the country.

But its inquiries are not limited to our own country. As it is required to diffuse "such information as shall aid the people" in promoting education, its research is properly extended to foreign countries. It studies the school systems prevalent elsewhere, examines the reports of the ministries of instruction in the several European states,

gathers up useful suggestions from foreign educational journals, and inquires into the systems of training in the universities, gymnasia, real-schools, schools of technology, and the various institutions and provisions for elementary education in every civilized community or state, in order to collect facts as to the peculiar merits of each, for the use of our educators in their work.

The report under consideration shows to what purpose these varied and extensive inquiries at home and abroad have been pursued. It would be surprising if an expert could not discover errors and imperfections among its vast mass of statistics, facts, and opinions. The clerical force in the bureau has been insufficient for the complete realization of the wise and comprehensive plans of the commissioner, and it is to be hoped that Congress will supply this deficiency, now that the great practical utility of the bureau has been made so evident. But it would be a doubtful service to the cause of education to try to point out, at the present time, errors and shortcomings in the work of the bureau. On the contrary, what is especially necessary is that the invaluable results of its labors should be spread before the people in every section of the country. It requires no extraordinary penetration to see that the future of nations depends on the education they receive. The facts presented in this document, while encouraging in view of the comparatively satisfactory provisions for training the people which have been made in large portions of the country, show that as a nation we are far from having conquered illiteracy, and that as yet there is a lamentably insufficient number of youth in the secondary, superior, and special grades of instruction.

Speaking of the importance of exact statistical information respecting education, Commissioner Eaton very justly says: "The day is rapidly passing away when mere statement of opinion will suffice, however eminent the author. Generally, in the past, even since the revival of education in the generation now passing away, the declaration of an eminent educator would pass unchallenged as an argument. Now its weight is determined by the array of facts with which it can be found to tally." Accordingly, he has himself nowhere indulged in sweeping general assertions unsupported by facts. His example in this respect not a few writers on education would do well to note and imitate. Referring to the facts at present ready for use in the bureau, as respects amount, definiteness, and freshness, in contrast with the condition of educational information when his labors commenced, he says: "At present, however, these facts cannot be fully, accurately, and promptly collated; yet any report of them must carry with it a certain useful impression, as it reveals the extent of ignorance that prevails in quarters and the evils that flow from it to individuals, society, and the state. It is of interest to the sailor to know whether his chart and his observations enable him to compute accurately his position and bearings. It is of no less consequence to the patriot to know whether his country is responding to the necessary conditions of growth and prosperity. This he can never know if he leaves out of view what is transpiring with the rising generation. He may compare the facts relating to the material condition of his country with those respecting other nationalities, and may find them flattering to his pride; and yet, if he has not taken into consideration the educational factors — the efforts for the culture of the young — and their effects, and the other facts which may be definitely known, showing whether ignorance or intelligence, vice or virtue, crime or justice, honesty or dishonesty, are on the increase, he has left out the one element most essential to a correct conclusion. Commerce, industry, legislation, and administration would go back towards barbarism, if the care of the young were neglected for a single generation. The lack of these data for our whole country has for a long period been a standing complaint among students of American civilization. No officer could make satisfactory replies to foreign inquiries. No statesman could find facts for the formation of his opinions or the guidance of his conduct. There was much pompous boasting of American intelligence, but nobody could exactly describe it." Thanks to the labors of the bureau, it is now possible to deal with our educational problems intelligently from a national standpoint.

The limits of our space will not permit us to present an analysis of the facts of this extraordinary document, and we must content ourselves, at present, with making known its existence, and calling attention to its great value as the result of the most complete educational survey of the country yet achieved. Some idea, however, of its contents may be afforded by the following list of the heads, under which the commis-

sioner sums up the results of his investigations in the report proper, which precedes the mass of detailed information comprising the bulk of the volume: General introduction, sources of material, State systems of public instruction, summary of the educational condition in the different sections of the country for 1873, confirmation of public high schools, school statistics of the cities, statistics of the fifty principal cities compared, normal schools, teachers required, normal instruction in academies, business colleges, secondary instruction, preparatory schools, relations of secondary schools to colleges and schools of science, superior instruction of women, universities and colleges, schools of science, schools of theology, schools of law, schools of medicine, degrees conferred in 1873, military and naval academies, libraries, museums of natural history, the relation of art to education, schools for the deaf and dumb and blind, orphan asylums, reform schools, schools for the feeble-minded, educational benefactions, kindergartens, improvement of school furniture, school superintendence, ventilation of school-houses, women as school officers, the education of women, the higher education of women in other countries, special instruction for females, education of women in Würtemberg, the Vienna Exposition, European tour, latest statistics of education in foreign countries, recommendations, conclusion.

Such is the large range of the subjects on which information is presented in this body of facts, opinions, and statistics in details and summaries. We find here, to our surprise, a better general view of the condition and progress of education in the individual States, than is contained in the reports of those States, so far as they have come under our observation. Here is exhibited the record of the number of children to be educated, and the means provided for the accomplishment of this object. The mirror of truth is held up to each commonwealth, with inexorable impartiality, reflecting with equal distinctness its merits and its short-comings. Moreover, here we find collected, collated, and condensed, statements and opinions from the best authorities respecting improvements and defects in the organization and management of systems and institutions, the success and failure of experiments, with suggestions on the proper objects and aims of instruction and the best means of accomplishing them. In the language of Horace Mann respecting the State reports of Massachusetts, "The light emanating from each source is thus concentrated in a focus, from which its whole radiance is reflected back to every point whence any beam of it was originally rayed forth." Or, rather, it should be said, this is what ought to be. This needed light, unfortunately, is kept hid under a bushel, about as far as possible, by the parsimony of Congress. The number of copies of this document printed is ridiculously small, for want of means furnished the bureau. The meagre supply was at once exhausted; and if an educator, a student of social science, a legislator, an editor, sends to the bureau for a copy, he will be answered that there are no more copies for distribution. And yet the copies could be multiplied at the rate of about a dollar each.

—The addition of another volume (Milton's Areopagitica,[1] edited by J. W. Hales) to the excellent Clarendon Press Series of English Classics gives us an opportunity to ask why a similar series may not be prepared for use in American schools. The series just mentioned was designed to meet the wants of ladies' schools and middle-class schools in England; it numbers in its list of books Chaucer's Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, with two of the Tales, the First Book of Spenser's Faery Quene, Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity (Book I.), Bacon's Advancement of Learning, selections from Dryden, Pope, Milton, Bunyan, Burke, Dr. Johnson, Cowper, some of Shakespeare's plays, and other works, while the list is constantly growing. The books are compact and handy, seldom exceeding a hundred and fifty pages each, and are furnished with prefaces, introductions, notes, glossaries, and the like. Such scholars as Morris, Clark, Church, Wright, Pattison, Shairp, Goldwin Smith, and others have edited the several volumes, and the series attracts at once the eye and the mind of the young scholar.

Nevertheless, a series made for the special use of young students in England is not altogether fitted to the needs of American boys and girls. The omission thus far of American authors is in itself a disadvantage; the selection made, while in the main excellent, does not put forward certain English writers who would naturally claim our attention, and in general terms it may be said that the editing of the series is more

[1] *Milton: Areopagitica.* Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by J. W Hales, M. A. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1874.

scholastic than our students could fairly require. There is something in the style of presentation which would rather dismay the ordinary school-teacher and scholar; it is for these that we would bespeak a series of similar character, prepared in this country and bearing in view the character of our schools and the degree of attention that is given to the study of English literature. That the interest in this subject has steadily increased is very evident, and the multiplication of text-books and books of selections ought not only to encourage us, as evidences of the new enthusiasm, but to remind us that there is danger of our losing the real thing after all. No one can be called acquainted with English literature who has simply possessed himself of the opinions of others respecting that literature, and the comparative ease of this method is very likely to lead teachers to confine their work to the use of a text-book which outlines the several periods, characterizes the writers, and perhaps gives a few pages of specimens from each. The books, again, which are mainly specimens with brief sketches of the writers, are open to the objection that they attempt too much in undertaking to convey a notion respecting any writer by means of some fragmentary passage, and an impression concerning the course of English literature by a succession of such fragments. They bring the young student face to face with a bit from this writer and a bit from that, and give him the faintest possible aid toward becoming really *en rapport* with the author himself.

It seems almost an impertinence to suggest the value of the study of English literature in our schools, yet it is evident that much inertia must be overcome before this study becomes common and is conducted upon a judicious plan. The value of literature is practically ignored, though the means for possessing it are regarded as essential. A child in one of our public schools is taught letters and figures and a few facts, and almost the only use to which he is likely to put them is that which grows out of his ordinary life afterward — the reading of his newspaper, the keeping of accounts, the writing of a business or friendly letter. Toward this restricted use the whole course of education gravitates, and the application of letters to the higher uses of the child's nature is left mainly to chance; our public-school system puts it in the power of all the children in the country to read, and has little or nothing to do with teaching them what to read. Yet there is no other time of life than that embraced by the common-school course so fit for the child's introduction to the highest, finest literature of the world. Perhaps we must be content with aiming at a more thorough course of English literature in our high schools and academies, but the true use of literature will not be found until it penetrates the common schools; then it will furnish a powerful safeguard against the insidious entrance into youthful life of mean, ignoble books. Whatever divisions may arise respecting the province of religion in state education, we conceive that the presence of pure literature as a positive element in education will do more to conserve a religious spirit than the most violent partisanship could effect.

In attaining this end, the existence of masterpieces of English literature in convenient and inexpensive form would play an important part. We would have such a series always interesting in itself, and connected, as far as possible, with the historic studies of the young student. There could easily be found books, or portions of books, suited to every degree of intelligence and culture: simple ballads for children, dewy with the morning of English literature, stirring narrative for the adventurous, and suggestive historic or philosophic essays for the elder ones. It would not be hard to find American books of each period not only interesting in themselves, but possessing a radiating power which would do much toward familiarizing the young reader with the history of the period thus illustrated. There might be practical difficulties with American copyright books, but none, we think, that could not be overcome. The books should be first literary, that is, should appeal simply and directly to the human imagination: we do not see why the list might not thus include good translations of ancient classics: then whatever historical or philological or scientific facts they may serve to illustrate can hold a subordinate but not unimportant place. The text itself should be free from references, but every book ought to be furnished with such apparatus as may be required to elucidate it and give it a certain completeness: an introduction, placing it in its relation to other books and to history; notes, explanatory and suggestive; lists of words; bibliographic and chartographic helps. All this apparatus would be especially valuable to the teacher, who could avail himself of the hints

in expanding orally for the scholar. We think the time has come when our schools, private and public, need to consider again certain first principles of education. We have gone quite far enough in our systemization; suppose we make an effort to let in the breath of life from pure literature, and see what it will effect. We regard the public library as the proper sequel to the public school, the one containing books, the other conveying the power to use them; but we do not really connect them, for children in the public schools are not given the power to use books. Such power does not necessarily spring from a knowledge of the alphabet and grammar; to make the public library a true sequel, children in the public schools should be taught what and how to read. There are very few persons who would learn to read at all, if left to themselves; they have to thank the state that they were made to read by those who knew their wants better than they did. There are very few indeed who would voluntarily take up the great masters of literature, but that does not prove any natural incapacity, and we see no reason why the guardians of public education should not incorporate into the common-school system a compulsory reading of pure literature, graded according to the years of the pupil. "Understandest thou what thou readest?" was once asked of a man who was reading aloud a piece of very fine literature. "How can I," he answered, "except some man should guide me?" and in our judgment it is equally unwise to expect that children in our schools should grow up with a love for good literature, unless deliberate measures are taken to cultivate such a love in them.

— That English-speaking people should have to wait for a German to write an authoritative English grammar is not strange, when one remembers that although the language is so widely spoken it would be hard to find one less generally studied; most of us trust either to our ear or to the last warlike document from some writer on the subject to get such vague notions as may serve for a guide. Generally, if we learn anything new in this last-mentioned way its only hold on our mind is as a subject about which something has been said, though what, it is not always easy to recall. Maetzner's Grammar[1] is as complete as a book well could be. The author takes up the different divisions of his subject, and gives to each full and complete discussion. In the first volume the letters of the alphabet are first treated. The pronunciation is given, and the history of the origin of each letter is told at length. Then comes what is called the doctrine of the word, which explains the composition of words, the different classes of verbs, and the formation of the various parts of speech. The second volume takes up the composition of the sentence, illustrating the use of the verb, the cases of nouns, and, at great length, the use of the prepositions. The third volume goes on with the discussion of the sentence. This meagre analysis only inadequately expresses the full value of the book. The construction of the sentence, and especially of the English sentence, seems a very simple matter, but as Maetzner treats it, leaving no intricacy unexplained, it appears in a very different light. The *bourgeois gentilhomme* could not have been more surprised at learning that he had been talking prose all his life, than many even tolerably advanced students will be at some of the admirable explanations and full illustrations of points of grammar, which are plain enough when spoken or written, but are of uncertain origin. With what faithfulness this work is done may perhaps be best seen by an example. Under the head of the coordination of sentences, in the subdivision of those expressive of the consequence, we find, among other particles, the modal particle *so*: "Anglo-Sax., Goth., Old-Norse *svâ*, Old-Sax., Old-Highdutch *so*," it "appears in a conclusive meaning. It then denotes that the consequence rests upon the stated nature of what precedes." Then follow examples from Shakespeare, Milton, Gay, Bulwer, the New Testament, and Sheridan's Rivals. Following this is mention of the use of *so* as a connective rather than as a conclusive particle, as in Judges vii. 8. In finer type are examples of the use of *so* in Old-English, by Piers Plowman and Maundeville, with an explanation of its probable origin from the Romance *si* rather than from the Anglo-Saxon *svâ*. This is but a slight example of the thoroughness with which the author does his work; of

[1] *An English Grammar: Methodical, Analytical, and Historical.* With a Treatise on the Orthography, Prosody, Inflections, and Syntax of the English Tongue; and Numerous Authorities cited in Order of Historical Development. By PROFESSOR MAETZNER, of Berlin. Translated from the German, with the Sanction of the Author. By CLAIR JAMES GREECE, LL. D., Fellow of the Philological Society. In Three Volumes. London: John Murray. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874.

the number of questions taken up, no idea can be given by quotations. The book stands as a treasury of information, and, to mingle our metaphors, a monument of honorable industry. That English literature has not been read for the purpose of culture alone is shown by the full list of references on every page. On one page alone, opening at random, we are referred to Shakespeare's Tempest, King John, As You Like It, and Richard II.; to Donne's Satires twice; to Carlyle's Past and Present twice; to Bulwer's Lady of Lyons, Money, and Rienzi twice; to Oxenford's Twice Killed; to Marlowe's Edward II.; to Scott's Minstrelsy, Waverley, and Rob Roy; to Ferrex and Porrex; to Macaulay's History of England; to Addison's Cato and Campaign; to Dickens's Notes from Italy; to Young's Night Thoughts; to Brougham's Historical Sketch; to Byron four times; to Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo; to Robert of Gloucester twice; to Wright's Anecdotes; to Chaucer; to Piers Plowman; and to Maundeville four times. This is not a mere outburst of pedantry glorying in a well-filled notebook, but a collection of examples illustrating different modifications of one general principle, making them clearer than could whole pages of description. Reference, too, to a number of writers of different centuries shows the frequency of the usage in question.

The usefulness of a book of this sort cannot be doubted for a moment. It is not written for school-boys, but for teachers, whether of boys or of men. In it they will find whether their favorite theories and personal prejudices, which go so far toward keeping up hostilities in questions of English grammar, have really any firm ground to stand on. Maetzner's industry has accumulated an immense amount of material for the settlement of any mooted question, and his authority should be of great weight. He brings to his work full knowledge, not only of our language, but also of those cognate tongues which are of the greatest service in explaining dark points in our own. There are few writers on language so well equipped. The cost of preparation, too, is greater than it was a little more than a century and a quarter ago, when Johnson relied for the etymologies for his dictionary on a shelf of Junius Skinner and others, and on the Welsh gentleman who, having published a collection of Welsh proverbs, was to help him with the Welsh. How essential is the knowledge of much more than English, this book clearly shows. It is a melancholy fact that there are very few Americans or Englishmen who have made even the preliminary studies necessary for the scientific knowledge of their own tongue. We had to wait until a German noticed our wants and undertook to supply them. The mission of that country is not yet fully accomplished; there is one task to be performed by some enterprising German, and that is the writing of a satisfactory English dictionary. Those we have now in use are miserably inefficient in regard to completeness and accuracy of etymology and definition. Recent studies have made lexicography almost a new science, but it is still taught by professors of the old school.

Every teacher of the English language should have Maetzner's Grammar — we had almost said — beneath his pillow. It is a most invaluable work. The translation is generally good, but there are flaws, as, for instance, vol. i., p. 207: "The meanings of casting the sounding line *lean not* on the French sonde, sonder," etc., which is obscure; but there is almost no mistake which the reader cannot readily correct for himself. The misprints are frequent, as must be the case with a book printed in a foreign city, namely, in Berlin, and abounding in references.

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